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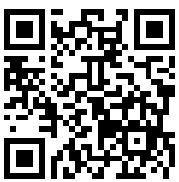

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THE

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WHAT NATURE SAYS OF ITS CREATOR.

IF we consult the oldest record extant, and study the pages of the Holy Scriptures, we shall find it recorded by the inspired writers that the vast and immeasurable universe, in the midst of which our little earth floats like a tiny mote, was formed during the course of six days. "In six days God made heaven and earth, and the sea, and all things that are in them" (Exodus xx. 11). But we must bear well in mind that the Hebrew word "*yôm*," * which has been translated "*day*," does not, strictly speaking, signify "day" at all, but rather an indefinite term or period.† Hence, as all competent Hebrew scholars assure us, the more accurate rendering of the original text would be: "In six periods God made heaven and earth," etc.

Now, the interesting question arises, What was the length of those periods? For many centuries it was commonly thought

* "If we are seriously to study the value and Scriptural acceptation of Scriptural words and phrases, I presume that our first business will be to collate the use of these words in one part of Scripture with their use in other parts holding the same spiritual relations. The creation, for instance, does not belong to the earthly or *merely* historical records, but to the spiritual records of the Bible; to the same category, therefore, as the prophetic sections of the Bible. Now, in those, and in the Psalms, how do we understand the word *day*? Is any man so little versed in Biblical language as not to know that (except in the *merely* historical parts of the Jewish records) every section of time has a secret and separate acceptation in the Scriptures? Does an *æon*, though a Grecian word, bear Scripturally (either in Daniel or in St. John) any sense known to Grecian ears? Do the seventy *weeks* of the prophet mean weeks in the sense of human calendars? . . . Who of the innumerable interpreters understands the twelve hundred and sixty *days* in Daniel, or his two thousand and odd *days*, to mean, by possibility, periods of twenty-four hours? Surely the theme of Moses was as mystical, and as much entitled to the benefit of mystical language, as that of the prophets."—De Quincey's Works, vol. iii. pp. 204–5.

† See, *e.g.*, among others, *Origine du Monde*, etc., by M. l'Abbé Motais; *Manual Biblique*, by M. Vigouroux; *Geology and Revelation*, by Rev. G. Molloy; *La Religion en Face de la Science*, by Arduin.

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that they were six periods of exactly four-and-twenty hours each. Geology and the other natural sciences were then almost or entirely unknown; there was, consequently, no solid basis on which to form an accurate opinion; so, in the absence of any reliable indication as to their real duration, an ordinary day was considered the most natural and satisfactory interpretation. As, however, time wore on and men began to devote more attention to the study of the earth and to the structure of its crust; and as science advanced and extended its boundaries, this opinion grew less universal, and little by little lost its hold altogether upon the minds of men. Geologists learnt by slow degrees how to read the history of the earth in the rocks, as in a book. Nature itself was persuaded to discourse to man so soon as he had made himself capable, by hard application, of understanding its strange language. The earth told him much of its own wondrous birth and infancy; and delivered up to him secret after secret of its gradual development and growth. So that just as we may ascertain the age of a tree by the number of concentric rings forming its trunk, or the age of a deer by the number of branches or shoots on its antlers, so in a similar manner we may form a tolerably correct idea of the stages through which the earth has passed, and the duration of its existence, by certain well-known indications in its strata. The result of these investigations has been to convince men that the "days" or periods of creation were not terms of twenty-four hours, but long periods of hundreds of thousands, or even of millions, of years. There is, of course, nothing contrary to Scripture in this view, since the Scriptures leave the duration of the creative day quite vague and undefined.

According to the more generally accepted theory of science, the earth we inhabit began as a vast circular ball of fiery vapor, revolving around a central point. All the existing material elements which go to make up the earth, such as the rocks, the metals, the crystals; as well as the carbon, hydrogen, and oxygen, and other substances of which the animals and plants now living on its surface are formed, were then *existing* certainly, but in a condition of such intense heat that they were all maintained in a gaseous form. "It is plain," writes the learned Father Harper, S.J., in his *Metaphysics of the Schools*, vol. ii., "that according to the teaching of St. Thomas and of the Fathers of the Church, the *primordial elements alone were created* in the strict sense of the term, and that the rest of nature was developed out

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of these according to a fixed order of natural operation, under the supreme guidance of the Divine administration." *

In the course of slowly unfolding ages the fiery vaporous earth began to part with its heat by radiation into space, and to cool little by little. As it cooled, like all cooling bodies, it contracted and became more compact. At last, after many ages, amounting, some say, to millions of years, the temperature became so far reduced that a hard film or crust began to be formed on its outer surface, constantly gaining in thickness and solidity, till at last it surrounded it as the rind surrounds an orange. The heavier substances, and those which solidify at a higher temperature, were by this time precipitated and formed a portion of the hardening nucleus of the earth. The seas and oceans, however, were still held suspended in the form of steam or vapor high up in the regions of the air. As centuries elapsed and the temperature sunk lower and lower, these aqueous vapors condensed and fell upon the earth in the form of heavy and almost continuous rains. As it fell upon the earth's surface little runnels were formed in all directions. These gathered into torrents, streams, and great roaring cataracts and rivers, which, flowing together, filled the hollows and more depressed regions, and so gave birth to the original lakes and seas and wide-stretching oceans, where storms and hurricanes and furious winds kept high revel, and so churned and troubled the turbulent waters that, compared with the tempests of that period, the wildest tempest of our day is little better than a storm in a tea-cup.

At this stage of the world's history another notable change comes over the scene. The warm, steamy atmosphere of the still heated earth begins to stimulate the energies and vital principles lying dormant in the virginal soil. The green grass slowly forces its way up through the yielding soil and spreads like a carpet far and wide. Herbs, and shrubs, and trees of all kinds spring up and propagate themselves in all directions, increasing in number and stature year by year, till the earth shows at last like a vast tropical garden. Thus things progressed and progressed, so that by the time the carboniferous period had fairly set in the whole land was covered with the most luxurious and gorgeous vegetation. On all sides vast forests of gigantic trees sprang into life, stretching their colossal limbs high into the air, while innumer-

* The professor of theology at the University of Breslau, Father Schultz, makes a similar observation: "Erhielt sich die Ansicht, dass Alles zugleich und ohne zeit geschaffen sei, auch im Mittelalter. Sie findet sich noch bei Thomas Aquinas (*Sum.* i. 19) und, nach Petavius (*De Theo. Dogm.* iii. cap. v.), auch bei Cajetan u. A." (p. 328, *Die Schöpfungsgeschichte*).

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able creepers and trailing plants, with soft, succulent, and spongy stems and large, broad leaves, covered almost the whole of the hot, soppy, and swampy soil. Their number and luxuriance may be gathered by the great coal measures, often many yards in thickness, which they have deposited in the course of their decay. "In the early time there was no aerial animal life on the earth, and so late as the carboniferous period there were only reptiles, myriapods, spiders, insects, and pulmonate molluscs" (Dana, p. 353).

But a little later great monsters began to move in the deep, and wondrous forms of birds and beasts, long since extinct, might have been heard crashing through the underwood in the sombre glades of the forests, or splashing and gamboling on the shore of lake or inland sea. The remains of these great unwieldy creatures are still occasionally met with imbedded in the rocks. In the palæontological department of the British Museum various most interesting specimens may be seen and examined: such as the skeleton of the American mastodon, an animal closely allied to the elephant; and the skull of the *Elephas ganesa*, remarkable for the immense length of its tusks. There is also a model of an entire skeleton of the *Dinoceras mirabile*, one of the most remarkable of the many wonderful forms of animal life lately discovered in the tertiary beds of the western portion of the United States of America. This animal combines in some respects the characters of a rhinoceros with those of an elephant, and has others altogether special to itself. The group to which it belonged became extinct in the miocene period (see *General Guide*, p. 48). In addition to these the interested visitor may feast his eyes on the remains of the famous lizard-tailed bird (Archæopteryx) of the Solenhofen beds of Bavaria; and a series of skeletons of the "Moa" or Dinornis of New Zealand, a bird in which no trace of a wing has been discovered. There is also a fine assemblage of reptilian remains, such as the great sea-lizards and sea-dragons (*Plesiosauria* and *Ichthyosauria*) and the gigantic *Dinosauria*, by far the most enormous of all land-animals, while at the eastern end of the gallery are the *Pterosauria*, or flying reptiles* (p. 50).

The relics of these and other extinct monsters are occasionally discovered in the various strata of the mesozoic period, which includes the cretaceous, jurassic, and triassic layers. Owing to the

* The great interest in visiting these remains arises from the fact that it brings us actually face to face with the representatives of a period in the earth's history far anterior to the existence of man, and wholly unlike anything of which we have any experience.

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similarity of the general plan upon which each distinct class of living creatures is built up, it is often possible to form a very fair notion of an antediluvian or prehistoric beast or reptile from very scanty data. On the principle of "*Ex pede Herculem*"—or what would, perhaps, be more appropriate in the present connection, *ex ungue leonem*—a foot or a claw, or even a single petrified bone—the tibia or fibula of the hind leg, for instance, or the sacrum or one of the vertebræ—is enough to enable an expert to reconstruct the whole skeleton; nay, a mere foot-print on the soft clay, hardened by time and preserved in the deep alantosaurus or permian beds, is sometimes enough to reveal to the wondering eye of the discoverer the gigantic form of the mammoth or the megatherium, the mastodon or the ichthyosaurus, which ten thousand ages before man was made lived and sported and produced their young amid scenes of unwonted loveliness, and surrounded by a grandeur of vegetation and a magnificence of growth never contemplated by human eye, and the bare existence of which is only certified by the record stored up and preserved in the rocks and other deposits.

For thousand of years, possibly for tens or hundreds of thousands of years, this world was made over as the home and dwelling place of unconscious and unreasoning creatures.

Faith as well as science informs us that irrational animals were made before man. All the great geologists teach that man is the last in the series of living creatures to enter upon the stage of this world. It was only at long last when the fulness of time was come, and the world had developed into a habitation fit and suitable for a more highly gifted being, that God resolved, in the exercise of his omnipotence, to fashion a creature who should not only enjoy life, and feeling, and the power of growth and development like the beasts and birds, but far other and greater capacities as well. An entirely new class of animal—an animal, indeed, but a *rational* animal; the forerunner of a race of beings who should be able to take an appreciative interest in the works of his hands, and to love and admire. He made Adam, and gave him a companion, Eve, formed and endowed like himself with the priceless gifts of knowledge, and understanding, and free will, and with the power both of forming and expressing his thoughts, and the faculty of communicating to others his feelings and sentiments. They and their descendants were to rule over the earth by virtue of their superior knowledge, and to subdue it, and "to have dominion over the fishes of the sea, and the fowls of the air, and the beasts,

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and the whole earth, and every creeping creature that moveth upon the earth" (Gen. i. 26). Every creature was to acknowledge their authority and obey their will.

We must pause here for a moment to remark that, so far as *the fact* of man's arrival on the earth is concerned (and setting aside all questions concerning the *means* by which he was introduced), science and faith are in the most complete accord. Geology, no less than Scripture, points to a time when there was no life of any kind whatsoever upon the earth; and the most advanced scientists, no less than the most unyielding theologians, declare with equal emphasis that among living beings man was the last to appear. Almost all the remains of human beings have been found in the quaternary strata, and none below the tertiary.* The fact that a vast number of fossils of extinct animals and living creatures have been discovered in the various strata below those in which the relics of man are found tends to show, beyond all reasonable doubt, and altogether apart from revelation, that irrational animals of various kinds and species lived before any human footsteps trod the virginal earth. Every scientific man, every learned geologist, be he Atheist, Agnostic, or Christian, is constrained by the very science he professes to believe that there was once a period, however remote, when no man breathed throughout the realms of earth. He must also admit—not alone on religious grounds, please to observe, but on strictly scientific grounds—that further back still a more remote period must be admitted in which no life of any kind, whether of bird or of beast, of reptile or fish, existed on earth—a period, in fact, in which the earth could not have supported life for one instant. I refer especially to the period preceding the formation of the lowest solid rocks, when, as Professor C. H. Hitchcock† affirms, "the whole globe was in a state of igneous fusion." It is perfectly clear that no life could have existed on the earth when its temperature throughout was very much higher than, say, molten iron or brass.

How then, we may ask, did life commence? What produced life? What gave origin to grass and trees and endowed them with power of growth and expansion? What gave origin to animals and endowed them with the power of feeling, instinct, and locomotion? What power first introduced man into this world, where once he was not, and bestowed upon him the faculties of reason, conscience, and free-will? *We* reply God. We

* There are no certain traces of man in the tertiary strata.—EDITOR.

† *Elementary Geology*, p. 104.

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make answer that God alone gave, and that God alone could give. The scientific Agnostic, on the contrary, questions his sciences; and all they can reply is, "We don't know." That man once had no existence on earth, they acknowledge to be certain. That he now has existence on earth, is equally certain; but how he was first introduced into this terrestrial world, they cannot say.

Scientific men make the most valiant attempts to interpret and unravel each successive step in the formation of the earth; but here, at least, they are bound to acknowledge themselves baffled. Without pausing to refer to minor difficulties, we may remark that there are four great transitions, four deep yawning chasms which, with all their cleverness and ingenuity, scientists cannot bridge over.

The first is the passage from nothing to something. Yet this passage must be bridged over; for, though we may transport ourselves in thought to a time when the earth was but a ball of vapor, or even the finest and most subtile gas-cloud, yet we have still to ask, How and whence came the vapor, and what gave origin to the gas-cloud? The mystery still remains insoluble, unless a Creator and Supreme Fashioner be admitted. But, passing by this initial difficulty—a stumbling-block to atheistical science—we come to three other impassable gulfs:

The gulf between the inorganic and the organic;

The gulf between the organic and the sensitive;

The gulf between the organic and the sensitive, on the one side, and the intellectual and the reasonable, on the other.

Even setting aside for the moment all questions of religion and revelation, we have no choice but to acknowledge the fact that geology itself testifies that the inorganic preceded the organic; that the organic preceded the sensitive, and the sensitive preceded the rational—the rational coming last in the series. In other words, science itself compels us to admit that there was, after the bulk of the earth had been formed, a FIRST plant, a FIRST animal, and a FIRST man. But how came the first plant? Every experiment, and innumerable have been made, tends to make it more and more incontestibly certain that, in the order of nature, a plant or tree cannot come except from the seed or germ or bud of a pre-existing plant. This is quite regarded now as a demonstrated fact. An immense number of most careful experiments have been made, even in recent years, with a view of testing this truth. Again and again men have labored to produce life from non-life; but no success has ever crowned their

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efforts. Nay, they have been forced to accept as an axiomatic truth the old and time-honored dictum, "*Omne vivum ab ovo.*" Science is incompetent to deal with the difficulty. But one answer remains, and that answer stands inscribed on a page written three or four thousands of years ago, viz.: "*God* said: Let the earth bring forth the green herb, and such as may seed, and the fruit-tree yielding fruit after its kind," etc. (Gen. i. 11).

So again, in the ascent from the vegetative to the animal world, a similar difficulty meets us. Of course, we have evidence in abundance all around us in support of the fact that one animal may be produced by another of its own kind. We see that a bird will produce a bird, and an insect an insect. But no one can explain scientifically, nor even so much as imagine, how the *first* bird or the *first* insect came into being. "*Ce n'est qui le premier pas que coûte.*"

Science informs us that the earth was once a ball of fire. It then goes on to say, that after it had cooled—a process extending, if we may trust Helmholtz, over one hundred and fifty millions of years—it was covered with a luxurious vegetation, though it is very careful to give us no clue as to *how* this vegetation was produced.* Science further tells us that there were no animals until after the hills and valleys had become green with plants and herbs. And that is certainly reasonable enough, for in the absence of all seeds and of all green food neither bird nor beast could have survived a week.

Hence, science and common sense, as well as faith, represent to us an earth beauteous with the number and variety of its grasses, plants, and shrubs, but at one period without a bird or a beast, a butterfly or a bee. We might (had we been living at so remote a period) have wandered through the forests and lost ourselves in the dense jungles; but we should never have encountered the life and motion to which we are now so accustomed. No birds sang among the tangled branches; no mischievous squirrels gnawed the clustering nuts; no bees hummed and buzzed amid the wild ferns and creeping lycopods; no gorgeously

* Take, for instance, the carboniferous period. According to the reading of the records, it was a time of great forests and jungles, and of magnificent foliage, but of few or inconspicuous flowers; of acrogens and gymnosperms, such as tree-ferns, club-mosses, coniferæ, and taxaceæ, with no angiosperms; of marsh-loving insects, myriapods, and scorpions, as well as crustaceans and worms, representatives of all the classes of articulates, but not the higher insects that live among the flowers; of the last of the trilobites, and the passing climax of the brachiopods and crinoids; of ganoids and sharks; but no teliosts or osseous fishes, the kinds that make up the greater part of the modern tribes; of amphibians and some inferior species of true reptiles, but no birds or mammals; and therefore there was no music in the groves, save that of insect life and the croaking batrachian. (See Dana's *Manual.*)

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painted butterfly opened its mealy wings to the subdued sunlight; no shard-borne beetle, with its drowsy hum, rung out night's yawning peal. No; only the shadows flitted to and fro, only the rain-drops pattered. There was a time when on the land there was no life but plant-life, and when no sentient being existed in wood or fell.

So says science. But later, science goes on to inform us, animal life appeared. Yes, "appeared"! What are we to understand by that ambiguous expression, "appeared"? Who introduced animal life where previously there was none? Whence came the lion and the leopard, the dog and the deer, the mole and the mouse, and all the myriad of other animals. Whence? Science, in its irreligious votaries, is puzzled; science is troubled; science hangs down its head and cannot offer any answer that will satisfy a reasonable man; it cannot even suggest an explanation which is anything better than a subterfuge. The Agnostic dare not confess that God made the beasts, and all that lives and moves in sea and earth and air, because that would oblige him to acknowledge the existence of a Supreme and Infinite Being who rules over all things, and he would rather believe any nonsense than confess God.

What, then, do such men say? They would have us accept any absurd and grotesque hypothesis rather than allow the existence of God. They will assure us that little by little animals were brought forth by a slow process of development; and that, after many convulsions and changes of fortune, the various beasts were evolved from—well, *since nothing but earth and vegetation then existed*—say from a rock or a tree. We thus see to what shifts even the most learned are reduced, and to what absurdities they are driven, so soon as they deny and denounce the doctrine of an all-wise and an all-powerful Creator.

Yet these, alas! are the men who speak scornfully and with curled lip about our credulity and superstition. That life appeared where previously there was no life, and that animals existed where previously there were none, are hard-and-fast facts which do not admit of any serious controversy. Yet sooner than admit that beasts were created by the omnipotent hand of God, they will try and persuade us that they were developed from plants or vegetables; which, in their turn, were evolved from mud or protoplasm, and I know not what besides. Who can bring his reason to accept such an astounding statement? As well persuade us that the prehistoric trees produced legs of roast mutton and hot-buttered French rolls.

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No, the more we inquire into the ways and teaching of science, and the better acquainted we become with the earth and its history, the more the conviction is forced upon our minds that there is above nature, a Force ruling nature; and above the life begun in time, a Life which had no beginning; and above finite intellect and will, an infinite and uncreated Intellect and Will. An Intellect, indeed, which made all things, maintains all things, and rules, controls, and moulds all things according to its own supreme pleasure. In other words, that there is a God, all-mighty and all-wise, who reigns over the universe, poises the earth on three fingers, and holds the oceans in the hollow of his hands; to whom be honor and glory and empire for ever and ever!

Even without revelation, even apart from the teaching of the church, we are thus constrained to acknowledge the existence of God. If we deny the existence of God, we must deny the existence of the very earth, and even our own existence. Every object in the great world around us, every creature in the planet on which we dwell, proclaims his sovereignty and announces his presence. It is to this great fact that the Scriptures refer when they remind us that "by the greatness of the beauty of the creature the Creator of them may be seen so as to be known thereby" (Wisd. xiii. 5); "Præstans est opus, igitur præstantior ipse opifex" (Chrysostom). And it is for this reason that the heathens who deny God are, as St. Paul teaches, "inexcusable," since "by the visible things that surround us may clearly be seen the invisible things" (Rom. i. 20); and because God manifests himself in the works of his hands.* "The wonderful harmony of all things," exclaims the renowned St. Chrysostom, "speaks louder on this subject than the loudest trumpet." If, therefore, men refuse to recognize God in his works, and fail to trace his power and glory in the heavens, it is not because it is not clearly manifested, but too often because they wilfully close their eyes and do not wish to see—because "they love darkness better than light."

In sooth, as the royal Psalmist reminds us in words of inspired wisdom, "the heavens show forth the glory of God, and the firmament declareth the work of his hands. Day to day uttereth speech, and night to night showeth knowledge" (Psalm xviii. 1 and 2). Indeed, there is not the smallest insect that creeps along the ground, nor the meanest floweret that blows,

* "Sicut enim ars manifestatur per artificis opera, ita et Dei sapientia manifestatur per creaturas" (St. Thomas Aquinas).

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nor the slenderest rootlet or sucker that draws its nutriment from the soil, but speaks with irresistible eloquence of the wisdom and power of God. Take the most insignificant little weed. Consider it well. We undertake to say, that the more carefully and thoroughly you study its marvellous construction and formation the more will your wonder and admiration grow. The extreme delicacy of its graceful form; the exquisite beauty of its coloring; the fine, thread-like tracery of its leaves; the astounding finish and perfection of its minutest detail; its method of growth and expansion; its almost human activity in drawing from the earth the moisture and nourishment it needs; its wondrous dexterity in clinging and twisting its slender roots to the stones and rocks for support; and, more wondrous than all, its power to produce others like to itself, and to propagate and multiply almost indefinitely—all this, and much more which it would be tedious to mention, tell us of a wisdom, and a power, and an adaptation of means to ends, which exceed the power of words to express and almost of mind to conceive.

How certainly must this thought have been present in the mind of the poet laureate when he penned those oft-repeated lines, addressed to a tiny flower growing out of the masonry

> " . . . in the crannied wall.
> I pluck you out of the crannies;
> I hold you here, root and all, in my hand,
> Little flower: but if I could understand
> What you are, root and all, and all in all,
> I should know what God and man is."

Can we conceive a watch, or a music-box, or a steam-engine, or a man-of-war, or any other complicated piece of mechanism existing without an intelligent workman or designer to plan it, and construct it, and fit the various parts together? Evidently not, and yet such things are simple in the extreme compared with the myriad objects existing in the vegetable and animal kingdoms. If such a thing as a hundred-guinea chronometer cannot begin to be without an intelligent artificer, how much less can the world, and all the wonders that fill the world, begin to be without an intelligent Artificer. Take one of the most insignificant among the myriads of moving objects—say, for instance, a butterfly. A butterfly, even of the commonest species, *e. g.*, the large white cabbage butterfly (*Pontia brassicæ*), is immeasurably more wonderful and complicated an object than a steam-engine, or a man-of-war, or a weaving-machine.

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Call to mind the history of a butterfly from the egg to the perfectly formed insect. Consider the changes involved in passing from the condition of the fecundated ovum to that of a crawling, growing, devouring caterpillar; and from the caterpillar state to that of the wholly unlike chrysalis; and from the chrysalis again to the gay, giddy, gorgeously painted butterfly, completely equipped with eyes, wings, antennæ, proboscis, muscles, and limbs, and digestive organs; and power of sensation and locomotion. The caterpillar feeds upon hard substances, while the butterfly lives upon vegetable juices, but whether as larva or as fully developed insect, it feeds; and to feed means to digest and to assimilate; and to digest and to assimilate means to possess and to use organs and properties immeasurably more marvellous and beautiful than any to be found in any machine or contrivance made by man.

Consider that every vital act in any creature is performed at the expense of the structure by which the act is produced. Whenever a muscle contracts—as when a wing is moved or a leg is stretched—a portion of its substance is destroyed. And this holds good of every tissue and of every function. Hence the constant loss of substance caused by the exercise of vital acts must be constantly repaired, if the organism is to maintain its integrity. This can be effected only by the formation of fresh tissue to take the place of that which has been destroyed. "Every tissue possesses the power of replacing the particles destroyed by its functional activity, by manufacturing, so to speak, particles equal in number and similar in character to those which have died" (*Elements of Biology*, pp. 85–6). Hence, if we may so express it, a bird, a beast, or an insect not merely uses marvellous organs, and fulfils complicated functions, but it maintains itself and its organs in repair.

When we look at a hundred-guinea chronometer and examine its works, and see how beautifully all its parts fit into one another, and how accurately and easily it goes, etc., we are forced to the conclusion that an intelligent person made it. But if (*ex hypothesi*) we were to make the further discovery that the said watch could repair itself; and that when a wheel got worn, or a rivet got loose, or a spring became rusty, it could of itself remedy the defect and repair the injury, we would feel even yet more persuaded of the gigantic and almost superhuman wisdom and power that had contrived it and arranged it. Yet this is just what happens in the living objects around. If on pursuing our examination still further we were to make the discovery

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that, in addition to the power of repairing itself, it had also the still more remarkable power of reproduction—in other words, the power of making, without any human aid, other watches like to itself—our surprise and admiration at the wisdom of the artificer would know no bounds. Imagine what would be your surprise, on opening your watch to wind it some fine day, if you were to discover a row of ten or twelve tiny watches within the cover, arranged like peas in a pod, each a little miniature of its parent and on the point of being hatched! Yet this power of producing other beings like to itself is just what we find in birds, and beasts, and fishes, and insects. They not only move, see, digest, repair the wear and tear and loss of their tissues, but they form others exactly like to themselves, complete and perfect internally and externally. If the sight of a watch, or a phonograph, or a sewing-machine at once impresses us with an unmistakable sense of mind and intelligence in the inventor and manufacturer, how infinitely more impressed we should be at the sight of a fly buzzing on the window-pane or a cricket chirping on the hearth. If watches and clocks, sewing-machines and music-boxes, steam-engines and spinning-mills are not made by accident, but by design, and do not start into existence without an inventor and an artificer; if they suppose an intelligence to conceive them in the first instance, and an artist or rational craftsman to put the conception into operation in the second place; surely reason and common sense require that similar requisites are infinitely more needed for the vastly more intricate and beautiful machinery of the living body, whether it be of bird or of beast, of the most perfect man or the most rudimentary animalcule!

JOHN S. VAUGHAN.

London.

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AT EASTER TIME.

THE sunset, like a flaming sword,
Between our sight and Paradise
Offers its red fire to our eyes—
A symbol of earth's Lord.

The crocus shows above the ground
Its glowing lamp of yellow flame,
It seems a letter of the Name
Which choirs of angels sound.

An altar all this fair earth is,
The Christian mind the priest,
The greatest thinker or the least
Is acolyte of His.

For nature gives us what we bring,
Not more, nor any less;
The meaning of her varied dress
Must in our minds first spring.

Thus Easter gilds the opening year,
Because Christ is our joy;
The sunset brave, the crocus coy,
Reflect Him bright and clear.

Nature's a sphynx to those who know
Not Resurrection time!
We read her well; in every clime
Faith makes her meaning glow.

MAURICE FRANCIS EGAN.

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THE HOUSE OF SHADOWS.

I.

THE story, which I am going to tell exactly as it happened, is this:

I, Henry Malden, now an old priest, and much given always to reading and solitude, was sent down into an out-of-the-way part of England, to take charge of a country mission. The neighborhood was very lonesome. A few hamlets scattered about, none of them close together; farm-houses nestling in the hollows where tall trees grew thickly; rivulets piercing their way through underwoods; and wide tracts of heathery common. I had only a handful of people; and I knew nothing of those who did not attend my little church on the hill-side. Where I dwelt bore the name of Monks' End. But what monks had lived there, or how they disappeared, or when, I could never learn.

You must think of me as a dull, prosy person, satisfied with routine and my own company, passing my days in a kind of innocent dream; like one who sees the world's brilliant motley painted in dim and faded colors, on a canvas brown with age—a far-off confusion, the sound of which cannot come to him. One week resembled another. Seldom did anything in the shape of man knock at my door. Having no trouble of my own, I fell, perhaps, into a careless oblivion of the stage I had long ago quitted; and the griefs of human kind became less to me than was wholesome or just. If on that score I was ever to blame, my penance was awaiting me. But how could I have foreseen the manner after which it would be inflicted?

Be that as it may, on a fine winter's morning, when the clear sunshine lay across the snow, and was beginning to thaw the icicles that hung in glittering strings from the trees upon my lawn, I heard a carriage driving up to the gate; and laying down the book I was reading—for I spent most of my time in my little study—I waited for the unexpected visitor. My servant brought me a card, and said that the gentleman wished to see me. I glanced at his name. It was quite unknown to me—I had never met Mr. Richard Affane, or any one with whom I could connect him in my memory. "Show him in," I said, giving the fire a poke to make it burn up brighter, and then turn-

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ing on the hearth-rug to see the face of the man as he entered. Certainly he was a grand figure; tall and soldierly in his bearing, with keen gray eyes, bronzed features, and a grizzled moustache and whiskers. I judged that he must be over sixty. He wore a shooting-jacket and gaiters, and carried a stick in his hand. Bowing courteously, he took the seat I offered him, and began, in deep but agreeable tones, to explain what had brought him.

"You have never heard of me, Father Malden," he said, "but as I once lived in this part of the country, and am coming back here to spend my old days, I felt it a duty to call upon you. I was not always a Catholic—" he paused, and seemed to be lost in thought for a moment. "However," he went on, "I am one now, thank God; and you are my pastor."

I made some civil reply. "Shall you be living near Monks' End?" I asked.

"No," he said, "at Araglin. Do you know the house? It is nearly seven miles from here."

"I have driven by it. A large and rather secluded place, isn't it, hidden among trees?"

"Secluded enough," he answered, with a short and, I had almost said, a violent laugh, which gave his features an odd expression. "But I am an old soldier, tired of knocking about the world. I shall not be sorry to sit still and smoke the pipe of peace. My tastes are those of a bachelor. You will not be troubled to keep the consciences of any womankind at Araglin, father."

"It is doubting the charm of your acquaintance," I answered, in the same tone. "Have you always been of that opinion?"

"Not quite," he said hastily; "I lost my wife many years ago." He walked to the window and looked out. "What a pretty lawn!" he remarked; "your church makes an impressive background. It was not built when I lived in these parts. One ought to be happy in so quiet a nook."

"I never found the place make much difference," said I, joining him. "The world every one lives in is made of his thoughts and memories rather than his surroundings. Don't you agree?"

"I hardly know," replied Mr. Affane, absently. "By the way, Father Malden," he went on, taking up a volume from the table at which we were standing, "are you fond of science? I see this is a treatise of biology, and a pretty stiff one too. I knew Professor Ranklin, who wrote it—a fine head, but too prosaic for his business."

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"Yes," I said, in answer to his question, but turning over in my mind his last remark, which struck me as uncommon—"yes, what I can get in the way of science. But I am only a looker-on; I don't pretend to know anything."

"Ah! who does? At least, if you consider what there is to be known. But now, will you come and see me?" said Mr. Affane, as he turned to go. "I can send for you if you don't care about walking, or wish to spare your nag."

Naturally I accepted his invitation. In my place I had no alternative. But I liked his frank, hearty ways. And there was a charm in his smile, though the remembrance of that short explosion of laughter grated on one. But then few men laugh agreeably. It is a barbarous accomplishment, at the best.

II.

I was to dine and sleep at Araglin, and Mr. Affane's carriage took me there on a terribly cold night, when the roads were like glass, and everything one touched "burnt frore," as the poet speaks. Much would I have preferred to stay in my own den. The winter was lasting long that year. Great storms of rain had swollen the rivers, flooding field and meadow; then the frost had fallen like sudden enchantment, fixing the water in icy sheets, upon which came tumbling and whirling snow-drifts from a gray and steadfast heaven. The villages were more lonely than ever. Hardly any one came to church. I had seen Mr. Affane two or three times on Sunday, but only for a moment after Mass. We had held no further conversation; and he did not write until his man brought me a note, in brief though very civil terms, asking me to stay the night in his new abode. Now, though living on the outskirts of a country village, I had always contrived to keep its gossip at a distance. No talk, therefore, concerning my latest parishioner came to my ears. All I knew of him was what he had told me.

When I reached Araglin it was dark, but I could see lights peering through the trees; and as the carriage drew up to the house, I was surprised to observe that in every room there seemed to be a blaze of light. Mr. Affane evidently shared my own taste for a cheerful place about him. As he came out on the steps to receive me, which he did with great cordiality, I remarked to him on the pleasantness of seeing such a warm glow in the midst of the white and icy landscape.

"I can't bear the dark," he said, leading the way in. "These lights burn from sundown to sunrise. They make up to me, as

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well as they can, for the sky of India, which I never thought I should miss with such intense longing. I doubt, however, that I shall get much comfort from them."

It was an opening for conversation, and while we were dining I asked him about his travels. He seemed by no means reticent. His stories were some of them curious; I thought them bordering on the incredible. But he told them all with the same air of frank simplicity. Perhaps he was only amusing himself, or trying how far he could go with me. That he certainly did not learn; for, while he went on talking, I could not help looking around, and was astonished at the magnificence with which he had fitted up the room in which we were sitting, as well as his study, or smoke-room, of which we had a glimpse behind half-drawn curtains. The walls were colored in subdued tints, with here and there an immense piece of tapestry from Persian looms hanging upon them, showing quaint arabesques of which the designs were chiefly fantastic birds and beasts among foliage. The furniture, of which there was little, corresponded with the decoration of the walls, and was likewise Oriental. On every side lights shone with a soft and luminous glow. The meal itself which we were discussing was delicate and choice, with strange aromatic wines on the table to accompany it. I felt that I had somehow escaped from the atmosphere of the Western life. My senses yielded to the delightful charm, which was so quiet and unobtrusive, yet so powerful. But something within me revolted. I said to myself that a brave and manly temper would melt under these luxurious influences to I knew not what—to effeminacy, cowardice, mere love of the pleasant.

"I see how your thoughts run," said Mr. Affane with a slight smile, when we were sitting, after dinner, in the study beyond the curtains—he smoking a rare tobacco of which I enjoyed the fragrance more than I should have liked the taste, and I drinking coffee out of gorgeous Japanese ware in red and gold, the name of which I do not recollect. "You are marvelling that a man who lives by himself, and a soldier, should care about these things"—and he pointed negligently to the woven pictures on the walls—"but I could not be at the trouble of changing my habits merely because I happened to be settling down in England. I have lived in this way for many years; it is only putting the East for the West. And then," he continued somewhat eagerly, "I am not sure that I agree with your idea of one's surroundings being indifferent. Don't you believe in the influence of matter on spirit?"

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"Put it the other way," I said, "of spirit on matter, you mean." "Ah, well," he replied, "again I say, who knows? They act and react. Anyhow you believe in their communicating impressions to each other. Of course you do," he concluded impatiently, throwing the end of his cigarette in the fire.

"Tell me how it strikes you," was my rejoinder. It is a priest's duty to have his eyes about him; and I felt convinced that Mr. Richard Affane was not talking at random. He had something on his mind, light or heavy, but *something*. The question was, Would he reveal it?

After a few moments' silence, my host, who had lit another cigarette and was sitting with his head thrown back in his chair, and his eyes shut, like a man in profound meditation, took up the thread of our talk again. "You know," he remarked, biting his lower lip in a way that seemed habitual to him, "if I were discussing with a mere man of science, like my friend Professor Ranklin, or with a layman, I should not care to make a fool of myself by putting forward extravagant theories. But with you it is different."

"You think I don't mind extravagances," I broke in, laughing. He put out his hand deprecatingly.

"No, no; that is not what I mean. But, as a priest, you allow of great and unknown powers—not only the phenomena we call magnetism, electricity, and so on, but faculties of an order quite beyond these—an unseen life, as well as an invisible dynamic force."

"Well," I said, "draw your conclusion. Suppose I do admit that there is a world of living agencies more than human; what then?"

"This," he returned, leaning forward eagerly and laying his hand on my chair; "since matter, as we call it, can affect mind, why should not spirit affect spirit? What is to hinder that which is in the flesh from communicating with that which has gone out of it—which is behind the veil?" His voice had sunk, and the eyes of the man kindled.

I have an extreme dislike, amounting to horror, of the abnormal and the eccentric, so I answered, half-angrily, "What is to hinder? Why the Veil itself, I think. Does it exist for no purpose?"

He drew back a little, as if rebuked; and said in a tone of disappointment, "But some have looked through it, have pierced into it, and yet have lived."

"Not by the methods of science or of faith," was my reply.

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"As a Christian I must believe in the supernatural, and I do. Yet the same law teaches me not to hanker after the abnormal. Let the dead bury their dead."

"Ah, yes," he answered, "if there *were* any dead." It was an uncomfortable answer, and to me a dreary subject. I rose, pleading fatigue, and was wishing Mr. Affane good-night, when he said, retaining my hand: "All I meant—but I am little used to explaining my thoughts to another—was, that behind the forces of the physical order, high or low, there must be spirit-forces and spirit-life. Everything goes to prove that in the two worlds, of the seen and the unseen, a perfect harmony or parallelism has always existed and exists now. The past is in the present, and the present in the past. Where scientific men get off the track is in supposing that anything but life can discover life. Their instruments are blind and dumb until the spirit gazes through them and interprets the message they bring. You grant so much?" he insisted. "How, being a Catholic and a priest, could you deny it, indeed?"

"But, my dear Mr. Affane," said I, with a little impatience, "you are only repeating in other words what I granted in the dining-room: that spirit acts on matter, and not *vice versa*. You seem to infer the lawfulness of attempting to establish an intercourse with those who have passed away. I am convinced that we shall do so at our peril. The Almighty has made death the boundary and shore of time, even as the waves fall back from the beach, and come no farther than they are suffered. Why should we violate the Divine ordinance? It is good for us that the other world is hidden. We could not see it face to face and fulfil our daily tasks; we should be intoxicated with eternity—"

"Then you think the illusion of a solid world of matter ought to be kept up," he said at length, turning away.

"I did not say so. What I hold is that the lust of knowledge, like every other lust, ought to be under control; that there is a curiosity which leads to ruin, which disorders the brain, which unsteadies the nerves, and which hardens the heart. Believe me, our fragile being holds together simply on condition of temperance and the modest use of whatever faculties we possess. To run after strange and wandering lights is to court destruction."

With these words, I went up to my room. Late as it was, I could not sleep soundly, but fell into a half-doze from which I was continually awaking. The great house, in which as I knew lights were burning through the night, became intensely still.

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But from time to time I heard, as it seemed to me, a footfall in the chamber underneath my own, where Mr. Affane slept. Was he pacing to and fro, holding talk with his uncanny mind, or seeking, perhaps, that chink in the dark veil through which he might peer into the worlds beyond? I had a keen sense of his danger, and was tempted to go down to him again. But interference might do more harm than good. When next the thought came into my head, I was wide awake in the broad daylight, and a servant was tapping at my door.

III.

I had engaged to stay at Araglin until the afternoon; and as the morning air was crisp and the snow hard, crackling under one's feet as one walked, Mr. Affane proposed that we should go round his shrubbery and plantations. They were very extensive. I found much to admire, especially a winding walk under Scotch firs, that took us a great distance from the mansion, and opened upon bosky dells and nooks, now full of brown leaves which the snow had not quite covered up. My host did not continue last night's conversation; and we were turning at the extremity of a path when my attention was drawn to an upright slab among the grass in a sequestered and even gloomy spot, overshadowed with the growth of yew and ivy. On looking again, I saw that there were several other slabs, and the shape of the enclosure, which had a quickset hedge on three sides, revealed to me that I was standing in a kind of cemetery. Mr. Affane said nothing; but when I moved forward, he remained in the path, and left me to read the epitaphs, which were scarcely decipherable on the moss-grown tombstones. I could, indeed, make out only a word here and there. The slab, however, which had first caught my eye, seemed to have been recently cleansed of its dark growth, and I read the inscription. It consisted of a single name at the top; while, some way beneath, there was a second. The first was "Eva." Nothing more, neither a date nor a family name appeared on the stone. With some difficulty I made out the other. It was an odd name which I had never seen elsewhere, "Enzian."

"How extraordinary!" I said to Mr. Affane as I rejoined him. "Who could have made a graveyard in such a place? Can you tell me how it comes to be here, in the grounds of a country-house?"

"Yes," he answered, "of course I can. Did I never mention that Araglin has belonged to my family for many hundreds

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of years? There was formerly a chapel on the spot where we now stand; the graveyard was close to it; and my people have been buried here for generations."

"I ought to have known," I said in some confusion; "any one else would have read his county-history; but antiquities are not my line. May I ask whose tomb is that with the two names upon it?"

A strong spasm shot across his face. "My dear Father Malden," he said with an effort, "I brought you this way that you might be told, for I want your help. But"—he hesitated, and I thought would have fallen, he had become suddenly so weak—"I cannot, I cannot, tell you here what, some time or other, you must know. That tomb holds the remains of my wife and my only child. It is all I have left of them in the world. Long ago I turned my face from it; but the strong attraction, which was always pulling at my heart, has led me home again, over seas and deserts, from the wildest regions of Hindostan, from adventures and chances in which death was on every side of me, and I could not die. Think what it is to have your heart in the grave—to be lying between your dead wife and child, even while you are hurried into the thick of intrigue and battle. Can you imagine it? I was absolute ruler in a native Indian state—more than king, for I could act as I pleased and was answerable only to my own right hand. But all that was a waking dream. My life, my life," he repeated energetically, "was still here, haunting this spot. I came back, at last. And the slab you were reading divides me from those who were my very self, my other soul. What can I do for them, father?" he asked with a wild and haggard expression.

"You can pray for them," I said, leading him away by the arm. "Do you not believe in the Communion of Saints?"

"Believe?" he answered, calming down, though still inwardly agitated—"believe? It was the preaching of that doctrine which made me a Catholic."

I thought I understood our last night's talk now. But to inquire into the story of his irretrievable loss was more than I dared. Nor did he invite my confidence further. We returned in silence to the house; and the same afternoon I was driven back, over the frosty roads, to Monks' End.

IV.

Nearly six months went by, and my fitful and unsatisfactory intercourse with Mr. Affane had not advanced our friendship.

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When I called at Araglin he seemed glad of my company. I dined there once in a way; and we exchanged views on many subjects. But the steadfast abhorrence with which I regarded the more shadowy and doubtful aspects, whether of science or of life, on which he loved to dwell was too manifest; and though he would sometimes approach the question of intercourse with the unseen, I gave him no encouragement to pursue it. Perhaps I was over-timid; yet my conscience assures me that I acted for the best.

When the long days came, I had my own occupations. I was particularly absorbed in a line of historical reading which demanded close attention; so that, little as I heard about the master of Araglin, I did not think it necessary to pay him a visit for some time. He had always been uncertain in his attendance at Monks' End Church, partly because of his health, which was precarious, and also, as I gathered, on account of his frequent absences in London. We had never arrived at the stage of close correspondence; and, on the whole, I daresay we found our English reserve an advantage on both sides. Could I have done him any service? Was not the course of events traced out from the beginning, and, when he first came to see me, inevitable? Others may pass judgment; it is my business merely to narrate.

On a cloudy and sweltering afternoon in July, when I was engaged among the flower-beds in my garden, making haste to have done because of the thunder in the air, I saw Mr. Affane's groom driving furiously down the road and scattering the groups of children by which his horse flew. He caught sight of me over the wall, and without dismounting, begged me, with a trembling voice, to come at once to Araglin; there was no time to be lost. I did not trouble him with questions, for he looked somewhat scared, except to ask whether his master was ill—to which he answered vacantly, "Ill or out of his mind, I don't know which, sir." I went into the church; made all preparations as usual when attending a sick-call; and was soon by the driver's side on my way to the strange house in which I had never felt comfortable.

His intelligence was sad and perplexing. Mr. Affane, after an absence of about five weeks, had returned on Saturday—it was now Wednesday afternoon—and shut himself up in the large book-room which served him as a sort of laboratory. For he was constantly engaged, so his man said, in making scientific experiments—perhaps in relation to magnetism, but this Lamborne

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could not, of course, know. On Sunday evening, as he did not appear all day, his valet knocked at the door, and inquired whether he might bring him some food. Mr. Affane replied in his ordinary voice, from within, that he wanted nothing and was not to be disturbed. But that night the servants (all of whom he had brought from the East and who were greatly attached to him) heard a loud sobbing in the room, the sound of several voices, as they thought, and at times a wild and disordered rush of feet across it, which—here was the most extraordinary and incredible point—seemed to pass over the threshold, ascend the stairs to an upper chamber, and there die away. Since then the sounds had been repeated incessantly, and were still going on.

When I looked at Lamborne in amaze, and told him he must have been dreaming, the man assured me that every one in the house—the five servants who made up Mr. Affane's indoor establishment—had heard the sound of unknown voices, the rushing of feet, and the disorder on the staircase. Not one of them had dared to go into the upper corridor since; they had slept where they could in the kitchen and the servants' hall. Their master was still invisible, though certainly alive, as they could tell by his moving about. He had eaten nothing, to their knowledge, since his return, and they were full of dread lest the next step in this awful business should be suicide. More than this they neither knew nor could guess.

I do not pretend to be of a venturesome temper. I have the courage of my calling, a sense that duty is duty and must be done, but no delight in facing unknown perils. Had I not felt that I owed my services to this apparently brain-stricken man, I might have turned back on hearing the account, so much beyond the bounds of credibility, which Lamborne had given of the state of things at Araglin. Happily I could not palter with my obligation. We arrived towards eight o'clock. The hall-door was immediately opened, and I entered the house. No sooner had I done so, than I became aware of the sound of feet and voices in the library upstairs, where, as Lamborne said, his master had shut himself in. It was a dreadful moment. My heart stopped beating. I thought I should have fainted. But I was resolved to go on. "Will any of you come with me?" I asked the servants, who were huddled at the foot of the staircase, listening, with blanched faces, their eyes strangely watchful and large, to the clamor above. They shrank back when I addressed them, but none made answer. "Come," I said, "what is there, in the name of God, to be afraid of?" It was all in vain. I nerved

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myself, accordingly, to go upstairs alone, having That with me, as I felt, which would be my protection whatever might come to pass. The preternatural din never ceased. There seemed to be a growing tumult inside as I approached the locked and formidable door. Scarcely, however, were my fingers on the handle, when I thought that the door itself was flung violently open, and something rushed by me which I could not see. It fell with a heavy weight and a groan against the staircase leading to the next corridor, and then went moaning and stumbling the whole way up, until it reached some room over my head.

I was almost sick with terror. But, to my amazement, the door which I had thought open remained shut as before. In spite of my overwhelming sensation to the contrary, it never had been open. I could perceive nothing whatever of the interior of the room, where lugubrious silence followed upon the clash and confusion of which I had so lately been sensible.

"Mr. Affane," I called out in as loud a voice as I could summon—but it was only a stifled whisper—"will you let me in? Let me in, for God's sake."

"Who is there?" asked a voice which I did not at once recognize. "Go away until I send for you."

"Mr. Affane, I am the priest—Father Malden. May I not see you for an instant?"

There was no answer, but the door suddenly opened; and now I could see into the room. Its great windows, looking westward, seemed to be hung with flaming clouds, which dazzled me somewhat. On one side, in a deep arm-chair, was sitting, with his head leaning on his elbow, the man of whom I was in quest, his eyes staring at me, his hair dishevelled, and—good Heavens, it had become as white as snow! He wore a kind of loose dressing-gown, crimson with slashes of purple across it, unfastened at the neck. In Mr. Affane's appearance there was the wildest disorder. My eyes searched the room fearfully; but I could discern no vestige of the tumult I had heard coming up the stairs. Books and instruments were in their places; all had an air of undisturbed repose. It was wonderful after the hurly-burly that had reigned there but a few minutes before. Mr. Affane, whether exhausted or unobservant, did not speak, and I went up to take his hand. As I did so, the door closed of itself.

V.

It was the most eerie circumstance that had ever befallen me. I did not know in what words to begin. My cowardly in-

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stinct warned me to return and open the door; yet I felt convinced that if I did, my only chance of helping Richard Affane would have vanished. I held his hand; it was cold and clammy. But speak I could not; only, in my distress, I murmured some half-inarticulate prayer. My eyes, which were fastened on his, appeared at length to draw him back, as it were, out of the unfathomable depths into which he had sunk. He returned my pressure, sat up, and looked at me earnestly. "You should have come before," he said in a low voice.

"Why did you not send to me?" I replied. He shook his head. "There was no sending in my case," he answered, almost under his breath, and the words made my hair stand up; "*they* would not let me." He looked round, as if in expectation of something following on what he had spoken; but all was still.

"You heard it?" he inquired passionately; "it is no hallucination; has not the whole house heard it day and night since it began? Tell the truth, father."

What could I say? My expression was enough. "Yes, it is outside of me, not in my brain," he cried, "there have been delusions which were nothing else; but this, this is a reality!"

I whispered to him, not knowing when the next horror might break out of the silence, "Can you say how it arose? Who caused it?"

"I caused it!" he exclaimed fiercely; and his loud tones made me shudder. Would not the unseen Thing he was defying answer him with some fresh portent? But no, he was suffered to go on. My thought, all the while he spoke, was like a sickening sensation as of a third person, or object (by what name shall I describe it?) hovering near—a presence, at once loathsome and irresistible, in the room around us.

"Come," he said, grasping my hand, "I will tell you all. But it is not a confession. Long ago, when I came into the Church, I confessed. Let me speak as to a friend—a human creature in the flesh, similar to myself.

"It is the story of my wife I wish to tell you. Her grave you have seen, but neither you nor any one else knows how she came to die at twenty-three. Father," he exclaimed with terrible earnestness, "I killed her!"

"God forbid," I answered with a cry, drawing back from the man; "you cannot mean what you are saying."

"I killed her," reiterated Mr. Affane, looking straight at me, "not with these hands, but as surely as if I had stabbed her to the

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heart. Do not think I am raving. She was a proud, sensitive woman, was Eva Norland. I married her against her father's inclination, for he said, with good reason, that the Affanes had always been fierce and unmanageable, and I had inherited the worst of their temper. Yes, I had, and I knew it. Still, we loved one another; all the more, perhaps, that I was not easy to control. We spent three years of happy wedded life, my irritable temper getting the upper hand of me at times, but Eva patient and forgiving. Our child was born—as beautiful as an angel, whom his old Tyrolese nurse called Enzian because of his great blue eyes, like the Alpine gentian. You saw the name on his tomb. Then we made the acquaintance of Gerald Mengs, an artist, half Italian, half German. And that broke the spell of our happiness."

Though Affane was a strong man, I heard the sound of tears in his voice while he was speaking. I listened distractedly. My terror was lest the noise in the air should begin again. I begged him to finish quickly, the suspense was overpowering.

"Mengs had all sorts of accomplishments. In those days I could only hunt and shoot. He was a musician. Eva liked him; so did I at the beginning. Then he came down and stayed here. They were always together; but why wasn't I with them? Oh, I was about the farm and a thousand other things. Jealous? I *was* wild with jealousy at times, though I said to myself it was all nonsense and I was a fool. Eva noticed the change in me. Naturally, she was disdainful, and, instead of telling Mengs to go, she insisted on his staying for some concert or other. He was to play there, and they must practise, morning after morning. You can see the thing. I knew she was only provoking me; but I could not stand it. Why didn't she let him go?

"It was a hard frost and the hunting had been given up. That morning I had nothing to do but lounge in and out of the house. I heard their infernal music going on, in this very room. The piano was here, in front of us. How long I had been wandering about, with certain thoughts getting warm in my heart, is more than I can tell. But at last, as I was coming upstairs by that door—it was wide open—I saw, as it seemed to me, Gerald Mengs turning towards Eva with an expression in his eyes which I didn't like. They were just finishing a duet they had been singing. The rest I can't describe; it was all one flash. I know that when I looked up again, sensible, Mengs was on the ground, and my fingers were round his throat. It was brutal, ungentlemanly, you say. So it was. But the brute had

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sprung out of his lair; there was no gentleman just then in Richard Affane. I should have choked the life out of Mengs, but, as I looked up, there was my lovely boy Enzian, whom I had not noticed before, standing on the threshold, his eyes dilated with horror and his lips a dead white. He was fascinated by the face on the ground. Well he might be. Mengs had the awful look of a soul in mortal agony. I was flinging him away when Eva, recovering as from a trance, snatched up the boy in her arms, and ran out shrieking. The next I heard was a heavy fall, a child's voice in terrible pain, and the sound of flying footsteps on the stairs."

"Yes," I cried at that instant, I, Philip Malden, cried out almost beside myself, "and you hear them now, don't you—now, Mr. Affane? Good God, they *are* on the stairs. What shall I do."

It was no delusion. The whole drama which my companion had been rehearsing suddenly enacted itself in the room and outside—a hurrying tumult, a panic of the invisible, addressed not to the sight but to the hearing, and all the more stupendous that it was not seen. I put my hands to my ears. It made no difference; the sounds increased, and were prolonged, and died away in the region overhead, only to re-commence on the threshold of the library. I was quivering with fear, to which any other feeling, how dreadful soever, would have seemed light and tolerable. The deeps of existence had yawned; the veil was rent between the living and the dead.

"That is what I have been listening to since Sunday," observed Affane; "the imagination of it, which I had driven down beneath the surface in my Eastern adventures, has taken its revenge. But it is my own fault. You warned me not to meddle with the supernatural."

"And have you?" I asked timidly, when the quiet was restored. He nodded significantly.

"My wife," he went on, "fell with the boy against the stairs, and his head struck on the balustrade. He was hurt beyond all cure, being a delicate child, and already weakened by his fit of terror. He died in her arms within the week. She followed him soon. It was impossible that she should live with a broken heart. She never forgave me. I was not even suffered to enter the room where she died."

"What became of Mengs?"

"Oh! we met," repeated Affane coldly, "he behaved as a gentleman, and gave me satisfaction. He had himself to thank.

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That every one allowed. I have never felt troubled on the score of his death. But he swore to me with his dying lips that I misjudged Eva. I did, because I was a passionate young fool.

"Then I shut up the house, went to India, lived among the natives, and learned from them practices in which you don't believe. I pass over all that. Something withheld me from mixing up the names of my dead wife and child in these devilries. You are quite right; they come from that quarter and nowhere else. I was made a Catholic, as I told you, by seeing how your people pray for their dead; and I tried to pray for mine. But just consider the difference. I couldn't; it brought up the whole scene, and I was not forgiven. I said to myself last year, 'Why not go and live at Araglin? You'll be near them, and it is your home as well as theirs.' I came back; and the longing to see the face of my dead wife grew upon me like a passion. I turned for amusement to scientific problems; but they threw me on the old question of calling up—you know what—" looking around as he spoke. "I didn't see why it should be forbidden. Still, I resisted, went up to Town, found I had no acquaintance there worth cultivating, was wretchedly miserable, and, last Saturday, rushed down here again, determined to put in practice what my Easterns had shown me—oh! I knew it would work; I had seen the thing. But I couldn't say beforehand how. When it began, I thought I was crazed. But *you* heard it; every one heard it; there's no mistake about the matter now."

"There is crime and sin, however," I said when he paused.

VI.

But we were struck dumb, both of us, by what happened next. I cannot expect to be believed; yet, with my own eyes, I saw, from out of the mid-vacancy of the room, emerge, as in a glass, three several figures—a young man, in the velvet jacket which artists wear, lying on the ground, his face inexpressibly distorted, and above him the very features of Richard Affane, bloodshot with rage and murder; while at a little distance stood, as though carved in stone, the most beautiful dark-eyed woman with uplifted hands, and gasping, half-opened mouth. Nothing I ever witnessed could be more distinct or vivid. And the figures did not float away, did not pass. The fiery sunset, which now flooded the library, made a glowing atmosphere about them; yet they neither melted into it like shadows nor lost one touch of their solidity. Appalling was the likeness, the contrast,

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between the living man, with snow-white hair and ashen looks, at my side, and his wraith, or spectre, so full of vindictive passion, blazing in the heyday of violent youth, and strangling his enemy on the floor. How long the vision lasted I know not. Affane saw it as well as I. For when his ghastly double turned, as though to glance towards Eva (it was surely the accused wife!), Richard sprang up wildly and ran to clasp her in his arms. I beheld his vain attempt to embrace the shadow. It slipped from him, and the whole scene disappeared. Then Affane collapsed in a heap, as though smitten with apoplexy, and a white foam gathered on his lips.

Let me not dwell on the misery of that night. At first I could get no one to help me. By and by Lamborne crept into the room, and we made up a bed for his master where he had fallen. To remove him was out of our power; his pleading eyes forbade the attempt.

Hour after hour I sat by him reciting the prayers in my Breviary, and watching when reason might return. I asked humbly for light and guidance from above; and in the depth of the midnight stillness it was given to me. I took my resolution. When morning broke I sent Lamborne with a hasty but explicit letter to the friend at Monks' End who had the care of my altar and vestments. He came speedily, bringing, as I had directed, all things requisite for saying Mass. An altar was fitted up in the library; I proceeded to vest, and John Whitlock served me. The patient, who had been sunk in lethargy, roused himself when I began, and followed me wonderingly with his eyes, not being altogether conscious of what was going forward. I offered the Holy Sacrifice that he might be set free from malign influences and unhallowed thoughts; that time might be allowed him for repentance, and, if God pleased, that he might recover. The sounds and sights of yesterday had now wholly ceased. I fancied there was an unwonted freshness in the air. That immense weight which oppressed me like a nightmare was gone.

When the last Gospel was over, and I was kneeling in thanksgiving on the altar-step, Richard Affane called to me. "You have done well," he said in a calm voice; "I feel better now." "Yes," I told him, "you look tired, but the evil thing has been taken from your heart. Will you not make your confession?" He did so with the unaffected sorrow of a child. What passed between us, of course, is sacred. Nor shall I venture to hint, although I had his leave in case it seemed expe-

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dient, on the means which had been taken to evoke from its tomb the awful past. Whether the dead came back, or powers of darkness flung their illusions about the unhappy man who dared to meddle with them—how much was due to the contagion of fear and fancy, or could not be explained in that easy way—I shall not undertake to determine; *Neque in mirabilibus super me*—all that is no concern of mine. One thing I know; that Richard Affane's reason had tottered on its throne and his very moral being was assailed by the unhallowed attempt to which he had committed himself. In breaking through the flaming walls which girt us round, he had come nigh destruction; and only that faith was left, and the supernatural yet most compassionate power of Christ was still at hand to save him, the searcher into the secrets of death must have perished.

But he rose from his bed of illness; and, though white and feeble, tasted the quietness of recovered peace during the years that remained to him. They were not many. He was now to be seen in the little church of Monks' End every Sunday, and did much to comfort the poor and the sorrowful round Araglin. At the last he had the consolation of hearing Mass daily in the library which had been fitted up as a chapel. And there, one morning after Communion, drawing a long, deep sigh, he died, without more agony of body or spirit. The house was sold and came into the possession of strangers. For years I have not been within its walls. But I never heard of any disturbance troubling the inmates. Its dark shadows, if they linger about the place, are unseen. Linger they surely do. Every roof under which men and women have dwelt with their passionate desires and foiled hopes, is a house of shadows. But few have the gift of discerning them, or of turning back the pages of the Book of Years and reading what is therein written. And well that it should be so! For when conscience becomes a living present, and "the books are opened," who shall abide it? Richard Affane has passed into a world which, lightsome as it is within, to us remains a terror and a mystery, the burden of which only faith can endure. My own penance has been, to dream for months together of the figures emerging from the vacant air, the rush of hurrying feet, and the heart-shattering tumult, which, like an earthquake, lifted the solid ground beneath me, and made it rock to and fro. And I have thanked God, on waking in an agony of terror, that I could return to my commonplace duties, and walk the dusty road of life again with my fellow-men.

WILLIAM BARRY.

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GEORGE VON FRANCKENSTEIN.

AT the death of Windthorst the press was flooded with obituaries, anecdotes, and whole biographies. The little man from Meppen seems to have thrown into the shade all his fellow-laborers in the great struggle that ended in the overthrow of Bismarck's anti-Catholic policy. On this side of the Atlantic, at least, but scant notice has been taken of the other members of the Centre party. Still they are worth knowing, and none more so than Baron George Arbogast von Franckenstein.

I.

He was born on July 2, 1825, at Wuerzburg, and came of a noble stock. A room in the castle of Ullstadt—the place where most of his life was spent—contains a collection of miniature portraits. "I have to tell you," he once said to a visitor, jestingly, "that these are *my* people, lest you might never realize it, so little do I look like them." As a matter of fact, there was a striking difference, the late baron being blonde, eyes blue, and hair reddish, while the long series of ancestors showed almost invariably dark hair and eyes. "It was my grandmother," he would say, "that changed our traditional looks; she was so very, very blonde." He seemed almost to regret it. At the same time, no one who knew him closely doubted the genuineness of his Franckenstein blood. There were in his family prince-bishops, statesmen, valiant knights, humble monks, nay, even a saint—Blessed Paulus von Franckenstein, of the Dominicans—but something hardly definable seemed to unite and make alike all these men, a certain air of unstrained dignity, betraying a mind at once stern and strong. And in Baron George's eyes beamed the same steady light. Americans often loudly rejoice in the absence in their country of a nobility, of privileged classes, and they are entitled so to rejoice, considering how nowadays privileged people generally run in Europe. But where nobility is felt by the owner to enjoin the unavoidable obligation of emulating great ancestors gone before, where privileges are considered a source of enjoyment only because they enable their possessor to work with wider liberty for the welfare of his fellow-men, there nobility has a high and admirable reason for its existence. Nowhere is this more the case than among the old Catholic houses of

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Germany, though far less in the German part of Austria than in Bavaria and Westphalia.

After having made his college course, Franckenstein studied philosophy and law at the University of Munich, which at that time was not yet wholly devoid of Catholic spirit. The old baron, Charles Frederick, died in 1845, leaving George, as the eldest of three sons, manager of the large Franckenstein estates—besides Ullstadt they comprise Ockstadt and Buenzburg. Moreover, the young man succeeded his father in the hereditary dignity as member of the Bavarian Reichsrath (senate), of which, in 1881, King Louis made him the president, a position he held up to his death.

The dowager Baroness Franckenstein, born Countess Leopoldine Apponyi, survived her husband for about a quarter of a century, and for her and her memory George ever cherished a love bordering on worship. Probably it was from her he inherited that mildness, that sweet, kind smile, which to his dying day graced the stalwart knight and made him all but irresistible even to political and religious adversaries. On the main altar of the church built by him at Ullstadt his filial love is perpetuated in the statue of St. Leopold.

From the outset Franckenstein's parliamentary labors were stamped with those characteristics in which he himself wanted to sum up his life's work: "True and faithful" being the motto he had written on his coat-of-arms. A courtier he never was. Abiding in him was that feeling of personal independence and dignity so characteristic of the best German nobility, and so essentially different from the cringing subjection of a French marquis under the fourteenth or fifteenth Louis. A man of the Franckenstein type is devoted, never slavish. King Louis, rather against his own inclination, had been compelled to propose at Versailles the erection of the German Empire with a Hohenzollern to wear the crown. When the draft of Germany's new constitution was submitted for ratification to the Bavarian senate, Franckenstein had the courage openly to speak and vote against it. As warm a friend as any of Germany's unity, he, like many others, could not at once sympathize with the way it was brought about. To many an eminent German scholar and ardent patriot of the old school—Gervinus is an instance—it appeared as if Prussia's military hegemony would crush out the multifarious phases in which the German national spirit had been hitherto free to exhibit itself; that, in short, uniformity was far too high a price for unity.

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At any rate, once the German Empire had become an established fact, Franckenstein was of far too sober and practical a nature to go on grumbling and cavilling. With him activity was indispensable; mere fault-finding he despised. In 1872 he was elected to the German Diet, keeping his seat to his death. He at once joined fortunes with the men that were championing the freedom of Catholic Germany, and who were, as an unavoidable consequence, subjected to every kind of indignity, even the most outrageous and exasperating. It may be necessary to emphasize that I am not in the least exaggerating. A poor crazed individual—Kullmann—fired at Bismarck and missed him. In his pocket was found a Catholic paper, or he had been seen reading one—I forget which—and consequently upon this was based a charge of some kind of Catholic complicity in the attempted crime. Of course, no tittle of evidence was ever brought forth in support of this charge. But in the German Diet the chancellor hurled this charge at the Centrists: "You would fain disclaim any connection with the murderer; he clings to your coat-tails!" An assassin clinging to the coat-tails of Ludwig Windthorst and George von Franckenstein!

We all now know that these are things of the past. The Centre party has long since lived down its maligners and justified its policy, as is frequently admitted even by non-Catholics. Said an anonymous but well-informed writer in the *Fortnightly Review* for August, 1890:

"We have no special predilection for the Roman Church, but it is impossible not to recognize the signal service which the German Catholics rendered to their country by their quiet but unflinching resistance to the May laws. If they had yielded Germany would have been reduced to a state of political serfdom hardly to be found except in Russia."

II.

Franckenstein soon rose into repute within his party. Windthorst, as great a master in judging character as in parliamentary tactics, at once recognized his high ability, and resolved without jealousy or reserve to give him an energetic support. As early as in 1875, at the decease of Herr von Savigny, he caused Franckenstein to be elected his successor as president of the Centre party. Henceforward the two men were inseparable. Side-by-side they were seated in the Diet, arm-in-arm they might be seen walking up and down *Unter den Linden*, the famous avenue of Berlin. The gigantic Bavarian and the diminutive Hano-

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verian presented an odd sight, and it was no wonder the comic papers seized on them and made them the subjects of countless cartoons.

Franckenstein was not an orator in the accepted sense of the term, yet as a speaker he proved impressive. His speeches were brief, honest, to the point, and always, even when directed against adversaries, utterly void of bitterness. If he was not possessed of the ready wit, the cutting sarcasm, of other parliamentarians, he in return never wounded anybody, never sneered at his opponents. He was not a diplomat inasmuch as he was totally incapable not only of any double-dealings, but even of those stratagems indispensable, it would seem, in policy, and not necessarily involving any falsehood on the part of those who practise them. Somehow this aversion to what is generally understood by diplomacy arose from his deeply optimistic turn of mind. He was unable to see why others should not, like himself, be ever ready to be convinced on having the truth plainly stated to them. Outspoken honesty, united with a unique unselfishness, were his dominant features as a politician. Hence it happened not rarely that he changed his first opinion on a new bill, having during the discussion become better informed as to its import and issue. This might occur in public sessions of the house as well as in private meetings of the committees of which he was a member. And when thus convinced of having been in the wrong, he would never hesitate to say it with perfect frankness.

It may not be amiss here to dwell somewhat at length on an incident in Franckenstein's political life which has been the subject of widespread comment, and is still to be found oddly misrepresented in alleged historical works.

It was in 1887. For some time the German government had wanted a large increase of grants to the army, but this the opposition had not been willing to give. As far, however, as the larger part of the opposition—the Centre party—was concerned, its antagonism was not to be construed as definitive, the Centre not being unwilling generally to increase the military budget; only it wanted to take its time in order to sift the matter, and not to grant without due consideration everything Bismarck demanded. Then the Papal nuncio in Munich, Monsignor di Pietro, wrote to Franckenstein, telling him that Cardinal Jacobini, the Pope's secretary of state, had just sent him a note making known the opinion of his Holiness. Leo XIII., so the nuncio stated, would like the Centre party to yield somewhat in a mat-

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ter in which the government showed such extraordinary concern; by doing so the Pope was persuaded the Catholics would gain rapid and considerable concessions for their persecuted church.

As soon as Franckenstein received this intimation he took every trouble to secure the co-operation of Windthorst and the other leaders for the end pointed out by the nuncio. The government wanted the demanded expense voted for seven years; the Centre, holding their mandates from the electors for only *three* years, agreed to vote it for that time, and so much the more had they reason to expect the government to be satisfied with this, as Moltke himself declared in the Diet that the period for which the money was to be voted was irrelevant. In the happiest mood Franckenstein wrote home that he had achieved everything the Pope wanted. But he had reckoned without his host. Bismarck needed a more pliable Diet, not only for his military projects but still more to support his financial policy—the Diet then sitting having thrown out his bills for the tobacco and brandy monopoly. Accordingly, as soon as the Centre had resolved to vote the military expense for three years, the government declared that nothing would satisfy them but a seven years' vote; and when at the second reading the period of three years was carried by a narrow majority, Bismarck did not wait for the third reading, but forthwith dissolved the Diet. About the same time the authentic text of Cardinal Jacobini's letter to the nuncio suddenly appeared in the governmental papers; no one ever knew how it got there. But to the Catholic statesmen, and above all to Franckenstein, it was a severe blow, because, as a matter of fact, the letter showed that what the Pope wanted the Catholics to vote was the very septennate, unabridged. This Franckenstein had never suspected; but of course his adversaries instantly seized on this rare opportunity to vilify him, and through him his party, alleging, it must be understood, that Franckenstein and the other leaders had been all along fully acquainted with the Pope's letter, but had been withholding its contents from their party. Bismarck, in the Diet, censured with hugely amusing severity those unruly Catholic parliamentarians who made light of the Pontiff's injunctions, and newspapers in which everything pertaining to the Papacy used to be *ipso facto* a subject of ridicule and scorn suddenly assumed the tone of holy indignation, turning their scandalized eyes toward the heaven where, according to their tenets, no God ever resided.

The stroke told with Franckenstein more than with any one else. At once he wrote out a full account of his conduct to the

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Papal nuncio. And he added that it had always been understood by him and his colleagues that the Pope left them free play in all matters purely political. At the same time, if his Holiness was of opinion that the Catholic interests in Germany could be managed more effectively through the sole means of diplomatic transactions, and that consequently the services of the Centre party were needed no longer, a word from the Holy See would suffice to dissolve the party, Franckenstein and most of his friends being ready to retire from the Diet, into which they had sought admission only in order to defend the church.

The cardinal's answer was to the effect that the Curia had been led to believe the septennate was not a purely political question. The secretary did not with one word even try to sustain this supposition; and, moreover, he most decidedly exhorted the Centre to pursue its activity, which was as much as to say that it gave the highest satisfaction. Accordingly the Catholic politicians retained their seats; the new elections witnessed no loss of strength within their ranks, and in the ensuing session most of the Centrists voted against the septennate, which, however, was passed by help of a coalition between the other factions.

Franckenstein has been praised on all hands for his unwearied industry while in Parliament. Outside of his labor for the church's peace, most of his time in the Diet was devoted to the cause of the working classes. In 1881 he was elected president of a committee appointed to examine an accident-insurance bill, and he subsequently held a corresponding position on all similar committees.

Whatever he undertook he brought to his work always the same clear intellect, the same honest purpose. Nor by any means was the appreciation of his prominent qualities confined to the members of his own party. From 1879 to 1887 he held, by unanimous consent, the office of first vice-president of the German Diet, and it was not until political and religious passion ran high, not so much against his person as against his cause, that he had to yield. Hence most striking is the testimony given at his death by the president of the very faction which forced him out:

"A genuine German, firm and faithful, true and fearless, unselfish, plain, and without guile. A man of few words, but of high practical ability and wide views. An authority wherever duty summoned him."

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III.

Despite, or maybe rather because of his independence, Franckenstein was always a favorite with his kings. Louis II. asked him twice to form a ministry, but Franckenstein's Catholic ideas of what a government should be proved too uncompromising; so the honor had to be declined. It is, however, a highly touching and significant fact that Franckenstein was the only man to whom King Louis thought of turning for succor when, during the last days of his reign, the thickening clouds had driven away from his throne the crowd that used to bask in the royal sunshine. On the 11th of June, 1886, a despatch from the king reached Franckenstein at Marienbad. He hastened to Munich, there to learn that the king was a raving maniac and could be seen by no one. Already on the 13th the royal prisoner put an end to his wretched life; so all further efforts in his behalf would have been in vain.

Besides parliamentary life Franckenstein enjoyed still another field for public action. As early as in 1847 he was received into the royal Bavarian order of the Knights of St. George, and from 1877 he was its great chancellor. Here as elsewhere he was a man of work, not words. That nursing of the sick was made one of the aims of the order was mainly due to his efforts, as was also the erection of two hospitals—one at Nymphenburg, another at Brueckenau—both dedicated to the order's and his own patron, St. George. Up to his death all the claret needed in the two hospitals was furnished from his private wine-cellar. But he paid his debts to suffering manhood in a still nobler way. He partook in person in the nursing of the diseased and wounded, assisted at amputations, became quite an expert in the dressing of wounds. In 1870 he performed this kind of work so persistently that, as he afterwards said, the smell of corrupted sores stayed with him for a long while. At the little town of Marktbibart, near Ullstadt, a temporary hospital was set up during the Franco-Prussian war for such severely wounded soldiers as were deemed unable to stand the transportation to Nuremberg. Beds and mangled soldiers were plentiful; but who was to pay the cost of it all? Again the Baron of Ullstadt stepped in. And not only did he pay the expenses and see that the sick were supplied with every possible comfort, but he made himself useful in various ways by his kind address and manifestly sincere sympathy, cheering and consoling the sufferers, so that, as one of them—a plain Bavarian peasant—afterwards put it, "He was like a father and a mother to us, both at once."

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IV.

The mainspring of this magnificent character was its profound and unflinching Catholicity. His was a faith of a kind too rarely seen in our days, as unswerving and as solidly grounded as one of those Gothic piles which adorn his country. It never occurred to him to cavil at the action of Holy Church, to find fault with this or that Papal decree, or the like. That even prominent ecclesiastics might experience any difficulty in submitting to the decisions of a council—as, for instance, the Vatican of 1870—was to him simply passing comprehension. "God leads us through Pope and bishops, and that settles it"—such was his plain, unalterable logic.

His respect for ecclesiastical authority was profound, but perfect clearness as to their stand-point was with him a demand never to be dispensed with. A model of toleration towards Protestants and infidels, he brooked no double-tongued practice in those whose very office called for outspoken orthodoxy. Probably it is little known that (according to the Rev. J. Faeh, S.J.*) it was Franckenstein that brought about Doellinger's suspension. The attitude of this prelate towards the Vatican decrees was notorious, yet his superiors for a while held back from acting. But as a great celebration of the Knights of St. George was coming on, and Doellinger as provost was to conduct the religious services, Franckenstein went directly to the archbishop and demanded an open explanation. He must needs know, so he said, whether or no Doellinger was still a Catholic priest. The answer was Doellinger's suspension.

To a friend of the present writer, who asked Franckenstein his opinion of Doellinger, he said: "He has simply read too much and prayed too little" (*Er hat einfach zu viel gelesen und zu wenig gebetet*). After a pause he added: "Or rather no: he might have read all he pleased as long as he prayed; it all came about for lack of humble praying."

From the outset the Catholic conventions commanded his warmest interest. More than once he was their president. In fact, all sorts of Catholic clubs, unions, and societies were sure of his self-sacrificing support, provided, of course, they were conducted on sound principles.

His piety was as unaffected and unostentatious as it was deeply rooted. A certain kind of modern devotional books, full of verbose and over-sweet effusions, were by him held in horror.

* To whose charming sketch of the late baron, in the *Stimmen aus Maria Laach* for 1891, the present writer is indebted for valuable information.

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One of his children once reading the morning prayers from a book of this description, Franckenstein said nothing, but the next morning it came from him in his deep, commanding voice: "To-day it is I that pray." And he began: "In the name of the Father, etc. . . . Our Father. . . . Hail Mary. . . . I believe in God the Father. . . . I am done; now go on with your own trash!"

Every day he heard Mass, and when possible assisted at the evening devotions in the chapel at home. To the Blessed Virgin he always cherished a special devotion. For years he said the beads daily; like O'Connell, carrying them with him wherever he went, in the parliament and in the audience chambers of kings. The Memorare was his favorite prayer, and his first words to his children, when they poured into his ears their complaints and sorrows, would almost always be: "Have you said the Memorare?" One day a man, who has himself told me the incident, came across the baron just as he was deeply engaged in conversation with a little peasant girl. The man passed by, not wanting to interrupt; he was, however, soon overtaken by the baron, who in an artless manner explained that he had just been trying to teach the child the Memorare.

V.

In 1857 the baron married Maria, Princess of Oettingen-Wallerstein. When, about a year after her husband's death, she passed away, one of her nieces, herself for years motherless, wrote to a friend: "In her we all lose a mother." Indeed, not only her own children and her nearest relations, but all those around her, even those who had the remotest claim upon her, be their ways of life ever so lowly, when in need they got to feel that in the baroness they had a mother with all a mother's soothing love and painstaking care. Those who want to understand what a patriarchal form of life really means might have learned it nowhere better than at Ullstadt. As a matter of fact all that were in any way connected with the household *ipso facto* were of the family. When in want of anything, all they needed was to apply to the baron or his wife; they were sure to get it. Was any one taken ill, he or she would always be attended to; no day passed by but that some members or others of the family called; in cases of long-enduring illness a Sister of Charity was sent for.

And now a word touching the more intimate life of the family. Whosoever has seen Baron Franckenstein amid his children

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has seen the model father. His delight was to train his sons and daughters in his own habits, imbue them with his own taste for art and literature. His efforts were rewarded; all the young Franckensteins possess exquisite literary and artistic taste. But best pleased was the father when he succeeded in interesting them in some high political or charitable undertaking of his. He would often ask them their opinion on a speech he was composing or on some project of improvement of his estates, and he was for ever trying to awaken their own judgment and elicit an independent opinion from them. "Don't go away," he would often say when they were about leaving his study; "stay a little longer. I do like so much to have you with me."

And with all his seriousness he knew how to be as jolly as the youngest member of his household by taking part in their sports. During meals reserve was thrown to the winds, and nothing would please him better than being able to say: "What a racket we raised at the table to-day!"—"*Das war heute wieder ein Spektakel bei Tisch!*"

A photograph taken, if I mistake not, in 1882, shows him surrounded by his household. His tall figure, crowned with the striking head, would of itself call for attention, even without one's knowing who the man was. It is pre-eminently the head of a man of high moral courage and great kindness of heart. Behind him, with the baron's eldest son leaning upon his arm, stands a young-looking man in clerical garb—the young people's tutor. There is, or so it appears to me, something highly suggestive in the way the baron and the priest stand out among the numerous figures on the picture, the representative of private and civic virtue and the representative of God's church.

VI.

It seems that in 1877, while in Rome, Franckenstein caught cold during a visit to the Catacombs. Fever and cough set in, and, although for the time checked, left behind them an affection of the heart. During the ensuing years, from time to time, relapses would occur; howbeit, in the often long intervals between these relapses the baron seemed as sturdy as ever, and his appearance was but little or not at all affected by the insidious disease. But on the 14th of January, 1890, he was compelled to go to bed, feeling extremely weak. A thorough diagnosis was made, and it was found that both his lungs were severely affected. He then knew what was impending, and his first

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thought was of his duty toward God. "I will make a general confession of my whole life," he said, and, the confession over, he asked for and received the last Sacraments, devoutly praying with the priest while they were administered.

Thus his soul was set at peace with God, and yet his departure could not but give rise to moments of stinging pain. His wife, his constant companion of thirty-three years; his children, always his joy and his pride; his friends, who could so badly spare him—they were all to be parted from and would soon vanish from his sight. The dying man's couch witnessed scenes never to be forgotten. Unable as he was to keep his eyes open, he would now and then raise the heavy eyelids, looking for one or other of his dear ones; he mentioned their names, drew them close to his bedside, embraced and blessed them. Or he called out, "All! all!" and looked at them as if trying to stamp ineffaceably upon his soul their likeness. To his friends, who succeeded one another at his bedside, he spoke words brief but of deep meaning. And then again to the children: "Remain always united. Love one another and your mother."

As the days glided by he grew more and more feeble. Still his voice was audible when giving the responses to the prayers of the Rosary; from the movements of his lips those around him could tell when he was saying the Memorare.

Throughout the Fatherland prayers were said for his recovery. Perhaps the oldest of all his friends was Archdeacon Moufang, justly celebrated for his share in the *Kulturkampf* and for having been among the first to try and rally the working-classes under the banner of the church. He used to spend part of every fall at Ullstadt, but of late had been confined to his room with illness. On hearing of Franckenstein's sad state he had himself brought to a convent to offer up, with streaming tears, prayers for his dying friend. And when, on the 22d of January, the tidings reached him that a little before noontime Franckenstein had passed away, it was to him as if he, too, could tarry no longer. Within a few weeks he followed his friend into a better world.

Franckenstein was buried at Ullstadt, close to the wall of the church he had himself raised to God's honor. Here he lies, vested in the dress of a Knight of St. George, waiting for the angel's summons.

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VII.

A knight he was, as truly as any that ever bore that glorious title. Testimonies to the esteem he was held in even by men of widely different convictions poured forth at the news of his death—from the emperor, who in various ways manifested his sincere sympathy; from the national-liberal party, who placed a gorgeous wreath on the bier; from liberal Italian papers, like *Opinione* and *Tribuna*, in which respectful obituaries appeared. Needless it were to dwell upon the grief of his political friends and of the German Catholics; doubly needless would be the attempt here to map out the exact dimensions of his and his friends' work: whence it started, how it grew, and whither its drift. Nor should it be forgotten that the renascence of German Catholicity during the last two decades was not exclusively the work of statesmen. Some of the most striking manifestations of this reawakening life had for some time past been silently ripening; a work, for instance, like Johannes Janssen's great history, the import of which as a fortifying element with German, nay European, Catholics can scarce be overrated, was begun twenty-five years before the first volume appeared; and Father Kolping's *Gesellen-Vereine* (working-men's associations) had been a power for good among the masses long before the blaze of the *Kulturkampf* reddened the horizon.

Nevertheless, the chief honor for what has been achieved belongs to the leaders of the Centrists. They rallied broken regiments, stationed as it were batteries just in the proper places, encouraged the lines, and finally gained a series of decisive victories. Already some of the greatest of these captains have gone to their reward: Mallinckrodt, Windthorst, and Franckenstein are no more. The Bavarian nobleman deserves the abiding gratitude of Catholics as fully as any of them; and in concluding I beg to remark that if the picture here drawn seems all light, the reason is simply that from whatever side you approach the subject it casts over you a glamour to which you are fain to submit as long as you want to remain near enough for its study and reproduction.

JOS. ALEXANDER.

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COLUMBUS IN PORTUGAL.

OF Columbus between the age of fourteen and thirty-eight nothing certain is known in detail, if we except a few items he gives us himself in his correspondence, such as his expedition to Tunis, noted in a former article. Several heroic deeds narrated by Ferdinand cannot be accepted as historical. As this writer, I have no doubt, intentionally wrapped the origin and parentage of his father in mystery, so, in his desire to rescue him from the obscurity of his early life, connected him with famous admirals of a name similar to his, and made him share with them many daring and adventurous enterprises.

According to Ferdinand, Columbus landed in Portugal after a desperate battle with the Venetians, during which his ship was burned and he saved himself by swimming ashore. The tale is now admitted by all to be an invention. The battle in which Ferdinand makes his father a participant was fought on the 21st of August, 1485, when Columbus is known to have been already in Spain. Las Casas rehearses the story, but evidently on the authority of Ferdinand alone, as he gives no other source of information. Unless documents now unknown to the world be discovered, the history of Columbus between the age of fourteen and thirty-eight will remain almost a blank. What was his occupation during the intervening twenty-three years? It may be gathered from his writings. He took to sea, he tells us himself, when very young—say, at fourteen. From a letter of his we know that he travelled on the sea "for twenty-three years without any interruption worth mentioning." Now, from the year 1474 to the end of his life the movements of Columbus are fairly well known. From the end of 1474 to the end of 1484 he lived in Portugal, travelling at times north and south, but engaged, he tells us, in endeavoring to obtain ships for his transoceanic voyage from the king. From the end of 1484 to 1492 he lived in Spain, seldom, if ever, putting to sea. The twenty-three years of uninterrupted travels must, therefore, have ended before the year 1474, because from this date to that of his death he could not have said with truth that there had been no interruption in his travels worth mentioning. Nor can plausible reason be assigned why, in his letter to the king, he should have falsified the facts.

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As we find him at Savona at his father's place of residence on three different occasions, on the 20th of March, and on the 26th of August, 1472, and on the 7th of August, 1473, we must conclude that the twenty-three years of travel must have ended before the year 1472. Deducting twenty-three from 1472 carries us back to 1449, when Columbus was fourteen years old, at which age, he tell us, he took to sea. I will say here, retrospectively and parenthetically, that this forms another absolute demonstration that Columbus was born in A.D. 1435, or in the beginning of 1436. Thus the different dates given by Columbus, far from being contradictory, prove and support each other. But how shall we reconcile or explain the following fragment of a letter of his in which, addressing King Ferdinand, he says:

"Our Lord sent me here miraculously that I might serve your highness; I say miraculously, because I had landed in Portugal, whose king was more interested in discoveries than any one else; he [the Lord] closed his eyes and his ears and all the senses, so that in fourteen years I did not succeed in making him understand what I was telling him."

It will be proved that Columbus, in reckoning any given period of time, always counted both the year in which it began and the one during which it ended inclusive. According to the letter just quoted, interpreted in the light of this rule, Columbus made his first proposal of a transoceanic voyage to the King of Portugal in 1471, for we know that he left Portugal to return no more, at least to stay, in 1484. From 1471 to 1484, both dates counted inclusive, there are fourteen years. It is quite evident, therefore, from the writings of Columbus, that he was born about 1435, that he entered on his nautical life when fourteen years old, and continued in it to the thirty-eighth year of his life, that is, to A.D. 1472.

However, before the expiration of the full term of twenty-three years' navigation, having matured his convictions and formed his plan to visit the land of spices by a transatlantic voyage, he proposed it to the king of his adopted country about the year 1471. Whatever may have been the grounds on which he based it, his was a firm conviction, admitting of no doubt, that he would meet with success in his perilous undertaking. "He had conceived in his heart," says Las Casas, "as firm a conviction that he would find what he expected as if he had it already locked up in his chest." And of all men he was the one best fitted "to break asunder the locks which the ocean had held fast since

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the time of the Deluge, and to discover another world." Guided by an all-ruling Providence, he had prepared himself for the mighty task by twenty-three years of seafaring life, that gave him as perfect and exact knowledge of navigation as could be attained in the fifteenth century, and made him the foremost mariner of his age.

It was during those twenty-three years' experience that he acquired an extensive and practical knowledge of cosmography and kindred sciences, and learned how to determine longitudes by dint of practical application, although, as he tells us himself (Las Casas, lib. i. cap. iii.), he had never studied astronomy. In his intercourse with "learned men of all nationalities, Christians, Jews, and Moors, lay and clerical," by the reading of modern and ancient philosophers, poets, and scientists, he had learned all that was known of geography. "We believe," says Las Casas, "that Christopher Columbus in the art of navigation excelled beyond a doubt every one else of his time in the world."

To follow him during his twenty-three years' peregrination is not possible, as we have no reliable sources of information; but much light can be obtained from contemporary historians and chroniclers. Antonio Gallo, an unimpeachable authority, tells us that Christopher and Bartolomeo Columbus, having spent their boyhood at school, when they reached the age of puberty took to the sea, as was customary with their countrymen. Gallo goes on to say that Bartolomeo went to Portugal and ultimately settled in Lisbon, and there made a living by drawing mariners' charts. According to Gallo, he went to Portugal because many Genoese seamen found there at that time employment and lucrative positions, and, in my opinion, because his noble relative, possibly a brother of his grandmother, Bartolomeo Perestrello, was governor of the Portuguese Island of Porto Santo, and there they could expect to be received, not as the sons of the Genoese weaver, but as the cousin or grandnephew of an influential grandee.

As Bartolomeo lived in Portugal, Christopher naturally may be supposed to have made that country the starting point of his frequent journeys, whence, as his manhood matured, startling discoveries of new lands on the coast of Africa were of frequent occurrence. Year after year expeditions started from Lisbon, pushing further and further the exploration of the African coast. The goal in mind was the land of spices, to be reached by circumnavigating Africa; and the prize to be won, the lucrative commerce between Asia and Europe, which, finding its way

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through the Red Sea and the Nile to Egypt, had enriched for centuries Venice, the queen of the sea, and the rest of the Italian peninsula. That commerce the kings of Portugal and their people desired to gain possession of.

The reigns of Alfonso V. and John II. form a period in Portuguese history remarkable for a feverish activity in naval enterprises. "An incredible enthusiasm," says the Jesuit Riccardo Cappa in his *Colon y los Españoles*, "for maritime discoveries had seized the Portuguese nation." That enthusiasm and a desire of fame and discovery were soon shared by the gifted and intrepid young Genoese, who, seeing that all attempts to reach India by an Eastern route had failed, conceived the idea of travelling to it by the way of the West. Can all this be proved? We have seen that Columbus had endeavored for fourteen years to induce the King of Portugal to give him ships, etc. We have seen, also, that about January 1, 1485, he had already arrived in Spain. It must, then, have been about 1471 that his first application to the King of Portugal was made. Now, Las Casas expressly says that it was on account of his having established his domicile in Portugal, and because he had become a subject of Portugal, that he made the first proposal to that king. As Columbus was in Savona and Genoa during 1472, and in August, 1473, and as it is admitted on all sides that the first proposal to the King of Portugal was made not later than 1474, and as he could not have become a subject by reason of his domicile in the space of a very few months at most, it follows that said proposal must have been made before 1472. Oviedo tells us that Columbus had become a subject of Portugal by reason of his marriage. If so, he must have been married before 1474, and even before 1472 Portugal must have been his home.

Fernam Martins, or Martinez, was a canon of the cathedral of Lisbon, and perhaps a relative of that Margarita Martins who had been the first wife of Bartolomeo Perestrello, the father-in-law of Columbus. Pedro Noronha, a nephew of the same Perestrello, was archbishop of Lisbon. These coincidences are easily explained by the nepotism common everywhere in the church during the fifteenth century. They explain in turn how easy it must have been for Columbus to have access to the king. The canon, Fernam Martins, was in correspondence with Paulo Toscanelli, a learned man of Florence. The king of Portugal directed the canon to write to Toscanelli asking him to explain how the land of spices could be reached by a journey west on the Atlantic. Martins wrote, and received an answer dated the

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25th of June, 1474. Why should it have entered the mind of the king, who, later on, came to the conclusion that the idea of Columbus was but an empty dream, to ask such information, were it not that the latter's proposals had already been made and were being considered? It is true that on some previous occasion Toscanelli had spoken to Martins of the possibility of reaching the East by way of the West, as may be gathered from Toscanelli's letters; and it is true that the information might have been communicated by Martins to the king. But all contemporary historians, Portuguese and Spanish, agree in attributing to Columbus the initiative in the undertaking; and this point has never been controverted. Had it been otherwise, said historians would not have failed to make a note of it, anxious as some of them showed themselves to be to belittle the merits of the Genoese. If so, we must again conclude the offer of Columbus to the Portuguese king was made before 1472. For the correspondence of Martins with Toscanelli presupposes an investigation of Columbus's plans by the king. We know that Columbus was in Savona from the 20th of March, 1472, to at least the 7th of August, 1473. Even supposing that he left Genoa immediately after the 7th of August, 1473, and that he went to Portugal at once, it is not credible that, if he was a stranger in that country, within the period of at most a few months he could have gained influence enough at the court of Portugal to engage its serious attention to what must have appeared his wild scheme—an attention serious enough not only to interest the learned men of Portugal, but to induce them to look abroad for information.

How shall we explain the presence of Columbus in Savona in 1472 and 1473 if he had laid his plans before the king prior to these dates? During 1471 Alfonso V. was engaged in a formidable war against the Moors on African soil, which prevented him from giving the Genoese a favorable answer. He either deferred an answer or answered negatively. Thereupon Columbus, who, as a loyal subject, had made the first offer to his adopted country, seeing that, for the time being at least, nothing could be accomplished there, betook himself to his native Genoa and offered to the authorities of the republic to undertake the voyage of discovery and reach the East by way of the West. No official document concerning his negotiations with the Genoese government is extant. But that the offer was made by Columbus at one time or another there can be no doubt. After having discovered America, Columbus wrote to Ferdinand and Isabella:

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"In order to serve your highnesses, I refused to come to any agreement with France or England or Portugal; the letters of the princes of those countries your highnesses have seen in the hands of Doctor Villalano." From this we learn that he had applied for ships to Portugal, France, and England. Another letter of Columbus, lately discovered by Cesare Cantù, acquaints us with the fact that he had made the same request to Venice. It is not reasonable to suppose that the republic of Genoa, his native country, which was second to none of the European powers in maritime enterprise, should have been singled out as the only one to which he would not afford an opportunity of acquiring the marvellous unknown regions which he felt sure were about to be discovered. There is no evidence that Columbus visited Genoa after 1473. If an offer was ever made it must have been made in 1472 and 1473. That it was made is attested by Ramusio, who, as early as 1534, published at Venice his *Compendium of the General History of the West Indies* from the writings of Peter Martyr; by Benzoni in his *History of the New World*, published in 1565; and by the Spanish historian Herreras. The memorial Columbus addressed to the republic of Venice is now lost; but, as late as the end of the last century, it was to be seen in the archives of that city. If one trait of character more than another is to be admired in the great mariner, it is his perseverance and tenacity of purpose. It is not, therefore, to be supposed that, after receiving a refusal from Genoa, he lost all hopes from that quarter.

In 1480 Dominic Columbus gave power of attorney to his son Bartolomeo to transact business in Genoa. The document was dated the 16th of June, 1480. While Christopher was engaged, between 1484 and 1492, in Spain in the endeavor to obtain a grant of ships from their Catholic majesties, Bartolomeo was visiting the courts of England and France for the same purpose. This visit to Genoa in 1480 was, I believe, for the purpose of making a last effort in that quarter. That Christopher remained in Genoa during the years 1472 and 1473, engaged in soliciting ships for his intended voyage, may be gathered also from a clause in his last will and testament. The admiral, during the twenty years of struggle, poverty, and privation intervening between 1471 and 1492, contracted numerous debts, which remained unpaid to the end of his life. To clear his conscience he directed in his will that the different sums he owed should be paid by his heirs in such a way as not to let the creditors know whence the money came. Among such be-

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quests, first on the list, is the following: "To the heirs of Geronimo del Puerto, the father of Benito del Puerto, Chancellor of Genoa, twenty ducats or their equivalent." The office of chancellor of the republic was that of a solicitor-general, sharing the duties of our secretary of state and attorney-general. Benito del Puerto was an influential nobleman ranking high in the state councils of the republic; and it was evidently as a fee for presenting his petition, or for some similar service, that Columbus had bound himself to pay him the twenty ducats, a considerable sum for those days. It is also worthy of notice that, while Christopher's father was in good circumstances at the end of 1469, as we have seen, all the documents of 1472, 1473, and those of subsequent years indicate that he was always in straits for money. Five of them concern different sales of real estate, and five others are promissory notes for goods bought on credit. Once only during this time did he buy real estate, but entirely on credit, and he never succeeded in paying for it. It is but just, therefore, to surmise that the Columbus family, father and sons, impoverished themselves in trying to obtain the means necessary to discover America; and that not only the name of Christopher, but those also of his father Dominic, of his brothers Bartolomeo, James, and John Pellegrino, should be dear to every American. Their old home by the gate of St. Andrea in Genoa was sold, I believe, to enable Christopher to accomplish the one great object of his life.

Henry Harrisse, having misunderstood the Savonese documents and hence adopted a false chronology, arrives at a conclusion diametrically opposed to mine. According to him, Christopher Columbus learned the trade of journeyman weaver and continued to exercise it until 1473. But he admits that, owing to his decided taste for a seaman's life, he may have pursued during his youth, contemporaneously with his wool-carding and cloth-weaving, certain nautical studies and undertaken some journeys on the Mediterranean. "All his assertions to the contrary notwithstanding," says Harrisse, "everything tends to prove that the principal occupation of Columbus, his true profession even after having become of age (at twenty-five), was to card wool and weave cloth. . . . His age then, in 1472, was between twenty-five and twenty-six. . . . The following year, on the 27th of August, he is yet found in Savona, acting in the capacity of witness to a will wherein he is designated as *lanerius*." These quotations are found at pages 247 and 248 of the first volume of Harrisse's *Christophe Colomb*.

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It is truly painful to see this erudite and painstaking critic misled into spoiling his life-work by the single Latin word *lanerius*, which he takes to mean in French *tisserand*, or weaver in English. I submit that, if he be right, Columbus in his early manhood, in 1474, at twenty-seven years of age, was an even more wonderful man than when eighteen years after, in 1492, he discovered America. Harrisse would have us believe that this son of a "poor weaver," "a weaver himself," whose education was then "very elementary," and who had never seen other seas than the Mediterranean, while carding wool and weaving cloth conceived the idea of braving the Atlantic and travelling to the antipodes to discover new lands! He would have us believe that this Genoese weaver at twenty-seven left of a sudden his wool, his shuttle, his cloth, and went to ask of the King of Portugal ships to go to the island of Cipango to visit the grand khan! He would have us believe that as soon as he set foot in Portugal he entered not only into intimate relations with the gentry and the learned men of that kingdom, but with the Florentine *savant* Toscanelli, to whom he sent a terrestrial globe designed by himself and geometrically fashioned by his own handicraft, "with seas, ports, shores, bays, islands, etc., each in its proper place." It all looks *à la* Jules Verne. We have seen how Harrisse, having taken it for granted that *lanerius* is synonymous with *textor pannorum lanæ*, was beguiled into believing that the father of Columbus had all his life exercised the trade of weaver. He reached this conclusion by reasoning, on false premises, that Columbus was born not earlier than 1446, and seeing him designated as *lanerius* in 1472 he reasoned thus: Columbus was a weaver. He must have begun his apprenticeship when fourteen years of age, *i. e.*, in 1460, and continued it the usual period of five or six years to 1465 or 1466. As in 1472 and 1473 he is yet found working at his father's trade, the conclusion quoted above is reached. But Harrisse is evidently wrong. Columbus was a gifted but not an impossible man.

This seems to be the proper place to give the reason why Columbus, in one of the documents which proved his presence in Savona in 1472 and 1473, is designated as *lanerius*. When between 1484 and 1492 Columbus was patiently waiting on the court of Spain, he at times, Las Casas tells us, made a living by drawing and selling mariners' charts, and, we are informed by the *cura de los palacios*, by selling printed books. So, when at Genoa, being so poor as to be compelled to contract debts, he

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naturally associated himself with his father in the wool-trade, and thus was properly designated by the notary as *lanerius*, or wool-dealer. He had, however, no fixed residence in Savona; for while his father is constantly designated as *habitator Savonæ*, Columbus is described as *lanerius de Genua*. A suitor to a republican government's favor, then as now, needed to reside at the capital. This did not prevent him from frequently visiting his father in Savona, twenty-five miles distant from Genoa by a convenient two or three hours' sail, or even from spending weeks or months with the family.

I may conclude that every circumstance, and every legitimate historical induction, confirms the implied assertion of Columbus, that he proposed his scheme to Portugal about the year 1470.

Columbus in 1492, accompanied by a motley crew of sailors of different nationalities, crossed the Atlantic and discovered America. Hence the glory of that event, second only in importance to the Incarnation of Christ, is attributed very generally solely to him. As reflex lights of that glory, history mentions the names of Queen Isabella, of the Pinzon brothers, the friar Juan Perez. There is another name that should be placed at head of the list. That is, Bartolomeo Columbus, the brother of Christopher. From the beginning there existed a partnership between the two in the mighty undertaking; the effect of a common conviction that the land of spices, Cipango and Cathay, the East, could be reached by travelling West. Both of them spent the best years of their life in privation, hardship, and poverty, at times the laughing-stock of the courts of Europe, in humbly begging from monarchies and republics the ships necessary to undertake their voyage. While Christopher patiently waited in the antechambers of the Catholic monarchs of Spain, Bartolomeo, map in hand, explained to Henry VII. of England the rotundity of the earth and the feasibility of travelling to the antipodes. Having failed in his mission to the English king, he passed to France to ask of her what had been refused by Portugal, Spain, Venice, England, and Genoa. While he was there Columbus, who had no means of communicating with him, sailed from Palos. Had there been, as now, a system of international mails, Bartolomeo would now share with his brother the title of Discoverer of America. Las Casas represents him as little inferior to Christopher in the art of navigation, and as a writer and in things pertaining to cartography as his superior. Gallo, the

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earliest biographer of Columbus, and writing during his lifetime, has told us that Bartolomeo settled in Lisbon, and there made a living by drawing mariners' charts. Giustiniani, another countryman of Columbus, says in his polyglot Psalter, published in 1537, that Christopher learned cartography from his brother Bartolomeo, who had learned it himself in Lisbon. But what may appear more surprising is the plain statement of Gallo that Bartolomeo was the first to conceive the idea of reaching the East by way of the West, by a transatlantic voyage, and that he communicated it to his brother, who was more experienced than himself in nautical affairs.

It would be interesting to know the exact places of Columbus's residence in Portugal. But it is now impossible to point them out further than to say that for a time he lived in Lisbon, and for a time on one of the Canary or Azores Islands. From Lisbon he wrote to Toscanelli, in Lisbon he contracted numerous debts with Genoese merchants, and in Lisbon he resided for a time, as Oviedo testifies. It is also certain that the home of Columbus was at one time the Island of Porto Santo, on the coast of Africa. That he married the daughter of Perestrello, the governor of that island, is attested by all the early Portuguese and Spanish historians, who mentioned the subject without a dissenting voice. Perestrello died in Porto Santo; there was his family estate, and there lived his son-in-law, Pedro Correa, who succeeded his wife's father as governor of the island. What more natural than that Columbus should have settled there too? Las Casas, in the fourth chapter of the first book of his *Historia de las Indias*, says: "He lived for some time in the Island of Porto Santo, where his father-in-law had left an estate." He adds that Diego, a son of Columbus, was born there. Gaspar Tructoroso, the historian of the island, who wrote in the latter part of the sixteenth century, and who gives us the pedigree of Perestrello's descendants, tells us plainly that "Columbus came from his country to Madeira, married there and made a living by drawing charts."

Harrisse, who makes Columbus weave cloth in Savona up to the year 1473, finds no time in his chronology for a residence at Porto Santo, and discredits the testimony of the above-quoted Spanish and Portuguese historians. He says, at page 294 of his first volume: "There has not yet been found in Portugal or on the islands a single document, a single contemporary act of the fifteenth or sixteenth century mentioning the presence of Chris-

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topher Columbus at Madeira or on the Azores." The which is contradicted by a fragment of a letter of Columbus himself, quoted by Las Casas in the third chapter of the first book of his History of the Indies, which says: "I went to take two ships, and left one of them in Porto Santo."

Towards the end of 1484, weary of waiting for an answer to his petition, and threatened with prosecution, possibly on account of debts which he was unable to pay, Columbus passed from Portugal into Spain.

L. A. DUTTO.

Jackson, Miss.

SWEET CHASTITY.

How fearful is sweet Chastity,
Which from its very thought will flee,
And if a shadow fall its way
Will not a moment longer stay.

A tender bud, it wraps its heart,
And at the whispering wind will start,
Nor suffer e'en the blameless air
To touch the treasure hidden there.

An inner sense it seems to own
Which warns of danger, though unknown:
A sort of blissful ignorance,
That suffers not sin's shameless glance.

J. L. SPALDING.

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JOHN GILMARY SHEA.

JOHN GILMARY SHEA was a man of remarkable and varied ability, and the mysterious dispensations of Providence appointed him to duties requiring the alternate exercise of all his talents. He was born a historian, and he entered upon his life-work with a modesty that was eminently his own, and with a zeal and untiring energy that would have done honor to the greatest heroes the world has ever produced. The first object of history is truth; the second, that it should accord the due meed of praise or glory to its heroes. These objects were ever uppermost in the mind of the hero of this sketch, and they shall, through respect for his memory, govern every word that shall be said of him here. He lived well, he spoke well, and he died well. He performed the part in all its humility, and in all its greatness, which Providence imposes on every mortal, of thinking justly, leading an honest life, and dying with hope.

Born of parents possessed of education, refined tastes, and loyalty to the faith of their fathers, the future historian inherited many of the qualities that have contributed to single him out from among many as a man of extraordinary worth. But it was his own fidelity of mind and heart that merited for him his inspiration with high resolves and great designs; that endowed him with vigor, fortitude, and perseverance to execute them; and that favored him with manifest signs of divine protection in the signal success of his undertakings.

John Gilmary Shea was born in the city of New York, on the 22d day of July, 1824. From the character of the man we may judge the principles his parents instilled into the soul of the child. His frail body and almost girlish gentleness brought upon him the nickname of "Mary." Far from shrinking from it, as most children would have done, no sooner did he realize the imputation than, like St. Paul, who, when derided for his adherence to the Cross, the emblem of shame, cried out exultingly, "The Cross, the Cross! I glory in the Cross!"—so young Shea gloried in the name of Mary, and in his natural humility added the Irish prefix "Gil," a servant; and to the end of his life continued to be a faithful servant of Mary.

At an early age he entered the grammar-school attached to Columbia College, from which he graduated in his thirteenth year

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with a diploma that would have admitted him to the college. He preferred, however, to enter upon a business life, and soon found employment in the commercial house of a Spanish gentleman. And right here we notice one of those evidences of the sovereign and transparent interposition of Divine Providence in shaping the destinies of men. To human eyes this interposition seems to leave man free in action and will, to follow good or evil, to incur punishments or merit rewards, but the grand general results of the acts of individuals or of peoples belong to God, and to him alone. Shea's life-work was to be entered upon only after due and proper preparation. He was to be an historian; to the historian a knowledge of languages is indispensable. His general field was to be American history; what language more useful for careful research in that direction than the language of Spain? His special field was to be Catholic history, and we see the bent of the boy's mind turned to the reading of works of a Catholic spirit in the language he was learning. What fourteen-year-old boy of to-day would spend his time in reading and studying up the history of Alfonso XI. of Spain? And yet Shea was only fourteen years of age when he had so mastered Spanish history that his first literary venture, published in the *Young People's Catholic Magazine*, was an account of the heroic services of the soldier-cardinal, Gil Alvarez Carrillo de Albornez, to his country and to his church. The valiant Bishop Hughes, himself a hero in his way, was attracted by the young author's style and research, and commended his work in the *Freeman's Journal*, of which he was the editor.

The historian must be skilled in law; not only must he know the laws of his own country, be conversant with the terms used in legal writings and forms, and the system by which trade and commerce are regulated, but he must also know the code regulating the mutual intercourse of nations and states. This knowledge can best be attained by legal training under competent and practical teaching, and thus we see young Shea (guided by Providence, unconsciously perhaps), after due preparation, entering upon the practice of law in his native city, in 1846.

But a knowledge of civil law did not satisfy his needs. The historian who is to deal with the religious aspects of history must know something more. He requires a knowledge of the rules of conduct which the Creator has prescribed to man as a dependent and social being; he must understand such laws as are enacted by ecclesiastical councils, and confirmed by sovereigns; decisions of matters in religion, or regulations of policy

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and discipline by general or provincial council; he must understand the language and traditions of the church. It is evident that Providence designed young Shea for a thorough historian, and in 1848 we find him advanced another step on the ladder of his destiny, and acquiring his knowledge of canon and ecclesiastical law at Fordham College, under the habit of the humble scholastic of the Society of Jesus. He was to tell of the heroic deeds and sufferings of a Brébeuf, a Lalemant, a Jogues, and in order to describe the self-abnegation of those devoted souls he must himself taste of the discipline and imbibe the spirit of a Loyola and a Francis Xavier.

Six years of systematic training in the novitiate revealed the fact that, though the most industrious and most indefatigable of students, the gentlest, most submissive, and most pious of novices, he was not destined to serve humanity at the altar. His sphere was in the world; he was to serve the church as a layman and not as a priest; but the knowledge of the priest was necessary to the fulfilment of his mission.

Mr. Shea returned to the world, and to the practice of law; but there was still a void in his life. He had laid up stores of knowledge; his learning had become extensive, critical, and profound, and the time had now arrived when his years of study were to begin to bear fruit. The New York Historical Society attracted his attention, its rich and varied library opened vast fields for his yearning soul to explore, and the study of the early Indian missions in America opened the door to the vocation for which Providence had designed him. It was not long before the result of his researches became known through the pages of the *United States Catholic Magazine*, published in Baltimore. His writings were printed side by side with those of Dr. Martin John Spalding, Bishop of Louisville; Rev. Dr. Charles I. White, of Washington, and other well-known writers.

There is no river in our country that has attracted greater attention, perhaps, than the great Mississippi, the "Father of Waters." Poet and novelist have peopled it with their heroes Châteaubriand delighted in picturing it with all the vividness of his flowery imagination, but it was reserved for John Gilmary Shea, when scarcely twenty-six years of age, to tell the true story of its discovery; to describe the inhabitants that dwelt on either bank; to record the adventures of the explorer, greedy for the wealth supposed to be hidden in this region of milk and honey, and the toils and sufferings of those who considered they had found untold wealth in the gaining of a single soul to God. The

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Discovery and Exploration of the Mississippi appeared in 1851. It was dedicated to Dr. Jared Sparks, LL.D., president of Harvard University, as a mark of the personal regard of the author and as a grateful recognition of the encouragement the learned doctor had given to the young historian. No wonder the *Westminster Review* thought it "a most valuable and interesting volume," and the London *Athenæum* justly remarked that the author wrote "clearly, graphically, and with considerable eloquence." His description of the last moments of Father Marquette is well worth reproducing here:

"A week before his death he [Father Marquette] had the precaution to bless some holy water, to serve him during the rest of his illness, in his agony and at his burial, and he instructed his companions how to use it. The eve of his death, which was a Friday, he told them, all radiant with joy, that it would take place on the morrow. During the whole day he conversed with them about his burial, the way in which he should be laid out and the place to be selected for his interment, and directed them to raise a cross over his grave. . . . They carried him ashore, kindled a fire, and raised for him a wretched bark cabin, where they laid him, as little uncomfortable as they could. . . . The father being thus stretched on the shore, like St. Francis Xavier, as he had always so ardently desired, and left alone amid those forests—for his companions were engaged in unloading—had leisure to repeat all the acts in which he had employed himself during the preceding days. When his companions came back to him he embraced them for the last time, while they melted in tears at his feet. He then asked for the holy water and his reliquary, and taking off his crucifix, which he wore around his neck, he placed it in the hands of one, asking him to hold it constantly before him; then, feeling that he had but a short time to live, he made a last effort, clasped his hands, and with his eyes fixed sweetly on the crucifix, he pronounced aloud his profession of faith, and thanked the Divine Majesty for the immense grace he did him in allowing him to die in the Society of Jesus; to die in it as a missionary of Jesus Christ; and above all to die in it as he had always asked, in a wretched cabin, destitute of all human aid. From time to time during the silence that followed such words escaped his lips as, '*Sustinuit anima mea in verba ejus*,' or '*Mater Dei, memento mei*,' the last words he uttered before entering upon his agony, which was very calm and gentle. When no longer able to speak one of his companions cried aloud, '*Jesus, Maria!*' which he several times repeated distinctly, and then, as if at those sacred names something had appeared to him, he suddenly raised his eyes above the crucifix, fixing them apparently on some object which he seemed to regard with pleasure, and thus, with a countenance all radiant with smiles, he expired without a struggle, as gently as if he had sunk into a quiet sleep."

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We cannot, in an article like this, dwell at any length upon the various narratives of courage, of heroism, of devotion described in these pages. It is to be regretted that the *Discovery and Exploration of the Mississippi* is now out of print, for it is a work that would hold the attention of the reader not only on account of the matter of which it treats but because of the charming style in which it is written.

In 1854 Mr. Shea had so far progressed in his researches into the history of the North American Indians, and the efforts made by Catholic missionaries to win them over to Christianity, that he was able to make them public in his *History of the Catholic Missions among the Indian Tribes of the United States, 1529–1854.* This work he dedicated "To his Holiness Pope Pius IX., Supreme Head of the Catholic Church," as a "history of a portion of his fold." It was undertaken at the suggestion of Jared Sparks, LL.D., and the author brought out the remarkable fact that "the Indian tribes evangelized by the French and Spaniards subsist to this day, except where brought in contact with the colonists of England and their allies or descendants; while it is notorious that the tribes in the territories colonized by England have, in many cases, entirely disappeared, and perished without ever having had the Gospel preached to them. The Abenakis, Caughnawagas, Kaskaskias, Miamis, Ottawas, Chippeways, Arkansas, and the New Mexican tribes remain, and number faithful Christians; but where are the Pequods, Narragansetts, the Mohegans, the Mattowax, the Lenape, the Powhatans? They live only in name in the rivers and mountains of our land." For ten years Mr. Shea labored in collecting material for this work. He consulted volumes published in France, Spain, and Mexico, and spent much money in securing copies of manuscripts from Rome, Madrid, Mexico, Havana, Quebec, and elsewhere. He had complained of inaccuracy in others and he did not propose to trust to conjectures when authenticated facts were available. The descriptions of the sufferings and martyrdom of the Jesuits, Franciscans, Dominicans, etc., are graphic and full of pathos. The author seems to have thrown his whole heart into his work.

Mr. Shea's love for his church was one of his most prominent characteristics. Everything connected with it interested him, commanded his attention, excited his energies. Knowing how little interest was taken in the Catholic history of our country, he sought to collect and save from oblivion every book or pamphlet that would be of use to the future historian. He edited and republished a large number of pamphlets touching upon the

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voyages of early explorers. His Carmoisy series, consisting of twenty-six little volumes which he printed for gratuitous circulation among his friends, is highly prized. His Bibliography of all the editions of the Catholic Bibles published in this country appeared in 1859. He pointed out the errors and misprints in the various editions, prevailed upon publishers to print new, corrected and uniform editions, and finally, with the approbation of the Most Eminent Cardinal McCloskey, after carefully comparing the texts with the Latin Vulgate, he reprinted the original edition of Dr. Challoner's Bible of 1740.

Dr. Shea was a great linguist; not only was he acquainted with most European languages, but his deep interest in Catholic Indians led him to devote a great deal of time to the study of their languages. This resulted in the publication, in 1860, of his *Library of American Linguistics*, a series of fifteen volumes of grammars and dictionaries of Indian languages. The articles in the *Encyclopædia Britannica* and in the *American Encyclopedia* on Indian affairs are much admired for their accuracy and the vast field they cover. The late Thomas W. Field, superintendent of public schools in Brooklyn, himself a recognized authority on this subject, pronounced Dr. Shea the best informed man in America on everything pertaining to the aborigines.

Dr. Shea's pen was never idle after it had once been set in motion. In 1862 he published a *Life of Pius IX.*, which was soon followed by a history of the *Catholic Churches in New York City*, whilst his *Hierarchy of the Catholic Church in the United States* has been a mine to hundreds of writers who have written lives of American bishops from "sources hitherto unpublished." His numerous translations and adaptations; his contributions to historical works, such as Winsor's *Narrative and Critical History;* to magazines, like the *American Catholic Quarterly*, THE CATHOLIC WORLD, and the *United States Catholic Historical Magazine*, which he founded and which he edited almost to the day of his death, never failed to command the attention of scholars.

His crowning work, *The Catholic Church in the United States* (5 vols., 670 pp.), three volumes of which have already appeared (the fourth is now in press and the fifth planned out), was undertaken at the earnest solicitation of some of the most prominent members of the American Episcopate. The volumes that have appeared thus far show an amount of research that must have necessitated many years of patient labor. The task the author had set for himself was a herculean one, and one that "cost him more labor and anxiety than any book he ever wrote." It

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is almost a pity that he began it so late in life, for he says himself that he has more than once had reason to regret that he had undertaken a task of so much magnitude. It covers a period in American history from the first attempted colonization to the present time—the four hundred years of American existence; and yet, in all this great work, it is clearly evident that he "never substituted a conjecture for a fact." Every page bears the impress of his great genius, his abiding faith in the religion of his fathers, and his patriotic affection for the land of his birth. The writer was evidently enamored of his subject. It filled his heart, and he knew that he was serving the cause of truth. His last work will be the standard history of the Catholic Church in America, and it will be the monument that will perpetuate his memory in time to come.

Dr. Shea was a profound scholar; the fathers of the church and the great men of science and letters in every age were his familiar friends. Amid the engrossing occupations of his ever-active life he always found time to commune with them and to enjoy the refreshing influences of contact with great minds. If he was ignorant on any one point, it was the selfishness of mankind, the vanity so common to men in his position, and that narrowness of mind that blights so many lives that would otherwise be great.

In manners Dr. Shea was always the accomplished gentleman, ready to anticipate the wishes of those around him, and to serve them when opportunity offered in the most unostentatious manner. In social life he was courteous, and, with those who knew him best, warm-hearted and whole-souled. In the eyes of many not acquainted with him there seemed to be a modest reserve, which was often mistaken for an aversion to social intercourse. It has even been said, on one hand, that he felt that his merits and great work had never been recognized, and, on the other, that he was so like a sensitive plant, so averse to contact with others, that he drew himself up within himself. This was a great mistake, for a more genial, generous, and friendly nature would be hard to find. He never failed to charm those who came in contact with him by his fund of anecdotes about men in every walk of life, and this made him the most welcome of guests and the most entertaining of hosts.

That Dr. Shea was honored by men in the church and out of it is beyond question. At the great Catholic Congress held in Baltimore some two years ago Dr. Shea was accorded the front rank, and his appearance on the stage was greeted with the

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most heartfelt applause, by the most prominent Catholics in the country. Historical societies were proud to have him on their roll of membership. The Wisconsin Historical Society made him an honorary member; the Massachusetts and Maryland historical societies claimed him as a corresponding member; the New England Historic and Geological Society felt honored in having him for one of its vice-presidents, while the United States Catholic Historical Society was proud to own him as its founder and president. Conservative Spain, in recognition of his invaluable services in the field of history, made him an honorary member of the Real Academia Historica de Madrid, a distinction never before conferred on an American.

Nor were colleges behindhand in lavishing their honors upon so worthy a subject. The College of St. Francis Xavier conferred upon him the degree of Doctor of Laws in 1862, and in 1879 St. John's College, Fordham, conferred the same degree upon him. The University of Notre Dame honored him with the "Lætare" medal, the first time that medal was ever conferred upon a layman; whilst his old friends, the Jesuits of Georgetown, at the celebration of their centenary, in recognition of the services he had rendered to the college in his history of the *Life and Times of Archbishop Carroll*, besides honoring him with the degree of doctor of laws, presented him with a handsome gold medal, containing the bust in profile of the recipient, accompanied by an appropriate inscription, enclosed within half-wreaths of laurel.

In summing up the life of Dr. Shea, we can only add that his memory will long hold a place in the hearts and minds of those who knew him. And, whether we regard his abilities and fearlessness as an editor; his industry and fidelity to truth as an historian; his shining example as a practical Catholic gentleman, we cannot fail to realize the fact that in his death history and general literature have lost a most accomplished, talented, and conscientious student and author, the Catholic press a most valuable contributor, and the Catholic Church one of its brightest ornaments among the laity. Others may have made her more renowned; none have labored to make her more beloved. His body lies in the cemetery at Newark; his grave is as yet unmarked. Will the Catholics of the United States raise a monument over the great historian?

MARC F. VALETTE.

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HEROES OF HOLY CHURCH.

I.

WESTMINSTER.

THOUGH these be sluggish times, yet have we men
And sons of God. England, thy storied roll
Of saints and scholars bears no braver soul
Than his, upon whose utterance, again
And once again, the nations paused; whose pen,
More than thy sword, his country can control
What time black clouds shadow thy sacred mole
Big with such wretchedness as passeth ken.

Dark grows the watery waste, stars die away,
The thunders moan amain! Oh! let thy Voice
Of Hope and Faith and fearless Charity
Tell us the heavenly message—till 'tis day,
Till Peace divine maketh His own rejoice,
E'en as they did on storm-tossed Galilee.

II.

ALGERIA.

Prince, Patriot, Apostle! thy three-fold
Fame is humanity's. Let Church and State
Honor thy triple cross—we'll not await
Royal decrees to claim thee, noble, bold,
And godly Priest. Bring we our yellow gold,
Bright deeds, warm hearts, high speech, and guerdons great
To stay thy strength, driving without the gate
Those fiends within whose shambles men are sold.

Then tell us of our duty. Not for Gaul,
Nor Africa alone, but for the world
Thy words—for statesmen, citizens, for all
Now slaves to Sin; and, as the Saviour hurled
The hucksters from God's house, do thou appall,
Scatter and scathe the fiends that hold us thrall.

GEORGE F. X. GRIFFITH.

Rome, 1891.

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MISTRESS MARY.

A STORY OF THE SALEM PLANTATIONS.

SALEM PLANTATION,
IN THE COLONY OF MASSACHUSETTS BAY,
February the third, 1653.

MUCH wilt thou marvel, sweet sister, when thou seest this letter, if by good hap it fares so far forth as to reach thee. A name harsh and strange to thine eyes at the head of it, and yet writ by thine only brother's hand, him whom, I doubt not, thou hast wept for as dead, and for whom Masses have been said in thy quiet convent in France, when no tidings came after that day of ruin and defeat at Worcester. No need is there to tell the story of the battle we lost, nor of all the wrangling and confusion that forewent it. The very soldiers in the camp had their songs of dissension, praising each one his own general, so that the night before I heard the Ross-shire men shouting:

"Leslie for the kirk
And Middleton for the king;
But de'il a one can give a knock,
Save Ross and Angustine."

The orders of one countervailed not the wish of the other; the pass of the river beyond the town and very key of the defence where Massey set his foot was left so unguarded the next day that the Parliament troops were not known to be on the hither side of the river till they were even ready to charge. If I think again of that day I shall lose heart to tell thee of all that has since befallen. In very truth we who charged with Duke Hamilton thought the battle was won when the shot struck me down that left me senseless for more hours than I knew of. Nor will I sadden thee by telling how we were driven like cattle to London, nor how many perished for want of food and of all diseases; being enclosed in little room till they were sold to the plantations for slaves. I being told that I was bound for the Bermudas, bewailed my bitter fate in silence, sore at heart for them who followed me from Loch Erroch—many slain in battle, others reproachfully hanged, as the news came to me. Suddenly a stir was heard, and there entered into the prison a little party, grave

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and sober as they of the Parliament affect to be, and asked divers questions as to those who had shown themselves strong and steadfast in battle. One whom later I knew to be one Stephen Winthrop, of the Massachusetts Colony, a Parliament officer of good report, had some converse with me, and then told me I was to go to the Salem Plantation, where they are in need of young men to aid if perchance the savages, though quiet now, should again harry them. And at once I was quickly transported to another vessel, which that same evening set sail for the New World.

And of the voyage little can I tell thee, for I was mightily sick and the fever of my wound came back, so that when one dark evening we drew into shore—whereof I saw little but a few lights amid a great bulk of trees—methinks he would have been but a sorry savage that was frighted of me. The weakness, and the motion of the ship still prevailing with me, the earth itself seemed to be still going up and down like the waves of the sea, and I was standing as one bewildered when the word came. The most worshipful governor, Master Endicott, desired a young man for his secretary, if any fit for such there be in this cargo. Then said the captain: "Here is one Alan Graeme, a very pestilent rebel"—for so are we called by them who spared not to slay their king—"sore hurt at Worcester, who would be but a poor aid to them that want work, but able to write both French and English." Now, I think the captain, albeit surly-seeming, had compassion on me in thus speaking, that with the governor I might fare somewhat better than they who might have harder work with a less kind master. Howbeit, after some parley, I was led away through the darkness to the house of the governor; who being absent, an aged woman showed me a fair room beneath the eaves where I could sleep. Well pleased was I to stand upright beneath a roof once more, though the floor seemed still to rise and fall like the ship's deck, and when I laid down my head I seemed still to hear the wash of the waves and the creaking of cordage and mast until at last I slept.

LETTER II.

The next morning very early, and before the coming of light in these short days of winter, the house was all astir by candle-light, and dressing myself speedily I went to the hall, where shortly all were assembled. The governor, whom I now saw for the first time, read that chapter of the Old Testament which tells how the king of the Amalekites was hewn in pieces before

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the Lord in Gilgal, and made a long prayer whereof I was somewhat wearied.

Then went we into a meal, plentiful though plain, of strange dishes made from the Indian grain like our porridge in Scotland, and what the savages call succotash. None spoke, save that the governor prayed a long blessing before we eat. That finished, Master Endicott spoke with me, asking of my schooling and nourriture, and then, marking my white looks, saying that until after the Sabbath—it being then Wednesday—he would require no work of me; after which I was to attend him in the mornings in his study.

After asking me my name and station, he saith, "Doubtless, being Scot, you are of the Kirk?"

"Ay," said I, "of the only true Kirk, the Holy Roman Catholic Church." He bent his brows, and I could see that he much misliked my answer; but he said only: "Stephen Winthrop hath done amiss in sending me a Papist hither; but being come the tares and wheat must even grow together till the time of the harvest"; and so departed abruptly.

The woman who mindeth his household sat spinning in the hall, and when I spoke for my faith to the governor I saw her turn as one terrified, her foot stopped on the treadle and her hand in air. When he was departed out of hearing, "You have a bold tongue, young man," said she, "to proclaim yourself a Papist to the governor's very face. Look behind and see what hangs on the wall." Turning, I saw a great flag in folds, pulling which aside I saw that the great cross of England was clean cut out.

"I would scarce believe that any Englishman should so serve the English flag," I cried hotly, "had I not known them to kill their king."

"Nay," said she, "but Governor Winthrop says the Pope gave the red cross as a sign of victory to the first king, and that 'tis but a superstitious thing and a relic of Antichrist."

I could have laughed but that I was so angered.

"Antichrist, indeed! 'Tis a perverse generation that could make the figure of the cross, on which the most blessed Saviour did overcome death and the devil, into the sign of his enemy."

"But the Papists have it for their own sign—the one by which you can tell them in all places, it matters not of what country or tongue they be," saith she; "wherefore the godly do spit upon it and abhor it. In this very house, which was quickly built for Master Endicott, I saw him soundly rate the workmen who,

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thinking to fashion the doors with special fairness, had carved in them panels with cross-pieces. He bade them all be taken away, saying he would have no emblems of Popery beneath his roof. But I spend over-much time talking"; and she returned to her spinning, nor would speak further with me.

Nevertheless, I could have laughed to think that, in his own despite, Governor Endicott hath still a Popish emblem under his roof, for in all the chances of battle and prison and sickness and seafaring I keep still the chaplet our mother gave me, with its fair gold crucifix, and fail not each night to say one decade for the souls of our parents, one for King Charles's soul and for them that have died for him, and one that his son may come to his own again.

LETTER III.

Were it not that all about me is so strange, it would seem stranger that I, who always much misliked my books and would sooner stand hip-high in the burn all a rainy day than bide within four walls, should be set to work here in New England as a clerk. Prisoner though I be and sold a slave to these plantations, I have near as much freedom as them that call themselves freemen here; for together are we all shut in by the trackless forest, with the sea in front. All the day do they work, none harder than the governor, who is cumbered with many cares for the governance and well-being of the plantation; with letters to the managers in England, with wrangles and disputes touching their borders with the newer plantations, and with treaties and alarums of Indians, though, for the most part, the land hath had rest from them for some years; for the savages are not many hereabouts, their nations having been wasted by a great pestilence a little before the first landing of the English in these coasts.

The most worshipful governor, as is his style—for they that pride themselves in giving no titles to men of blood yet do hold greatly to those of an office themselves have appointed—is a man of noble and firm aspect. Albeit he possesses all the serious and grave bearing of the Puritan, his manner is as of one who has known the world and found himself not amiss even in the king's presence. I have never seen an Englishman of so dark a countenance; so that the gravity from which he seldom departs is liker the dignity of the Spanish hidalgos I have seen in France than his fellow-Puritans. He is seldom moved to anger, yet is sometimes strongly stirred to wrath, as only this winter he struck one Dexter, a saucy knave, for which the court

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fined him forty shillings, governor though he be. I could have smiled to myself when the next day copying fair the letter he bade me write to John Winthrop:

"I desired the rather to have been at court, because I hear I am much complained on by Goodman Dexter for striking him. I acknowledge I was too rash in striking him, understanding since that it is not lawful for a justice of peace to strike. But if you had seen the manner of his carriage, with such daring of me with his arms on kembow, etc.—it would have provoked a very patient man. But I will write no more of it, but leave it till we speak before you face to face. Only thus far further, that he hath given out if I had a purse he would make me empty it; and if he cannot have justice here, he will do wonders in England; and if he cannot prevail there, he will try it out with me here at blows. Sir, I desire that you will take all into consideration. If it were lawful to try it at blows, and he a fit man for me to deal with, you should not hear me complain; but I hope the Lord hath brought me off from that course."

LETTER IV.

Sunday.

Dost thou not wonder that I spare time to write these long letters—I, who would hardly send thee ten lines at once? Here in Massachusetts Bay it is thought a grievous thing to work or play or even converse, one with the other, on the Sabbath. Naught do they but walk twice a day to the meeting-house and waste many weary hours listening, as they say, to the word of God. Rather seems it to me the word of man, for they read but a small portion of the holy Scriptures, and, setting out from that, make long and strange discourses; for they insist always on what they call exposition, and call the bare reading scoffingly *dumb reading*, as if His words needed help from them or had to be sorted and sifted into subtleties. Fain would I hear again the Epistles and Gospels which we were forced to learn by heart each Sunday and saint's day at St. Omer's, and the Psalms for Vespers; but them they rarely choose. Rather take they harsh chapters from the Old Testament, of battles and struggles and triumph, and war with Jebusites and Hittites and Amorites and Amalekites, till I oft fall asleep from sheer weariness. And always they speak of themselves as the chosen people; and indeed the Lord himself said of the very Jews that they were a stubborn and stiff-necked generation, who worshipped him with their lips while their hearts were far from him. The law compelleth every man to go to their meeting—whither the governor goes attended by four sergeants with their halberds—and re-

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turned home, each one seeketh his own chamber to read and meditate. Now, as thou rememberest, I have little love for reading, and I think I should go mad with meditation; so I write thee these many pages, which the governor hath promised shall go to England when the ships sail in the spring. I shall crave the captain to give them to the hands of our good friend in London, who, I doubt not, will make shift to send them to France; so that at long last thou wilt learn that thy brother is not dead, and how he fares in this New World. Without writing I know not how I should win through the long Sabbath. They walk not abroad, save to the meeting; they play no games; they enter not each other's houses nor speak much in their own, where also they have but cold cheer; for they cook no food, eating that which was prepared the day before. I could groan aloud to think of the Sundays in Scotland and in France, which were aye the merriest and happiest of all the week. The games after Mass, and the merry evenings when all, both high and low, had no thought but to be glad and blithe, and the gathering of friends and neighbors that never failed. Betimes this long, long winter is like to a Sabbath which I think will never pass. The snow lieth still on the ground as when first I came, and all the trees, save only the great pines, are bare of leaves, and at times the wind from the sea pierceth and chilleth to the very bone and marrow. My room is high up beneath the eaves, and the trees stretch their arms overthwart it, so that sometimes waking in the night I hear the cones falling on the roof as they wont to do at home; and, in the bewilderment of first starting from sleep, I know not where I am. Do you mind Nurse Alison telling us ballads at night, after we were happed in bed, and how I ever cried after young Branxholm?

> "The pine-cones fall by Branxholm wall
> As the night wind stirs the tree;
> And it shall not be mine to die by the pine
> I loved in infancy."

And how I would fain play I was young Branxholm bound to choose a tree to die on? I thought of it all last night when I woke at the sound of the wind and the falling cones, but when I got me to the casement, I looked on a strange world where there was naught but a pale glimmer of snow and all around the dark forest where the wolves howled. This long winter and hunger have made them so bold, and they come so near the

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cattle and sheep, that a reward is given for every wolf's head, whereof I have killed several. And in place of the burn singing down the glen I heard the sad sea moaning as the tide went out.

Even Christmas, when 'tis said the very dumb beasts rejoice at the good tidings of the Saviour's birth, was gloomier than any other day of the winter. We worked all the short, dark day over books and papers, and when I looked for good cheer, behold, being Saturday, naught was for dinner but salted dunfish and cod. There is great store of fish in these waters, and always Saturdays they are for our meal; but on Fridays there is always meat, that they may not fast like the Papists. Goodwife Charnock mindeth me somewhat of Nurse Alison, and scoldeth me in her fashion and saith I have a wheedling tongue; and when she told me of this rule of theirs I answered her that many Papists of the stricter sort fast always on Saturday in honor of our Lady, so that after all she did but as they did. She hath a kind heart for all her shrewish tongue, and made me warm possets when I was ill of a cold. But, O Esmé, the weary winter! Whiles I think it is never any different, and then fain would I have died in battle with my clansmen, sword in hand, for my king. And yet life is sweet, and I am young. And I have naught to urge against them, for in no way are they easier than I. If I am a prisoner, so they are, for alike are we shut up within the bounds of this plantation; and though Master Endicott speaketh bravely of their boundaries, saying that they run westward even to the South Seas, there is little profit or pleasure in owning a land wherein one may not venture. Whiles when the governor hath matter wherewith he wisheth me not to have knowledge, I have gone to the edge of the land, and, looking over the far waters, wearied for news from England. Our ship was the last that came, and we know naught that has passed since then—whether the king be fallen into the hands of them that slew his father, or if he have put down the rebels and struck off their arrogant heads. Methinks they in power here have doubtings also, though they speak not before me.

LETTER V.

It is many weeks since I wrote thee, dearest Esmé, and the packet being sent one morning in haste, I fear thy tender heart hath been much saddened, thinking of me in the gloom and cold and weariness of the winter. Quickly did it pass when once the spring opened, and now one would wish not for a fresher and

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more pleasant country. One afternoon I was walking alone—for the governor was with some of the council concerning I know not what matter of state—and under the pines I threw myself down in the soft, fallen leaves and looked at the sky, which was everywhere of a wonderful deep blue, save that at times a soft, white cloud floated across before the south wind. A bird sang with as sweet a note as ever I heard in Scotland, and the trees in among the pines that had been bare all winter began to clothe themselves anew with tender leaves of a faint and delicate green, so that never did anything seem so beautiful in Scotland, though I doubt not that there, being happy, I marked not much the changes of the world. I have lost the count of Easter, though the whole winter was like a long, starved Lent; but methought it must be near the time when the church keeps the memory of our Lord's resurrection, and even here in the wilderness the whole world seemed to tell of it. So I thanked God heartily who had brought me through danger and the shadow of death, and filled my soul with peace; for of a truth the pleasant air and soft sky and the sight of the young little leaves filled me with happiness. Lying there I was aware of an exquisite fine perfume, so delicate that I had never known its like, mingling with the spicy breath of the pines. Looking about curiously nowhere could I see any flowers, but the air was filled with that fair fragrance. Suddenly, as I stirred the fallen needles and cones idly with my hands, I uncovered many fair and exquisite flowers, some all waxen white, some of a pink sweeter than any rose, so that I marvelled how they grew hidden under those dead leaves and on so hard a soil. Brushing away still more of the needles I found the rocky earth well-nigh covered with these sweetest and most delightful blooms, whereof I pulled some to take home to Dame Charnock. As I drew near the house I saw a horse I had not before seen carrying a young man and a lady on a pillion. He called loudly: "Diggory Charnock, bring hither a chair that Mistress Mary Endicott may alight, for we have ridden far."

None answered his call, so, going forward quickly, I proffered my aid and dropped on one knee beside the horse that the lady might set down her foot. She hesitated and looked to her brother, who said, "Thanks, friend. Methinks you must be Alan Graeme, of whom my uncle hath written." I was still looking at the maiden, who, for her part, still kept her eyes on her brother as craving to know his pleasure, and methought those two faces together were the fairest ever I saw, for they were alike in every

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line of brow and chin, and yet most unlike—the one black-bearded and black-browed as the governor's self, the other fair as the flowers I held within my hand. The brother had the look Sir Anthony gives to the eyes of many of his portraits, which people say signifies one doomed to early death or to bring sorrow on those that love him, so soft and melancholy is their gaze; but his sister's blue eyes are blithe and bright as a sunny sky, and the fair little curls that waved across her forehead looked as if they danced with delight. Though I am so long in the telling, 'twas but a second that I looked up into their two faces ere she rested on my knee her foot in its stout little shoe, laced with a black ribbon, and so, taking the hand I offered, stepped lightly to the ground. She said a word of thanks and then cried out: "O Henry! he has found the first Mayflower, and I have sought it everywhere."

Now, to see her so fair and blithe and lightsome one would have attended that she should speak with a high albeit sweet voice; whereas her voice is of a deep, low music which is like a rich bell touched softly in the solemn parts of the Mass.

"Will you not grace the flowers by accepting them?" I asked. The sweet rose reddened in her cheek and her eyes drooped; she answered naught, but yet took the flowers, and at once the governor and Diggory and Dame Charnock were around her, and going into the house they left me alone; for her brother had ridden away to stable his horse, and I feared that she may have deemed me overbold in proffering the flowers, seeing I am to her but a slave sold to these plantations. And by now the light had faded from the west and the night grew chill; for with the sun-setting the cold fog came in from the sea, and all was dark and cheerless.

LETTER VI.

I marvel that the people of this plantation relax not somewhat of their rigor, which fitted well with the stern winter of ice and cold, now that the whole world wears so soft an aspect. While I waited for Governor Endicott one morning I began to sing, hardly thinking of the words, that little French song of our Cousin Alain's:

"L'eau dans les grands lacs bleues
Endormie,
Est le miroir des cieux;
Mais j'aime mieux les yeux,
De ma mie.

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"On change tour à tour
De folie.
Moi, jusq'au dernier jour
Je m'en tiens a l'amour
De ma mie."

I knew not that he had entered and heard me till he spoke presently, saying:

"Methinks Isaiah might have furnished a wiser and godlier similitude when he saith, 'The righteousness of the Lord is as the waves of the sea.'"

I answered light-heartedly, for at times I forget the fashion of silence towards the elders which governs here: "But I think there can be nothing better than that your lady's eyes should make you think of heaven," and then marvelled at my own boldness, which yet displeased him not, for he spoke no word of rebuke, but went on with his papers, and I with copying out letters he had appointed to be written to Boston. Presently we were aware of a stir at the door, and one asking, in good but somewhat strange-sounding English, for the governor, and with a voice unlike those of this town, which are for the most part harsh and worsened by the high drawl they affect in their prayers and speech. Diggory Charnock came in with a much-distracted appearance, at which I wondered not when I saw who followed, for in a black cassock, drawn up through the belt not to hinder walking, and a crucifix thrust in like a dagger—and indeed it is the weapon with which they set out on the conquest of this and the next world—I saw a Jesuit priest. You must know that while secretary to the governor I have learned many of their laws, and was instantly mindful of that harsh and barbarous one which commands that on his first coming any Catholic priest should be beaten and banished forth of the plantation, and upon his second coming for that cause alone put to death.

My fear was quickly over when the governor greeted him with a stately courtesy and in good French, asking if he were not the envoy from the governor of New France, of whose coming he had been apprised. It seems that D'Ailleboust hath sent this embassy in the hope that as Christian nations we two may make some league against the Iroquois, who threaten both alike, and who follow with the most eminent fierceness and barbarity the Huron nation, which has become Christian. The Iroquois are a great leaguer of many nations with strange and uncouth names, and none are bolder nor wiser in warfare, as Father Gabriel telleth, and have even fought to the walls of Quebec. Also there

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are questions of commerce, and traffic, and trade in skins which concern New France and New England alike, and which the French governor thought might well be settled in amity and by composition. These things have I learned at divers times as Father Gabriel talketh of them after the evening meal, for he is lodged at the governor's; and in the twilight we listen to his stories of his perils among the Indians, for he hath been many years a missionary among the Abenaquis, who are now all Christians and therefor much threatened by the Mohawks. He is tall and spare, but most active, his hair around the tonsure as white as silver, and his eyes of a most keen and piercing blue. So long hath he lived among the Indians that methinks he hath grown to look like them, for three winters hath he spent in their tents learning their language, sharing their labors and their food, or rather their famine. Nursing them and giving them medicines, he won them to listen, while with his crucifix he strove to make them know of their salvation, and got their good-will to baptize their children, whereof many died of cold and want. The governor is much moved by his simple tales, though he speaks little, and it is a fair sight to see Mistress Mary's face as she listens, while the scarlet yarn drops from her fingers and her knitting-pins stay idle. But he himself is humble as a little child, thinking he hath done nothing, since he hath not given his life for his flock, he saith, as many of the order have already done, and all hope for. Then he telleth us stories of Father Jogues running the gauntlet, which they call "the narrow road to Paradise," and of the tortures practised upon other fathers by the Iroquois, till we were all frightened at a wolf's howl in the night, thinking it the war-whoop. The women in New France, by him, are as forward as the men in zeal for the spread of the faith and the salvation of the savages, and he told of many high-born maidens and widows that have transported themselves across the dangerous seas; and of the nuns of whom always night and day one kneels before the grand altar at Montreal praying for the conversion of Canada. He saith he hath met with much kindness in these plantations, and two fingers of his hand being shot away, the governor gave leave that I should help him write at length part of his notes. I could scarce forbear laughing at the outlandish spelling of the English words, for Cape Ann he had written *Kepane*, and our governor he called *Sieur Indicott*, and Roxbury *Rogsbray*. He says all have shown him much affection, and in Boston Major-General Gibbons gave him the key of a room in his house where he might freely pray and have the

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services of his religion. The governor seems well disposed towards the treaty, or failing that, that they may have liberty to take up volunteers in the English jurisdiction, and at least have liberty to pass through the colonies by water and land, if need should be. I think Henry Endicott would fain go as volunteer if the commissioners would permit; and once again I have a hope to be no longer a slave, for it may be that the governor will give me leave to go also. He hath been strangely mild, and considereth the thought and desire of others, though he saith little; so that I marvelled not when on the Friday following Father Gabriel's coming our dinner was all of fish for his conveniency.

While he abides with us many of the neighborhood have resorted to us; and even them that favor not the alliance with New France like well to listen to him. None seem to hold him in higher thought than Master Eliot, whom he wrote *Maistre Heliot*, of Roxbury, whom the governor favors greatly as a godly man, calling him the Apostle of the Indians, among whom he labors much, and he is ever working that he may put the Holy Scriptures into their own tongue. He is never weary of hearing how Father Gabriel and the other Jesuits have wrought among them, and one night he pleaded earnestly with him that the priest should abide with him a year, that they two together might finish this work. But albeit well-disposed to him and sure of kindness and comfort in his house, Father Gabriel would not consent to it. "Nay," said he, "it is not by the mere changing of the Word of God into their own tongue that the poor heathen are to be snatched from Satan. Our blessed Lord said, 'Go and teach all nations,' and we who call ourselves by the title of his company send not book nor message, but go our own selves unto these lost sheep of the wilderness, leaving father and mother and house and country, as he bid his disciples. It is in vain to bring in one, or twenty, or ten times twenty, who going back to their tribes fall soon again into savagery, and sometimes become even worse than their fellows, both by the greater knowledge they have gained, and to show that they are in nowise changed by the white men, and show themselves bold and barbarous beyond all others. We bring them not to us, which in others is but a cruel kindness, but take our lives to them, making ourselves like to them if haply we may win them to Christ. Then can they better believe the message we bring them and the Word which we, too, try to obey, taking up the cross to follow him; and the very sight of the crucifix, when

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once they have learned what it signifies, oft-times preacheth better than speech or book. Already," he went on with a strangely sweet smile, "I think it very long that I am away from my children of the wilderness, and when the commissioners' answer is given and I have delivered it in New France I shall make haste to go to the Abenaquis, for I know they want me both in body and soul, and if the plantations join not against the Iroquois I doubt not they will fall upon us, and it may be give the crown of martyrdom to me, albeit so unworthy of it."

Many such talks they had, for Master Eliot was instant with him that he should stay, but he prevailed not at all, and they parted with many terms of affection and commending of each to the other's prayers. Indeed, all who held conversation with Father Gabriel felt the same warmth of affection, and had it been in respect of him only would gladly have made the alliance which now seems doubtful, albeit our governor is well-disposed thereto.

I made my confession the night before the father's going—for he is now departed to lay the matter before the other plantations, if he may prevail with them—and asking him as to the Easter-tide he told me that the day whereof I wrote thee, when Mistress Mary returned from Boston, was in truth Easter Eve, when the whole church begins to rejoice, and the bells which were silent ring once more, and the organ that was muffled sounds the Gloria in Excelsis, and all the voices that were hushed praise the Lord.

LETTER VII.

In the morning yesterday I waited for Master Endicott, who was at a meeting of the council, while Mistress Mary sorted the papers on her uncle's desk, which were in a great disarray. Taking up one newly come from the Providence Plantation, she asked me what meant the motto of the great seal of Rhode Island upon it—a sheaf of arrows bound up and in the liess these words indented: *Amor Vincit Omnia.* As I was expounding it in English as signifying that love doth vanquish all things in cometh the governor, wearing a somewhat disturbed countenance, whether from what befell at the council or at my words I know not—for indeed they mislike the name of love even as the thing itself, and account all mention or consideration thereof as a vanity and a snare to the unwary. However, he addressed himself not to me, but somewhat sharply to his ward, asking her what made she with his papers. When she answered that she did but inquire the significance of the seal he saith: "I

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marvel they found no better words for it than those of a heathen poet; it would have better beseemed godly men to bring to their minds the thought of the Lord and of his work in planting the word in the wilderness than so vain a saying as this"; and he rapped the seal scornfully with his forefinger. "I like not the temper of that plantation in many ways, and they write now of establishing a new port upon the island Aquidneck, for that it hath a soft and pleasing air—a fair reason, forsooth. If now at the start they consult but their own conveniency and soft living, what think they the place will come to be when the spur of the present necessity pricks no longer. Verily, I think with such beginnings it will end in a mere place of pleasure, given over wholly to the lust of the eye, and the lust of the flesh, and the pride of life.*

In like manner he proceeded somewhat sharply for a little time, Mistress Mary standing meekly beside him the while, with her sweet eyes cast down and a marvellous pink color in her cheeks, like a child that is being chidden for she knows not what fault, for in truth she had no part in the choosing of the new colony nor the seal of the new plantation. Presently he goes on with his work with me, and Mistress Mary to her own household cares with Dame Charnock; but he seemed more impatient than is his wont, and found many faults with the letters (many I can vouch of his own dictation), and a heavy fall of snow bedimming the light of the afternoon, it passed but drearily and dismally; neither saw I Mistress Mary again that day, for at supper the dame said that her head ached from the cold and that she craved her uncle's permission to hold to her own room.

I have learned since in converse with divers persons that aught relating to the subject of the Providence Plantations the governor much mislikes. Of them most forward in its settlement one is a man banished from Massachusetts Bay, one Roger Williams, formerly a dear and close friend whom he long maintained as minister of the church at Salem, in despite of the other churches and the council, who charged him with various heresies and wrong teachings. Some speak of him as a man lovely in his carriage, and hope that the Lord may yet recall him, but of violent and tumultuous carriage against the patent, and of so great a spirit of controversy, albeit of much sweetness and constancy of benevolence, that at the end he was banished out of the colony. At the first he resorted to the neighboring

* Governor Endicott's forebodings are strangely justified by the observations of the last English authority, Professor Bryce, who uses the same words in describing Newport.

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Indians of the Pokanoket, to whom he was much endeared, and abode with them the long winter; and the following spring being joined by some from Salem he proceeded to Seekonk, where he pitched and began to build and plant. But the governor of Plymouth wrote him that since he was fallen into the edge of their bounds and they were loath to displease them of the Bay, he advised him to remove but to the other side of the water, where he would have the country before him and might be as free as themselves, and they would be loving neighbors together. So Williams and five who followed him set out in their canoes and finally set themselves up in the Narragansett country, and founded the Providence Plantations. Many have since resorted to him who agreed not with the harshness of rule in the other colonies or who were banished therefrom. Notable among them was one Mistress Hutchinson, who, as I hear, was a woman of a ready wit and bold spirit, who hesitated not to speak out in the presence of all men, and who taught strange and new doctrines, not to be tolerated by the council and governor. After many trials and public controversies, and admonishments and being imprisoned, she, and they that held by her, were at the end banished, and after many wanderings made settlement, by the advice of Roger Williams, on Aquetnet Island, near to his plantation. But in the sequel, and this is a thing bitter and grievous to the governor and those of benevolent mind, they having further discord among themselves, Mistress Hutchinson once more removed her family into the Dutch country, where presently, in an inroad of the Indians near a place called Hell Gate, she and all her household were cruelly and horribly murdered, except one daughter, a child of eight years old.

Her they led into captivity in the wilderness, and all of the colony being moved with pity for so grievous a fate, and it may be a little with remorse for their own harshness in the first banishment for the mere holding a different opinion, the General Court of Massachusetts has made many efforts to recover the child from the savages, which as yet have availed not.

LETTER VIII.

Father Druillettes hath told us of a marvellous fall of water to the westward of the country of the Iroquois, the like whereof is nowhere to be seen in this world, for a mighty river flowing from out of the Great Lakes plunges downward over a granite wall in a vastness of water not to be imagined. He hath not himself seen it; but those of his Indians whom he most trusteth

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have told him of it at divers times, all agreeing as to its size and bulk of water, so that it is the sight he most craves to see in this new world. By their relation the river is of more than a mile's width, and, being divided by a large island, gathers its waters together with an incredible force and plunges downward from a great height in two great falls, the one straight and sheer facing to the west, but the other and most beautiful in a great curve like a horse-shoe, on which the light plays in a marvellous beauty of sheen and smoothness. His Indians tell him that, standing on the lesser islands beyond the great one to which at times a falling tree not yet dislodged from its roots gives them access, the air and the solid earth tremble and quiver with the rush of the waters against the jutting rocks, which yet slacken not the speed of their going, but only churn them into snowy foam and glassy curves. And the sound of the falls themselves is of so awful and majestic a power, ceasing not by day or by night, that they liken to the voice of the Great Spirit. And they say no man sees where the waters reach the lower river for the wild whirl of foam and spray which for ever hides their base; but always from that mad turmoil rises a veil of soft and delicate mist frailer than one can imagine, wavering only to the wind, which he likens to the pure prayer which goes up heavenward from out of the confusion of sin and sorrow. And for another sign from heaven, at certain times when the moon is in a fitting stage and shines upon the mist and spray, men may see a bow so fair and frail in form and color that it seems but as the spirit of that one which shineth after rain. As he told us of it methought I too would like much to gaze upon it; but the governor believeth not what the Indians have told him as to its size and body of water, and argued long with the father that so great a fall of such wide water could not be in nature, for the weight of the water would crumble away the most solid rock, and quoted the Latin proverb, *Gutta cavat lapidem* ("A drop will wear away a stone"); how much more such a mass of water as the Indians would fain have him believe! Neither doth he believe at all in the sight of the bow, for he says men have never yet seen one in the night-time, nor without rain; and indeed it would be against the promise of the Scripture, which set the rainbow as a covenant after rain. He grants that there may be a fall of water somewhat large, but yet nothing like what the Indians fable, and jested much with Father Druillettes for his too easy faith of foolish stories, and lays it laughingly to his religion, which he

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says has made him prone to give ready belief to miracles and marvels. But Mistress Mary sat as one charmed and who could see with the eye of her pure fancy this Niagara, as the Indians name it; and I gazing at her thought within myself how happy a fate would be his who could look upon so fair a sight beside one so lovely! While we were still talking of this marvel a messenger came in haste for the governor, and when he returned he wore a much troubled countenance, whereof next day I heard the cause. It seems that for many months past there have been veiled and whispered complaints and hintings of the bewitching of various persons, by divers grievous and sudden afflictions and diseases. After careful searching into which matters the witch was shrewdly suspected to be a certain Goodwife Powell, an aged woman living a little aloof from any neighbors and chiefly alone, her two sons' business leading them frequently from home. One neighbor swore that on her husband's going forth Goodwife Powell did say for a trifle she knew he should not come again, and though in truth he did come home well from that voyage he died of a chill the next winter. Goodwife Ordway said that her child being long ill, the wife coming in and looking at it, pitying of it did fear it would die, which shortly afterward happened. And many other like grievous and afflictive things were sworn against her. The governor and council are much moved in mind to think that Satan has so soon found footing in this plantation, and, after hearing much evidence from the afflicted persons and neighbors, they decided to seize her for trial, though well knowing that in face of such an adversary it behooved them to walk warily. The arrest was to be made the next day, when it appeared she had got word of it to her sons—being doubtless apprised by her familiar—who returning suddenly in the night did carry her off to the woods of Cape Ann, where it is said they have builded a house so secretly that none can find it, and where they mean to keep her safe hidden. At least so says the governor, though some among the more ignorant people shun not to affirm that her master (whom they call the Black Man) did himself carry her off to his own place in the midst of a fearful storm which befell the same night. Howbeit, I am glad she is away from this plantation, and hope that it may be long ere another such visitation is visited upon us.

LETTER IX.

We were not long returned to our accustomed life after Father Druillettes left us—Henry Endicott riding with him as far as

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Roxbury, where he was to see the Lieutenant-Governor, Dudley, an old soldier who had fought under Henry Quatre in France—when coming home from a walk one evening I saw the four sergeants with their halberds who go before the governor to church and council, and between them a stranger whom presently they left at the hall door. His looks had a familiarity the reason whereof I discerned not, until coming in to supper the governor named him as Major-General Winthrop, through whom I was transported to these plantations, who is now newly arrived from England and heartily welcomed by Governor Endicott, who holds him in great esteem. He is of the Parliament troops, and from what has passed in conversation a little misliked and distrusted of Cromwell, whom, for his part, he finds somewhat too bold against the Parliament, and so is well pleased to withdraw himself a little into this country, where are his father and family. We are never tired of hearing him tell of all that has passed in England, albeit each listeneth with divers feelings. And yet though I was rejoiced to hear of the king's escape and miraculous deliverance, which bore the impression of the immediate hand of God, I think the governor was not ill-pleased, for, though of austere appearance and bearing, yet is he, I well believe, of a benevolent disposition, and I doubt not many of his party would have been sore perplexed had they taken the king, for many think it not wisely done to have murdered his father. Mistress Mary listened as to a fairy tale, while General Winthrop recited how the king lay hid in an oak-tree with a gentleman of Staffordshire, who, being of the church, knew others of the Catholic faith, who in many perils had learned safe hiding-places and so had opportunity of concealing him. He went from one poor house to another till a Benedictine monk, Father Huddleston, conveyed him to Mr. Lane's house, where he saw the proclamation of a thousand pounds promised to any who would deliver him up or discover the person of Charles Stuart, and declaring traitors all who durst harbor or conceal him, which greatly moved him at the thought of the many that so freely risked a traitor's death in his behalf. From there, for later the knowledge of all this came to the Parliament, he rode as a neighbor's son behind Mistress Lane, a lady of a very good wit and discretion, Colonel Lane following at a little distance with a hawk upon his fist and two or three spaniels following, as if he were hawking, till they were within a day's journey of a house in Bristol, where the Lord Wilmot, who had no other disguise, took the hawk and continued the journey in the same exercise.

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Then Winthrop related how nearly he was discovered in Lyme, whither he went to take ship for France and lay in an inn to which the cavaliers often resorted. Some who lodged there sent for a smith, it being a hard frost, and he looking at the feet of their horses to find more work, going abroad told the neighbors that one of those horses had travelled far and in much haste, for that his four shoes had been made in four several counties. That reminded me of the game we children used to play on the terrace at Monsecours:

"Maréchal, ferres-tu bien?"
Aussi bien que toi:
"Mais je ne ferre qu'un cheval,
Le cheval du Roi."
"Mets-donc un fer à celui-ci,
C'est le cheval du Roi."

The house was searched, but the two whom they sought had ridden away and could not be overtaken, though in fleeing from one danger, 'tis said, they must have passed through a regiment of Desborough's horse, with Desborough himself in their midst. Howbeit the king was got safe to the house of a widow lady, whom they trusted with the knowledge of her guest, and who concealed him in a little room—made since the beginning of the troubles for delinquents—whence he took boat for Normandy from Brighthelmstone. The governor remarked on the strange chance which entrusted Charles Stuart's life to the loyalty of Roman Catholics, against whom were such penalties, and to the bravery of women. But General Winthrop says it is told he hath promised Father Huddleston, to whom he holds himself chiefly beholden, that the order of St. Benedict should have his special favor if ever he be restored. And also a rumor goes that the priest hath foretold to him that once more before he dies he shall render him a still greater service. "And as for the women," he went on, "I think they be all rebels at heart. I remember the first day of Charles Stuart's trial, at the calling of the judges' names no answer was made when they called the General Lord Fairfax, and at the second time of calling a voice cried out 'He has more wit than to be here.' And presently when, at the reading of the impeachment, it was said, 'All the good people of England,' the same voice cried, only louder, 'No, nor the hundredth part of them.' And when one of the officers bid the soldiers give fire into the box whence the presumptuous words came it was quickly discerned that it was the general's wife, the Lady Fairfax, who had uttered both these sharp sayings."

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"She comes of a fearless family," said Governor Endicott, "and the daughter of Lord Vere would never scruple to say out her mind in any presence; and here is Mary, I warrant, as glad that Charles Stuart has gotten safely to France as any loyalist of them all." It was pretty to see the pink color come into Mistress Mary's cheeks, as we all looked at her, though she spake never a word. General Winthrop muttered something in his grizzled beard about her gentle heart, at which I wondered, as coming from him, and still more to see his weather-beaten and unchanging face show a dull reflection of her blushes; at which she blushed the more. The governor marked it also, for I saw a sort of smile kindle in his dark eyes, and presently Winthrop took his departure, still in some confusion.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

HÆC HORA.

"LET me but live this hour!" a sinner cries.
Alas! his hours are over, and he dies.
A miser thrusts his gleaming gold aside:
"Take all, but let me one short hour abide
In prayer!" Too late; the prayer remains unsaid:
Ah, cruel shines his gold around the dead!
With happy smile a stranger drops his spade;
"My loved at last—thank God!" was all he said.

. . . . . .

Father, this hour we would our duty see.
Now holding forth weak, trembling hands to Thee;
No more in our own selves to trust or pride—
Let us this hour in peace with Thee abide!

LUCY AGNES HAYES.

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HUMAN CERTITUDE AND DIVINE FAITH.

IT may not be amiss, in this period of widespread doubt and uncertainty in matters of religion, to direct our thoughts to the question of belief; to ask ourselves, What is belief? and how far is it to extend—what is its domain? To be able to respond we must first be able to give a satisfactory answer to a fundamental question, to wit: is there such a thing as certainty? For belief and certainty may be said to be correlative terms in religious matters; the one implies the other. To give heed to some of the most prominent men of the day, there is no such thing as certainty. If so, there can be no such thing as belief. Yet Rev. Dr. Patton is reported as having said there is no such thing as metaphysical certainty. If this be so, we may bid good-by to certainty of any kind, and accept the system of universal doubt, and adopt probability as the practical principle of action.

How destructive this system is of all real knowledge it is not difficult to understand. Had the learned gentleman referred to confined himself to saying that certainty could not be demonstrated, he would not have been wide of the mark; for demonstration means the showing of a truth from prior and better known truth. But there can be nothing prior to certainty or better known than it is, and therefore it cannot be *demonstrated.* On the other hand, every science demands a first truth to which nothing is prior, for it is the cause of what follows, which is the effect; science being systematized knowledge, it must have a solid foundation of primal truth to rest upon. Certainty is an intellectual intuition of a truth, and that truth is, that I exist and know I am not deceived in my ability to apprehend without danger of error some facts. It is a postulate of our intellectual nature, of reason. It goes before anything else, and therefore cannot be demonstrated unless we choose to look upon the application of the principle of contradiction as a species of demonstration, that the same thing cannot be and not be at the same time. But we must be certain of this before we apply it; and this interferes with the demonstration. It is, therefore, necessary to regard certainty as an intuition and call it the sight of the soul, as much needed for it as sight is for the body. And just as a man sees a thing, and asks no one to prove it to him, so the soul sees the truth which is connatural to it at a

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glance; and the first truth it does see is that it can and does know what is. To say this does not belong to metaphysics, when it is the very first truth that science demands, seems to us, at least, strange; for it is usual to speak of knowledge of being and of its attributes as metaphysics, though they are in reality physical realities thought out systematically by the mind.

There is besides this the moral persuasion of the human race that there is such a thing as certainty, and the whole of our social economy rests on that basis. It may be said this is *a posteriori* and in reality begs the question. But it is a fact that shows beyond doubt the existence of the fact of certainty. The universal testimony of the human mind cannot be gainsaid without assailing its Author, and bidding adieu to reason.

If certainty is a necessity in the order of natural truth, still more is it necessary in the order of that which is above nature, the region or domain of revealed truth. Catholics understand this; the introduction of private judgment as the ultimate tribunal of religious truth has had the effect of blunting the sensitiveness of those outside the church with regard to this necessity; with the result of causing them to be unable, it would seem, to understand it. Recently the *Evening Post* of New York (Aug. 30, 1891) published the answer of three foremost preachers—the Rev. Lyman Abbott, the Rev. B. H. Conwell, and the Rev. (or Professor) David Swing, of Chicago—to the questions: "Do you believe absolutely that the miracles recorded in the Bible were actually performed, or do you think the people of those times only believed they witnessed miracles?" And, "If we reject any part of the Scriptures as literal truth, must we not reject all?"

To say these were crucial questions for the reverend gentlemen, and that they evaded answering directly, is only what was to have been expected. Dr. Abbott does not even touch the miracles with a tongs, but deftly glides off to speak of the foundation of belief as afforded by Christ himself. Yet Christ says: "If you do not believe me, believe the works I do. They give testimony of me" (St. John v. 36).

Rev. Mr. Conwell falls back at once on his lines of defence —good sense and the beauty of the Bible.

Professor Swing lets the miracles go. That nut is too hard for him to crack. And then he falls back on his line, and says: "There is nothing essential except a devotion to the Divine Founder of our religion"—a very vague utterance, each one understanding it in his own way. He goes still farther in his hazy

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system, and subjoins, "An ethical religion is gradually displacing the religion of simple belief"—which is simply a fact outside the Catholic Church. So we see what it has all come to: uncertainty in everything, certainty about nothing. This is the ultimate word of Protestantism.

This result and the nature of the case itself lead us to see clearly that unless we bid adieu to reason there must be and is such a thing as certainty, and that we can have certainty in the order in which we are. Philosophers usually class certainty according to the manner in which it is acquired; they speak of metaphysical, physical, and moral certainty. With metaphysical certainty and physical we need not occupy ourselves in this connection. Moral certainty, which is based on the laws which govern man's free will, is that which is the ground of natural belief. These laws lead us to accept truth on the authority of others, historic truth, and the events of every day of which we have not been witnesses. It is akin to the certainty which leads us to accept religious truth. Such truth is pre-eminently received on the authority of another. "Faith," says St. Paul, "cometh by hearing." Religious beliefs, or faith, may be defined to be the acceptance of the truths of revelation through the divinely appointed teacher, the church God has established on earth; a church he instituted through his prophets, and, lastly, through his Divine Son, who came on earth to found it, and by means of miracles convinced men of his right to teach in the name of God, and led them to accept what he taught. The church of Christ, then, is the teacher. Once we are sure of that our duty is clear; we are to believe all the truths she believes and teaches because God has revealed them, and because she teaches by the authority of God, and by his assistance: "Go, teach all nations"; "I am with you all days, even to the consummation of the world." The motive of faith is, therefore, much superior to that of human belief; this gives certainty, that a certainty more intense, as God its source is so far above nature, on the laws of which, as we have said, human certainty is based.

There are certain results and consequences of this system of Christianity which it is well for us to consider.

If it is God who speaks to us through the church, then we must accept what the church authoritatively teaches; otherwise we are "as the heathen and the publican." While all Catholics are agreed on this point, there comes up the question, What rule is to be followed in matters in which there is no official declaration, or dogmatic decision on the part of the church; where

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councils have not spoken nor Supreme Pontiffs given *ex cathedrâ* decrees? This is a very important matter, especially in its influence on Catholic life, and for this reason we wish to dwell on it at some length.

Outside of the dogmatic decrees of councils and of the *ex cathedrâ* decisions of popes, there is the mass of Catholic tradition, which has come down to us from the beginning, and of which also God is the author. This is the truth which permeates Catholic life and makes the members of the church think alike, no matter where they may be. This atmosphere of truth is the medium in which the church lives. Through it she is active; where, on the contrary, it is clouded, where this truth is obscured, there is languor, decay, death. Just as a living body has instincts which make it act spontaneously with regard to what is necessary for it, as air, food, drink, and self-preservation, so there is an instinct in the believer to accept all revealed truth, and to think, speak, and act, in what vitally affects his belief, this disposition having been formed in him by the environment of faith, its atmosphere, its teachings, its language, its common habit of thought, akin to the training of the ear, which, without trouble and unerringly, detects the discordant note of music. Just as one who would show himself indisposed as regards what is necessary for the maintenance of his natural life would give good ground to doubt of his healthy condition, so one who would be careless with reference to propositions that affect unfavorably the faith would justify the conclusion that he was not sound in it. Therefore it is that we find in all, as a gift from the Holy Spirit, a spiritual instinct which leads us to believe; to regard the church as an ever-active teacher aided by the Holy Ghost, and directing our minds to accept with the utmost docility what she says, without waiting to critically examine the manner in which she speaks, or to look for unanimity. This pious disposition to believe has been dwelt on by theologians and councils, and by them it is spoken of as a gift of God.

The second Council of Orange, held A.D. 529, in its fifth chapter, thus speaks: "If any one says that as the increase of faith so also the beginning of it, *the very pious disposition to believe—ipsum credulitatis affectum*—by which we believe in Him who justifies the impious, and come to the generation of sacred baptism, is in us, not by the gift of grace, that is, by the inspiration of the Holy Spirit correcting our will from infidelity to faith, from impiety to piety, but is in us naturally, he is proven to be an adversary of the apostolic dogmas." In this most im-

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portant decree of this council, received in the church with all the authority of a dogmatic decree, we call attention to this phrase—*credulitatis affectus*—a pious disposition to believe, which is declared to be a gift of grace, an inspiration of the Holy Ghost. The Holy Ghost, like nature, is never wanting in what is necessary; and, therefore, this most necessary tendency to believe he implants in every one to whom the gift of faith is vouchsafed. Where, then, this gift is vigorous, sound, healthy, there its first manifestation is to be seen in the docility to the teaching power, the pious disposition to believe. Where it is not vigorous, nor sound, nor healthy, there such a disposition will not show itself; but, on the contrary, a restless, resisting, critical spirit will be seen. Therefore, too, where we see such indisposition, where we see one on his guard against the church's voice, and jealous of his independence, we are not uncharitable in drawing the conclusion that the faith has become weak.

It may be said that this is going too far; that as there are superstitious people, who accept as of faith what is not, there may be those who may not be ready to take everything without first ascertaining by approved ways what is to be held. The former may be called *maximizers;* the latter, wishing to preserve their liberty, accept the least, but in doing so, in the trust they put in their own lights, are apt to reject what is essential, and are known as *minimizers.* A good while ago Cardinal Newman made the remark: "A people's religion is a corrupt religion"—meaning thereby that individuals without instruction are apt to be too credulous and take up what there is no authority to uphold. This certainly may be; but there will be a mark about this excess which will make it easy to recognize it as spurious, it will be wanting in universality; and, depending on individual weakness, will follow its phases. Studying the whole people, though, the theologian will see the work of the Holy Spirit pervading them, making them dwell together of one mind, *unius moris in domo.* It would have been well with the minimizers of some years back had they made that study more profoundly. It is not characteristic of the minimizer that he does this. His is a work of thought evolved from his own mind, weighing the doctrines by his own standard, an individual one, determined largely by the influences that surround him, education and habit of thought. We do not mean to say that he is not learned; on the contrary, very often he is most learned. It seems to us that the trust in his own equipment very often breeds this spirit of judgment; while the simplicity of the less learned leads them to

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put their trust in the great body of the faithful, in whom pre-eminently the Holy Spirit dwells, and to look up instinctively to the teaching authority which that same Spirit has given the church and through which he directs it; and, lastly, to the tradition of the church, of which the fathers are the witnesses. We may illustrate by a fact which appears to present this phase of the mind of one who does not minimize. Whenever the cardinal-vicar of Rome publishes one of his *Inviti Sacri*, or brief pastorals, the Roman theologians are on the lookout to know how the people receive it, and what comments they make. And this not for the purpose of judging whether it is acceptable, but because they appreciate the instinct of faith in the people, which would make them detect at once any word not in keeping with the faith; and, on the contrary, appreciate expressions which adequately convey to them the teaching of their belief.

As we write, there comes to us on the wings of electricity the news that a great light has gone out in Israel; that one who has been a bright example in the church is no more; that the great Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster, Henry Edward Manning, has been called from the scene of his earthly labors. No longer will that voice, with its strong yet gentle note, be heard; that tongue, musical in its beauty of language and charm of expression, is stilled. A hush comes over the audience he held spell-bound, as widely-spread as are the regions of the earth; for the sound of his words went from pole to pole, and from the rising of the sun to its setting. All who felt the genial influence of his teachings of charity, and of his example, sing his praise, pay their tribute of respectful admiration, and offer for him, in a grateful spirit, their prayers to God. But though he is no longer with us in the flesh, his teachings abide, teachings that re-echo the spirit of his Master, who said: *Misereor super turbam*—"I have pity upon the people"; teachings that breathe the spirit of his Master, who said: "It is my food to do the will of my Father"; teachings and examples that fulfil the command of his Master, who bade all hear the church: "He who hears you hears me"; "He who will not hear the church let him be to thee as the heathen and the publican." Had we sought for one whose words and life were an illustration of the docility to the authority of the church of which we are treating, no one more excelling in this regard could we have found than Cardinal Manning. Now that he is no more, we can speak freely of him and of his career. It was our good fortune and privilege to have known him for nearly thirty years, and to have been an

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admirer of the man, and a grateful recipient of spiritual aid from his life and words. During the eventful period of the Vatican Council, the days that preceded it, the time of its duration, and the days that followed it, we were living in the city of Rome, and in relation sometimes with him personally, and with those of his own nation through whom we could always have correct information. His discourses, too, and his writings were in our hands as soon as they came from the press, read with an appreciation that came of a mutual interest in the triumph of the truth. In England before the Vatican Council there had existed the controversy regarding the decisions of the Roman congregations; and those who were contending against a well-meant but undue valuation of them as sharing the infallibility of the Roman Pontiff, and who, carried away by a spirit of opposition, incidentally in other matters fell short of what would be expected of a genuine Catholic, were named by Mr. Ward, of the Dublin *Review*, minimizers. Without going to the opposite extreme, Cardinal Manning contended always for a docility of spirit towards the teaching authority of the church. He advocated the view that our feelings even should be with the church, and in this he was most commendable and deserving well of Catholics everywhere. What, in fact, is more unfilial than that a son should be continually on his guard against the authority of his father, requiring to be fully persuaded of the right before he obeys. All will censure such a spirit. But it is worse for a Catholic to have such a disposition in regard to the Sovereign Pontiff and the church; for it argues weakness of faith, an ignoring of the fact that Christ her founder, and the Holy Ghost her spouse, are ever with the church, and giving her prudence from above. Remotely it savors of the spirit of the world, of an anti-Christian spirit. Of this anti-Christian spirit, Cardinal Manning wrote, in his lectures on the *Four Great Evils of the Day* (lect. iv. § 5):

"There is one person upon whom this anti-Christian spirit concentrates itself, as the lightning upon the conductor. There is one person upon earth who is the pinnacle of the temple, which is always the first to be struck. It is the Vicar of Jesus Christ; and that for the most obvious of reasons. There is no man on earth so near to Jesus Christ as his own Vicar. Two hundred and fifty-seven links, and we arrive at the Person of the Son of God. Two hundred and fifty-seven Pontiffs, and we are in the presence of the Master whom his Vicar represents. That chain runs through the ages of Christian history, and connects us with the day, when, on the coasts of Decapolis, Jesus said to Peter: 'Thou art Peter, and upon this rock I will build my church,

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and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it.' . . . To Peter were given the two great prerogatives which constitute the plenitude of his master's office. To him first and to him alone, before all others, though in the presence of the others, was given the power of the keys. To him, and to him alone, and in the presence of the others, was given also the charge of the universal flock: 'Feed my sheep.' To him, and to him alone exclusively, were spoken the words: 'Simon, Simon, behold, Satan hath desired to have you, that he might sift you as wheat (that is, all the Apostles); but I have prayed for thee'—(in the singular number; for thee, Peter)—'that thy faith fail not; and thou being once converted, confirm thy brethren' (St. Luke xxii. 31, 32); and therefore the plenitude of jurisdiction, and the plenitude of truth, with the promise of the divine assistance to preserve him in that truth, was given to Peter, and in Peter to his successors."

Further on the cardinal uses these beautiful words:

"Poor Ireland! What preserved it three hundred years ago and during three hundred years of persecution? Fidelity to the Vicar of Jesus Christ, fidelity to Rome, fidelity to the changeless See of Peter. The arch of the faith is kept fast by that keystone, which the world would fain strike out if it could, but never has prevailed to do so, and Ireland has been sustained by it; and to this day among the nations of the Christian world there is not to be found a people so instinct with faith, and so governed by Christian morality, as the people of Ireland."

But the following passage from lect. i. of this series is more to the purpose for which we write. Page 26 (edition 1871) he says:

"Before the Vatican Council there was growing up in the minds of some men a disposition which, I am happy to say, is nearly cast out again, to diminish and to explain away, to understate and reduce to a minimum that which Catholics ought to believe and practise. This spirit began in Germany. It says: 'I believe everything which the church has *defined*. I believe all dogmas; everything which has been defined by a general council.' This sounds a large and generous profession of faith; but they forget that whatsoever was revealed on the day of Pentecost to the Apostles, and by the Apostles preached to the nations of the world, and has descended in the full stream of universal belief and constant tradition, though it has never been defined, is still matter of Divine faith. Thus, there are truths of faith which have never been defined; and they have never been defined because they have never been contradicted. They have not been defined because they have not been denied. The definition of the truth is the fortification of the church against the assaults of unbelief. Some of the greatest truths of revelation

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are to this day undefined. The infallibility of the church has never been defined. The infallibility of the head of the church was only defined the other day. But the infallibility of the church, for which every Catholic would lay down his life, has never been defined until now; the infallibility of the church is at this moment where the infallibility of the Pope was this time last year: an undefined point of Christian revelation, believed by the Christian world, but not yet put in the form of a definition. When, therefore, men said they would only believe dogmas and definitions by general councils, they implied, without knowing it, that they would not believe in the infallibility of the church. But the whole tradition of Christianity comes down to us on the universal testimony and the infallibility of the church of God, which, whether defined or not, is a matter of Divine faith."

In all the actions of this illustrious prince of the church, not even excepting his remarkable influence over the London strikes at the docks, which surprised the English and led them captive —of all his actions nothing impresses us so strongly as the docility of spirit he manifested in believing and in conforming to the teaching and thought of the church. It was like unto the spirit of a saint who in early childhood drank in the faith at his mother's breast. It argues a great gift of faith that is the especial and generous work of the Holy Ghost in his soul, and for this reason it demands our admiration and calls for our imitation. When God vouchsafes to bestow a gift above nature on a man this requires of him most respectful gratitude and faithful co-operation. This gift of faith we have received, and it calls upon us to foster it and make it bear the fruit of good works. It is the talent which is given that we may labor till the Giver comes. It is certain that he will demand an account of the use we shall have made of it. What a misfortune if any one shall have "wrapped it up in a napkin" and put it aside! And this those do who, ashamed of their birthright, are on their guard against accepting too much and remain in a state of inactivity. Of such one hardly errs in saying, with St. James: ¶ Faith without works is dead." Not so did the saints, for their prayer has ever been what the Apostles offered up to their Divine Master: "Lord, increase our faith."

FRANCIS SILAS CHATARD.

Indianapolis, Ind.

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THE ANCIENT CITY OF DUBLIN.

DUBLIN, a city by the sea, whose salt breezes in a time of east wind come up into the city streets, sweet and penetrating; a city ringed about with mountains which one sees far off from upper windows, lovely in a gray-blue haze; a city of wide and empty throughfares; of stately buildings, put to scant use; a sleeping city with the dust of centuries upon her hair and robe. Coming from busier worlds, one notices first the depression of the streets before one has realized other things, the velvety air for example, which blows on one's face exquisitely pure and grateful. The superannuated cabs which crawl through our thoroughfares are supplemented by the thin stream of people on the sidewalks, while the well-horsed outside cars, to which the stranger may be seen painfully clinging, only give a look of spasmodic dare-deviltry to the scene. There is a new street in Dublin, in line with and following the great main thoroughfare of Dame Street, and it has been opened three years, and only one shop has been built there; the street is two straight lines of desolate building-plots. Decay could not speak more eloquently. Yet the city is full of memories of the grandeur that was in the eighteenth century. The great Custom-house, James Gandor's masterpiece, has miles of disused rooms and passages, despite that half-a-dozen boards of one kind or another burrow there—for we are overrun with bureaucracy. The Exchange and the Linen Hall have been diverted from their original purpose. The magnificent houses of the nobility have fallen upon evil days: Charlemont House shelters the registrar-general and his staff; Tyrone House, the Board of National Education; Moira House, the Mendicity Institution; Aldborough House, the Commissariat; Leinster House, the National Library, and Museum, and Picture-gallery, and so on. We love the memory of that glittering old nobility, we Irish, being conservative in all our instincts despite the temporary *bouleversement* of the land revolution. Probably as a class they were as oppressive as their brothers of France, whose curled heads fell under the guillotine, despite such glorious exceptions as the Earl of Charlemont and Lord Edward Fitzgerald; but we have forgotten all that, as their retainers did when they barricaded the castle rackrents against the forces of the law, and fought tooth and nail to save their masters from the inconvenient consequences of their mad unthrift.

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Dublin is the only city in northern Europe possessing two cathedrals. To see really picturesque Dublin one must fare away from the more prosperous parts—from the temple-like front of the Bank of Ireland, once the houses of Parliament, and the long, unlovely line of Trinity College, westward up Dame Street to Christ Church, the smaller of the two cathedrals. This beautiful Gothic cathedral, the ancient priory of the Holy Trinity, has many memories about it; there Lambert Simnel was crowned in 1486, with the crown of the statue of the Blessed Virgin in St. Mary's Abbey over the water, for which act of treason the Archbishop of Dublin of those days had later to do public penance. Here was kept the great relic, "the Staff of Jesus," with which St. Patrick performed many miracles, and which was burnt by a too-zealous reforming bishop in the time of Henry VIII. The saint came by it in a strange fashion. He was warned in a dream to go seek it, in an isle of the Mediterranean, coming to which he found it populated by people young and of celestial beauty, and people old and withered. And to his surprise he learned that the ancients were the children, the sons and daughters of those beautiful young folk. And then they told him how in the practice of hospitality they had given shelter one night to an unknown traveller, whose presence among them was even as might be the presence of that One who journeyed unknown with two fellow-travellers to Emmaus. For the night he abode with them the hostel seemed bathed in a fair light, and all their hearts were full of raptures and songs. And in the morning the cell where he slept was empty, none having seen him depart; but his staff, of exceeding richness and beauty, he had left behind. They called it the Staff of Jesus, understanding that he had deigned to visit his people. And all who looked on him were gifted from that hour with undying youth and beauty. But the hermit, who was their chief man, having been warned in a vision, delivered up this precious staff to St. Patrick, who returned with it to Ireland, and worked by its aid many miracles, and afterwards, in its shrine in Christ Church, it remained an object of great veneration till the coming of this iconoclastic bishop of unlovely memory.

From Christ Church, and the hill on which it stands, as one goes westward from the city, many quaint and corkscrewy streets twist their tortuous way down to the river, some of them, such as Wormwood Gate, impossibly crazy and headlong as any wynd in Edinburgh Old Town. Wormwood Gate commemorates one of the old gates of the fortified town, which stood at the

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foot of those narrow streets on the banks of the river, an admirable natural position of defence one would think. As late as 1610 all the north of the river was sand and sea marshes, save only for the great pile of the Abbey of St. Mary's to the north-west, which had gathered around itself an appanage of streets and dwelling-houses as a university might in our day; on the old maps it looks like a little town in itself.

At the foot of Parliament Street once stood Izod's tower, named from that Iseult of Ireland whose story has such power to charm that three great poets of our day have set it in their poetry. One imagines her looking from some narrow tower-window over the sandy marshes and through the east-wind sea-fogs, with her destiny as yet a sealed book and no messenger from Mark upon the water-way, her fate in his hand. One could make a picture of her thus, before her love and her sorrow; a Burne-Jones or a Rossetti picture it must be, for passion and prevision are so wrought into one's thoughts of her. Her tower is gone, and only the memory of it remains; but there is Chapelizod, a sunk village between swelling hills and by the Liffey banks, out beyond Phœnix Park. There, after all her sin and suffering, her father erected a chapel for her soul's sake, and the name of the village commemorates this. It is a "Sleepy Hollow" where even the fiery heart of an Iseult might drowse, if her resting-place had been there.

At the other side of Christ Church and its hill there is another descent to the low-lying streets marking the ancient bed of the Poddle, a mysterious subterranean stream which, leaving its parent Dodder at a lovely green place behind Harold's Cross, slips away from the sunlight and goes sluggishly under houses and streets and becomes a common sewer, till it spills into the Liffey through a side gate in the quay-walls. A dreadful stream it has always seemed to me since I read long ago of a woman falling into it through a trap-door which she had lifted in her little house-yard in order to draw up water. Imagine the helpless creature swirling away into that living grave! Imagine her dead, floating on and on through the labyrinth in the dark! I have never forgotten the horror of it. There is something ghastly about a subterranean river. The water-rats used to come from this river swarming into St. Patrick's, the other cathedral, by night, till Sir Benjamin Lee Guinness, the munificent father of more munificent sons, restored it, and the old flooring was replaced by concrete and tiles. There is a story of an officer who was shut in here by accident at night

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having been eaten by rats, a story which I have always hoped was untrue.

If one wanted to make a brilliant impressionist picture one could scarcely do better than to come to Patrick Street, the direct route from one cathedral to the other, and the most picturesque street in Dublin, if also the dirtiest. He should catch it on a frosty winter afternoon, with the sunset reddening all over the sky and the haze of frost in the air. The street goes down steeply; there is the pointed dark tower of Patrick's sheer up in the luminous sky, and the long expanse of the cathedral with its great buttresses solemn in the growing shadows. But at its feet there is this street of booths, stocked with the most miscellaneous merchandise for the very poor—tin kettles and flaming cheap prints, coarse crockery and tawdry second-hand clothing, cradles and cabbages, looking-glasses and sheeps' heads. The saleswomen, with their argumentative voices and bold, bright eyes, their touzled heads and scarlet woollen neckerchiefs, their weatherbeaten faces, and the stout apron, or *praskeen*, tied round their comfortable waists, are on the happiest terms with the other ladies, similarly clad, who have fish-stalls by the curb-stone, and sit in sight of the world all day industriously cleaning their fish. There is always much conversation going on in Patrick Street, not always of the belligerent kind an uninitiated person might fancy from voices and attitude. As it grows dark flaming gas-jets spring up in the open fronts of the booths. An old woman, with the inevitable red shawl, knits at her door-post, a velvety black cat rubbing himself up against her; a golden-haired child in a print frock and dirty pinafore looks on sedately; a stray cur or two is sniffing the garbage for some delicate morsel. Patrick's Close, by the cathedral side, is another such collection of crazy booths and bright bits of color. How different from the cathedral closes one remembers, those green places with the singing of birds, and the murmur of the wind in great branches, and the humming of bees in the heart of a rose or the cup of a lily!

I am not sure that the cathedral does not gain from its strange surroundings. Impressive it is to gloom, with its stateliness, its loneliness, its overmastering memories of Swift, one of the saddest figures in all the world's history. It lies very low; after all the descent one has to go down steps into it. It is an eerie place of an evening, with the ragged banners of the Knights of St. Patrick fluttering in the gloom over the dark oak stalls, and the shadows heavy in the long side-aisles. The

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gloom of stained glass has a richness and holiness about it; but here, where the white glare of the clerestory windows was darkened over by the coming night, there was a cold gloom like death. The verger was very old and very tired of sight-seers; there were no worshippers—only some one went tiptoe down the far aisle; there was a far-away glimmer of light at the organ, where the organist was droning upon his instrument; and overhead was the bust of Swift, with the strange, terrible inscription, "Here where fierce indignation can no more lacerate his heart." What one feels here Professor Dowden has expressed so beautifully that I transcribe from him:

"While we stand beneath Roubiliac's bust and read that terrible inscription, we think, before all else, of the mournful night when, by the flare of torches under the high roof, the faithful heart of Esther Johnson was laid in the dust, and the torch-lights gleamed across to the old deanery windows, where Swift, ill in body and tortured in mind, sat in gloom. 'This is the night of the funeral,' he wrote—'the funeral which my sickness will not suffer me to attend. It is now nine at night, and I am removed into another apartment that I may not see the light in the church, which is just over against the window of my bed-chamber.' And then, fingering perhaps that precious relic, 'only a woman's hair,' he went on to write of the softness of her temper and heroic personal courage, her modesty, her learning, her gentle voice, her wit and judgment, her vivacity of heart and brain. 'Night, dearest little M. D.,' he had so often added as the farewell word of his diary to Stella: now with her it was night and a cloudier night with him."

They lie together under a modest, lozenge-shaped brass near the entrance. Walter Scott, visiting here, said: "One thinks of nothing but Swift: the whole cathedral is merely his tomb"; and this is so. One leaves it gladly as one would a mausoleum; yet I would rather see it so, ghost-haunted, than in its hours of service, or on those gala nights when an oratorio is given here. There is a tomb in the cathedral to the memory of Alexander Magee, "the faithful servant of Dean Swift." Is this "the Dane's man"?—the invariable second person the Irish peasant brings into every story of the saturnine dead man, who is remembered so only by his jests—his jests which were nearly always such terrible earnest!

In Marsh's Library close at hand, the gift of Archbishop Marsh to the citizens of Dublin, where none reads and none penetrates except the librarian, I have heard that a ghost walks of nights, flinging about disdainfully the worm-eaten folios. Swift might well haunt this place, yet he of all ghosts ought not to "walk"; after his unrestful life he should sleep well.

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Close by it is the Coomles, the highway of the Liberties of Dublin, where after the revocation of the Edict of Nantes great numbers of French silk-weavers came and settled, and introduced the poplin-making industry. Their "weavers' hall" is still in existence, though turned to other purposes. The descendants of some of them prospered well, and now French names belong to some of our most considered people. We have so many Huguenots yet amongst us as to necessitate a special graveyard for their use, a walled place between houses in Merion Row, which not one out of every fifty passers-by knows to be a graveyard.

Returning once more citywards, one passes many haunts of the fine gentlemen of the last century, the Mohocks, the duellists and swashbucklers, for whom *noblesse oblige* bore strange meaning. On Cork Hill was Luca's coffee-house, their famous resort, where they met and emulated their London brethren in the wildest excesses. They were individual, indeed, in their love of duelling. On the crest of one of the mild and gracious hills which ring Dublin about stand, naked and forlorn, the ruins of the Hell-Fire club-house, whereto the choice spirits who composed the club were wont to resort from time to time. Strange stories are told about this place. Paces were measured for many a pair of fine gentlemen here; the constant killing-off of the members saved the club from congestion, no doubt. But the great duelling-ground was the Fifteen Acres out in Phœnix Park, that lovely wildwood, with its green glades and winding roads, its pleasant pastures, and thorn-bushes all white in spring.

Coming back to College Green, one may see, if one will, the House of Lords, which the governors of the Bank of Ireland have kept intact. The House of Commons, with its memories of Grattan, is the cash-office of the bank, and all the rest, the speaker's robing-room and other chambers devoted of old to the legislators, are now the various offices of the bank. The House of Lords is a stately chamber, panelled all in oak and with oak pillars, and arched sedilia at either end, and finely carved mantel-pieces. The walls are hung with gigantic tapestries in fine preservation, representing the battle of the Boyne and the siege of Derry. Down the centre of the room goes a long, polished table, whereat my lords were wont to sit deliberating, on those solid and massive chairs which now are only used by the governors of the bank at their half-yearly meetings. An obliging porter will point out all this to you, elucidating dark points. Of course, the Commons' chamber is altogether despoiled of its belongings. In St. Andrew's Church, at the head of Suffolk Street, is the great chandelier which lighted it; at Leinster House, in

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the board-room of the Royal Dublin Society, stands the speaker's chair; Lord Massareene and Ferrard, the grandson of John Foster, the last speaker of the Irish House of Commons, holds in trust the speaker's mace, which his grandfather refused to surrender to any body save that which had entrusted it to his keeping. Sir Joshua Barrington gives one a *coup d'œil* of the famous and less famous personages who thronged those long corridors, and lounged on the benches of this chamber, now consecrated to the money-changers. He has a delightful chapter on the lesser parliamentary lights. What brilliant days those were! The shadows of '98 had not yet gathered, and the United Irish Society was in just so much favor that the ladies dancing at the balls in the Rotunda wore their sacques of white brocade, powdered with silver shamrocks, or of tabinet of silver with the green worked in. The Rotunda was the Irish Ranelagh, and the fine folks promenaded here in the morning and danced here at night. Dublin City was very splendid during the viceroyalty of the Duke of Rutland. His beautiful duchess, Isabella, "as beautiful as any woman in Ireland, and more beautiful than any other in Christendom" (says a pro-Irish chronicler of the day), led all the mad gaiety. Sir Joshua Reynolds painted her in her great hat and powdered curls, her sacque and petticoat, and dainty, high-heeled shoes. Some such dress she wore at a Rotunda ball: a pink silk with a stomacher and sleeve-knots of diamonds; a large brown velvet hat, with knots of pink ribbon, and a great profusion of diamonds—so some *Belle Assemblée* of the time tells us. Once she went clattering down in her grand equipage to mean Francis Street, to see a Mrs. Dillon, the wife of a woollen-draper, whom rumor had declared to be a more beautiful woman than herself. The frank duchess was delighted with her rival's dignity and sweetness, and taking her by the two hands and kissing her white forehead, "My dear," she says, "you are the most beautiful woman in the three kingdoms."

In the twenty years following the Volunteer movement and preceding the Union Dublin throve incredibly. In Rutland Square lived ten earls, to say nothing of other peers spiritual and temporal, with a host of honorables and right honorables.

Sackville Street, a shady boulevard then with overhanging lime-trees, held the town residences of four earls, six viscounts, two barons, and fifteen members of Parliament. Gardiner's Row, Great Denmark Street, North Great George's Street, and Marlborough Street also had their full quota, and this northern part of the city had its birth in those prosperous years. Now it is

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decaying, or decayed, most of it, to tenement houses, except Rutland Square and Sackville Street.

The old houses of Dublin would take a long article all to themselves, with their memories and their dreams. Here in Ireland we have not yet sold our old lamps for new. One delights to furbish it all up again; to hang Leinster House once more with white damask and gold, and people it again with the semi-royal Geraldines; to bring back the Beresfords to Tyrone House; to fill Charlemont House once again with such figures as Mr. Grattan, in his modest suit of brown laced with gold; the Bishop of Derry and Earl of Bristol, in purple velvet, with diamond clasps at the knee, and diamond shoe-buckles; my Lord Gormanston, in pale blue and silver; Lord Taafe, in dove-colored silk; the Earl of Belmont, in white silk, with scarlet heels to his white shoes. And amid all that brilliant group should move Lord Charlemont himself, the friend of Goldsmith and Dr. Johnson and Sir Joshua Reynolds, gentle and grave and dignified, the Mæcenas of artists and poets, he whose rare beauty of character and face and demeanor had made him a loved and honored guest at every court in Europe.

Moira House is now, perhaps, the saddest of all; half workhouse and half jail, it looks docked of its upper story, and stained gray-black with the north wind and the rain. Where is now the splendor that John Wesley saw in 1775?—the octagon room sheeted in mother-of-pearl, where Charles James Fox and Henry Grattan met, whither came Flood and Wolfe Tone, and many another. "Alas!" said the great Dissenter, who loved his noble friends, the Earl and Countess of Moira, well—"alas! that all this splendor should pass away like a dream."

Dublin is a city of the past, and we hope a city of the future. Nay, certainly it is a city of the future, as our country with all her sealed wealth of minerals, her undeveloped richness of natural resources, awaits her future when the richer lands of to-day shall come seeking what they themselves have exhausted. And her people, with their great and wide-spread talent, all fallow for want of education, with their cleaving to the old lamps of faith and religion which less fortunate lands have bartered for worthless will-o'-the-wisps—shall not her people have their future? Surely; and, keeping still to the allegory of the Eastern tale, it may be that by the magic of their unbartered lamps they shall work marvels, and reap riches, before which the Sultan's orchard, with its fruit-trees bearing rubies for apples, and diamonds for dew-drops, and emeralds as large as a man's hand for leafage, shall pale its uneffectual fires.

KATHARINE TYNAN.

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SATANKE, THE KIOWAH: A REMINISCENCE.

THERE was a lull in Indian troubles on the plains in 1856. Early in the fall, however, several massacres of whites followed each other in quick succession on the lower routes to Utah and California. This unpleasant news was brought to me near Pike's Peak one September evening by an express-rider who, dismounting at the camp-fire with legs stiffened pothook-shape by hard riding, handed me a crumpled letter from William Bent of Bent's fort, one hundred and fifty miles below. Briefly stating the facts, Bent urged me to hasten down to the fort, adding that he was just starting for Kansas City with his wagon-train on his annual fall trip.

My objects were sport and health; my party consisting of one younger hunting companion, L——; a cook; a wagon-driver; two Mexican hostlers, and a guide, Charley Aut'Bees, the last named a mountaineer and Indian fighter of long experience. And we were in a veritable hunter's paradise—a thing much talked of but seldom found, embracing in this instance the *Fontaine qui Bouille*, the "Divide," and the South Park, primeval haunts fit to have been the hunting grounds of Diana; neutral Indian ground, trodden only by passing war-parties, big game "after their kinds" idled undisturbed on the rich gramma plains and mountain slopes, and in the deep forest arcades of the pine and spruce-covered Divide. But it would have been folly to disregard Bent's warning, and it being near the time set for our return to the States, the camp under the balsam pines was struck, and in no pleasant mood toward the redskins we turned our backs on the mountains where for some months we had enjoyed noble sport to our hearts' content. One after another the rugged ranges sank behind us, last of all Pike's Peak, fading into the western sky like a slow-vanishing cloud, and in due time travelling down the Arkansas valley, we had arrived near the fort, congratulating ourselves that we had seen no Indians, only a broad lodge-pole trail, quite fresh, leading south across the river, a circumstance upon which we felicitated ourselves as indicating that the hostiles had quit the scene of their deviltries for fear of a reckoning with the troops. The sun was within an hour of setting when we ascended the bank of an arroyo whence we had the first view of the fort, still three miles below. There

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it was, and right glad we were to see its friendly gray walls rising sharp and clear above the yellowish green and purple of the frost-touched cottonwoods opposite; the lonely pile, the broad sweeping valley flanked by its massive brown hills, and the eastward stretch of turbid river that flashed like liquid metal under the oblique sun, all looking as calm and peaceful as a Sunday evening within the sound of church bells. All this I had but glanced at as we halted a moment, when Aut'Bees exclaimed, "Look at the lodges!"

Following his gaze I could see the faint outlines of a hundred white cones on the north side of the fort. Indian lodges I at once knew they most likely were, but it was just possible they might be the conical Sibley tents of the United States troops, though I had not heard of an expeditionary force having been ordered to the plains that year. I suggested the Sibley-tent theory to Aut'Bees. "No, sir!" said he, "I've seen too many lodges. That's Injuns—Cheyennes, I reckon—and they've taken the fort, or, maybe, are starvin' it out." Then, turning to me and L——, he added: "Gentlemen, I've brought you right into the wolf's mouth. It's my fault. I ought to have been ahead, keepin' my eyes skinned for this." A closer look satisfied me that the objects were really Indian lodges. Our congratulations had been premature. What was to be done? Two courses were open: one to turn and try to get away, the other to put on a bold face and take the chances of fighting our way into the fort, supposing it to be still held by Bent's people.

As to the first, we felt sure we had already been seen by the Indians, and our animals being leg-weary from a long, rapid march—forty miles that day—we would be overtaken before sunset by our pursuers on their fresh ponies. And besides, there was nowhere to go; behind us only the wide, bare valley down which we had come, and on every side for hundreds of miles a wilderness—Fort Laramie on the north, Council Grove on the east, Salt Lake City on the west, and Taos on the south, being the nearest civilized habitations, and about as available to us as if situated in the moon.

The second alternative offered little better hope. None of my men, except Aut'Bees, knew the use of firearms. The fighting, if it came to that, would have to be done by myself, L——, and Aut'Bees. But this course was resolved upon without many words. The extra arms and ammunition were placed forward in the wagon, and, recapping our rifles and tightening our six-shooter belts, the march was resumed, Aut'Bees and L—— riding

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abreast with me, the two Mexicans and the express-rider behind us, and the wagon, drawn by four mules, following close. We had not gone far before a single Indian was seen on the hills to the north riding at full speed towards the fort, and as we advanced others appeared silhoueted against the sky-line, all hurrying towards the same point. Presently large herds of horses were rushed in from the plains from several directions, mounted herders dashing furiously after them, while they tossed their long manes and scampered along pell-mell, leaving trailing lines of mist-like dust in the still air, all converging towards a common centre at the fort. Evidently our small party excited a great commotion, and Aut'Bees shook his head in silence with an expression of distress very unusual on his grave, weather-beaten face. When within a mile of the fort a body of mounted warriors, about a hundred strong, moved out and halted on the hill in front of the lodges facing us.

"There they come!" said Aut'Bees. The next moment he put his horse into a canter till he placed himself a hundred yards ahead, humming an old Canadian French song as he came to a walk again. I had to call peremptorily to him before he would fall back. He meant to be the first to meet the danger for which he considered himself to blame. A little further on we surprised an old squaw washing a garment at a water-hole. She was terribly frightened, and evidently expected to be shot down on the spot. When she recovered her breath, being questioned by Aut'Bees (who, besides English, French, and Spanish, spoke a number of Indian languages), she said the Indians at the fort were Kiowahs. "Worse and worse!" exclaimed he; "the meanest, bloodiest devils of 'em all!" Meanwhile the horsemen on the hill remained stationary where they had halted. At every forward step of our horses we were watching for the moment when they would get in motion for the swoop down upon us.

"Mighty strange!" muttered Aut'Bees, as he kept his eyes fastened on their compact ranks, for we were now within rifle-shot. And so on up the slope, almost brushing their line in order to pass between them and the north wall of the fort, and looking into their eyes as we rode by at a walk. Each Indian had a rifle across his saddle, a bow and quiver slung over his shoulder, while many also wore revolvers. But they sat motionless on their horses, and, except that their eyes followed us with a scowl of keen scrutiny, they might have been so many equestrian bronzes so far as any outward signs of life went. There was a mystery somewhere, but we thought they were now wait-

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ing till we passed them, and Aut'Bees declared afterwards that, expecting to feel an arrow between the ribs, his muscles bunched and hardened till he felt as if a half-ounce ball would have glanced from his back. Turning down the east wall the double gates were thrown open from the inside and closed as soon as we entered. In the courtyard we were warmly welcomed by Mr. Mills, the clerk, who had been left in charge with three or four employees during Bent's absence. He quickly explained that the Kiowahs, under their most hostile chief, Satanke, had encamped there soon after Bent left, and had demanded of him every day to open the gates; but he had so far kept them off by telling them that U. S. troops were on the march towards the fort, by which ruse he was hoping against hope to gain time till help from some unknown source might turn up.

"They think," said he, "that you two are army officers riding ahead with a mess-wagon, and that the troops are behind." The light now began to dawn on us. Our opportune appearance confirmed Mills's story in the minds of the Indians. Hence the excitement in camp and their strange behavior in allowing us to pass into the fort. For, though killing white men, they were not yet quite at open war with the government. In fact, the latter was by no means always or necessarily a consequence of the former. At that early day—some years before the discovery of silver and gold in what is now the flourishing State of Colorado—besides the traders, all of whom were well known to the Indians, but two classes of travellers were seen on the plains, viz., emigrants for the Pacific coast and Utah and the troops of the United States. My animals and equipments were not of the kind generally used by emigrant parties, and the Kiowahs, seeing the apparent confidence with which we approached, fell readily into the mistake, a very lucky mistake as it proved for us. I say "apparent confidence." It was, in fact, only apparent and not by any means real.

Confident we were that we were in a bad scrape, each one feeling as he glanced back at the setting sun that it was his last look at the glorious king of day, and only those having felt the strain of a situation admitting no reasonable hope of escape could appreciate the rebound of exhilaration on finding ourselves inside the fort with our scalps on, safe at least for the moment. Within the walls we had a possible fighting chance, though the gates might be broken in or the walls scaled if the Indians should make a determined effort to do either. In a few minutes a knocking at the gates announced Satanke, who, accompanied

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by Pawnee and two other sub-chiefs, asked to see *el capitan*, meaning myself, and they were admitted to the council-room, where, in company with L——, Aut'Bees, and Mills, I held a talk with them in Spanish, a language generally spoken by the Kiowahs and Comanches. I did not feel called upon to explain to them that I was not an officer, but only a plain civilian. The only hope for us was in the deception, and I took the *rôle* without any ethical scruples. The room was rather small, elliptical in shape, and bare of furniture except stone benches built around the sides. The chiefs declined to be seated, Satanke taking his place standing before me. He was of medium size but strongly built, with dainty hands and feet and delicate features. But big, bloodshot, cloudy eyes looked out from this handsome face with a mixture of cunning, boldness, and ferocity, and deadly hate of the white man; a sneering smile played about his clean-cut, thin upper lip, on which grew a few black moustache hairs, and his voice grated like the low growl of a mastiff. His face, under the excitement of the "talk" that followed, and which was substantially as given below, would have been the envy of any stage Mephistopheles. Without any of the usual formalities of the pipe he said to me:

"The Great Father at Washington has broken his promises to the Kiowahs. He has a forked tongue," suiting the action to the word by the Indian gesture of shooting, as it were, the opened fore and middle fingers from the mouth.

I replied: "It is the Kiowahs who have forked tongues; you have violated your treaty with the Great Father and have been killing white men and robbing trains. What have you got to say to this?"

"The Kiowahs are on the war-path," said he, his eyes growing fiery, "and take scalps of whites who scare off the buffalo. Let the Great Father give us more annuities and stop sending soldiers into the Kiowah country."

"The Great Father is very patient," I replied; "but if any more white men are killed he will send out plenty of soldiers and wipe out the Kiowahs." He glared a moment and toyed alternately with the handles of his sixshooter and butcher-knife as if he would like uncommonly well to take my scalp then and there, but contented himself with asking abruptly:

"How many soldiers have you coming down the road?" To which I answered, "You can count them when you see them." "When will they be here?" asked he. "That," said I, "you will know, too, when they come."

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These answers evidently disappointed him and seemed to exasperate him almost beyond his self-control, but finding himself baffled he made a short harangue denouncing the white man, extolling the prowess of the Kiowahs, and intimating that he had half a mind to capture the fort and string our scalps to his saddle-horn before the troops arrived, the other chiefs grunting "A how! A how!" Knowing the necessity of a bold face in dealing with Indians, and assuming a calmness which, it may be imagined, I did not entirely feel, I told him if we had been afraid of the Kiowahs we would not have ridden ahead to the fort, that my party was small, but we had good guns and knew how to use them. It was a relief when this powwow was over. More than once it seemed about to end in violence; but Satanke, though in a rage, was too astute a chief to risk a doubtful move just then. His object was information. So, growling a curt "Adios," he strode out, followed by the others, and the gates were barred after them. About 9 o'clock in the evening there was another knocking and another request to see *el capitan*. Stepping outside I was met by a tall, elderly warrior muffled in his robe, who saluted me gravely, and after a pause asked how many troops were coming. I gave him about the same answer as that given Satanke, telling him it was probable he would see for himself when the time came. This seemed to give him matter for reflection, for he paused a full minute again, then asked when they would arrive. To this I replied that it would depend on their horses. Another pause, another grave bend of the head, and he took his leave, and the gates were again closed. Our little party took turns standing guard, mine falling at midnight. The half moon was sinking in the west, and while its pale light lasted the lodges, which were within arrow-shot of the fort, were plainly visible from the walls. All was tranquil and silent there as a churchyard. The Kiowahs seemed to be good sleepers. There was not even the whine of a hungry cur or the snort of a restless horse.

A wolf's tremulous howl floated up now and then from the far southern hills, a wild, wailing cry as of some unhappy spirit wanderer. But no other sounds broke upon the deep, all-pervading silence that lends to night on the great plains a solemnity and impressiveness unknown elsewhere. The weirdness of the scene carried me into the past of this strange, wild region, when this fort was built, and to the earlier years of the century, when the other, the original Bent's fort, stood thirty miles above at the mouth of the Purgatoire—"Pickettware," as known to Amer-

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ican trappers and traders. The former or new fort, a large hollow square of massive stone masonry, was built by William Bent after the Mexican war, and was resorted to by the Comanches, Kiowahs, Cheyennes, and Arapahoes for the disposal of their peltries, aggregating an annual trade of many thousands of dollars. Old Bent's fort was destroyed by fire about the year 1848, leaving rather imposing ruins which afforded shelter long after to passing hunters. It was also a trading-post, but a yet more extensive and elaborate structure, built after military models, with turrets, bastions, and portholes, its architecture somewhat ornate, and from its highest tower the "Stars and Stripes" always floated on the breeze, a well-known signal of hospitable welcome and security to the traveller who braved the perils of the wilderness. Here lived the Bent brothers, the eldest of whom, Charles, was the first military governor of New Mexico; men of nerve and enterprise, full of the spirit of bold adventure, and sportsmen of the first water. Here, too, was the courtly St. Vrain, while Kit Carson, John Hatcher, Tim Goodell, and many another pioneer of the Far West found a common rendezvous and good cheer within the baronial walls. Around these two forts cluster the history and traditions of the upper Arkansas prior to 1861.

But the moon has set an hour since. Even the violet afterglow suffusing sky and cloud above the western horizon has vanished with the night queen's descending train. The lodges are no longer visible in the darkness. But from the unbroken silence over there doubtless bucks, squaws, and papooses are all still wrapped in a common slumber, and the dusky Kiowah maiden is dreaming in her mother's lodge of her warrior lover. Calling the next guard I turned in, and had slept but a few minutes, as it seemed to me—though in fact it was some hours—when Mills, in a state of great excitement, roused me and told me to follow him. Not doubting it was an attack, I caught up my rifle and pistol and hurried out. It was just at daybreak, and, to my surprise, the big gates were standing wide open. Mills was outside, and, pointing to the site of the lodges with a smile, said: "Look there!" However, nothing was to be seen but the bare plateau and the shadowy outline of the northern hills looming up beyond in the gray dawn. Not a vestige of the Kiowahs or of their camp was left. Between moondown and morning they had struck their lodges and gone in silence; and so silently did they steal away that, though within speaking distance of the fort, not a sound of preparation was heard by our guards, not a voice or a foot-

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fall, while several hundred Indians took themselves off with their lodges and all their effects, and some thousands of horses. With equal truth and aptness, if less of poetic fancy, might Longfellow have substituted "Indians" for "Arabs" in his oft-quoted lines. My evasive answers to Satanke and the elderly warrior as to the numbers of my supposed troops and the time of their arrival were doubtless construed unfavorably, probably as indicating an intention to call the Kiowahs to account for their late atrocities, and, having their women and children and live stock at the camp, the chief thought it prudent to get out of the way.

Whither they went I never knew, but they left the road clear, and the next day we continued our long ride of eight hundred miles to Kansas City. At the fort, however, we parted with Aut'Bees, who with the two Mexicans returned to his winter quarters in New Mexico, taking the same road by which we had come. I may mention that when two days out he was attacked by forty Ute Indians, whom he fought from his wagon for several hours, killing and wounding a number and finally whipping them off, though he was shot through the right arm early in the fight. With a commanding figure that might have stood for an Apollo, simple-hearted, brave and true, a dead shot, a wonderful rider and a keen hunter, Charley Aut'Bees was a fine specimen of the Rocky Mountain pioneer, whose daily life of adventure and peril was more like high-wrought romance than reality.

A word more as to the chief of the *dramatis personæ* of this reminiscence. Early in the seventies the press of the country published the horrifying details of the torture and butchery by Indians of the teamsters of a large wagon-train in northern Texas. Shortly afterwards three Kiowah chiefs, Satanke, Satanta, and Big Tree, were arrested at Fort Sill by the military, they having boasted openly that they had killed the teamsters. It was said that these chiefs had planned the capture of General Sherman, then *en route* through Texas from San Antonio to Fort Sill, and failing in this had wreaked their thirst for blood on the luckless trainmen. Whether there was any foundation for this rumor or not, the three were turned over to the civil authorities of Texas, were tried before the State District Court having jurisdiction of the offence, and, being duly convicted of the murder of the teamsters, were sentenced to the penitentiary for life. It was in a border country without railroads, and they were placed, handcuffed and shackled, in a wagon and started for Huntsville under an armed guard, who rode with them in the wagon. While on the road one of the Indians suddenly snatched

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a knife from the belt of the driver of the wagon, and with it stabbed to death and wounded several of the guards before he was shot down. This was Satanke. Unnoticed by the guards, with his teeth he had bitten and torn the flesh from that small hand of his until he could slip it out of the handcuff. Rather than go in chains to prison he chose to die, his hands wet with the white man's blood, and the war-whoop of exultant vengeance on his lips.

HENRY C. KING.

San Antonio, Texas.

THE THIRD CONGRESS OF COLORED CATHOLICS.

ON January 5, 1892, the Third Congress of Colored Catholics convened in the city of Philadelphia. There were present about fifty delegates from different parts of the United States: east as far as Boston, west as far as St. Paul, Minn., and south as far as Galveston, Texas. It is a trite saying that every American is by birth a public speaker; every man at the Colored Congress proved his Americanism. From the old gentleman who made the speech of welcome on the part of Philadelphia, and whose utter indifference to all the rules of grammar and of rhetoric amused the congress, up to the scholarly gentleman from Boston, who replied to the speech of welcome, every man proved his right, judged by this standard, to rank as an American of Americans. There was talk at the congress, plenty of it, but there were ideas behind it; and the result of the talk is work already accomplished and work planned for the future.

These congresses are answers, indirect yet complete, to the queries, "What are the colored people doing?" "What progress are they making towards the church?" Let any one who is desirous of information on these points go to the next congress of colored Catholics; let him see there men from different parts of the Union, representing all the peculiarities of their localities and past careers, and let him judge for himself what the colored people have been doing in the past, what they are doing in the present. He will perceive the effects of education, generously given in many

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cases by the state or by private individuals; he will discover what the church has done and what she has left undone; and he will behold in mental vision a picture of the glorious harvest which is ripening for the church in this particular field, if there can be found laborers enough to do the reaping.

On the morning of January 5 Rev. Augustus Tolton, of Chicago, celebrated the High Mass in St. Peter Claver's Church, which was occupied by the delegates and a large congregation of white and colored people, many of the latter being Protestants. Archbishop Ryan, of Philadelphia, and Bishop Curtis, of Wilmington, assisted in the sanctuary. Immediately after the Mass the congress went into session, and continued its sittings, with the necessary interruptions, until the evening of January 7. There were differences of opinion on many matters, and these were ventilated in some instances pretty extensively; nevertheless, a most edifying brotherly spirit was ever maintained. So the work of the general assembly and of the various committees went along smoothly, and this without any supervision by the priests who attended, for it was a laymen's congress, and, indeed, a colored laymen's congress.

A permanent organization was effected, committees were formed to take in charge different branches of work, many papers of interest to both Catholics and non-Catholics were read, and finally to many heretofore ignorant—not through malice but misfortune—was brought a true idea, though a vastly incomplete one, of the Catholic Church and her teachings.

The former congresses were experiments, and served two ends: First, to discover where colored Catholics were; and secondly, to find what their will was towards the holding of congresses. The information obtained in some cases was startling. Catholics were found where no one suspected they existed, and, again, it was discovered that in some parts of the Union the Catholic Church was known only as a name to conjure up visions of the most degrading superstitions and of returning slavery. With much joy colored Catholics almost everywhere hailed the holding of the First Congress two years ago. It united them all over the country into a body of over one hundred and fifty thousand by means of their delegates in convention assembled. "Why, down my way I was the only Catholic," said one delegate; "so I went to the congress for company. When I got home again I found myself famous and no longer alone. There were Catholics in my county, but they were afraid to stand up and be counted. The

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congress gave them courage. And so we got together and numbered about fifty, and since then a score or two have come to us by means of conversion."

The Third Congress, then, marks the establishment of a permanent organization. In the future a meeting will be held perhaps yearly, every time in a different city. So there will be the preparing for the congress in different parts of the country: in some, where the Catholics are numerous and therefore respected; in others, where they are few and therefore need sympathy and moral support. There will be the holding of the congress now in this city and again in that, and there will be the after-thinking following every meeting—and so the knowledge of the true church will be diffused far and wide; and the ignorant will have the light forced to their notice, and the seekers after truth will have the chance of finding, and the weak-kneed who require bracing up will see that after all it is a respectable thing, even in the eyes of the world, to be a Catholic.

Several committees other than the regular ones necessary to every convention were formed, not only to gather information and report at the next congress, but also to undertake work in the interim in various parts of the country. One of these is the committee on parish schools. It shall be its duty to inquire into the policy of our Catholic parochial schools towards colored children, and likewise the conduct of colored Catholics towards the parish schools. The colored children pre-eminently stand in need of the Catholic day-schools, and in many cases it is but a slight misunderstanding on one side or the other which prevents the extending or the accepting of the benefits of these schools. Should the committee understand the importance of its trust, and energetically get to work, what a task is in store for it; and correspondingly what an inestimable good it will do its own race, and the church in America! Another committee we might call a building association. It shall be its duty to assist in raising funds for Catholic churches and schools for colored people, where they already exist, and undertake to encourage their establishment in new localities. Again a committee with a sacred duty and a heavy burden. Should this committee do its work faithfully and successfully, what a help it will be in the future to missions now struggling almost hopelessly with heavy debts! Its scope is well-nigh limitless, the means at hand are insignificant, and so the delegates who compose it have steeled themselves against despair, knowing it is God's work and in time will prosper, even if they

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are but planting the seed and may never live to tend the plant, much less gather the harvest.

The papers read at the Congress were of an interesting and instructive character. Let us take notice of but two: the paper on separate churches and that on the policy of the church towards slavery. In the first was shown the necessity of separate churches from the present state of things—separate churches in this sense: that colored Catholics are free to attend any Catholic church they please, but should have one in which they may feel some personal interest; and then the benefit of these separate churches as seen from those already in existence. They have done a great deal of good previously neglected and have hindered no other good by their special work. The other paper showed the policy of the Catholic Church towards slavery from the very beginning, and that the church, wherever she was free and strong enough to do it, always and absolutely abolished slavery. It showed that the church is superior to her children; and that if these ever draw the color line, they do so in direct opposition to the teaching and the policy of their Holy Church. These two papers, not to speak of the others equally as good, will give much information even to the delegates present at the congress; they will be remembered and spoken of in many places, and so they will go far to instruct ignorance and remove prejudice.

One point which is brought prominently forward at every congress, and thus given time and time again to the notice of new observers, was that there is one place where black may meet white and fear no color line, and that sacred place is the altar of the Catholic Church. When a black priest celebrates Mass, assisted by several brother priests of the white skin, and when an archbishop, great by reason of his personal virtues and of the magnificent diocese over which he presides, humbly kneels in adoration of the Sacred Host raised in that black priest's hands, there is presented to the colored race of America the assurance of a sanctuary from the wide-spread unchristian persecution it suffers on account of color of skin. In this country the curse of the color line follows every child of the race from the cradle to the grave, and sometimes finds a place even at the grave-side. But it must stop at the altar-rail of the Catholic Church. It is an unholy thing and dare not stand in the sanctuary. This point was strongly presented by the scene in St. Peter Claver's Church on January 5; was spoken of by

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many Protestants present at the Mass; will be treasured in the memory; and, under God's providence, will in time have an effect in many conversions.

The *personnel* of the Congress was most interesting. There was the old man, who had seen the days of slavery and suffered in them, a Catholic before the war, a Catholic since, supported in time of trouble by his holy faith, guided by it now in times of peace, secure in the hope of eternity, in his charity striving to forget and forgive the past. There was the returned Catholic: a Catholic before the war, afterwards thrown among Protestants and joining their ways, till the faith of his youth sought him out and brought him back; now rejoicing in his two-fold liberty. Then there was the young Catholic born since the war, knowing nothing of slavery save through tradition, seeing in himself no difference from his white brothers but the difference of skin, wondering why this and this alone should bless the one and curse the other, and railing hotly at the indignities heaped upon his race even in our days; and finally the young converts—young men of superior education, ready speakers, good debaters, possessing much school-learning—and of course, as in every intellectual convert, of intense and aggressive Catholicity. These last furnish the church with much hope and consolation, for they show that wherever among the colored people education has been most enjoyed, there the church finds material for useful and consoling converts.

THOMAS M. O'KEEFE.

Church of St. Benedict the Moor, New York City.

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EVEN-SONG FOR EASTER.

THE road winds on to where, against the gold,
The placid hills are dreaming, great and old;
Gray-green as glassy seas
Where shoaling water is;
The mists are curling in the valleys cold.

Sweet is the time. The little lambs are strong,
The birds sing many leafless boughs among;
The bare trees lift their crest
Plumy against the west;
The sap stirs in their branches; they are young.

Thou clothest the clouds with silver, and with green
The hedge-rows and the sheeny fields between.
About the time Thy Son
Slew sin and death in one,
The resurrections of the world begin.

Thou callest the night that cometh from the sea,
As smoke along the mountains bloweth she;
And in the gold lies prone
Leviathan o'erthrown:
The white mists from the lowlands answer Thee.

Father of all, if we should see but once
The splendor of Thy planets and Thy suns,
'Twere heaven; but we are dull,
And often seeing, full
Ungrateful as the veriest boor and dunce.

Yet still of Thy sweet Will most heavenly things
Thou mak'st, not asking human thanksgivings,
True to Thy hand and Thought,
Patient where Thou hast wrought:
Surely some day Thy worms shall find their wings!

KATHARINE TYNAN.

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THE OLD WORLD SEEN FROM THE NEW.

THE newspapers have been filled for the last few weeks with sensational telegrams about a universal strike of miners in England. To say the least, these reports have been misleading, for there has been no strike, properly so called, and the cessation of work has been far from universal. The truth of the matter is that, in order to prevent an impending diminution of wages, the Miners' Federation recommended that work should be suspended for a time, that stocks might be run down and prices kept up. This plan, initiated by the men, was not opposed by many of the employers, so that no conflict between the two parties has taken place. Nor has the cessation of work been universal, for of the 600,000 miners in the three kingdoms the Miners' Federation influences only 175,000, and not even the whole of these have fallen in with the suggestion. The Durham miners, it is true, have also ceased work; but this is an independent movement. In fact, the latter is in reality a strike against a proposed reduction of wages, and it is only so far as regards them that a strike exists. We have thought it worth while to make this explanation, for we do not wish our readers to lose the hope to which we referred last month, that a strong feeling against strikes is taking root among working-men in general, and that the repugnance to this method of settling disputes to which we referred in our last has not ceased to gain ground.

The so-called strike is, therefore, an effort initiated by the miners to prevent, by curtailing the supply, a fall in prices—a fall which is recognized by employers and employed alike as otherwise inevitable. The question is, whether such a course can succeed? The fall of prices is due, it would seem, to causes which cannot be controlled by the parties interested in coal-mines alone—chiefly to the diminution in the demand from South America upon the rail-mills, the engine-works, and manufactories of Great Britain—a diminution due itself to the great Baring panic of 1890, from which the world of commercial enterprise has not yet recovered. The want of those orders has affected the freight market and the railways. The American tariff has crippled the textile manufactures. How can the non-production of some

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5,000,000 of tons out of a total annual production of 182,000,000 of tons prevent a fall in price which is due to causes of so wide-spread a character? Besides, there is the probability that the large purchasers of coal will be able by economies to diminish consumption, and so, even were the other causes inoperative, to prevent the main object of the movement; while on the poor, who buy by the hundred-weight, the main burden will be thrown. It would seem, therefore, that the movement is ill-advised, the more so as the employers will save some £500,000 by the non-payment of the wages which the men will lose—a loss which would almost equal the reduction of wages by five per cent., to avert which the plan was adopted. This in advance appears to be the probable result. We shall have to wait for a short time to see whether these anticipations will be realized.

Although the year 1890 and the strikes which took place during its course may seem to belong to a remote past, yet, if an account which can be relied upon as accurate and complete is to be given, time must be allowed for its compilation. Accordingly, the report of the labor correspondent of the Board of Trade of the strikes of that year will be valued by every student of labor questions. This report contains 362 pages, and gives a large number of curious and interesting facts, to which, of course, we cannot in the space which is at our disposal give but the briefest reference. Of the strikes which took place in 1890 62 per cent. were for an increase of wages, or for maintaining wages at their former rate. In 60 per cent. of these strikes to prevent a diminution the men were successful. For the reduction of the hours of labor only 23 strikes were undertaken, and of those 43.5 per cent. were successful, and 26.0 per cent. partly successful. The strikes for the defence of trade-union principles were unusually numerous, but they were attended by an unusually high proportion of failures, the percentage of victories for the masters being 57.6 per cent., while in the "sympathetic" strikes the percentage was as high as 63.1. But on the whole the result of the strikes was favorable to the men. This will readily be seen from the following figures: In the completely successful strikes 213,000 persons took part, in the partially successful 60,000 persons, while in the strikes which wholly failed only 101,000 were engaged. If we consider the pecuniary aspect of the struggle the details are not sufficient for a very complete account. The report analyzes only 232 strikes out of the total for the year of 1,028. Before these 232 strikes the estimated

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weekly wages were £244,000; after the strikes, £261,000. Seven were unsuccessful and caused a loss of £1,000, so that there was a profit of £16,900 in weekly wages. To gain this advantage the workers forfeited £578,000, and had to expend in strike-pay sums which brought the total up to £675,000. At the new rate of wages, it would take forty weeks of uninterrupted work to enable the men to recover the losses involved in these successful strikes.

The elections for the London Council, besides their political aspect, with which we are not concerned, have an important bearing upon many social, economical, and industrial problems of the present time. The vast size of the county, which has a population of nearly five millions living within an area of 120 square miles, cannot but render social experiments on so large a scale influential, either for good or for evil, upon the rest of the country—perhaps even upon the rest of the world. The battle which has just been fought, and which has resulted in a decisive victory for the Progressives, had as the point at issue the question whether private enterprise or municipal and public were to be predominant. The Progressives wished to acquire for the council, and for the council to carry on, the water companies, the gas and electric-light companies, the docks and the tramways, businesses worth nearly five hundred millions of dollars, giving employment to at least 40,000 men, and involving a patronage of fifteen millions per annum in wages and salaries. In the Progressive programme was also included a defined policy with respect to the employment of the working-men. In all contracts it was to be required of the contractors that the trade-union rate of wages was to be paid, while for all those directly employed by the council the eight hours' day and trade-union wages would be the rule. Moreover, the policy of direct employment by the council was to be adopted whenever possible. For all undertakings aiming at obtaining Parliamentary authorization for works in London the council was to endeavor to make such authorization conditional upon their adopting the *maximum* eight hours' day.

The question of the incidence of taxation has long formed an important point with regard to which the Progressives have aimed at reform. In fact, they have deliberately abstained from carrying out much-needed improvements in London because they were of opinion that the fair share of the expense of such im-

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provements would not be borne by the ground-landlords under the present system of assessment. Their programme in this contest included the special assessment of "betterment" on property improved at the public cost, and the revision of local taxation so as to divide the rates between owner and occupier; special taxation of land values, and the absorption of the unearned increment by a municipal death-duty on real estate. For the benefit of the working-classes the council itself was to build and maintain artisans' dwellings and common lodging-houses, and all hospitals, asylums, and dispensaries were to be under municipal control, and, beyond present endowments, to be supported by the rates. Such are the proposals of the authorized programme. There is, however, an unauthorized programme which represents the views of an even more advanced school, the principal advocate of which has been elected to the council. These would have some four hundred thousand rooms erected in the suburbs of London, and for the working-men who are to occupy these rooms free trains morning and evening are to be provided for taking them to their work and for bringing them back. The council was to provide mains to carry water up to the top stories of London tenements, and not only cold water but hot as well. Such are the lines on which the recent battle has been fought, and that the Progressives have won an overwhelming victory shows that ideas which many will denounce as socialistic have been widely adopted in the British metropolis. Strange to say, the candidates who came forward as avowed socialists obtained an insignificant number of votes. An important result of the election is the fact that a small but well-organized band of representatives of labor pure and simple has been returned. Catholics have at least two representatives in the council, but as they are in opposite camps, the Duke of Norfolk in the moderate, and Mr. Costelloe in the Progressive, their influence will be neutralized.

The year 1891 has been pronounced by the United Kingdom Alliance the brightest and most noteworthy in the records of the Temperance movement. This must be taken as true rather in view of the future than of the past. Undoubtedly many events which happened in 1891 have given good grounds for the expectation that the legislative projects of the Alliance will at no distant date be realized and become legislative acts. Nor will any one deny that there is a great work to be done. The annual drink bill for the year has just been published. From this it appears that although the trade of the country, while not

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actually depressed, has been tending towards depression, the amount expended upon drink has increased. In 1890 one hundred and thirty-nine and a half million of pounds sterling were spent in spirits, wine, and beer. In 1891 one million and three-quarters were added to this vast sum, making the total expenditure for the year one hundred and forty-one millions of pounds. This increase is too great for the increase of the population to explain, and gives to each man, woman, and child in Great Britain an expenditure amounting to £3 15*s.* each. Some of the tax-payers grumble at the large sums spent upon the army and the navy; yet the sum paid for beer alone by the inhabitants of England would support two armies and two navies in addition to the civil service. If funded for nine years, it would pay the whole of the national debt and deliver the country from this the largest item in the annual budget. The only consolatory feature revealed by these figures is that, although there has been an increase, this increase was not so great as that of 1890 compared with 1889.

An illustration of the practical effects of this expenditure upon drink is found in the evidence of one of the witnesses before the Royal Commission on Labor. The managing owner of tramp and cargo vessels of Glasgow stated that it was the rarest possible thing for one of his vessels to go to sea with her crew all sober. In nine cases out of ten there were a number of men simply unfit to do any work, and it was, consequently, the custom for vessels leaving Glasgow to anchor at Greenock in order to allow the men to get sober. His firm employed thirteen captains, who all preferred foreign sailors—not because they were cheaper, but because they were more sober, more cleanly, and more ready to submit to discipline. Such are the effects of drink upon its consumers and purchasers. An occurrence at the East End of London will show its effects upon the sellers; that it either so blinds them as to render them unable to see the evils of the trade, or—and this is the more likely—fills them with such effrontery as to make them unwilling to brook any opposition. The vicar of an East End parish has, it appears, organized a vigilance committee for the purpose of watching the public houses and seeing that they keep the law. (This, by the way, would be a useful plan to adopt in our own large cities.) This excited (by its success, we hope) the ire of the publicans, and so they called an indignation meeting to protest against the conduct of the vicar, and to declare that his pro-

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ceedings were (mark the words!) immoral, un-English, and a totally unnecessary interference with a respectable class of tradesmen, who were licensed by the state and who contributed largely to imperial and local taxation. The vicar was also declared to be guilty of intolerance and bigotry because he would not allow the son of a liquor-dealer to sing as a chorister. The meeting, however, was not so great a success as its promoters wished, for the vicar and his friends came in good numbers; but the friends of the trade manifested their own tolerance and charity by not allowing their opponents a hearing.

A decision of the Queen's Bench Division of the High Court in Ireland has made it clear that the law for the regulation of the liquor-traffic in that country is far less satisfactory than it is in Great Britain. It will, perhaps, be remembered that by the celebrated case "Sharp *v.* Wakefield" it was decided that the discretion of the magistrates as to renewing a license was absolute, providing they exercised it judiciously, and that they had a right to refuse a renewal in case it appeared to them that there were too many houses in a locality. But this does not apply to Ireland. The law, as decided by the highest court, takes from the magistrates the power to refuse a renewal or a transfer of an existing license on this ground, and gives to the publican a vested right in the license. We have not heard that any effort has been made to obtain an alteration of the law, and fear that there are among the Irish members too many friends of the publican to render such an effort probable.

The government has introduced into Parliament the Education bill for Ireland, which want of time last year rendered it necessary to defer. The sum of £200,000, which fell to Ireland's share in the apportionment of the funds made in the grant for freeing education, is applied by this bill to giving an addition to class salaries of the teachers; to increasing the remuneration of the assistant teachers; to improving the position of the smallest schools; to the making of a capitation grant, and to the freeing from the payment of school-pence of a considerable proportion of the schools. But this is far from being the most important feature of the bill. Since 1876 elementary education in England, Scotland, and Wales has been compulsory. This, however, was not then extended to Ireland. By the present bill compulsion, to a certain extent, becomes law; that is to say, in the municipal corporations and all towns under commissioners—

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constituting about one-fourth of Ireland—this law will compel parents to send their children between the ages of six and fourteen to school; it will render it illegal to employ children at all under the age of eleven, or to employ them without a certificate of proficiency between eleven and fourteen. As to the rest of Ireland, it will be left for the local authorities to be constituted under the new Local Government bill to decide whether these provisions shall apply to their respective districts. The justification for adopting compulsion is found in the fact that, while in England 12.9 per cent. of the population is in average attendance at the schools, and in Scotland 13 per cent., in Ireland the average attendance amounts to only 10 per cent.; so that there are from 110,000 to 120,000 children who ought to be under instruction if the due proportion of children were sent to school. These statistics do not take into account the children who attend the schools of the Irish Christian Brothers. These receive no assistance from the state on account of their unwillingness to conform to the rules of the Board of Education. It is, therefore, rash to conclude that the real percentage of attendance at elementary schools is represented by the statistics of the state-aided schools.

A very interesting and important point with reference to education in Ireland is the position of the schools with reference to religious education. By law the state insists, as a condition of the grant, upon religious education being excluded during the school hours, in order that the schools may be both secular and mixed. Practically, however, as the chief secretary stated on introducing the bill, a system of denominational schools has been established, and without breaking the law. This is due to the efforts chiefly of Catholics, but also of Protestants where they are found. Both send their children by deliberate choice to schools in which the teachers are of the parents' religion. The result is that to a large extent the secularizing efforts of the state have been defeated by the religious feeling and zeal of the people. This would seem to show the way in which a similar work might be accomplished here, and in an equally legal manner. Let zeal for religion be enkindled, and then the present system may be gradually changed before the laws are altered. This is a method more in accordance with the spirit of the times, and also with the theory of our government. Public opinion and sentiment, and the voice of the people, are the ruling powers, not state-made laws; at all events, the latter have no

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force unless they accord with the former. It must be our business so to form and mould opinion that whether the laws favor religious education or not, the people will, as they have done in Ireland, secure it for themselves.

The international movement for the suppression of the slave-trade, the beginning of which was due to the efforts of Cardinal Lavigerie, seems to be slowly, indeed, but surely attaining success. The objections of the French Assembly to the provisions of the Brussels General Act have been obviated by a modification of the measure; and although France has not actually ratified the treaty, nor yet Portugal, it is generally understood that such ratification is sure soon to be accorded. Moreover, every power except Great Britain has taken practical steps in execution of the agreement; and at last Great Britain is following in the wake. For many years, indeed, she has kept cruisers off the east coast of Africa, and has spent some £100,000 per annum in the suppression of the sea-traffic in slaves. But these efforts leave untouched a large internal traffic of the most cruel character. All porterage of ivory and other goods from the interior to the coast is by means of slaves, no animals being able to live in the districts where the tsetse-fly abounds. The Brussels Act, therefore, recommended either the establishment of stations of armed troops or the opening of railways as a means of suppressing this internal traffic. The British East Africa Company has adopted the latter plan, but being unable itself to find the money, it has appealed to the government for help to build a railway from Mombasa to the Victoria Nyanza. This appeal has been so far successful that a grant has been made of £20,000 for the purposes of the preliminary survey, and this is accordingly being proceeded with. Whether the railway itself will eventually be built will depend, of course, upon the character of the report. Should it be favorable, there seems little doubt that it will be constructed whatever government may be in power; for the sentiment against the slave-trade is very strong, so strong as to be able to overcome the most deeply-seated *doctrinaire* scruples.

The incidents connected with the proposal to erect a statue to Cardinal Newman at Oxford are full of interest. Nor are they without importance as indications of the strength of the various currents of religious feeling in Great Britain. The proposal originated with the non-Catholic members of the Memorial

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Committee, the preference having been given to London as the more appropriate site by the Catholic members. The latter were, however, overruled, and in the name of the committee the Duke of Norfolk applied to the council of the city of Oxford—the body which has the control of public thoroughfares—for the grant of the site opposite to Trinity, Dr. Newman's first and last college. As indicating the influence exerted by Dr. Newman over the most divergent schools of religious thought, it may be mentioned that the subscribers to the statue, although all did not approve of the proposed site at Oxford, included, in addition to the Catholics, several dignitaries of the Church of England, the heads of seven colleges at Oxford, two greatly respected Congregational ministers, the president of the Unitarian Theological College, members of the Presbyterian Church of Scotland, and, as a representative of modern thought of the most unfettered type, Mr. W. H. E. Lecky. On the receipt of the Duke of Norfolk's application, the council referred it to one of its committees, and this committee, without the least hesitation, at once granted the site.

So far all had gone well; but now opposition was roused. The regius professor of divinity, who is so little known to fame that we cannot say whether he is High, Low, or Broad church, felt that by putting up the statue on this spot a wound would be inflicted on his religious susceptibilities. As it happens the site in question is within one hundred yards of the place where Cranmer, Ridley, and Latimer suffered death; and that Newman's statue should be placed so near and should overlook and dominate the situation; that the man who, to quote the professor, "had caused the defection of a larger number of cultivated Protestants from their Protestant faith than any other writer or preacher since the Reformation," the man whose own secession "had dealt a deadly blow on the Church of England," should be thus honored, was more than could be borne; it would be the manifest triumph of ultramontanism over the pure gospel for which the worthy Cranmer reconciled himself in the end to die. Moved chiefly by these considerations, although other grounds of opposition were not wanting, a strong movement arose against the erection of the statue upon the desired site, or, indeed, upon any site in Oxford. A crowded public meeting held in the city protested; a memorial signed by thirteen heads of colleges and thirty-two other resident members of the university, and a petition of nearly two thousand members of

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the university residing in various parts of the country, were presented to the City Council. For some two or three weeks the whole country was agitated by the question. In the end the efforts of the intolerant met directly with only a partial success. As one of the city councillors said: "John Henry Newman was not upon his trial before the Town Council of Oxford, but the city of Oxford was upon its trial." Nor did it stand the test badly; for the offer of the statue was accepted, although upon the understanding that the Broad Street site should be abandoned. But indirectly the opponents gained a complete victory; for it was felt by the friends of Dr. Newman and by the promoters of the movement that it would expose the cardinal's memory to dishonor to persevere in a plan to which so strong an opposition had been offered, and they have accordingly relinquished the project. It is worthy of note that it was chiefly from members of the university that the opposition arose, while the admirers of the cardinal were found in a larger measure among the representatives of the comparatively uneducated people; and that these gained a victory over the cultivated forces of religious rancor and intolerance. We hope that this may be taken as an indication that the heart of the people is being turned towards the faith of their fathers.

The funerals of Cardinal Manning and of Mr. Spurgeon have called forth demonstrations of such wide-spread respect and sympathy on the part of vast numbers of people of every rank and class as to be deserving of special note. Just as it is pleasing to a certain number of idle and somewhat vacuous-minded people to call themselves society, and to ignore all who are outside of their own circle, so it is the fashion of a still smaller number of bookish and—in their own eyes—superior people who have tied themselves to the coat-tails of a few writers who are, for the time being, in vogue to treat religion as a thing of the past, and to look upon themselves and their followers as constituting the sole world of thought and intelligence. And as audacity is a great element of success, their pretensions often cause annoyance and even distress to a wider public. Now, the demonstrations called forth by these funerals show how small and insignificant an impression has so far been made upon the mass of the people. More than this, the cry is often raised by a certain class of weak-minded defenders of religion that the days of dogmatic religion are over: that if religion is to survive at all, it must be under the form of sweetly pretty pietism and sentiment.

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But if any two men in the United Kingdom were types of dogmatism, Manning and Spurgeon were those men. No one who knows anything about either the church or the Baptist denomination will question the dogmatic character of these bodies, and to many of their members the tone of mind and the utterances of these particular teachers seemed at times to border upon exaggeration. And so these popular demonstrations bring home the fact that there is a wide-spread feeling of sympathy for not only religion but also for those who emphasize and bring out the aspect of religion which is most repugnant to the self-advertised class of literary and scientific minds. Our readers will, of course, understand that however much we may in some respects admire Mr. Spurgeon, as we undoubtedly do, we do not intend to place him upon a level with the cardinal. The latter received in its fulness the whole and complete revelation of God as vouched for and interpreted by the "pillar and ground of the truth," and made that revelation the rule of his belief and of his life; he gave up all he had and lived and died a poor man. Mr. Spurgeon was his own church, his own pope, and had no rule but what commended itself to his own private judgment, and, to use the expression of an American reporter, lived "in magnificence and elegance." But they both had great power and influence because they both had a definite message to the world and knew how to deliver that message.

The power and influence of definite dogmatic teaching is being manifested also by the wonderful reception accorded to the head of the Salvation Army. On his recent return to England from his visit to Africa, Australia, and India so large was the number of people who went to welcome him that the service of trains between London and Southampton was thrown into confusion, and on his entry into London the street-traffic was for a long time entirely blocked. It is, of course, to the work which has been undertaken by the general for the bettering of the lot of the poorest of the poor that the chief interest of our readers is attached. As we have already mentioned, one Farm Colony has been commenced and is in fair working order. The principal object of the journey of the general was to secure a suitable place for the "Colony over the Sea." As a result of inspection and inquiry South Africa has been chosen for this purpose, and before long practical steps will be taken to realize this the final part of the Darkest England scheme. In London itself so full

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a provision has been made that the general claims that now no man, woman, or child need pass the night without food or shelter. All that is wanted in order to secure this is that the police should co-operate and send to the "shelters" all the homeless whom they find in the streets. If this is true, it indicates that the success of the scheme has already surpassed the most sanguine anticipations.

After ten days spent in unsuccessful efforts, a new ministry—the twenty-seventh since the establishment of the Republic—has been formed in France. The larger number of this new cabinet were members of the one just defeated. There is, however, a new premier, a somewhat obscure and, as French politicians go, respectable and moderate man. Ostensibly the former cabinet fell upon the question as to the relations between church and state; those, however, who are—or who claim to be—behind the scenes say that the whole proceeding was an ignoble personal intrigue. M. de Freycinet, as is well known, aspires to succeed M. Carnot as President of the Republic. His success as head of the War Department has been so pronounced as to make him very popular with all classes; whereas his position as premier almost necessarily involved the making of enemies and opponents. Therefore he wished to retire to the War Office and to give up the premiership. In M. Constans, moreover, he had a strong rival to his claims, for to him is due the complete defeat of the Boulangist movement, and consequently whatever gratitude a republic is capable of. Consequently the benevolent and magnanimous project was formed of driving M. Constans from the office which had brought him so much honor. In both M. de Freycinet has been successful; he remains at the War Office. M. Loubet is premier, and M. Constans has vanished from the scene.

The policy of the new cabinet, as declared in the declaration of the ministers, is to maintain the existing relations between church and state, and to resist all efforts on the part of the Radicals to bring about the abolition of the Concordat. On the other hand, the attitude of conciliation and of frank acceptance of the established form of government by the bishops and clergy, and by Catholics generally, has been strengthened and confirmed by the letter addressed by the Pope to the French bishops, in which he reminds them that any form of government is good, whether imperial, monarchical, or republican, and that one form

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may be good at one time and another at another time. No form, however, is good except so long as it makes for the common well-being. And as the principle of authority is compatible with various forms, it becomes the duty of Catholics, his Holiness declares, to accept a new form when established. This letter is understood to be the definite acceptance of the Republic by the Holy See, and the as definite renunciation of every alliance with Orleanists, Bonapartists, or the various other claimants of the supreme power. In the programme of the new ministry a long list of measures for the benefit of working-men is included, and, what is new for France, a law for the regulation of the liquor-traffic. Two other items of news will be of interest. The first of these is that a league for the promotion of rest on Sunday has been formed, and is meeting with a large measure of success. The second is that the governor of Paris has directed that the duties of soldiers should be so arranged that they may be able to attend religious services.

In Germany there are tokens of the existence of wide-spread uneasiness and even discontent; nor without reason. When in a country constitutionally governed the sovereign descends into the arena of party politics, and himself takes sides in these contests, especially when this is done in the manner adopted by the emperor, it is not to be wondered that there should be anxiety. And although with many of his measures we cannot but feel sympathy, we are forced to remember that there are bad ways of doing good things, and that the Catholics in Great Britain and Ireland have for many years suffered on account of the impolitic course adopted by King James II. Moreover, among the working-classes there is undoubtedly a great deal of suffering, due to want of employment—a want of employment which is caused to a large extent by the politicians of our own country who passed the McKinley bill. The riots in Berlin found their occasion in this want. It is not fair to lay these proceedings at the door of the Social-Democrats. It was the roughs of Berlin who took part in them, and the Social-Democrats openly disavow all sympathy or participation in them. It is not in Germany only that insufficiency of employment exists; in Vienna, in Buda-Pesth and other parts of Hungary, the working-classes are undergoing a similar misfortune.

Portugal is not the only one of the smaller European king-

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doms which is on the verge of bankruptcy. The financial straits of Greece are so great that the king has had summarily to dismiss the ministry, which has at its back a majority in the Chambers, because it proved itself unable to extricate the country from its embarrassments. The fact is that the ambitious ideas of the present Greeks, based on a too intimate acquaintance with the history of ancient Greece, and a too fond identification of themselves with their predecessors, have led them to form the project of forming a new Hellenic Empire by appropriating territories still under Turkish rule—territories which are claimed by Servia and Bulgaria as well. For this purpose the Greeks have been spending large sums upon the maintenance of an army, and they now find themselves in the somewhat ignominious position of not being able to pay their bills or even to borrow money. It must be confessed that those little Christian kingdoms in the Balkan peninsula offer no very edifying spectacle to the world. They are consumed with fierce jealousy and hatred for one another; and it is only the fear of the great powers of Europe that keeps them from flying at each other's throats. For Bulgaria, however, notwithstanding the somewhat arbitrary proceedings of M. Stambouloff, a certain amount of sympathy can be felt on account of her gallant struggle with the tyrannous force of Russia, and the calm good sense of her people. The assassination of Dr. Vulkovitch, her agent at Constantinople, is the last token of the enmity felt towards her and of the unscrupulous methods adopted to gratify this enmity.

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TALK ABOUT NEW BOOKS.

FANTASTIC was the word chosen by Mr. Crawford to describe his last tale, "The Witch of Prague," and the choice seemed to justify itself to the majority of his readers. It would apply with even greater justice to Mr. George Du Maurier's peculiar novel, *Peter Ibbetson*.* This, we believe, is its author's first venture into literature, though as an illustrator his fame has long been well established. He is evidently capable of making his mark in "black and white," whether in art or letters. Nothing could well be more charming than the earlier portion of the present story; the home at Passy, *la belle Madame Pasquier*, *la divine Madame Seraskier*, the musical father, the French version of Colonel Newcome who told endless fairy tales; Gogo and Mimsey, with their invisible attendants, the Fairy Tarapatapoum and Prince Charming, are all fresh, original, and delightful acquaintances. Excellent, too, and in much the same vein of excellence, are the dream explorations into the France of Peter's ancestors, which occur early in "Part Sixth" of the novel. One understands so easily the cogency of the reason given for not exploring the English side of the joint ancestry of himself and "the Duchess of Towers":

"The farther we got back into France, the more fascinating it became, and the easier—and the more difficult to leave."

As for the dream business, the "sacramental attitude" for dreaming true (on one's back, with the hands clasped under the head, and one's right foot crossed over the left), and all the rest, it seems a great pity to have spoilt so pretty and unique a scheme by hitching it fast to Darwinism, and giving no leeway to the imagination except into the "dark backward and abysm of time." It is not the past but the future one wants to gild with hope—not the mammoth, the mastodon, the arboreal ape, and the bit of animated protoplasm that one seeks for comforting knowledge, not merely if one is built on the type introduced into this world now nineteen centuries ago, but if he still lies prone in mere human nature. "We look to the grave for joy,"

* *Peter Ibbetson*. Edited and illustrated by George Du Maurier. New York: Harper & Bros.

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as a great preacher said once in an Easter-day sermon. The future, as Du Maurier looks at it, is not more Christian than the past, but, if it be anything at all, merely an endless unfolding, at some point in which what men have "always been taught to worship as a *Father*" may turn out to be an "as yet unborn, barely conceived, and scarce begotten *Child*." Now, one of the great beauties of Christianity lies in the combination of those two ideas. The evolutionary scheme hobbles on one painful foot, seeking to grasp but one of them. To grant it even so much is to be too generous, since it is not half so sure of the coming *Child* as it is preposterously cocksure of the non-existence of the conscious *Father*.

*Roweny in Boston** is a clever bit of realism from the good woman's point of view—a point, one may say, in order to make one's self clearer, which is not unlike that taken by Mr. Howells when considering the New England youth of both sexes. Roweny is a bright girl with an artistic turn, who is "sot on goin' to Borston" to study art, and who accomplishes her desire, as every reader will be glad to learn who agrees with "Allestree" that "elsewhere they talk about art; in Boston they love it." A good many of us have visited regions where such a sentiment would be regarded as heretical. Roweny has a variety of experiences in several scales of Boston life, ranging from the vulgar boarding-house and the Spiritualist "*se-ants*," to the Browning class, and the dabblers in theosophy and Christian science. In addition, she has a very modest and prudently conducted love affair, and a streak of good fortune which lands her at last in Paris, and, probably, in one of M. Jullien's studios. Her adventures are told in a crisp, brightly alert fashion which should commend the book to many readers.

Grania† is a painfully pathetic story of Irish peasant life, told without much artistic skill, and yet effective. The scene is not laid in Ireland proper, but in one of the three Islands of Aran, Inishmaan, in Galway Bay. A map of these islands serves as frontispiece to the volume. It is not specially helpful as an aid to the geography of the tale, but possibly it accents more sharply its quality of actuality. The tale is like a boulder out of the live rock on which its slow, uneventful, but tragically intense action passes—as bleak and scantly hospitable to any life less hard and more exacting that that of Grania and her sister

* *Roweny in Boston.* A novel. By Maria Louise Poole. New York: Harper & Bros.

† *Grania: The Story of an Island.* By the Hon. Emily Lawless. New York and London: Macmillan & Co.

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Honor. The girls are half-sisters, and Honor much the elder. Such softening as the bitter realities of a life like theirs admits of is supplied, and well-supplied, to our thinking, by the author's conception of Honor. She is a nun in all but external consecration—a lover, that is, of the Ideal Good, God Himself, to a degree that transforms and glorifies what are, to hearts less pure, the unmixed hardships of actual life. *Grania* is different; a born rebel, who "couldn't bear to be bid or driven by anybody," and hungering with all her heart for natural happiness. Her pains, not purifying ones either, come from her love for a worthless scamp, an idler and drunkard, whose faults she sees with perfect clearness, although among them must be reckoned the nature of his attachment to her, which has no ground except his appreciation of her comparative wealth and his certainty that she will always work for two. The sordid tragedy of it all comes out in a clear-cut way not easy to forget. Honor is touched in with an extreme delicacy and sympathy which seem unusual in a writer who apparently knows Catholic faith only as an outsider. The final scene, where Grania is drowned in her attempt to row through a mighty fog in order to fetch a priest from the larger island to give Honor the last sacraments, comes as a relief. Better the salt sea for a heart like Grania's, than life unblessed with a faith like Honor's, and with no better comfort in view than a Murdough Blake could bring her. The book is deficient in artistic finish and proportion. The chapters lag on idly, one after another, through half its length, without forwarding the action of the tale or adding to one's knowledge of its actors. But, as mere accessories, as bits of landscape, as vigorous sketches of other islanders, they help to complete a vivid impression of what life may be under such grim conditions as those by which the author has chosen to be bound.

Miss Woolley's new novel* is a clever study, from the woman's point of view, of a thoroughly selfish man, entirely unhampered by religious belief, and impervious to the stings of a criticism which he regards as purely conventional. Such men exist, as most of us know from more or less wide experience, and Miss Woolley has pinned one of her specimens to the wall. Not, we suppose, to serve as a direct warning or lesson to their equals. No one would be more likely than Miss Woolley to admit that to the Roger Hunts of our day such novels as hers would afford but slender entertainment. It is a readable novel,

* *Roger Hunt.* By Celia Parker Woolley. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

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none the less, though its lesson, taken at its very best, is not lofty. Roger, when one makes his acquaintance, is a married man with a six-year-old boy, and a wife in an inebriate asylum, a hopeless drunkard. The first chapter reveals him in the act of inducing a not very young girl, who perfectly understands his position, but is deeply in love with him, to elope with him to Europe. Nothing in the religious belief of either prevents his seeking an easily obtainable divorce and putting a legal sanction on this step. The only obstacle to so doing, but an impassable one, lies in the man's "scorn of conventions." He would not seek a remedy at the hands of the law, he would defy it. He could and would be as faithful to his word of honor without as with it. Eleanor is overcome by his invincible will and her own weakness, and they depart. The story of their life together follows, with its waning love on his side, its remorse and grief but ever growing love on hers. At the end of three or four years Roger's wife dies, and the pair are married in fact, and a child is born to them. The history of one of the man's "Platonic attachments" is given at some length, as a sample of many that have preceded it. Eleanor, worn out by the cold indifference of her husband and the pangs of a remorse that apparently measures itself against no standard more absolute than that of the opinion of the people among whom she lives and has lived, dies just after her daughter, now grown up, has learned the truth about her false step in youth. Miss Woolley seems to have had no aim beyond that of showing the far-reaching character of selfishness on its purely human side. She preaches that, even here, no man liveth to himself and no man dieth to himself. In so far, what she has done is well done. But the book is singularly deficient in uplifting qualities. Not a character in it is really sympathetic, nor is the religious motive, which after all is the only one that can ever be counted on to resist the assaults of self-love and pride, or to punish their momentary triumph, brought into any prominence whatever. Moreover, love like Eleanor's is a sentiment one finds it difficult to believe in.

A thoroughly wholesome story, and an extremely entertaining one into the bargain, is *The Blue Pavilions.** It is a mixture of history and imagination. The time is that of William of Orange, when England was still averse to "Dutchmen." William himself and the shifty Earl of Marlborough make their picturesque appearance more than once. Nevertheless, they are, as they should be, but solid and suggestive accessories to the real

* *The Blue Pavilions.* By "Q." New York: Cassell Publishing Co.

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business of story-telling at which "Q." has proved himself so capable. Captain John and Captain Jemmy, and Meg's boy Tristram, carry off all the honors. The book is delightfully old-fashioned in plot and motive, but has a modern lightness of touch, and a cleanliness of execution which ought to give it long life. Much poorer books have already attained a century or two of praise and remembrance. Perhaps they are lauded more frequently and more assiduously than they are read.

A distressingly bad novel, worse in purpose than in execution, is called *Mrs. Leslie and Mrs. Lennox*.* It is not merely unmoral but immoral—as bad in its more circumspect way as the French novels which it imitates. The scenes are laid in New York and Washington, and the virtuous and admirable heroine for whom sympathy is sought is a wife who confides her love for another man than her husband, not merely to him, but to others of her male friends. She is a model mother, and technically proper, inside of the limits just defined. This is "Mrs. Leslie," who, on one occasion, to "get back" the man she loves from her rival, "Mrs. Lennox," is on the point of sacrificing her virtue to "Mrs. Lennox's" ex-husband, a man whom she detests, and is saved from so doing by the merest accident. "Mrs. Lennox" is worse still. As the book lies on all the stands, it is well to warn all those who have any oversight over our young people's reading to protest against it as distinctly bad, and with no redeeming quality in its badness.

It Happened Yesterday† is a more than usually clever story, although it begins in a hackneyed and feeble fashion which is far from promising. The narrator gathers strength as he goes on, and holds his reader's attention to the end of a tale quite out of the common run. Its motive is a psychological one—the thing indifferently called will-influence, suggestion, magnetism, etc. The chief characters are one Madame Jelle, the rich widow of a French manufacturer; a German girl, Frieda von Rothenfels, in whom all the national tendencies toward idealism are raised to their highest potency, and whose patriotism is almost an insanity; Jules Jelle, nephew to Madame, who is as madly French as Frieda is German; and a Russian, Yaransk, a sort of mesmerist, between whom and Jules Jelle exists an ancient league, binding them to hate Germans and Germany to their latest breath. Frieda is at first Madame Jelle's companion, afterwards her most beloved friend. The Frenchwoman has

* *Mrs. Leslie and Mrs. Lennox.* A Novel. New York: Cassell Publishing Co.

† *It Happened Yesterday.* By Frederick Marshall. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

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sought her, on account of what she has heard from Yaransk of the possibility of transferring qualities from one person to another through the influence and will of the stronger of the two. She is herself too prosaic, too practical to enjoy to the full all that seems to her worth enjoying. Frieda has been recommended to her by the bishop of her diocese, to whom her existence, her character, and her need of protection have been made known by her life-long friend and adviser, Canon Müller, a Bavarian priest. The canon has a keen eye for character, and so singular a power of conveying his impressions of it that his letter to the bishop, transferred by the latter to Madame Jelle, inspires in her the hope that as Frieda is overfull of the qualities she lacks, all that is necessary to put them into equilibrium will be an exercise of will on the part of the young girl. This part of the experiment comes to naught. Madame and Mademoiselle each remain what they are by nature. But the two young people are brought together, and the difference between the German and French types, each in extremes, is handled in an unusually effective way. Jules succumbs to Frieda's inexplicable charm, but exerts none over her. She falls, instead, under the deliberately exerted dominion of Yaransk, which is put forth at first as an experiment, but afterward continued in order to deprive Jules of every hope of winning her, and thus hold him true to their plighted hatred of Germany. A curious feature of the novel is that it often reads like a translation, although apparently written originally in English—perhaps by a hand equally accustomed to both French and English.

Sir Edwin Arnold's newly published book * of verses is something of a disappointment to those who remember well some of the lovely things in *With Sa'di in the Garden*. Nothing at all comparable to even the least good poems in a volume which contained nothing that was poor, is to be found in the present collection. Good verses it is perhaps impossible for their author not to make when he makes any, but for this once he has made none likely to cling to fastidious memories. Theme goes for a great deal with him—perhaps, too, he is more dependent for his sentiment than one had been willing to believe on the authors whom he has so often imitated or translated. In this volume he is mainly himself—translating, however, in a few instances, from an original so little worth translating as the Queen of Roumania.

Good as Miss Wilkins's tales of New England life were, there

* *Potiphar's Wife, and other Verses.* By Sir Edwin Arnold. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

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are qualities in her new volume of children's stories which we find as unexpected as they are delightful. They show a quaintness of humor, a bubbling, effervescent fun, an airy fancy, for which her previous work had not prepared us. In saying this we speak chiefly of the first ten stories of the present collection,* where she makes a pretence, so to say, of letting herself loose on a breeze flowing from fairyland, while in reality she has taken care to tie the string of her kite fast to the substantial gatepost of a New England farm. The first story in the book seems to us the least good of all, and hence undeserving of the prominence given it by its position and general sponsorship for what follows. But that once passed—we confess to having laid the book aside for a space after reading it, and too hastily concluding that Miss Wilkins was wading in waters too shallow for her size—the reader finds the rest full of quaint material for unexpected and innocent laughter. The inventions are so odd, as in "The Christmas Monks," for example, or "The Christmas Masquerade" and "Princess Rosetta and the Pop-corn Man." Better than either, perhaps—though it is hard to choose among them—is "The Patchwork School." The details match the conception so neatly that each story stands out in an atmosphere wholly its own. After the semi-fairy tales come half a dozen or so in which Miss Wilkins returns frankly to familiar New England ground, though here too she is writing of and for children. The young ones should be grateful to her if they are at all appreciative. Though they are not so felicitously odd and imaginative as the tales that precede them, the history of Ann Ginnins the "Bound Girl," the "Squire's Sixpence," and poor little Willy's "Plain Case" have excellent qualities of their own. The illustrations, by W. L. Taylor, Childe Hassam, Barnes, Bridgman, and other artists, are particularly good, being for the most part real aids to the imagination.

The idea underlying Mr. Hall Caine's new novel † is not unlike that of his first one, "The Deemster." In each of them there is a victim of expiation, suffering a strange and terrible doom, laid upon him in chastisement for his own faults or sins. The scenes of the present tale lie in Morocco, and the hero is a Jew, Israel ben Olliel, who has incurred the wrath of God and the hatred of his own nation by becoming assessor of tributes to the Moslem governor of Tetuan, and so the visible executor of his unjust exactions. As a matter of fact, he prevents more oppres-

* *The Pot of Gold, and other Stories.* By Mary E. Wilkins. Boston: D. Lothrop Company.

† *The Scapegoat.* By Hall Caine. New York: United States Book Company.

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sions than he causes; but to his fellow-Jews, who hate him on other counts, he seems to be egging on a master who but for him would be a less merciless tyrant. They curse him, and God seems to justify their curse, at first by withholding children from him, and at last, when his prayers and those of his wife, the only creature who loves him, have moved Him, by sending a daughter born deaf, blind, and dumb. She is gifted with wonderful beauty, however, and is the heroine of the novel. The story of her childhood, irradiated by a certain interior light and joy, though shut out from every avenue leading to the external world save that of touch, is told with a good deal of poetic power. One by one, as Israel undergoes the penitential afflictions imposed upon him by an awakened conscience, though the hatred of men seems their efficient cause, the stones laid at the doors of her senses are rolled away in a strange and miraculous fashion. As usual with this author, the prosaic and commonplace does not enter into his imaginative scheme. He is brutal enough in places, but he is never what is called a "realist." He delights in the romantic and the picturesque, even to the extent of incurring the criticism of being weakly fond of them. Vengeance, doom, righteous retribution, and then unexpected Divine mercy, are his favorite themes. He is not so much a novelist as a romancer. The commonplace hampers him, and his imagination will not work in its traces. His style matches his other qualities, and aids in giving his productions a niche by themselves in contemporary fiction.

Emilia Pardo Bazán is plainly an industrious woman. She not merely conducts a monthly periodical, but she does so on the plan adopted by Dr. Brownson in the earlier issues of his famous *Review*, when he was the author of every article they contained. Señora Bazán is said to furnish a tale, an essay, a criticism of some book or books, and of contemporary art, in every number of her magazine. The quality of her work probably varies. Those of her novels we have read certainly differ much in point of excellence, though none has attained it to any high degree. The latest of the numerous translations made from them by Mrs. Serrano is called *The Angular Stone*,* an enigmatical title of which one may give any rendering that occurs to him, none being suggested by the tale itself. As usual, a motive underlies it; in this instance it is a protest against capital punishment offered in a somewhat oblique fashion. The hero is a wretched headsman, despised and put almost beyond the pale of

* *The Angular Stone.* By Emilia Pardo Bazán. New York: Cassell Publishing Co.

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humanity, even by the humane physician who occupies an equally prominent position in the story. Such point as Rojo's history possesses is gained by sharpening the daily facts of his existence against the respect and deference obtained by the lawyers and judges of whose decrees he is the necessary executant. He feels this so deeply himself that, in the end, it drives him to suicide. The question of capital punishment comes up more than once for discussion between certain lawyers and other professional men who meet in a *café*, described with that superabundance of local details unpleasantly characteristic of this author's work. One of them, a young advocate filled with the modern spirit, thinks that the idea of punishment should be abolished, and that of curative treatment substituted, so that the "grotesque horror called the scaffold" may be removed from the civilization of the age, together with "that social enigma called the executioner." He says:

"One of the few mediæval sentiments which have survived to our times, and one which even gains strength every day, is the hatred of the executioner. The executioner is more a pariah to-day than he was in the middle ages. The conviction, vague but strong, exists that he is no more than *a murderer hired by society*. And, speaking logically, what is the difference between saying 'We decide that the prisoner deserves death and we condemn him to death,' and turning a crank? But the magistrate is regarded with respect, the executioner with hatred. Observe that in some of the most advanced nations, the United States for instance, they attempt to abolish the executioner while retaining the death penalty. Either they lynch—which shows an anarchical but frank and youthful state of society, in which all judge and execute—or they kill by electricity, in which method the executioner does not exist. At any rate, a real executioner scarcely inspires me with more horror than such props of the scaffold as Cañamo."

Cañamo is a judge famous for inflicting death penalties. There seems a certain confusion in the mind of a person who finds that executions by electricity require no executioner.

*Renée and Colette** is a badly translated and unimportant story, dealing with the life-history of two sisters by half blood, the elder of whom is illegitimate, but has been adopted by the lawful wife, with her husband's permission, and brought up on equal terms with their daughter. This is Colette, and she possesses all the virtues, some only of which, and those negative ones, have fallen to the share of the younger sister. Their

* *Renée and Colette*. By Debut Laforest. Translated by Mrs. B. Lewis. New York: Cassell Publishing Company.

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story, their love affairs, the long-suffering patience of Colette, and the mean vanity and headstrong obstinacy of Renée, ending at last in Colette's triumph and Renée's late repentance, might not have made a bad groundwork for a thoroughly acceptable tale in the manner of E. Werner. But here they are managed badly—and one fancies that the translator is perhaps as much to blame for it as the author. She describes it herself as an "adaptation," and prefaces it with a Latin quotation and a letter "To My Readers," in which she assures them the tale is a true one. But her meaning seems to be that it conforms to a general truth of life, and not to a particular case of experience. One cannot help thinking that a more particular knowledge of both English and French would have made her avoid such a collocation of words as "whispering incontinent phrases," meaning confused and broken speech, or such a passage as the following, concerning the presence of a *curé* and two Sisters of Charity at the bed of a would-be suicide, whither they had accompanied a doctor:

"Though our ideas may be inclined to philosophize, in regard to quixotism, and our observations for good and evil between the sorrows and uselessness of human existence, be vague, still our duty is to venerate and respect those who consecrate their lives to the alleviation of human ills."

One feels inclined to wager that if any passage resembling this occurred in the original, the resemblance was a singularly remote one. But this, after all, is the small beer of criticism.

Speaking of French, a most excellent aid towards studying the literature of that language is to be found in one of the University Extension Manuals, now in course of publication by the Scribners. Professor Keene shows himself a competent, fair, and enlightening critic and historian of that great literature, from its infancy down to a period which includes all notable names except those of living writers, who are seldom alluded to except by implication. What he thinks of a certain class of these can be inferred without difficulty from what he has to say on Realism in more places than one, and notably in a fine passage on Nature and Man, p. 133, which occurs in a notice of Lamartine and his English leader and example, Lord Byron. The spirit of Mr. Keene's work* seems to us as admirable as its execution, and that is giving it high praise. It is not easy to recommend it too highly as a hand-book for students.

* *The Literature of France.* By H. G. Keene, Hon. M.A. Oxon. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

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The latest issue of the "Unknown" Library is a reproduction of the sketches called *In Tent and Bungalow*,* the author of which is understood to be a woman. They deal with subjects very like those illustrated by Mr. Kipling in "Plain Tales from the Hills," and in their own way are not badly written. But that way, for a woman, seems to us a bad enough one. The "bow-wow" system of the English residents in India, which, being interpreted, is the system that allows married women to flirt openly and undisturbed with a single recognized attendant, without compromising their social position, forms the most ordinary *pièce de résistance* in the frothy and unsubstantial meal of tittle-tattle afforded by the sketches. Some of them are better—"Too Clever by Half," for instance, "Any Port in a Dust-Storm," and "The Face in the Fountain." But too often they illustrate the well-known fact that, when a woman chooses to use the weapon of light satire in dealing with social immoralities, she is in very great danger of suggesting to her readers that the hilt of that sword, in such hands, is at least as sharp as the blade.

I.—CARTER'S BIOGRAPHY OF MARK HOPKINS.†

President Carter's biography of his predecessor in the presidency of Williams College is written in a very pleasing and readable style, and is pervaded by such a calm, candid, and gentle spirit that no one, whatever his beliefs or opinion may be, can take offence at any part of its contents. As a piece of character-painting, and a description of the private and public career of its subject, it is an excellent specimen of the biographical art.

Dr. Hopkins was one of the greatest and most estimable men of the New England professorial body in this century. He was a very able and successful president and professor during the greater part of his long life, in a respectable college; a leader of great influence in the Congregational denomination; and an author of merit and reputation. Revered and loved by his pupils, esteemed by his compeers and by all with whom he came in contact, for his intellectual and moral worth and his amiable character, he has left a name deserving to be held in honor and preserved in the list of distinguished American educators and philosophers.

* *In Tent and Bungalow.* By an Idle Exile. New York: Cassell Publishing Company.

† *American Religious Leaders: Mark Hopkins.* By Franklin Carter, President of Williams College. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

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The philosophy and ethics of Dr. Hopkins are intimately and inseparably connected with his theology. He is a religious philosopher, in the sense that in his system both the data of *natural* religion, and also those of *revealed* religion, are dominant. In a word, he aimed at teaching a distinctively *Christian* philosophy and ethics. As to his precise and specific conception of what the doctrine of the Christian Revelation truly is, it was, of course, derived from his Puritan origin and education. Yet it was greatly modified from the original Puritanism of his ecclesiastical ancestors, as, for instance, the theology of the chief among them, President Edwards; its rugged features were softened and refined, its most obnoxious and uncatholic tenets, we may even say, were eliminated. It is in great measure due to men like Dr. Hopkins, who have filled the chairs of instruction in the New England colleges, and in similar institutions throughout the country, that the noxious tendencies to a fundamentally false and anti-Christian philosophy have been held in check, and the majority of the studious youth whom they have taught have retained a belief in God and the divine origin of the Christian religion.

Who can dispute that they have thus rendered an important service to the state, as well as to the cause of religion and morals? Heretofore the common sentiment has been held and acted on, that for such services they have deserved the countenance and aid of the state in sustaining the colleges by subventions. Williams College received from the legislature of Massachusetts a grant of $75,000. Now there is a cry raised that giving money to institutions under denominational and ecclesiastical control is contrary to American principles. It is said that it is a direct support by the state of some particular form of religion, and therefore unlawful. This is manifestly false. It is the American principle not to discriminate in favor of any form of religion against any other forms which have nothing in them contrary to those principles of natural religion and ethics upon which our laws and customs are founded. It is not contrary to this principle to give countenance and support to an institution of learning or charity, controlled by a particular denomination, unless these are refused to others which have an equal claim. To refuse them to all alike is to discriminate in favor of an agnostic, irreligious sect. This is contrary to American principles. It is making a national profession of a system of anti-Christian philosophy as a sort of established religion of infidelity.

It is no wonder that those who make open war upon Chris-

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tianity should adopt such a perfidious policy. But it is strange that any professing Christians should be drawn into its support. It is very plain that only dislike and fear of the Catholic religion is the motive. But it is to be hoped that the great body of the American people will be willing to acquiesce in the full enjoyment by Catholics of those equal rights which are guaranteed to us by our constitutions and laws. It is to be hoped that they will remain true to the wise maxim of Washington, that religion is the basis of public and private morals. It is an immediate inference from this principle, that education ought to be religious, and consequently that the state ought not to act on a plan of public education which discriminates against schools where religion is taught in favor of those from which it is excluded.

2.—FATHER MORRIS ON IRISH HISTORICAL QUESTIONS.*

In this book Father Morris gives us what may be called a sequel to his *Life of St. Patrick*, a work which has, in the estimation of many good critics, taken the first place among the biographies of the Apostle of Ireland. The author's learning seems to embrace the entire literature of his subject, and his discrimination has kept pace with his learning. Nor need this be gainsaid by the evident fact that his heart is in his work, and that in taking sides on disputed questions he has shown warmth and zeal of advocacy; zeal need not be partisan, and is a trait of sincerity. What the author says in his introduction is in point: "Although the following essays have been written at long intervals, the moral is the same throughout; and just because there is a moral and a line of argument, a certain *ex parte* tone is inevitable, and this, I fear, will prejudice some readers against the conclusions. In the writings of Catholics about the saints this is unavoidable, for we believe that they are the accredited intermediaries between heaven and earth—the greatest because the only absolute and unquestionable benefactors of mankind."

Many readers will follow Father Morris with loving interest in the chapters which so learnedly treat of St. Patrick's relation with the great St. Martin, and his tracings of the saint's spirit in the present religious condition of the Irish race, or, as we might better term that world-wide people, the Irish races. But to the historical student and the general public the utter and final exploding of

* *Ireland and St. Patrick.* By William Bullen Morris, of the Oratory of St. Philip Neri. London and New York: Burns & Oates.

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the myth of Pope Adrian's bull of the gift of Ireland to Henry II. will be the most interesting chapter in the work, one as patiently wrought out and developed as its materials were skilfully explored and intelligently possessed in the preliminary investigations.

The publisher and printer have given us a well manufactured book.

3.—THE REALM OF NATURE.*

This is an admirable summary of the general results of science, and the methods by which these results have been obtained. It is, in fact, a complete survey of the vast field of nature, and conveys the most reliable and varied information on scientific subjects. The general reader will be apt to find it rather condensed, and the student for whose use it is more particularly compiled will often feel the need of his teacher's explanations to fully master its contents. It is well supplied with maps and excellent illustrations of the text, and, all things considered, it is probably the best summary of the kind that has yet appeared in our language.

4.—MORAL THEOLOGY.†

Two marked excellences of Elbel will make this new edition of his Moral Theology welcome to all students. The first of these is the extreme clearness and lucidity of his style, the second is the method of exposition which he has adopted. This consists in the division of his matter into Conferences. Of these Conferences the substantial part is formed by "cases of conscience." To the cases are prefixed the preliminary notions necessary for the solution of the practical questions raised, and the corollaries to be deduced from both the one and the other are appended. This method secures the clear and practical apprehension by young students of principles which they often fail to grasp when put in the more abstract and scientific method which is commonly adopted. The new edition is an almost exact reprint of the one which appeared in 1751. A few answers which are not in accordance with more recent decisions of the Holy

* *The Realm of Nature.* By Hugh Robert Mill, Dr. Sc. Edinburgh. University Extension Manuals. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

† *Theologiæ Moralis per modum Conferentiarum.* Auctore P. Benjamin Elbel, O.S.F., novis curis edidit P. F. Irenæus Bierbaum, O.S.F. Paderbornæ: Ex Typographia Bonifaciana (J. W. Schroeder); New York: Benziger Brothers.

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See have been changed, although not without an indication being made of such change. The new edition cannot but prove very useful to those, and they must be many, who have hitherto been unable to procure the works of this classical author.

5.—ARCHBISHOP ULLATHORNE'S AUTOBIOGRAPHY.*

Archbishop Ullathorne took a most important part in the "Second Spring" of the Catholic Church in England. Indeed, it was chiefly due to his zeal and labors that the hierarchy was established again in 1851 after its long suppression. But it is not so much with this great work of his that the present volume deals. A large part of Dr. Ullathorne's life was spent in Australia, and more than a proportional part of his autobiography recounts his experiences there. It is consequently, to a large extent, the record of missionary struggles and of the planting of the church in those distant regions. Those were the days of the penal settlements, and of primitive arrangements both in church and state. For example, Dr. Ullathorne says that he always carried the Blessed Sacrament in a pyx in the breast-pocket, even though he had often to pass the night in taverns. This he did in order to be always ready to give Communion to the sick and dying. We need not say to any one who is in the least acquainted with Dr. Ullathorne's solid character that this work is full of valuable instruction; and as it was not written for the public use it reveals the secret springs of the life of one who did so great a work for the church.

6.—MADDEN'S MEMOIRS.†

The memoirs in this compact and neatly printed volume are chiefly autobiographical. During his long life (1798–1886) Dr. Richard R. Madden published forty volumes. His *Lives and Times of the United Irishmen* and *History of the Penal Laws against Catholics* are standard historical books worthy of a place in every library. It is said of him that few men of his day had seen so much of the world. He made three voyages to America. In 1835 he called on General Jackson at the White House, and was surprised to find no sentinels at the entrance, no state ser-

* *The Autobiography of Archbishop Ullathorne.* With a selection from his Letters. London: Burns, Oates & Co. (limited); New York: The Catholic Publication Society Co.

† *Memoirs of Dr. Madden.* By Thomas More Madden, M.D., F.R.C.S.E. New York: The Catholic Publication Society Co.

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vants in grand liveries. He was still more astonished when a gentleman sitting on the veranda, in plain attire, smoking a short meerschaum pipe, replied to his inquiries in these words: "I am General Jackson. At all times I am glad to receive visitors from the old country, and most happy to see gentlemen from Ireland, the land which gave birth to my fathers."

Dr. Madden published a work in 1863 on *Galileo and the Inquisition*, in which he proved from authentic original sources that upwards of a century before the birth of Galileo, in 1562, the motion of the earth and the heliocentric system were theories that found acceptance among eminent Roman ecclesiastics.

Not the least part of the excellent work accomplished by the author of this book is that which relates how the anti-slavery question was discussed by prominent men on both sides of the Atlantic.

7.—A CHRISTIAN HERO.*

Several military men requested Lady Herbert to translate for the English-speaking public this beautiful life of a true Christian hero. He gave to the army of France devoted service for forty years, and an example worthy of the noble knights of old. The story of his heroic life shows clearly that the highest military virtues may be combined with a genuine earnest piety. In a vigorous crusade against fanatical Mahometans pledged to exterminate Christians in Africa he declared that it was his duty "to preserve the good by terrifying the bad." To all who are striving to lead a Christian life in the army or navy this book is full of encouragement. Lady Herbert's work as a translator deserves the highest praise.

* *Life of General de Sonis.* By Monsignor Baunard. Translated by Lady Herbert: London: Art and Book Company; New York: Benziger Brothers.

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THE COLUMBIAN READING UNION.

ALL COMMUNICATIONS RELATING TO READING CIRCLES, LISTS OF BOOKS, ETC., SHOULD BE ADDRESSED TO THE COLUMBIAN READING UNION, 415 WEST FIFTY-NINTH STREET, NEW YORK CITY.

THE school that gives exclusive attention to progress in arithmetic—a study unduly magnified by recent educators—usually makes scanty provision for the reading matter supplied to its scholars. Practical teachers are compelled to act against their own better judgment in following regulations imposed by incompetent school officials. No opportunity is allowed in many places for teachers to express their convictions on the relative value of arithmetic to other studies equally important. Their work is judged by a narrow standard on one subject, which is intended to secure accuracy in business. Hence it is that generous efforts for the intellectual and moral elevation of children by the aid of interesting studies in literature seldom bring to the teacher any advancement in the line of promotion, though deserving of the highest official sanction. An investigation of the educational influences most valuable in this age has convinced eminent thinkers that the *reading habit* is second to none. From books studiously read in early life some of the greatest men have derived their lofty ideas and plans for the work to which they were devoted. In the careers of those who had limited opportunities for attending school, we see how much they gained by judicious reading. With truth it has been said that their fund of information was gathered from the great books of the world. These books did more than the teachers to make them masters of the wisdom of other times, and other places. What they gathered from the printed records of thinkers on various subjects inspired them with a laudable ambition to work upward to the noble ends they sought. Their minds were not mere calculating machines. A taste for reading was the most valuable element of their education.

* * *

Richard H. Clarke, LL.D., president of the New York Catholic Protectory, in a statement of the work of that excellent institution, admits the difficulty of keeping the boys from getting cheap sensational newspapers and books which vitiate the mind.

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Some of the most worthless productions of the press find their way by unknown channels into select boarding colleges and academies where young ladies are vigilantly protected. Among young folks everywhere, at home and in school, there is the incessant appetite for reading which must be taken into account by all whose duty it is to supply their reasonable demands. On this subject we heartily agree with Principal George E. Hardy, of New York City. In a pamphlet kindly sent by him to the Columbian Reading Union we find this undeniable statement of fact: "As modern civilization in its contemporary literature offers to those who read abundant opportunities for mental and moral degradation, the conclusion is inevitable that in teaching a child simply how to read, without attempting to develop in him a taste for good reading, the work of the school has been fatally incomplete." Professor Stanley Hall is quoted as authority for the opinion that the school has no right to teach how to read without doing more than it now does to direct the taste and confirm the habit of reading what is good rather than what is bad. It is no exaggeration to say that the school which sends forth into the world scholars without literary taste, and the power of discriminating between good and bad reading, contributes but little to mental culture. As the public schools are now constituted, it is only in the ethical teaching of literature that any opportunity is given to take hold of the spiritual side of the child's life, and this opportunity is rarely utilized.

* * *

The Educational Review published an article not long ago, written by Principal Hardy, from which the following passages are taken:

"I am not one of those who claim that in the reading and study of literature will be found the restoration of man's moral excellence, and the future regeneration of the world; yet, with Professor Laurie, I believe that in the proper reading of literature by children we have the means not only of cultivating their taste and uplifting their imagination, but, what is vastly more important, of inculcating in them the precepts of morality, and of disposing their minds toward a higher and more spiritual life. This I conceive to be, to-day, the true function of literature in our elementary schools.

"It has been amply demonstrated that the cultivation of the reading habit and the development of a correct literary taste in children may be commenced at a much earlier age than most teachers are prepared to admit, and that the foundation of such work can be profitably begun in the lower classes of our schools.

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Fortunately neither the commencement nor the promotion of this important work will entail any radical change in existing methods, nor need it burden the already over-laden backs of our teachers with more than they are carrying at present. The essence of the change consists simply in following the Biblical injunction of giving the child bread instead of a stone; in substituting for the inane and commonplace contents of the ordinary reader the healthy, bracing reading-matter which the judgment of time has declared classic.

"The first years of a child's school experience are devoted to initiating him into the mysteries of the alphabet and the primer. Having mastered their difficulties he passes onward to a graded series of readers, which as a rule consists of five books—the five inanities, they have been called. The average reader is a purely haphazard collection of prose and poetical extracts of varying degrees of literary merit. In the lower numbers the contents are of such a vacuous and insipid character, and appeal so lightly to the interest or to the imagination of the child, that one is unavoidably forced to conclude that the selections have been made to order for grading purposes only. The third and fourth readers are less trivial, perhaps, but even more commonplace. Where the selections have not been taken outright from standard works, they are generally feeble and their literary value is *nil*, whether we examine them from the point of view of their thought-content, the language in which they are written, or the form in which they are cast. The literary value of the higher numbers is generally greater, inasmuch as the lessons are made up almost entirely of extracts from standard authors. Although the selections are not wisely or even happily made, yet these readers present to children their only opportunity of coming in contact with real literature during their school courses.

"Nor does a closer inspection of our school readers disclose in them any hidden excellence that might have escaped a hurried examination. Even in those readers which are made up of extracts from classic writings it is not always apparent that the selections have been made with the view of cultivating the taste of the youthful scholar, or of developing in him the habit of critical reading. Degraded, as the average reader has been, to the position of an educational maid-of-all-work, one finds scattered throughout it scraps of geography, bits of history, chunks of science, and an *olla podrida* of whatever may be the prevailing pedagogic fad of the day, but scans its pages in vain for those writings described by Plato as finding their gracious way into the secret places of the soul, exalting the minds of those who read them."

* * *

The New York State Teachers' Association has organized a standing committee on literature, of which Principal Hardy is chairman. The plan of this committee is to increase in every way the child's opportunities for reading the best books, by

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"the preparation of leaflets on reading for the young; the formation and proper use of school libraries; the reviewing and classifying of recent juvenile works; the preparation of lists of suitable books—books of fiction, history, travel, biography, and popular science—so classified that the busy teacher will be enabled to select at a glance choice reading matter for each of the school grades.

"To complete the programme thus outlined is a work too ambitious for the committee to attempt at present. As an initial step the committee proposes to issue, in time for the next convention, a little pamphlet in which an effort will be made to classify some of the works of literature, according to the standards of grading now in current use in the schools, and thus furnish to teachers a list of literary masterpieces which can either serve as reading matter for their classes, or be used as alternates with the regular reading books of the grade. Such a list of books has already been prepared, and it is now deemed advisable to subject this list to an extended comparison with other lists for the purpose of perfecting it, and also of including in it as many additional books as may be practicable. The method of grading adopted in this list is that followed in the ordinary series of school readers, and books will be classified as alternates for the First, Second, Third, Fourth, Fifth, and Sixth Readers."

* * *

The Columbian Reading Union's list of books for the young, selected from the catalogue of Messrs. Charles Scribner's Sons, has been favorably received. Over two thousand copies are now distributed. Every Catholic parish school in New York State has been supplied with a copy *gratis*, as well as those whose names are recorded on our books. Members of the Union may obtain extra copies of this list for their friends without additional expense. We urge them to take advantage of this offer promptly. Through the aid of kind friends, who agree to defray the expense of postage, we hope to extend to all the Catholic children of the United States the advantages secured by our list of books for the young. The total number of Catholic parish schools, obtained by adding together the figures in the report from each diocese in the United States for the year 1892, is 3,334, attended by over 700,000 scholars. It is our sincere desire to assist the teachers of this vast army of children in making efforts for the purpose of diffusing good literature. We shall be pleased to have them send letters on the subject to the Columbian Reading Union. Some one who is not a stern instructor of facts and figures, one having some knowledge of the laws of juvenile thought and sympathy for young folks who dearly love a story, should be requested to give personal atten-

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tion to the study of ways and means of getting for every school at least a small collection of the best books for children.

* * *

The Catholic boy who wrote his opinions of books for one of the Paulist Fathers is a pioneer in an uncultivated region. His opinions have a foundation in fact, which is more than can be said of fanciful professional criticisms. We are very much pleased to know that such competent judges as Brother Azarias and Principal Hardy have acknowledged that our pioneer boy is a curiosity in literature, and that the plan of fostering among young folks a desire to talk and write about the books they read may develop surprising results. A writer in *The Critic* admits that it is a "novel thing" to see an invitation extended by the Columbian Reading Union to the young to write and send in notices of the books they read. The specimen notices from the pen of a boy of fourteen were found by the reviewer in *The Critic* "by no means unintelligent. The youngster's sense of humor is shown by his reference to Mr. Stockton's *Jolly Fellowship* as a story that is told in such a dry way that you would have to laugh at it if you had lost a five-dollar bill. Another author beloved of this boy is Noah Brooks, and a book that delights his soul is *Hans Brinker*."

A volume on *Writers and Books* has lately appeared from the press of Putnam, consisting of lectures delivered before the Teachers' University Association of Oxford, by George Birbeck Hill, D.C.L. of Pembroke College. He takes strong ground against teachers who make grammatical exercises out of fine passages of poetry. He says: "The man who would use a great poet to beat grammar into a boy, who would parse 'Hamlet' and analyze 'Paradise Lost,' would botanize upon his mother's grave. If you must teach grammatical analysis get it out of Tupper." In another paragraph he thus alludes to the ideal plan of reading for children: "Happy is the child who has the run of a good library, and who for a certain part of each day is allowed to read at random; who is turned loose in the rich pastures of English literature to browse where he pleases. It would be a wise practice in every school, with as much regularity as the morning prayer comes round, to read aloud some fine passage from a book to be left accessible to him who wished to read more."

* * *

One of the first active workers in the Reading Circle move-

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ment sends the good news that the little seed planted by the assistance of THE CATHOLIC WORLD in December, 1888, has flourished, and the interest in the work has not abated:

"To the non-parochial Catholic Reading Circle established March 10, 1889, and the local parish Newman Circle March 17, 1889, was added last winter another, the non-parochial Catholic Literary Society, which was the first to try—and successfully—mixed membership. Now we are about to form a central board of members from these three circles, for occasional interchange of talent, and for any general business that may come up in the interest of Catholic literature. In this union I intend to work for the establishment of a library where all Catholic books may be obtained free. Accept my congratulations on the result of the recent Convention of the Apostolate of the Press. I read every item of reference to it in the secular and religious papers that come to us. Of particular interest to me is the Church Calendar. I knew not of its existence until I read a brief notice of Rev. John Hughes's paper. E. G."

* * *

One of our regular correspondents has made the discovery that there is "a great deal in the history of the church which seems, from perverse views, to condemn her, but when looked into carefully only point out her strength and beauty all the more forcibly. There are some among us who have studied history in school under the guidance of bigoted teachers, and from very narrow-minded authors, and to such persons any scheme that opens up a line of thought in the right direction is certainly great encouragement."

* * *

With pleasure we have examined a list of stories, poems, and books for children and young people between the ages of seven and seventeen prepared by Mrs. M. S. Mooney, of the State Normal College at Albany, N. Y. The one hundred and forty books named in this collection include the fables, myths, and folk-lore of the ancient classics, which modern writers make use of to illustrate and enrich their works. They also introduce young readers to some of the great epochs of history in an indirect way. Such reading, placed within easy reach of children at home or in school, will aid very much in forming a standard of taste to lessen the desire for foolish sensational stories.

* * *

We are willing to receive many members at large like the writer of the following letter:

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"Please enter my name on your list as a member of the Columbian Reading Union, for which purpose I enclose one dollar. There is something of a Reading Circle already organized here. This is a beginning. There will doubtless be others. In the meantime I would like to be considered 'a member at large,' if I may so express it, of your association. I have always felt that the Paulist Fathers were the ones of all others to direct young American Catholics in the safe paths of sound literature. I have often said as much, and have come to the conclusion that I could say it with a better grace after taking the step of joining the Union myself."

In answer to a request for criticisms of books by juvenile readers an esteemed correspondent writes:

"I will try to interest my friend, the director in the public library, in it, as well as some who have charge of Sunday-school libraries. I would rather have the direction of people's reading than any other power over them. I know from experience the great good that can be accomplished in elevating the taste for literature if the librarian knows what to do and does it."

A distinguished president of a St. Vincent de Paul Society in Canada sends this letter:

"Will you kindly send me a list of good Catholic books that will be attractive as well as good reading for young persons.

"I find it difficult to secure reading matter sufficiently interesting to enchain the attention of young boys and girls, not yet old enough to appreciate merely the good. A spice of adventure or exciting incident of some kind seems necessary now, as ever, to make books palatable to beginners at least. You will also confer a great favor by giving me the names of some good selections for evening readings, recitations, and light plays for young and old.

"If you will send a catalogue of books for a Catholic library, with directions as to prices and as to where they can be got most reasonably, I will feel greatly obliged. B. L. D."

* * *

Rome is proverbially slow in deciding important matters, but it leads the way in the celebration of the fourth centennial of Christopher Columbus. On February 14 a polyglot academy was held in his honor at the palace of the Apostolic Chancery under the supervision of Monsignor Tripepi, secretary of the commission for historic studies. The correspondent of the New York *Catholic News* informs us that papers were read in different languages bearing on the life and work of the great navigator.

Monsignor Caprara spoke in Latin, showing the service rendered to the Catholic religion by Columbus; Marquis Crisp

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Colti dwelt, in Italian, on the genius of Columbus; Monsignor Benavides treated, in Spanish, of the important part taken by the Catholic clergy in the discovery of America; Professor Seeboeck spoke, in German, in praise of the immortal Genoese navigator; Professor Poletto recited a poetical tribute on Columbus at the appearance of the New World; the learned Abbé Serpoulet made an eloquent synthesis upon the eminently religious character of Christopher Columbus, describing his piety and virtues; whilst the crowning discourse of the meeting was that pronounced, in English, by the vice-rector of the English College, Rev. Dr. John Pryor, who proved conclusively that the enterprise of Columbus was a fruit of the Catholic faith. The Cardinal-Vicar of Rome, who was to have delivered the closing essay, was impeded by sickness from taking part in the proceedings, but expressed, through Monsignor Caprara, his regrets for enforced absence and his warm approval of Columbus as a true son of the church. The renowned Jesuit, Father Angelini, contributed an elegant Latin inscription for the occasion. The venerable Cardinal Mertel, Vice-Chancellor of the Holy Roman Church, occupied the post of honor, surrounded by numerous prelates—amid them Archbishop Ireland, of St. Paul, Minnesota—by many ecclesiastics, members of the Roman Patriciate; religious and seminarians, of every nationality.

In Genoa Signor Quarene, of Novello, North Italy, has been authorized to construct, in the Italo-American Exposition of Genoa, a kiosk, to bear the form of an egg broken at the lower end; in which building he proposes to install a café-restaurant, which he is persuaded will be largely patronized during the festivals in honor of the fourth centennial of the discovery of America. This egg will be twenty-five metres in height, dimensions somewhat calculated to put to shame the original egg used by Columbus.

Reliable historians all declare that Christopher Columbus was distinctively a Catholic, renowned for dauntless courage as an explorer and conspicuous for his mental gifts. He undertook and carried to success his great achievements with a view to the spiritual and intellectual advancement of the human race. His example is commended to all the members of this Reading Union which bears his name. Hostile critics have already begun to belittle his claim to be ranked among the immortals. Loyalty to the Catholic Church was the chief barrier to his greatness according to the standard of criticism which prevails among American bigots.

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A writer in the *Catholic News*, of Preston, England, was favorably impressed with the account of the work accomplished by the Catholic Reading Circles of Boston. It is praised as a phase of Catholic life in the United States which might profitably be imitated elsewhere. This English advocate of our movement sees no reason why every Catholic church should not have a society of the kind, because the members require no special degree of culture to begin with, no elaborate machinery of organization is needed, nor yet any strength of numbers. "It may be said we have literary societies which do the same work. So we have—a few, but very few. The Reading Circles, however, as being far less ambitious and more easily practicable, might well be taken up where literary societies would have little chance of succeeding. They might, for instance, be very well added wherever the admirable church library system sanctioned by the Bishop of Salford is carried on. The success of the system would be entirely a matter of the energy with which it might be taken up; and no efforts in such a direction, even though of a merely transient nature, would be entirely wasted."

We hope that our appreciative friend in England will continue to write on this question. Some new evidence from over the water may awaken signs of zeal for the diffusion of good Catholic literature, which is our main object in many parishes of America where as yet nothing has been attempted. The movement needs no further endorsement from the clergy, as it is founded on safe lines and directed chiefly in view of the intellectual demands of the age. Intelligent representatives of the laity have it in their power to begin at once the formation of Reading Circles, especially devoted to the study of the great thoughts embodied in the works of Catholic authors.

M. C. M.

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WITH THE PUBLISHER.

THE Publisher again calls attention to the fact that the Report of the Convention of the Apostolate of the Press is not stereotyped, and that the edition is a limited one. There are now but few copies left, and these can only be obtained by applying *directly* to the office of the Columbus Press. Please send in your orders at once, for the Report cannot go into a second edition, and the value of the book is being so widely recognized that orders are pouring in every day, and we will soon be without the books to fill them; we therefore urge all to whom this Report can be of service to no longer delay sending in their orders, and to this office directly. The edition is so small and the demand so great that we are obliged to make this rule, and in the interest of individual readers and workers in the cause we cannot depart from it.

And who is there who has zeal and courage and intelligence that cannot and ought not labor in this cause? Where is there a Catholic worthy of the name who cannot see, and is not moved to use in one way or another, the opportunities of the printed truth in behalf of those about him? Is there a man who is blind to these opportunities or deaf to the call that zeal should make on his ears? Then, this Report is the book he needs to make his duty plain to him; to show him ways and means, no matter what his natural gifts are, no matter what his environment. This Report is the hand-book for zeal; and there is no possible field for its exercise that it does not touch, there is no appeal it does not make, no objection it does not meet. There can be no man who will not be the better for reading the stirring pages of this Report, and learning how much has been done and how much *can* be done, how readily, how easily for the cause of revealed truth. It is a book to make a man think, and think in a way at once practical and profitable. So, be alive to the chance of securing a copy, and urge your friends to follow your example. For your own sake and for the sake of the good it will help you to do, attend to this matter *without any delay.* It is only a small matter of twenty-five cents, but the investment will pay you as nothing in this world can.

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Brother Azarias, notwithstanding his many duties in the class-room, is an indefatigable laborer in the cause of higher Catholic literature. The Report of the Proceedings of the New York Teachers' Association at their meeting last year contains in full his admirable paper on *Church Schools*. The Report can be obtained by addressing the secretary, Mr. Welland Hendrick, Saratoga Springs, N. Y. The learned Brother will issue at an early date, through the press of Houghton, Mifflin & Co., *Phases of Thought and Criticism*. The latter part of the volume "is occupied with an analysis of three of the world's masterpieces . . . . *De Imitatione Christi*, the *Divina Commedia*, and *In Memoriam*."

It is announced that Mr. K. W. Barry, who succeeded Mr. Lawrence Kehoe as manager of the Catholic Publication Society Company, will resign his position on May 1.

Our readers will be pleased to hear that Mr. Griffith's translation of the Abbé Fouard's *Life of Jesus*, a notice of which appeared a few months ago in THE CATHOLIC WORLD, has been so successful that the translator has been encouraged to undertake another volume of the same author's series on the *Origins of the Church*. The book is in the printer's hands and will be published by Messrs. Longmans, Green & Co. almost immediately.

Mr. John Hodges, to whose enterprise we are indebted for the publication of Father Gasquet's *Henry VIII. and the English Monasteries* and *Edward VI. and the Book of Common Prayer*, as also Dr. Pastor's *History of the Popes*, Father O'Reilly's *Essays on the Relations of the Church to Society*, and other valuable works, and of whom Messrs. Benziger Brothers are, we believe, the agents for this country, announces a series of biographies to be called "Heroes of the Cross." The first volumes of this series, to be issued immediately, are the *Life of St. Gregory the Great*, by the Right Rev. I. B. Snow, O.S.B., and *Christopher Columbus, His Life, Labors, and Discoveries*, by Mariana Monteiro. Other volumes are: the *Life of Hugh of Avalon*, by Canon Perry, and a new edition of the *Life of St. Stephen Harding*, which originally appeared in Cardinal Newman's series of Lives of the English Saints.

Another important work announced by Mr. Hodges is a translation of the Benedictine Calendar, a work first published in 1677. This work is to be issued in twelve monthly parts, with fine copies of the original engravings reproduced by the Meisenbach process.

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The Catholic Publication Society Co. has just published:

Aquinas Ethicus; or, The Moral Teaching of St. Thomas. A translation of the principal portions of the second part of the *Summa Theologica*, with notes. By Rev. Joseph Rickaby, S.J. Two vols.

The Wisdom and Wit of Blessed Thomas More. Edited, with Introduction, by Rev. T. E. Bridgett, C.SS.R., etc.

The Passage of Our Lord to the Father. Conclusion of "Life of Our Life." By Rev. H. J. Coleridge, S.J. New volume, Quarterly Series.

The same company announces:

A new edition of Rev. H. F. Fairbanks's *Visit to Europe and the Holy Land.*

The Spirit of St. Ignatius, Founder of the Society of Jesus. Translated from the French of Rev. Fr. Xavier de Franciosi, of the same Society.

My Zouave. By Mrs. Bartle Teeling, author of "Roman Violets," etc.

The Hail Mary; or, Popular Instructions and Considerations on the Angelical Salutation. By J. P. Val d'Eremao, D.D., author of "The Serpent of Eden," "Keys of Peter," etc.

This house has in preparation a new edition of the popular series of *Young Catholic's Readers*, from new plates and with new and artistic illustrations by Mr. James Kelly, who has won fame both with the pencil and the chisel. In the matter of illustration alone this series will be without a peer among readers.

Benziger Brothers' new publications are:

Christian Anthropology. By Rev. John Thein. With an Introduction by Prof. Charles G. Herbermann, Ph.D., LL.D. This is the only book on the subject in English, we believe, written from a Catholic stand-point.

A Manual of Political Economy. By Charles S. Devas, M.A., Examiner in Political Economy in the Royal University of Ireland. This is the last number of the English Manuals of Catholic Philosophy.

Thirty-two Instructions for the Month of May and the Feasts of the Blessed Virgin. Translated from the French by Rev. Thomas F. Ward.

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The Reasonableness of the Practices of the Catholic Church. By Rev. J. J. Burke, Chebanse, Ill.

A Martyr of Our Own Times. From the French of the Right Rev. Monsignor D'Hulst, Rector of the Catholic Institute, Paris. Edited by Very Rev. J. R. Slattery, Rector of St. Joseph's Seminary, Baltimore. With a letter of approbation from his Eminence Cardinal Gibbons.

Education for the Indian. By Rev. L. B. Palladino, S.J.

They have in press and in preparation:

Legends of the Middle Ages. By Henry Wilson.

Americans and the Roman Question. By Monsignor Joseph Schroeder, of the Catholic University, Washington, D. C.

The Sacramentals of the Holy Catholic Church. By Rev. A. A. Lambing.

Four new story-books for the young:

Olive, and The Little Cakes. From the French.

Gertrude's Experience. From the French by Mrs. Mary C. Monroe.

The Bric-a-Brac Dealer. From the French.

Her Father's Right Hand. From the French.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

TRAVELS AMONGST THE GREAT ANDES OF THE EQUATOR. By Edward Whymper. With Maps and Illustrations. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

RECOLLECTIONS AND LETTERS OF ERNEST RENAN. Translated by Isabel F. Hapgood. New York: Cassell Publishing Company.

HUMANITY IN ITS ORIGIN AND EARLY GROWTH. By E. Colbert, M.A. Chicago: The Open Court Publishing Company.

THE ELEMENTS OF ETHICS: An Introduction to Moral Philosophy. By J. H. Muirhead, M.A., Lecturer in mental and moral science, Royal Holloway College, Egham. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

PRINCIPLES OF POLITICAL ECONOMY. By Father Matteo Liberatore, S.J. Translated by Edward Heneage Dering, author of "Freville Chase," etc. London: Art and Book Company (and Leamington); New York: Benziger Bros., agents.

THE LIFE OF BLESSED PETER ALOYSIUS MARY CHANEL, MARIST, First Martyr of Oceania and Apostle of Futuna. From the French. Edited by Basil Tozer. London: Art and Book Company; New York: Benziger Bros.

THE HEIR OF LISCARRAGH. By Victor O'D. Power. London: Art and Book Company; New York: Benziger Brothers.

ESSAYS, CHIEFLY ON POETRY. By Aubrey de Vere, LL.D. In two volumes: Vol. I. Criticisms on Certain Poets. London and New York: Macmillan & Co.

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GERMANIC ORIGINS: A STUDY IN PRIMITIVE CULTURE. By Francis B. Gummere, Ph.D., Professor of English in Haverford College. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

NOT ON CALVARY: A Layman's Plea for Meditation on the Temptation in the Wilderness. New York: Charles T. Dillingham & Co.

THE JOURNEY OF THE MAGI KINGS. From the Life of the Blessed Virgin, after the Meditations of Sister Anne Catherine Emmerich. Translated from the French by George Richardson. London: Art and Book Company; New York: Benziger Bros.

THE TRIAL OF MARGARET BRERETON. By Pleydell North. New York, Cincinnati, and Chicago: Benziger Bros.

SACERDOS MAXIMUS OMNES CHRISTI JESU MINISTROS VIAM ET VERITATEM DOCENS. Auctore Bernadino Aquilante. Romæ: Soc. S. Joannis Evangelistæ. New York: Benziger Bros.

A PILGRIMAGE TO THE HOLY COAT OF TREVES (with an account of its history and authenticity). By Richard F. Clarke, S.J. London: Longmans, Green & Co.; New York: 15 East Sixteenth Street.

CATECHISM OF SCRIPTURAL AND ECCLESIASTICAL HISTORY. For the use of schools. Dublin: Browne & Nolan.

THE RELATIONS OF THE CHURCH TO SOCIETY. Theological Essays by Edmund J. O'Reilly, S.J. (sometime Professor of Theology in Maynooth College, at St. Beuno's in North Wales, and in the Catholic University of Ireland). Edited, with a biographical notice, by Matthew Russell, S.J. London; John Hodges. New York: Benziger Bros., agents.

PAMPHLETS RECEIVED.

THE OFFICE AND WORK OF THE HOLY SPIRIT. A paper read before the Milwaukee Convocation, at Elkhorn, December 3, 1891. By Edward G. Richardson.

BISHOP VESEY, of Sutton Coldfield and Exeter. By J. R. Willington, M.A. London: Art and Book Company; New York: Benziger Bros.

TRADITIONS. By Joseph Pope. Pamphlet No. 2. The Catholic Truth Society of Ottawa.

THE DUTY OF THE STATE TO EDUCATE ITS CITIZENS. By Rev. W. B. Williams. Boston: Beacon Press.

VOICE OF THE HIERARCHY. Letters of Approval from Cardinal, Archbishops, and Bishops of the United States. St Paul: Catholic Truth Society of America.

PERSONAL EXPERIENCE OF A PHYSICIAN. With an appeal to the medical and clerical professions. By John Ellis, M.D. Philadelphia: Hahnemann Publishing House.

CLAIMS OF THE CATHOLIC CHURCH IN THE MAKING OF THE REPUBLIC. By his Eminence James Cardinal Gibbons, D.D. Pamphlet No. 16. St. Paul: Catholic Truth Society of America.

HOW CHRIST FOUNDED THE CHURCH. By Rev. James L. Meagher, author of "Teaching Truth," "The Seven Gates of Heaven," etc. Pamphlet No. 15. St. Paul: Catholic Truth Society of America.

CAPITAL PUNISHMENT: Additional Report of the Commissioners of the State of New York. Albany: James B. Lyon.

THE PARENT FIRST: An Answer to Dr. Bouquillon's Query, "Education: To Whom does it Belong?" By Rev. R. I. Holaind, S.J. Second edition. New York, Cincinnati, and Chicago: Benziger Bros.

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THE

CATHOLIC WORLD.

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THE METHODIST BOOK CONCERN.

AN OBJECT-LESSON.

FORTY or more years ago, while reading in the public library of my native town in eastern Connecticut, I noticed on a shelf before me a book entitled *Science and Revealed Religion.* The name attracted my attention. I had just entered on the study of physical science, and had become especially interested in geology, whose seeming contradiction of the then current interpretation of the Mosaic cosmogony had already disturbed my conscience, and led me to look anxiously for some fact or hypothesis by which they might be reconciled. Eagerly, therefore, I opened the book, but on turning to the title-page found, to my dismay and disappointment, that it was written by a Catholic priest. Could any good come out of Nazareth? Could truthfulness of statement, or honesty of reasoning, be looked for from the pen of one who had surrendered his own intellect to the deceits of Roman error, and now appeared as the avowed emissary of the Apocalyptic Antichrist? Sadly I closed the volume, but as I did so my eye fell upon the fly-leaf, where, in the pencilled handwriting of a distinguished scholar of the neighborhood, I read, "*Fas est et ab hoste doceri.*" At once the tenor of my feelings changed. Taking the book to my home I examined it with care and satisfaction. It shed the light I needed on the problems which perplexed me; but, more than that, it introduced me into the vast treasure-house of Catholic literature which, to minds prejudiced as my own up to that time had been, is still unfortunately an "unknown land."

The lesson taught me by that pencilled proverb and its immediate results has never been forgotten; and in many walks of life the investigation, which has proved to me more fruitful in

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practical advantage than any other, has been into the causes of the success or failure of my adversaries. Hence is it that with no reluctant hand, in this awakening of the Catholic mind to the importance of the press as a missionary agency in the conversion of mankind, I unfold the records of that remarkable organization which during the past hundred years has been the mainstay of the Methodist Church in this country, and has done more than any other means could do to extend, consolidate, and establish Methodist principles and discipline among the people of the Anglo-Saxon world.

Yet it is not without much hesitation that I speak of Methodists as adversaries. It is true that among them prevail the strangest misconceptions of Catholic truth, and that these are not confined to the unlearned, but are shared equally by their most prominent theologians and teachers.* It is also true that, more than any other denomination of Protestants in the present century, they have pursued an aggressive policy toward the Catholic Church, and in numerous books, tracts, and sermons have grievously misrepresented her doctrines, purposes, and actions.† But these expressions of hostility have been personal rather than denominational, and do not afford a correct idea of the spirit of Methodism itself. Methodism, as a religious movement gradually developing into an ecclesiastical organism, was the reaction of certain Catholic principles against the formal morality of Anglicanism on one hand, and the oppressive limitations of Calvinism on the other. Its founder attributed his earliest definite impulses toward that interior spiritual life, on which he and his followers afterward insisted as the only test of Christian character, to his study of the *Imitation of Christ*;‡ his methods of practical missionary work were largely copied from those of the great preaching orders of the church.§ The

* See *Methodist Review*, January–February, 1892, p. ii., article by Professor W. F. Steele: "The Romanist's Doctrine of Mary's Immaculate Conception *by Her Mother*."

An anonymous letter, recently received by the author, signed "A Follower of the Lord," and evidently written by a person of literary pretensions and an occasional reader of THE CATHOLIC WORLD, exhibits the inability of the Protestant mind, without immediate Catholic aid, to understand the plainest utterances of the Council of Trent, and the facts of Catholic history.

† See the current catalogue of the Book Concern.

‡ Mr. Wesley thus writes of himself: "In the year 1726 I met with Kempis's *Christian Pattern*. The nature and extent of inward religion, the religion of the heart, now appeared to me in a stronger light than ever it had done before. I saw that giving even all my life to God (supposing it possible to do this and go no farther) would profit me nothing unless I gave my heart, yea, all my heart, to him."

§ In 1748 Mr. Wesley was preaching on Dublin Green near the barrack. A man cried out: "Aye, he is a Jesuit, that's plain!" To which a Popish priest, who happened to be near, replied: "No, he is not. I would to God he was."

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rule of life which he prescribed for his disciples was formed out of those precepts by which ascetic writers had for ages guided Catholic souls along the way of holiness. The organization of its scattered congregations in this country into a church followed a plan so similar to that of the Roman hierarchy that one of its noted and eccentric preachers arraigned it, in an indictment of twenty articles, as an imitation of the Papal power.* The task which it has undertaken and accomplished in the conversion of sinners, and the promotion of Christian faith and morals, has been mainly in the line of Catholic effort, especially in its offer of a free salvation to every one who will receive it, in its insistence on a complete submission of the human will to the divine as an indispensable condition for obtaining sanctifying grace, and in its constant endeavor to establish a conscious personal union between the regenerate soul and its living, present Saviour. The influence which it has exercised outside its own borders has been of the same character. It has inoculated Anglicanism with a Catholic energy and flexibility hitherto unknown to its traditions. It has melted down the iron barriers of Calvinism, and driven from its pulpits and confessions the notion of a Creator who could foreordain the eternal damnation of his creatures. It has kept alive among a race from whom the Catholic Church was by a barbarous penal code, and by intense hereditary prejudices, excluded a spirit of religious fervor and a sense of religious responsibility which, more than any other quality, prepares the way for the perception and acceptance of Catholic truth, and has secured the graces of the sacrament of baptism to millions who otherwise, as far as human vision can discern, would have lived and died without God and without hope in the world.

Far be it, then, from any Catholic to speak of Methodism, in this higher and universal sense, as of an enemy. What English and American Christianity would have been without it if they had continued until this time in their ancient channels, so far as that state of things can be conjectured, best serves to show its value as a leader to the generations which are gone, and as a forerunner of the Catholic Church in its return to the domain from which it was expelled with fire and sword three centuries ago.

The grasp of the early Methodists upon the situation of the godless multitude around them nowhere appears more evident than in the means which they employed for its illumination.

* Works of Rev. Lorenzo Dow, p. 375.

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They recognized the fact, so frequently forgotten, that in the restoration of the human soul to God the light of knowledge must precede the adhesion of the will, and in the communication of that knowledge have uniformly treated the pulpit and the press as co-ordinate branches of the teaching power. Mr. Wesley was himself a distinguished scholar, and obtained and held his leadership rather by his writing than his preaching. Although it is said that during his fifty years of active missionary work he delivered more than forty thousand sermons, he also wrote and published thirty volumes, and translated and edited one hundred and twenty more. Tracts fell from his pen "like autumn leaves wherever he went." Upon his itinerant associates he imposed the duty of circulating religious books and pamphlets; the importance of this duty not yielding in his estimation to that of preaching itself, since printed matter "holds the attention of the people for six days of the week, while preaching is almost entirely limited to the Sabbath." * In the extension of their labors to this country the same double agency was employed. During the first twenty years they imported most of their books and tracts from England, although a few had been printed in New York and elsewhere. But the expensiveness and insufficiency of this method were inconsistent with their practical wisdom, and shortly after the close of the Revolution, and the organization of their members into a distinct denomination, they determined to establish a publishing house of their own for the preparation and distribution of religious literature. This determination they carried into effect in 1789. At this time their preachers numbered about two hundred, and their entire membership was less than fifty thousand, scattered throughout the United States and Canada, nearly one-half of whom resided in Virginia and Maryland. Most of these were, individually, in humble circumstances, while the denomination had no foreign source to which to look for missionary aid. Materials and transportation were very costly, and the probable returns for capital expended exceedingly slow. But all these obstacles tended rather to intensify than weaken the purpose and courage of the Methodist leaders, and with daring, if not with worldly prudence, they launched the enterprise which has successfully stood the test of a hundred years' experience, and has so fully met their needs and realized their highest expectations.

That in our own emergency we may take heart and perhaps

* "Newly-awakened people should, if it were possible, be plentifully supplied with books. Hereby the awakening is both continued and increased" (Letter of Mr. Wesley to Bishop Asbury).

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guidance from this experiment of an apparent adversary, I invite my associates of the Apostolate of the Press, and other interested Catholics, to an examination of the purposes, history, government, methods, and achievements, both literary and financial, of the Methodist Book Concern, and to the response which its efforts have received.

I. The purpose of the Methodist Church in establishing the Book Concern was to educate its own members, and to disseminate its religious principles among mankind at large. It accepted as self-evident the propositions that a church must provide the literature for its people as well as for all others who seek to understand its teachings; that it must do this officially and authoritatively, and that it must exercise a direct and intimate control over the agencies through which the work is carried on. It realized that the books and papers needed for such uses, whatever their intrinsic merit, could rarely be of a commercial value sufficient to induce individual publishers to issue them or the ordinary book-trade to undertake their sale. It saw the necessity, therefore, of itself entering into the business of manufacturing and distributing the literature which it required, and of conducting that business in such a manner that not only should all proper reading matter be supplied under the sanction of the church, but that all publications emanating from other sources should stand without ecclesiastical endorsement, and rest upon the sole responsibility of their respective writers. By this method it expected to become a teaching church through its press as truly and as thoroughly as through its pulpit; the orthodoxy, the unity, and the persistency of the one being reflected, extended, and perpetuated by the other. To these considerations that of pecuniary profit was to be subordinate. Profit to some amount would become necessary in order to repair losses and increase the capital to meet the growing needs, and this it was intended to secure as a direct result of the enterprise itself, thus rendering it independent of assistance from without. Such was the problem which confronted the founders of the Methodist Book Concern when they planned its constitution and mode of operations. How far their plan was suited to their purposes the following pages will disclose.

II. The history of the Methodist Book Concern commenced at Philadelphia in 1789. Its beginnings were of the most humble character. In that year the Rev. John Dickins was officially appointed the business agent of the church to inaugurate the work. He borrowed a capital of six hundred dollars, hired a

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room, and arranged for the printing and binding of such volumes as were then most urgently demanded. Against many difficulties, arising from the smallness of his capital, the scarcity of means of transportation, and the slowness of returns, he struggled valiantly for the nine remaining years of his life, and though in this period he had published and put in circulation many valuable books, at his death he left the Concern heavily in debt. His successor was the Rev. Ezekiel Cooper, under whose administration the debt was lifted, a capital accumulated adequate to existing demands, the business transferred from Philadelphia to New York, and the manufacture and distribution of its publications largely increased. From 1804 to 1821 operations were carried on in one or two hired rooms which served for the editing, selling, and shipping of the volumes. In 1821 a bindery was opened, and in 1824 a printing-office also. In 1825 a building was purchased on Crosby Street, where the business was conducted until 1833, when a lot was obtained and a manufactory erected and occupied on Mulberry Street. Three years later this structure was destroyed by fire, involving a tremendous loss, mainly from the failure of insurance companies, but with the help of friends it was in a few months replaced by a more suitable establishment in which the various departments of labor have until recently been pursued. In 1889 a massive building of brick and stone, eight stories in height, was completed on the corner of Fifth Avenue and Twentieth Street, destined to afford facilities for carrying on the entire business of the Concern, and costing, including land, about one million dollars. Here, for the present at least, the institution which a hundred years before was accommodated in a single small room in Philadelphia, finds its workshop and its home.

Thus far I have sketched the history of the Eastern Branch of the Concern. In 1820 a Western Branch was opened in Cincinnati, to avoid the difficulties of transportation from New York and to meet the condition of the currency in the West. Before this time all books were sent to Western purchasers from New York by wagons over the Alleghany Mountains to Pittsburgh, and thence down the Ohio River. An agent, the Rev. Martin Ruter, was therefore appointed by the General Conference of 1820 to open a salesroom in Cincinnati, where a stock of books was deposited, and he entered on the varied duties of manager, buyer, salesman, bookkeeper, and shipper. Though it was not then intended to establish a publishing house in the West, yet the business grew so rapidly, and the demand for

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Methodist literature so far exceeded the ability of any mere salesmen to supply that in 1836 the General Conference accorded them permission to manufacture books, and in 1839 they were formally chartered as the Western Methodist Book Concern. This rendered them independent of the New York publication house, and with the growth of population in the West, and the increase in the membership of the Methodist Church, the business of the Western Branch already rivals that of the Eastern. From the hired apartment, tenanted in 1820 by a single agent, it has come to be the owner and occupant of a substantial seven-storied structure, where its manufacturing and distributing operations are conducted.

Besides these central institutions to which the printing and publishing of books have been confined, other establishments have been located in various cities for the more economical and expeditious distribution of these publications. These are known as Depositories. In connection with the Eastern Branch such houses have been opened in Boston, Pittsburgh, and San Francisco, and, in connection with the Western Branch, at Chicago and St. Louis. Auxiliary to these, though not owned by the Book Concern, stores are maintained in many of our large towns, by the authority of the local conferences, for the sale of its publications, and are to be regarded as among the means which it has accumulated for the performance of its labors.

III. The government of the Methodist Book Concern is lodged primarily in the General Conference, which is the supreme ecclesiastical authority of the church. By this conference its managers are appointed, the location of its business houses determined, and the privileges conferred on each duly defined, not merely by general legislation, but by such specific decrees as the exigency of affairs demands. The managers hold office during the four years intervening between one meeting of the conference and another, have usually been two in number in each branch of the Concern, are eligible to reappointment, and have ordinarily been so selected that with every new member one having had the preceding four years' practical experience should be associated. The advantage of this method of combining the vigor of a fresh laborer with the knowledge of one already familiar with the details of the work is too great to pass unnoticed. To these managers are entrusted the conduct of the various departments of the business of the Concern, whether literary or financial—their power being sufficient for any emergency that may arise. Prior to 1848 the managers were under the

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supervision of committees designated by the local conferences, but in that year the General Conference substituted for these a general Book Committee, composed of clergymen and laymen chosen from all portions of the church. Since 1872 local committees of these laymen have been selected from among the members of the general committee to oversee the business in New York and Cincinnati, to whose gratuitous and effective service the prosperity of the Concern is largely due. The annual reports of the managers are made to the general Book Committee, and the quadrennial report of this committee to the General Conference, by whom the work of the preceding four years is approved or criticised, and the managers superseded or continued as it deems expedient. By this arrangement the church, in its highest official body, comes into immediate relation with every detail of the enterprise, exercising over it not simply an advisory or prohibitory, but a directive control, and giving it the benefit of the soundest wisdom and the largest experience which the church itself possesses, together with the moral and intellectual endorsement which such control affords.

IV. The methods pursued by the Book Concern in carrying on its work are of two classes, those of production and those of distribution. In the production of printed books and papers for distribution the mode adopted until 1821 confined the labor of the managers and their employees to the preparation of the matter to be published and the handling of the finished product, the printing and binding being done by private parties under contract. Even with this method the institution prospered and its capital rapidly increased. But the manifest benefit to be derived from the union of all the departments of its business under one administration, and particularly from securing to the Concern the profit of the printing and binding then accruing to other manufacturers, impelled the managers in 1821 to open a bindery and in 1824 a printing-office. The success of these experiments led to the erection of the larger manufactory in Mulberry Street, where for over fifty years the entire process, from the preparation of the manuscript to the shipping of the finished volumes, was conducted. As a result of the change thus made in the mode of production the assets now invested in buildings and machinery, amounting to more than one and a half millions of dollars, have been acquired and paid for, the whole of which would under the former system have gone to other manufacturers.

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In the distribution of the products of the Book Concern reliance has been placed, first and above all, upon the clergy. Methodist preachers have always been instructed that the supply of their people with proper reading matter constituted an essential part of their missionary work. In rural districts where bookstores were inaccessible, and in more populous regions where suitable religious literature could not be found, both necessity and conscience rendered them colporteurs as well as teachers. Before highways were opened for carriage transportation these earnest men journeyed on horseback, their saddle-bags laden with books and tracts for distribution. The energy and tact which they displayed in stimulating the thirst for knowledge, and in placing within reach of their hearers the means of satisfying it, has contributed more than any other cause to the success of the whole undertaking. The experience of the Book Concern in this particular has forced upon it the conclusion "that any system for the sale of books and papers that proposes to dispense with the agency of the preachers will prove a failure." And though modern facilities have, in the settled districts of the country, allowed the clergy to retire from active colportage, yet it is still affirmed that "if we take the whole history of the church together three-fourths of the products of the Methodist Book Concern have reached their destination, directly or indirectly, through the agency of Methodist preachers. The people still look to them for their reading matter as well as for their Sabbath instruction, and the preachers still feel the need of the press as their most potent ally in their work." With the development of the country and the spread of Methodism larger means have become necessary to bring the publications of the church within the reach of its people, and to this end warehouses, or "depositories," were opened at the great centres of trade. These are the property of the Book Concern and under its management, although for many business purposes they are treated as distinct establishments. To them the products of the Concern are shipped in immense quantities, and are thence distributed to the preachers, Sunday-schools, and neighboring booksellers. The profits realized by the depositories upon the prices at which the publications are charged to them by the Concern are expected to render them self-supporting. Full stocks of books are also kept in many other cities, in stores not under the control of the Concern, but selling on commission or otherwise as the state of trade may warrant.

V. The literary achievements of the Methodist Book Concern

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have been such as might be expected from its history and methods. The catalogue issued by Mr. Dickins in 1795 contains the titles of twenty-eight bound volumes, published during the preceding six years. The catalogue of 1889 includes two thousand, seven hundred and fifty-three bound volumes and two thousand, eight hundred and seventy-two tracts and pamphlets. In the interval between these dates many other books have been published which are no longer in print or have passed out of the hands of the Concern, and hence are not found in its catalogues. The books enumerated in the later catalogues are of the most varied character, embracing formidable treatises on philosophy, dogmatic theology, and ecclesiastical law, as well as less pretentious works of history, biography, physical and moral science, and fiction, suited to all readers of whatever age or degree of learning. The impression made by a perusal of their titles is that the Methodist Church has, through its Book Concern, attempted to create and furnish for its people a literature of its own, dispensing with the necessity for referring to other publications for information on any subject, human or divine.

Still more remarkable than this has been the rise and spread of its periodical religious literature. At the date of the foundation of the Book Concern this form of publication was practically unknown. But its advantages were too apparent to permit it to remain unemployed after proper facilities for its distribution had been provided, and in 1818 the *Methodist Review* was started (though under a different name), and ever since has held a leading place among religious periodicals, its circulation now amounting to about seven thousand copies. In 1824 the *Christian Advocate*, a weekly newspaper, made its appearance from the presses of the Eastern Branch, and was followed by the *Northern Christian Advocate* and the *Southeastern Christian Advocate*, the weekly issue of the three together during the year 1891 being about sixty-five thousand copies. In the Western Branch, the *Western Christian Advocate* was commenced in 1834, the *Christian Apologist* (German) in 1839, the *Northwestern Christian Advocate* in 1853, the *Central Christian Advocate* in 1856, the *Epworth Herald* in 1890, and others of less note in English or German. The weekly circulation of these journals in 1891 was over one hundred and fifty thousand. Thus the Concern furnishes to the two million members of the Methodist Church one bi-monthly review and eight weekly newspapers, averaging about one copy to ten persons, which on the usual basis of computation, would indicate that nearly two-thirds of the Methodist population were

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readers of the periodicals issued by their Book Concern. That all are not so is doubtless due to the fact that other Methodist newspapers, not controlled by the Concern, enjoy extensive patronage.

But even these figures must in turn give place to those which show the magnitude of the supply of Sunday-school material that the Concern provides. The Sunday-school has always been the strong arm of established Methodism, and the efficiency with which their schools have been conducted goes far to explain the willingness of many prominent Methodists to see our public schools made permanently secular. The child who spends his first ten years of Sabbath education under their discipline has little left to learn that any Protestant parochial school could teach him. This statement will be readily accepted, since the reports of 1891 disclose that in addition to all other modes of instruction, by catechism, by Bible study, and by oral exposition, the Book Concern supplies to the two million Sunday-school children of the Methodist Church weekly, monthly, and semi-monthly papers and leaflets whose aggregate circulation is three and a half millions, or nearly two for every pupil in their schools. Here the investigation of statistics may well stop, but it will leave unreckoned the multitudinous variety of church and Sunday-school appliances, the nature and use of much of which would require more explanation than the writer has the time or space to give.

VI. The financial results of this literary venture are, however, the best tests of its practicability and value. An institution supported by endowments or external charity may furnish unlimited missionary work in preaching and in publications, and the gift, though accepted, may fall fruitless and wasted from the hand of the receiver. But when people are willing to pay for what they obtain, and a price at that which affords not only compensation but a profit to the supplier, the inference is a fair one that the book or service is appreciated and turned to some good use by the purchaser or hearer. In this point of view the pecuniary success of this self-supporting institution vindicates not only the practical wisdom of its founders as men of business, but their sagacity and zeal as Christian teachers. The Methodist Book Concern commenced its operations in 1789, as we have seen, with a borrowed capital of six hundred dollars. At the death of Mr. Dickins, in 1798, there was a deficit of four thousand five hundred dollars. By 1804 this debt had been cleared away and a working capital had been accumulated from the profits. After

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the fire in 1836 the capital remaining in the Eastern Branch was nearly two hundred thousand dollars, which was then increased by an outside subscription of about ninety thousand dollars, the only occasion on which the enterprise has ever received external pecuniary aid. In 1891 the net capital of the Eastern and Western Branches together was reported at upwards of three million dollars. In addition to this sum, which is retained in the business, an amount nearly or quite equal to it has been paid out of the profits to the general and local conferences for church purposes and the support of superannuated preachers. The sales during the four years ending with 1888 were about seven million dollars, and for the year 1891 exceeded two millions. And this at prices as low as those of other leading houses, and in many cases lower, and with liberal discounts to Sunday-schools, the clergy, and the trade. The Book Concern itself within the year has shown its appreciation of such patronage by scaling all the prices of its books an average of twenty per cent., thus rendering its publications materially cheaper than any similar productions in the market.

VII. The response of the Methodist people to these efforts of their denominational publishing house is evident from the foregoing facts. Without their hearty support the enterprise must have failed, and from the beginning this support has been given even by those from whom it might naturally have been least expected. Among the early Methodists were not many who were rich or learned, but under the perpetual stimulus of the travelling preacher the mechanic, laborer, and farmer became readers and sought their books where they had found their desire for knowledge. Within their humble homes little libraries grew up volume by volume, as the visits of the preacher were repeated, bound in substantial leather and meant for use, and have descended to their grandchildren and great-grandchildren, well worn by many readings but prized as sacred relics of an unforgotten past. Readers make readers; and as the membership of the church extended the demand for books more than kept pace with the increasing population. Statistics on this point are not attainable, but the following comparison will manifest the fact: In 1848 the average outlay of each member for publications of the Book Concern was twenty-five cents; in 1891 it was one dollar; the ratio of patronage developing four times as fast as that of membership. This practical sympathy of the people has not been suffered to diminish for want of encouragement on the part of the church authorities. Appended to the

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catalogue of Mr. Dickins in 1795 was an admonition to all Methodists not to purchase any of the books contained therein except from the Concern or its agents. In 1889 the General Conference recommended that the year be observed throughout the church as a centennial of thanksgiving for the prosperity of the Book Concern, that sermons be preached by every pastor setting forth its history and the importance of its work, and exhorting the people everywhere to commemorate the event by purchasing from it every needed supply of books and periodicals. It is this unceasing co-operation between the clergy and the laymen of the Methodist Church which has not only given the Book Concern its wonderful success, but has made Methodism itself one of the remarkable phenomena of the nineteenth century.

Such is the object. What are its lessons? Are they not these?

1. That a publication house under clerical management and control is not only practicable, but can attain the highest degree of literary and financial prosperity.

2. That the success of such an enterprise is not dependent upon present capital or immediate patronage, but upon the zeal and methods of its founders.

3. That to induce a people to accept and use a church literature the supply must be undertaken and conducted by the church itself; thus removing the work from the plane of business competition and pecuniary interest, and making it a part of its missionary or pastoral labors.

4. That the work thus undertaken and conducted has an educative force of immeasurable influence, able in a few generations to convert a race of meagre information and sluggish mental operations into one of high intelligence and far-extended knowledge.

5. That in an age like ours, when power resides in knowledge, not in wealth or numbers, an organization which would keep abreast of its associates must concentrate its energies on the development of the intellectual faculties and acquisitions of its members, and that the Press surpasses any and every other means to that result.

Finally, that the question whether we shall have a Catholic Book Concern is not a question whether or not we *can*, but whether or not we *will*.

W. C. ROBINSON.

Yale University.

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WHAT FILLS OUR JAILS.*

CRIME, its cause and its cure, is a subject so engrossing that the bulky volume which the government of Ontario has issued, containing the report of the commission appointed to inquire thereinto and to collect information respecting prisons, reformatories, and the like, is worthy of more extended notice than is usually given to official publications. It gives a succinct sketch of English penal legislation, dips into the history of the treatment of destitute children, recounts the advances made in the treatment of criminals, and sets forth a striking symposium of views on the causes of crime.

The "melancholy tendency of crime youthward" so impressed the commissioners that they placed prominently on their list of crime causes "want of proper parental control, lack of good home treatment, and the baneful influence of bad homes." They knew of no antidote, "unless some outer influence for good could be employed"; and they recommend, in the way of prevention, compulsory school attendance, the setting apart of public playgrounds with gymnasiums in every city and town, the rigid supervision of the importation of destitute children, and the enactment of municipal laws to prevent the running at large of boys and girls in the streets after dark. But, strange to say, they omitted to suggest the employment of one of the most potent outer influences for good—the teaching of religion in the schools. The Catholics of Ontario, of course, enjoy the blessed privilege of state-supported separate schools. But they are pitied for it by many good people, who would like—in the interest of Catholics, of course—to have such schools abolished. The unsectarian school idea dominates the educational departments of all the provinces except Quebec; and it is as slavishly worshipped by the generality of Protestants in Ontario as it is by their fellow-believers across the line. This may, in some measure, account for the omission. The commissioners received many forcible reminders that there was something radically wrong in the training of children, and that education in merely secular subjects did not make men and women law-abiding. The "want of *proper* education, *moral* and otherwise," was given as

* *Report of the Commissioners appointed to Inquire into the Prison and Reformatory System of Ontario.* 1891. Printed by Order of the Legislative Assembly.

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one of the causes of crime by Dr. Clarke, the Medical Superintendent of the Toronto Asylum for the Insane; and others iterated his opinion. But the Rev. Mr. Bogart, leading Episcopal clergyman of Ottawa, spoke more plainly.

"What do you think are the chief causes of crime?" asked the chairman.

"I attribute," answered Mr. Bogart—"I attribute a great deal to a thing our people are inclined to boast of very much, and that is our system of education. The instruction which the children receive in the common schools ought to be such as would deter them from crime. I have gone into the schools in Ottawa—I took the trouble a few years ago to visit as many as I could to find out how many pupils knew the Lord's Prayer and the Ten Commandments. I made out a little schedule of the result of my inquiry, and the result in these schools was simply appalling. I don't believe that twenty-five per cent. of our children of the age of ten or twelve know these. They have an idea of right and wrong, but there are a great many things that they meet with in the ordinary course of life that they do not know to be wrong. I do not see what you can expect from the Sunday-school system alone when the teaching of Christian morality and doctrine are entirely neglected in our day-schools."

"What percentage could repeat the Lord's Prayer and the Ten Commandments?" inquired a member of the commission.

"About twenty per cent.," replied Mr. Bogart.

"Could all repeat the Lord's Prayer?" asked another commissioner.

"No," answered Mr. Bogart. And then he went on to tell of a test he had made in a public school in a country parish, where, in a room containing twenty-six pupils, he found only three who knew the Ten Commandments. "I think," he added, "it is a deplorable thing that Christian doctrine and morals should not be taught in our day-schools."

"You consider, then," said the chairman, "that the absence of religious instruction in the schools is one of the causes of crime?"

"I do," was the emphatic answer.

A gentleman who represented the interests of labor on the commission, and who gave the measure of his fitness for such a post by remarking that he was "not one that is very particular about matters of this kind"—to wit, the doctrines of the Christian religion—waxed wrothy at the evidence which the reverend gentleman felt himself compelled to give after taking an oath on the Holy Gospels that he would speak the whole truth. This representative of the working-men proceeded to read the divine a lecture, and in a very unjudicial tone he demanded if he did

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not know "that in England the tendency is toward secular education."

"I do not think so," replied Mr. Bogart; "I know that there is a struggle at the present time between Christianity and unbelief, but I have not seen that the church has suffered by it."

What a pity it is that so many Christians fail to perceive that the fight against religion in the schools is the fight of unbelief against Christianity!

When it came to suggesting means of reform, the commissioners unstintingly recommended as a cure what they failed to suggest should be employed as a preventive. They urge that the erecting of industrial schools, with accommodation for as many children as it may be found necessary to place in such institutions, be immediately undertaken, and "that the literary and the moral and religious instruction of the boys and girls detained therein be carefully attended to," as well as their technological training. The erection of such schools, they suggest, should be made compulsory on municipalities, "unless within a reasonable time a corporate association under the terms of the existing act, and with the assistance of a legislative grant and private aid," should undertake the work. The commissioners had evidently much faith in voluntary as opposed to exclusively state action in such matters; and they advise that "the most cordial encouragement and assistance" be given by the civil authorities to all organizations interested in the saving of children. None of the commissioners appear to have visited any Catholic institution in their wanderings among prisons, reformatories, and the like. But they were impressed by what they heard of the success of the Montreal Reformatory, conducted under government supervision by the Brothers of Charity.

The exceptional good results produced by this institution are largely attributed, the commissioners tell us, "to the skill and devotion of the Brothers, and to their system of constantly mingling with the boys, whose admiration is evoked by such unselfish devotedness."

The example of Wichern, the founder of the Rauhe Haus at Horn, near Hamburg, was not lost on the commissioners; and note is made in their report of the fact that he was forced, in order to better provide a substitute for the influence of family life, to establish "a sort of religious brotherhood, who, devoting their lives chiefly to the work, exercised, it is said, a most beneficial influence on the boys with whom they continually lived and worked." Wichern's Brotherhood has been invited to take

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charge of prisons and reformatories in Prussia and elsewhere. Apropos of Mr. Round's reformatory, known, I think, as the Burnham Industrial Farm, the secretary of the commission has this to say:

"The especial characteristic of the institution is that, while it is strictly Protestant, it is managed by a body of religious who call themselves Brothers of St. Christopher. They did not wish at first to take the name of any saint lest they might be suspected of leaning to Catholicity. The applications for admission to this order are said to be more numerous than can be entertained. When an applicant is admitted he signs a paper pledging himself to do any duty that may be assigned to him without pay for six months and to observe all the rules. At the end of six months he signs a similar agreement for three years, if he so wishes and he is approved of. He may renew the agreement at the end of three years. He receives only food and clothing, and, of course, he is lodged. Mr. Round appears to have been led to the establishment of this order by having observed the great success of the New York Catholic Protectory. Very few of the boys who pass through that protectory afterward fall into the hands of the police, and this Mr. Round attributes to their being cared for by men who devote their lives to the training of those boys from religious motives, and who do not work for pay. He believes that his brothers have much more influence over the boys in his institution than any paid teachers could have."

Their dip into history must have brought prominently before the minds of the commissioners the fact that much of the evil which they had to deplore resulted from a departure from Catholic ideals. Down through the ages of faith they found in Merrie England the religious houses, which we have been so often told were corrupt incubuses on the commonwealth, actively engaged in effectually carrying on many of the works of mercy into which the commissioners were charged to inquire. But, as they so gently remark, a "great change took place in Great Britain in the time of the Tudors. For many generations destitute children had only such care as the Poor Law provided, and juvenile offenders were treated as criminals. A few of the old charitable institutions for the care of children escaped destruction, but these were devoted to the education of the children of respectable families. For the poor there remained only the poorhouse and the prison." And centuries elapsed before anything worthy of notice was done to remedy the evils thus wrought by the so-called Reformation. When will history be read aright by the people? Perhaps this very guarded remark of the commis-

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sioners may be a straw on the surface which shows that men are coming to understand that the religious revolt of the sixteenth century was even socially a backward movement, and that by it the masses, not the classes, suffered most.

After stating in his evidence that in the reformatories of England there was complete separation between Catholics and Protestants, Mr. Warden Massie, of the Ontario Central Prison, a rigid Presbyterian and a practical penologist, was asked if he would recommend the adoption of that system in Canada.

"Oh, yes! for the boys and girls," he answered. "Of course," he added, "you will understand that I am influenced by what I saw and what I learned in England and Scotland; I would strongly recommend this. I am strongly in favor of the separation of the two religious classes. Each class should be under the training of their co-religionists; much better work would be accomplished. Supposing you had a board of commissioners to supervise these institutions, such a board could speak with far more frankness and firmness with the heads of these institutions, and they could expect them to deal far more effectively with them if each were managed directly by a head who was in thorough sympathy in matters of religion with the inmates. My own experience teaches me that there should be separation in these establishments; indeed I do not know but it would be better in the prisons."

Care, of course, has always been taken in Canada to place Catholics and Protestants on an equal footing as regards religious instruction in penal and reformatory institutions. In large institutions, in which chaplains are employed by the government, there are both Catholic and Protestant appointees. The view of Dr. Wines as to the necessity for the employment of "religion in all its freedom and power," in all schemes of reform, has been adhered to. I do not think Canadians would long endure an institution conducted as to religion in the manner in which that on Randall's Island is conducted, which institution, by the way, is not referred to in the commissioners' report, although much space is given to the excellent Industrial School at Rochester.

Heredity receives due prominence as a cause of crime, but the evidence makes more strongly in favor of the view that crime is to be more largely attributed to evil environment. Dislike for work, ignorance, and the inordinate eagerness to acquire wealth, or to get money sufficient to satisfy the desires of the extravagant or the profligate, which so prevails in this age, are extensively commented on as producers of crime. But among all the influences which drag men down intemperance is given

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the first place. Even the neglect of the young, who form such an appalling proportion of the prison population, is, the commissioners say, largely due to "the evil effects of intemperance."

Indeed the burden of the replies to the question, "What do you consider the chief cause of crime?" was "drunkenness." And very few of those who are regarded as temperance fanatics and moral fadists appeared before the commission to give evidence. The witnesses were mainly hard-headed jailers, jail surgeons, and chiefs of police, whose opinions were formed by experience. "The chief cause—pre-eminently the chief cause—is intemperance," said Dr. Rosebrugh, the surgeon of Hamilton jail.

"Drunkenness is, beyond all question, the source of more crime than any other vice," answered Lieutenant-Colonel Grassett, the chief of the Toronto police; and in support of his statement he instanced the small number of arrests on Sundays in Toronto, where Sunday-closing is pretty rigidly enforced. Staff-Inspector Archibald was of the same opinion; and he pointed to the fact that on election days, when in Canada liquor-shops of all kinds are closed by law, the number of arrests was, as on Sundays, much smaller than on other days. Indeed, the experience of the commissioners was very similar to that of the eminent penologist, Dr. E. C. Wines, who found that the replies which he received to the circular addressed by him to prison-wardens might be summed up in this trenchant answer of Mr. Pollard, of Vermont: "My opinion is that if intoxicants were totally eradicated, the Vermont state-prison would be large enough to hold all the criminals in the United States."

The oft-told tale had evidently become monotonous, for one of the commissioners attempted to side-track "intemperance" by asking Sheriff Smith, "Does not destitution lead to drunkenness?" The reply was: "It may do so; but I would say that intemperance more generally leads to destitution than destitution to intemperance."

"I have heard some gentlemen say," remarked Jailer Kelly, of London, Ontario, "that idleness is the chief cause of crime, but I think drunkenness is; it produces all kinds of crime, with the exception of burglaries and such like." In this Mr. Kelly was borne out by the opinions of many who had evidently probed the question deeply. Several who took exception to the prominence given to intemperance as a crime-producer did so because expert criminals—the leaders, so to speak, in the profession—are generally sober men—sober, indeed, by necessity, for their

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work requires a cool head, a clear vision, and a steady hand. But most of the offences against the person, and the bulk of the lesser crimes and misdemeanors, have intemperance for their parent. Page after page might be cited from the evidence given before this commission; but it would be the same sad story repeated over and over again of the baneful effects of intemperance. The best beaten and most easily trodden of all the roads which lead to prison is that which has its beginning in the saloon. Theorize as we may upon the *per se* goodness of all the gifts of nature, no man can go unmoved through the evidence which has been merely touched upon here; no Christian can con it without feeling that one of the greatest impediments to the coming of God's kingdom, for which we daily pray, is the liquor-traffic; no social reformer can peruse it and not be forced to conclude that the first and most feasible step towards the betterment of the condition of the masses must be taken in the direction of lessening their consumption of alcohol.

In summing up the commissioners declare that "intemperance—directly and indirectly—is unquestionably one of the most fruitful causes of crime, and its effects are wholly evil." They recommend the committal to inebriate reformatories, which they would have established in all centres of population, of persons convicted of drunkenness more than three times in two years. But in morals, as in medicine, prevention is better than cure.

J. A. J. MCKENNA.

Ottawa, Ont.

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VADE MECUM.

PRECIOUS prayer-book, old and fingered,
Shabby grown from use and years,
Turned-down pages, faded writing;
Each defect the more endears.

It has been not only spokesman
When my heart was dumb and cold,
But a messenger from Heaven
Bearing blessings manifold.

In my doubtings often counsellor,
Prompting better thought and deed,
Nourishing a famished child-soul
With sweet prayer instead of creed.

Twixt its leaves my tears have fallen,
None else knew they ever fell;
It has hid the tell-tale blushes;
Caught the smiles that spoke a spell.

First to hear my childish lispings,
Then my whispered marriage vow;
In my hands, when dead, I'll clasp it,
Sharing dust as secrets now.

KATE P. LATHROP.

Baltimore, Maryland.

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SOME PERSONAL RECOLLECTIONS OF CARDINAL MANNING.

NEVER has a great man passed to his rest amid such praise and love as "The Cardinal," the name by which he will still be known affectionately amongst us. If any other great man were to die there would be a conflict of feeling; if mourned passionately by some, his memory would be indifferent to, or derided of, many others. But the cardinal—oh! the cardinal has written himself upon this age in England in letters that have sunk into people's hearts. All manner of people, unbelieving, wicked, careless—from these even he has to-day faith, sorrow, care. Up the stone steps of his bleak palace at Westminster what burdens were carried! His doors were as open as the doors of Simon's house where his Master sat at table, and the woman coming in broke the pot of precious ointment upon his feet. He welcomed every one—the latest Socialist with the latest fad for regenerating the human race; the latest poet with his folio of songs of the people; members of Parliament and East End workmen; poor Irish priests and old friends of his of the Establishment; Sisters of Nazareth and working members of the Salvation Army—all passed up his stairs to his little warm study, where, when the weather was not of the warmest, he sat in a big chair spreading his transparent hands to the blaze. Most bitterly orphaned of all he has left are the women whom, perhaps, no one else would set about helping. I know myself of some he received into the church who had crawled to his feet out of abysses of sin. He was not satisfied, as another might be, with making penitents of them; he tried to rehabilitate them even in this world, and devoted all his influence to such an end, usually succeeding as only he could. There was no difference to him in the sinner being a woman or a man; to him there was as much hope of restoration to good fame and honor for one as for the other. I have heard he could be very stern when it was a question of paltering with right or wrong, but his exquisite tenderness to sinners was one of the most heavenly things in his nature.

How he has brought the church he adopted into touch with the half-pagan world of London is extraordinary. People are comparing him and Cardinal Newman nowadays, but there is

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no comparison. Cardinal Newman set his mark upon the intellectual life of the world; our dead cardinal on the work-a-day and human life of it. Cardinal Newman even in the great days of '45 scarcely, I think, affected more than the intellectual classes. Lord Beaconsfield said Newman's secession gave the Church of England a shock from which many years after it still reeled. No doubt it did, but only among the more highly cultivated and intellectual classes. Newman was an Oxford man through and through. He was an Oxford don by profession and inclination, till in 1843 he resigned his living of St. Mary's and went to Littlemore. His sermons at St. Mary the Virgin's, his *Tracts for the Times*, deeply affected the upper strata of humanity in England. He lived among the exquisite things of Oxford, wherein one gathered as in a treasury the precious gleanings of a very old and slow-growing prosperity. His place was in old, gold-fretted libraries, with stained windows, and overlooking ancient quadrangles, where the feet of saints and scholars had trodden while yet the Plantagenets were young. The world was beyond the green peace of quadrangles and cloisters, beyond the high towers where the swallows wheeled, quite afar from his arched windows in the frames of greenery. He could never have been a democratic cardinal. Oxford had marked him for her own, and when he left her, passionately mourning, to strip himself of ancient privileges and join himself to the church of the poor, he carried with him that spirit of refined love of study and seclusion which an Oxford don might enjoy in the spirit of a mediæval monk. So far as quietness and apartness from the world went, Edgbaston might have been Littlemore.

Manning, on the contrary, had worked down more through the lives of the people. He was a very famous preacher, and his books of sermons were read and treasured by many a devout soul to whom the Gorham controversy and the Oxford movement would be indeed *caviare*. Then he was in the front of men's eyes. Archdeacon of Chichester at thirty-two, the next step would be a bishopric; and he was looked upon as the great champion of the liberties of the English Establishment. Bishop Philpotts, of Exeter, used to say that there were three men England had to look to for her future—Manning in the church, Gladstone in the state, and Hope in the law. When Manning and Hope-Scott both left the Establishment, Gladstone said he felt as if he had lost his two eyes.

We in the nineties scarcely realize the position of the church as she was in the forties, when those devoted men saw her,

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through her poverty, the very Bride of Christ. The old families of English Catholics were and are for the most part extraordinarily conservative. Many convulsions have passed over the world and never reached them within their park walls. They have a placid belief in their divine right, and to some of them we fear that the sovereign people is as much in a state of serfdom as though King John reigned. The prelates of the church were either Italians or men with strong Italian traditions, and so bitterly distasteful to the mass of the English. The poor of the church were mainly the very poor Irish, and as Irish certainly not sisters and brothers to the haughty English Catholics. It was when the church was at this low ebb that God recuperated her miraculously by the Oxford movement. This poor and despised church suddenly drew into her, as some one wrote, a third part of the stars of Heaven. Men could no more despise or believe calumny of her when for her sake such men as Newman and Manning had given up all things. They were Englishmen—that was the great thing for the English multitude—and their lives, Manning's especially, lived openly in the sight of all men. To Cardinal Manning, however, more than all others is due the credit of demolishing by his mere life the whole stupid fabric that hatred and ignorance had been building since the days of Martin Luther. In latter days even men who hated his faith bent the knee to him, feeling that which Leo XIII. sweetly said to the arrogant young German sovereign: "You will be none the worse for an old man's blessing."

Even in Cardinal Newman's life it was Cardinal Manning was called "the cardinal." The older and greater man, perhaps, could no more have conceived of addressing a temperance meeting from an upturned tub in Hyde Park than he could have fraternized with General Booth. Yet if there was one thing preeminent in Cardinal Manning's great qualities it was his dignity. He was most truly a prince, and though he had taken all the world to his great heart, I do not think he ever forgot for a moment his dignity as prince of the church; and I have heard of his resenting a stupid *brusquerie* with very marked displeasure.

He took to the people and the ugly world of London with extraordinary ease. It must have been all such a change from Lavingdon rectory. Sussex is a county of England especially rich in the beauties of an old civilization. It is full of lovely park lands, of noble trees, of hidden sheets of water, pure and lonely in the heart of silent woods, where the only living thing

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is a white swan, calmly gazing on his image in the mere. An American once told me how exquisite the order and neatness of old European countries were to one accustomed to great spaces and untrained nature. Sussex is not too rich and velvety-pastured, as are some of the home counties. It has that chain of woods and meres running through it; and coming from deforested Ireland, where woods are few, lovely are Sussex woods, carpeted heavily with bracken and starred by all manner of wild-flowers. In June, when I was there, leaning from a window curtained with roses, one might hear the nightingale singing in those dark woods. I have never seen Lavingdon rectory, but I can place it easily in the lovely Sussex landscape.

There is no doubt that Manning's short married life made a deep impression on all his after-career. Perhaps it put him even more in touch with human joys and sorrows. His wife was very beautiful. She was the daughter of his predecessor at Lavingdon, one of the four lovely Miss Sargeants, of whom the others married, one Bishop Wilberforce, another Henry Wilberforce, his brother, and the remaining one became Mrs. Dudley Ryder, and was to be the mother of three Catholic priests. Henry Wilberforce's family also joined the church. There are many stories of the cardinal's marriage. Many people believe, for example, that there were two daughters of his somewhere in the world or the convent. As a matter of fact he buried his young wife and her one baby at the end of three years of married life, and shut down so heavy a curtain upon his grief that no one seems ever to have sought to lift it. A friend of mine who enjoyed a special intimacy with the cardinal of late years, and revered and loved him passionately, writes that he once mentioned in conversation that he had been to Lavingdon. "Did you go to the graveyard?" said the cardinal. As my friend answered in the affirmative, he says that a look passed between them which seemed like the lifting of a little corner of the curtain. He mentions also that the cardinal's advice to those who came to him to be comforted in bereavement, "You must bury the trouble and put a stone on it," always seemed to him like a reference to his own early sorrow.

My own knowledge of the cardinal came through this friend, who is a distinguished Catholic journalist. I was calling at his house at Kensington, in the May of 1884, when the cardinal's little brougham drove up to the door, and he came in, in his warm overcoat with quilted lapels in front. I kept in the background while he chatted with my friend, and while he gave a few

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words of blessing to my friend's invalid wife. Then he said quite suddenly: "And this young lady?" "An Irishwoman, and a young poet of *Merry England*, your eminence," replied my friend. "And a Catholic?" he asked with delightful friendliness, for dearly he loved an Irish face and an Irish voice. "Yes, your eminence." "Well, my child, I'll give you a blessing," he said; which he did—and may some of his blessing's fruit cling to me during life! I remember that I was sorely discomfited afterwards because, in my awkwardness and confusion, I did not kneel to kiss his ring; but he was the last person to misunderstand.

Then when my first little book, *Louise de la Valliere*, appeared in the following year I sent it to him. I shall never forget that he acknowledged it by return of post. His letter is now before me in his clear handwriting, and though it says such kind things of myself, I transcribe it reverently as it is written:

"Archbishop's House, Westminster, S. W.,
May 29, 1885.

"Dear Miss Tynan: Your volume of poems reached me last night, and I at once read many of them with very great interest and pleasure. The least excellence in them is their very pure diction. I am no critic, but I am very quick to feel words without meaning or color or fitness. I have seldom read so much, and met with so few words I did not think well chosen. The next excellence seems to me the beauty of conception both natural and moral. But the last and highest is the sacredness of the subjects, and the piety of their treatment. It is not, therefore, so much as poems but as sacred strains of which the Person of our Lord is the centre that I value them. I hope if you come again to London I may see you. I cannot with certainty remember when, as you say, I gave you a blessing, but I hope that all blessings may be with you."

I was in London a year later, but did not venture to visit the cardinal alone, the dear friend to whom I owe, in a way, the cardinal's kindness being out of health at the time. However, I always had it before me to see and talk with him; but I had more letter-writing first, for he acknowledged my *Shamrocks*, published in 1887, with a letter even kinder and sweeter than the first. It is as follows:

"My dear Child: I have read much of the book you have kindly sent me with great pleasure, especially 'Cor Dulce' and the 'Good Shepherd.' I find the same perception of the beauty of all created things which is a gift of the Holy Ghost. It is a part of the *Donum Scientiæ* which sees God in all things, and

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all things in God. This ought to be a part of the education of children, and the world would be happier and better. I have read also 'Diarmid and Grainne,' which has more force and is here and there rugged, but a beautiful whole. Keep firmly to the beauty of the natural and the supernatural, as Fra Angelico did in painting. I send you a little book, in which you will find the 'Donum Scientiæ.' May every blessing be with you.

"Faithfully yours in Jesus Christ,
"HENRY E. CARDINAL ARCHBISHOP."

The book was *The Internal Mission of the Holy Ghost*, and it is a very treasured volume now.

I did not see him again till September, 1889. It was in the very thick of the dockers' strike, and I had been seeing a good deal of it, visiting the docks, all silent and empty save for a few shamefaced "blacklegs" hanging forlornly about. The warehouses of ivory and spice and sandal-wood and cinnamon had no footfall on their echoing. At Tilbury, too, I had seen, in a day of dancing water and brilliant sky, the silent docks and the stern pickets who guarded the dock-gates against possible "blacklegs." And in Hyde Park I had stood on a platform with John Burns and Cunningham-Graham, by chance, not by design, and had gained immense *kudos* among the dockers, as a well-dressed woman who sympathized with them. The cardinal was immensely busy in those days, driving hither and thither in his little brougham, preaching patience to the men and tolerance to the dock directors, having long conferences with the labor leaders, doing more than any one else in the world could to avert a revolution. For there was talk of a gas-strike, and more than talk, and London once in darkness, the creatures that lurk in its dark and infested corners would be down like a swarm of rats upon the immense wealth in the shops and warehouses past which the dockers every day made their patient five miles' trudge to the West End.

It was a wet morning, I remember, when we turned out of Vauxhall Bridge Road into Carlisle Place, a quiet street of somewhat gloomy mansions, flanked at either end by the archbishop's house and the convent of the Sisters of Charity. The cardinal's man, Newman, opened the door for us, the same faithful old servant whose attendance on the cardinal once, in Paris, caused a glib French journalist to inform the Parisian world that *Cardinal* Newman and Cardinal Manning were staying at the same hotel in its midst. We went up the stone stairs, along a balustraded gallery, and entered the big room

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which was not the cardinal's snuggery. It had a long, stately table down its length, and stately chairs in ormolu and red silk were round it. On the walls were a picture of the Vatican Council, a portrait of Blessed John Fisher, a picture of Our Lady of Good Counsel, some family portraits; under a glass shade was Cardinal Wiseman's biretta; close by a Mater Dolorosa in Italian marble.

The cardinal came in quite briskly for all his eighty years, an old man tall and thin to attenuation, dressed in a long cassock trimmed with the red of his cardinalate, and a scarlet skull-cap on his silver head. He did not strike me that day as he did when I saw him later, and the strain was removed, as a very old man. He did look very old, but *such* an old face, such a saint's face, so purified, so ascetic, so removed from all of earth except only human kindness! It was a very beautiful face, apart from its spiritual significance even. His features were classical and perfect, except perhaps that the mouth, straight and thin, was a little too rigid. Ah, well, that rigidity was for himself only! His blue eyes smiled at one for the stern mouth. It struck me what different types of old age were his and Cardinal Newman's. Millar's picture of Cardinal Newman, that triumph of scarlet robe and silver hair and delicate aging flesh-tints, is extraordinarily pathetic; the face looks directly at you, the fine curves of it softening away into infinite tiredness. Cardinal Manning, on the contrary, seemed to be a type of tense, braced-up old age that day; his figure was so unrelaxed, his features so firm.

When I saw him again he looked older, for the strike was just settled, and he was tired and the impetus to strength gone. He was in a little inner room, littered with books and papers, sitting by the fire in a great arm-chair and a little shivery, though it was a lovely mild September morning. He drew a chair at his right hand for me, and so for an hour I sat in close converse with a saint. He treated me with the most affectionate kindness. We discussed many things—the strike; Mr. Arthur Symonds' *Nights and Days*, a newly published volume of poems; Mrs. Hamilton King's *Garibaldian Poems*, which characteristically he praised with generous warmth. He talked of the Irish people with great love, of their domestic virtues, of the things they needed, of his faith in their ultimate destiny. That morning, as we came along from Victoria station, the news-boys were crying the intelligence of another Whitechapel murder, one of the appalling series of crimes which have made the name that no

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doubt was derived from some stately chapelry of White Friars horrible in the thoughts of the civilized world. When my companion told the cardinal his face became, if possible, paler. He lay back with his eyes closed, and a blanched look that told how horribly he felt the world's burden of sin and misery. He looked very old then; and it was a pathetic indication of his age that later, wishing to inscribe his name in his little book, *Towards Evening*, which was my second, most precious gift from him, he could not remember it; when I repeated it he said to himself, "Of course, of course," with a little impatient sigh.

The papers and magazines have teemed with reminiscences of him. Already many people's experiences of him in the newspapers would reach from here to New York if the lines were set on end. Every one has something sweet to tell, from the old men who were young fellows with him at Oxford to "John Law," the philanthropic young lady who is a toiler in the East End and closely allied with the Salvation Army. "I would like to become a Catholic," she wrote lately, "for the sake of pleasing Cardinal Manning." His letter to "Dear General Booth"—"You alone have gone down into the depths to rescue souls ransomed by the Precious Blood"—brought down upon him many remonstrances from English aristocratic Catholics. So very probably did his published desire to honor John Wesley as a faithful servant of his Master. But the cardinal, of all princes that ever lived, knew how to put an insolent meddler in his place. His heart was as wide as the heart of the church, so often misunderstood by even those of her own community. The world is very lonely without him to one who saw him but seldom. What his loss is to those to whom he was father, friend, comforter, and guide God only knows. Even the great world will miss him, for none of them have failed to appreciate the rarely great soul, and the venerable and beautiful personality. But the poor Irish in London will miss him terribly: his League of the Cross, all his schools and orphanages, and his poor dockers, who followed him on foot for the last time in bleak mid-January weather. There was a time people used to call him ascetic and cold. Every one knows better now. A more universal love was never given to any of God's creatures, and assuredly he was

"—to those men that loved him, sweet as summer."

KATHARINE TYNAN.

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MISTRESS MARY.

A STORY OF THE SALEM PLANTATIONS.

LETTER X.

ALAS! Esmé, for the heavy tidings I heard but yesterday? You never knew him, and yet you know well how I loved George Lisle. Since I wrote last General Winthrop hath come to us very oft, and telleth always stories of the troubles at home, which his shrewdness shows him greatly interest Mistress Mary, little thinking with what eagerness I also listen. One time I made bold to inquire of him if he knew aught of Sir George Lisle, of whom I heard nothing since Colchester yielded to Fairfax and Ireton. At the first he seemed somewhat loath to make answer, and then spoke shortly, saying that after so long and obstinate a defence it was needful, for the example of others, and the peace of the kingdom, that some military justice should be done, and that the council therefore determined that he with two others should be shot to death; which was presently done. Grief for his death and anger at the manner of it made me forget my condition both as a prisoner (for so I hold myself to be) and a younger man, so that I cried out it was a barbarous deed and without example in England, and that they had murdered a man better than themselves, gallant to look upon and to follow in a day of battle, so that his men never forsook him nor left anything undone which he led them upon; and yet to his fierceness of courage he had the softest and most gentle nature, loved all and beloved of all, and without a capacity to have an enemy. Winthrop seemed angry at my thus speaking, whether because at heart he was ashamed of so barbarous a deed, or because unwilling that his party should be shown to be of such an unmerciful and bloody nature before Mistress Mary, I know not; for he answered quickly: "Ireton told me of him as one of a light and frivolous carriage, and that died with a jest on his lips; for when Sir Charles Lucas, who was their first work, fell dead he ran to him and then kissed him, and then standing up spake to them who were to execute him to come nearer. One of the soldiers saying, 'I'll warrant you, sir, we'll hit you,' he answered, smiling, 'Friends, I have been nearer you when you have missed me.' Thereupon they all fired, and did their work

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home, so that he fell dead, in an ungodly manner, with neither word of prayer nor of repentance of his sins."

"Nay," said I brokenly, for I could hardly speak for sorrow, "meseems it was most godly to harbor so little hatred of his murderers as to jest with them, and better than many words, and I doubt not his death, even though he met it smiling, was received in mercy by our blessed Saviour"; and with that I left the company, and saw as I departed Mistress Mary's sweet eyes full of tears, and Winthrop looking stern and ill-pleased. Pray for his soul, dearest Esmé, though I believe he stands not in need of prayers, dying a martyr's death; and yet I would not that he should feel himself forgotten.

LETTER XI.

Since my last writing I have held myself aloof from the society when Winthrop made part of it, and so noted with more particularity the frequency of his coming, by which means also a whole week was nearly over before I had any word with Mistress Mary save at meals, and then few enough. It befell, however, one evening the governor bade me accompany him as he walked abroad, wishing to tell me the substance of letters he desired written the next day touching the alliance with New France, which is still undetermined. Before we were very long gone from home we were overtaken by Winthrop and Mistress Mary, she quick-breathed from rapid walking, and he methought somewhat shamefaced and not well pleased. "I have brought General Winthrop to you, uncle, for he came soon after you left, and I knew not rightly how to direct him to overtake you," said she. The governor greeted him courteously and Winthrop could do no less than join him, leaving Mistress Mary and me to walk together, and she being fatigued, we loitered a little behind them and out of ear-shot, until we came to the graveyard, where I prevailed upon her to repose herself a while sitting on the low stone wall that is builded around it. It is a bare and lonely place with only grass growing above the quiet graves, but the sky to the west was fair, with a clear, pale light above the dark pines, and against the wall were pink wild-roses, which, to my fancy, looked lovelier by the rough gray stones than any flowers in the French parterres. Her dress was as gray as the stones, for the maidens here are ever clothed in sober hues, and coming hastily, the evening being warm, she wore no hood, so that the low sunlight lay lovingly upon her fair hair, and after I gathered some of the roses, which she graced by putting them

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in her girdle, I thought nowhere else could the sun see so beautiful a sight. I read the names on some of the nearest headstones, and she showed me one marked with the names of the Lady Arbella and Isaac Johnson, her husband, and the dates showing he had lived but a few weeks beyond her. Then she told me how the Lady Arbella was the daughter of the Earl Lincoln, who, as Dudley wrote home, "coming from a paradise of plenty and pleasure which she enjoyed in the family of a noble earldom into a wilderness of wants, lived there only one month, and her husband died of grief a few weeks after." After did she tell me other stories of the first settlement; how two hundred of the first emigration died before the end of the autumn, and yet the hearts of those that lived were in nowise disquieted, and none the less did they hold to their first purpose. She said that always from a child she had come to the Lady Arbella's grave; and think of the strange fate and the force of her love, which had brought her from England to die in this strange land. "And I doubt not," said I, "that many flowers have you placed on her grave." "Oh, no!" she answered, "that would be unseemly"; and then told me of the austere fashion of their burying, where no clergyman ever says a word of prayer. Then I told her how in France, besides praying for the souls of them that have departed this life, each year those that love them visit their graves and lay on them flowers and wreaths, so that the bond of love is nowise broken even when the spirit passes from the flesh, and that as we pray for one another living, so also we continue in prayer after the death, which can separate bodies but not souls, and so keep the Communion of Saints as the Apostles taught. Her hands being full of pink roses she placed a few very tenderly on the soft grass, and as she turned away I saw that the thorns had pricked her white hand so that it bled, and drawing forth my handkerchief that I might stanch the blood, I pulled out with it my Rosary. While I bound up her finger unskilfully, and with trembling hands, she looked curiously at my Rosary, which seeing, I offered it in her hands. She took it as though half-afraid, touching the beads one after another, and suddenly cried out: "Why, it is strung like my mother's necklace. See!" And she took from around her neck, but hidden in her gown, no necklace indeed, but a Rosary of fair amethysts strung on gold, only with the cross broken away. "No necklace was ever strung like this, Mistress Mary," I said, and showed her the beads were in tens, like my chaplet, with a greater bead between for the Gloria and the Pater Noster,

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and the three smaller beads that follow the cross. She seemed as one sorely perplexed, and said: "It is very like; and yet how should I have a Rosary belonging to my mother?" Then I asked her of her mother, of whom she says she has the remembrance only of a gentle lady with dark eyes like her brother, and that she does not even know her name; for that none have ever spoken of her, she thinks by some command of her uncle, for that once when she inquired of him he told her briefly that, though her parents were so long dead, the grief to him was so great that he wished never to speak on so sad a theme. Only some jewels in a casket he had given her, rings and bracelets and such like, which the Puritans permit not their maidens to adorn themselves with—she, indeed, needs not their adorning—and that finding the string of amethysts among them, she wore it always hidden as something that had been the unknown mother's, her tender heart craving that remembrance of her in their harsh custom's despite. While she was still speaking Governor Endicott and General Winthrop approached, and methought both looked as if our speaking together misliked them, and it being now twilight, and the falling of the dew, we all went homewards, I marvelling greatly how Mistress Mary came by her amethyst Rosary, unless indeed her dead mother were of the church, which might well be deemed, by the governor, a grief and a grievous thing, the knowledge whereof he would fain keep from his fair niece.

LETTER XII.

O Esmé! I have been told a thing that is grievous to hear, and wherein I avail naught to help or hinder, though hinder it I would at the price of my heart's blood. Since the evening whereof I wrote last I have had no word with Mistress Mary, and hardly a look from her eyes; for whether her uncle hath chidden her for that occasion's converse, or for some other cause, she holds her eyes downcast whenever I see her, and hath a grave look that sorts her not and yet makes her lovelier than before. Yesterday I was talking with Dame Charnock about the hour that Mistress Mary setteth her household affairs in order, and Winthrop passing, she muttered, as if to herself, saying: "Weighty matters indeed that bring him every day to see the most worshipful governor"; with so great an air of meaning more than she spoke that I spared not until she had told me all that she meant, the hearing whereof was heavy enough. She saith that he desires to marry Mistress Mary, and that the gov-

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ernor is well pleased that it should be so, there being already a marriage between the two families, and General Winthrop standing high in the thoughts of all men for his courage and character. When I cried out that he, worn and grizzled, was no match for one so young and fair, she answered sharply that he was a most sober, godly man, and so most pleasing to the governor, and therefore pleasing to a dutiful maiden. Being passionately moved against the thought of this so unequal match—for though I had long seen how his eyes rested upon Mistress Mary, I thought not that any would dare to think of giving her to him—I spoke with great heat, which was suddenly chilled when from an inner closet came Mistress Mary, so pale and with so sad traces of tears that I dared say nothing as she passed, for the governor was calling her, and I think Winthrop waited. Now truly I know the reason of her silence and sadness, and gladly would I die to ease her sorrow; but what am I, a broken man and a prisoner in the house of her uncle.

. . . . . .

How shall I tell thee of the joy that has followed my despair—for she loves me! I had said no word of love to her, and yet she knew it; and when a happy fortune gave me leave to speak with her alone, it was as if we had always loved each other.

True it is that they would marry her with Winthrop, but, albeit we see no way out of the coil, she hath told me that she will never consent, and she is as strong beneath all her soft sweetness as the granite rocks that underlie the mayflowers, as sweet as she.

LETTER XIII.

Father Druillettes has returned, and to him I told all my love and our sore perplexity. He heard me with much kindness, and yet thought of no means whereby he might help us, but says that he will pray for light in this cloud of unknowingness, and still bids us be patient. Patience! when on any suspicion by the governor or jealousy of Winthrop—and his love may well make him sharp-eyed—I may be sent far from here, leaving them to work their will by preaching or persuasion upon my best beloved! I have had private speech again of her, and won her consent to one thing, for which I had to plead long. She hath promised to marry me now if Father Druillettes will consent, and he I doubt not will be well willing. I opened the subject to him, and lo! he was very loath, and said it liked him

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not to make such a requital of the governor's kindness to him. Whereupon I said, Mary is of age and free from her obedience to her uncle, and that it were better to marry her in secret to one whom she loved than leave her to be wed unwilling to one she loved not. Then said he: "It were better for her to marry in her own religion and by her own minister." "Nay," said I, "they do have no blessing of their own church at their marriage, for it is a magistrate and no minister who performs the rite"; and at that he crossed himself in horror.

"But," said he further, "I would not willingly marry thee, Alan, to a heretic; nor, indeed, would I have the power, failing a dispensation from my superior." To that at first I knew not what to urge, for well I knew I could not move him from his obedience, and so I was sorely perplexed. Suddenly the sight of his beads reminded me, and I cried out as if a sudden light from heaven had fallen upon my eyes. "Father, and what if she be no heretic, but a child of the church stolen from the fold?" And then recited to him what I knew of her mother's Rosary.

"That might indeed be, though it seems little possible," said he; "and if she were a true Catholic she would have failed not to have her child baptized in the faith, even if in secret. Has she no memory of any prayers taught her in infancy?"

"I know not," I answered; "but, father, wilt thou not see her and question her? Thou hast skill and long knowledge."

And so he promised that after supper he would await us in the woods beyond the town, if I could get word to Mistress Mary to repair thither. And oh! if he sees her and has even brief speech of her he cannot refuse her aught that she would have.

LETTER XIV.

Whether it befell by prayer or luck I know not, but that same evening Governor Endicott and Harry went to see Governor Winthrop, and the note I slipped beneath the lintel of Mary's door told her of my plan, so that in the twilight, when the house was all still, she came down the broad stairs and met me where I waited, cold and hot with fear and love. In the shadow of the trees I took her hand and led her where the priest waited. She was in a dark gown as when I first saw her, and with her travelling hood around her face; pale now but sweeter and lovelier than ever, and brave as became her brave heart.

"Daughter," said the priest, after she had showed him her

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beads, for there was little time to waste in words, "rememberest thou any prayers taught thee by thy mother?"

"None," she made answer; and my heart sank within me. "Think again," he said very gently. "Didst thou never, a little child, kneel beside her while she held thy folded hands and said certain words for thee to repeat after her?" Her brows knitted as if she half-remembered.

"I do not know"—she hesitated; "I almost think I remember—or I dreamed something like what you say."

"Father," I cried, standing by in a passion of hope and fear, "say the Our Father, and perchance she may remember." For my own heart beat so fast that I could say no word of it.

"Nay," he answered, "that prayer is common to all Christians, and it would prove nothing; but if her mother were in very truth a Catholic she would not fail to teach her own child the prayer all Catholics say to the mother of our Lord. See if thou dost remember the response."

And very slowly, still holding her hand, he said the first part of the Ave Maria. But she looked up in his face in silence, but piteously like a child trying to read a lesson she knows not.

"Many do pray in Latin," he said. "It may be she will remember it so"; and this time he said the prayer again in Latin. Still she answered it not; but her face changed like a lake when a little wind stirreth its waters, and slowly she repeated one word, "Maria," and as if trying to say something whereof she was not sure.

"Father," I exclaimed, and the tears were in my eyes, "say it in French!" And I caught her hand as if mine could carry the words to her very heart.

He waited a short space while his lips moved in silent prayer. For me I could say and think of no words, but every breath of my body and every beat of my heart was a passionate prayer that methought might move mountains. Then, still slowly and clearly, he began:

"Je vous salue, Marie, Mère de Dieu, le Seigneur est avec vous—"

When he stopped at the word Jesus my heart stopped beating? And then—O God be praised!—slowly and like a child repeating a half-forgotten lesson, I heard her sweet voice say:

"Sainte Marie, Mère de Dieu, priez pour nous, pauvres pêcheurs, maintenant et à l'heure de notre mort."

I think no shame to my manhood that I was sobbing aloud before she finished.

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Father Druillettes raised his biretta and said:

"Praise be to God, who in this vast wilderness hath brought this lamb back to the fold! Verily out of the mouth of babes and sucklings shall his truth be made manifest.

"Son, I will vouch that no mother so careful to teach her child these holy words would let her lack the baptism of the water of life, and I will wed thee to her whenever the time seems fit."

LETTER XV.

Much has befallen since the evening I wrote of, when that fair and sweet Puritan maiden, in her own unconsciousness, showed herself a child of the church. It needed not much further argument to win Father Druillettes to agree to marry us when the time was fit, and the only scruple he made was that while a guest of the governor he would not marry his ward and niece in secret. So it was settled that after his further visit to Dudley—the last of his attempts for the treaty—he would return on a fixed day with an Indian guide and wait us by a certain great pine-tree on the forest's skirt, whither Mary would go as soon as the twilight would give her chance to depart the house unseen. How long that day was in coming, and how much longer in wearing to twilight, I could never tell thee. In the morning Henry Endicott suddenly arrived, whose coming nearly shook his sister's resolution, for there hath always been a singular love between them, and her heart being tender with new feeling, did but feel the old affection more keenly, so that I saw her sweet eyes fill with tears whenever they rested upon him. Indeed I feared greatly that she would discover our secret to all that looked upon her by the tenderness and self-reproachfulness with which she moved among them, and but that her brother himself seemed strangely occupied with I know not what weighty concern he must have marked her trouble. Still I feared not she would fail at the tryst, and as the night grew near the greater danger was that I would be let from keeping it, for Henry Endicott joined me when I started and would walk with me through the town until I could have believed he purposed to prevent my going. But at last, after I had entered the forest by another way from the one we had appointed for Mary to go, he bade me good night, saying I must be fond of lonely and darksome walks, and turned away. I marked, without considering the reason, that he turned not back to Salem but further into the forest, little thinking how weighty would be

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to me the direction of his footsteps, nor all the trouble that should follow—noting only that he went away from where we were to meet.

And then in a little while I was at the tree where stood the Indian guide and Father Druillettes, with Mary holding his hand, wearing the travelling cloak in which I first saw her, and the hood falling back from her fair head, so that the faint light of the crescent moon fell on her brave face and sweet, deep eyes. The holy words were soon said—I repeating mine knowing nothing but that I held her cold little hand and that thus far forward she was mine—mine for ever, for not death itself should part me from my love. And then we knelt, and the holy father put his hands upon our heads, blessing us, prayed earnestly, and then was gone.

Never had the heir of Castle Graeme so strange a bridal—no witness but a dumb savage, no revelry or mirth to attend, nor altar lights nor pealing organ; only the light of the distant stars, and the sound of the sad night wind that stirred the sombre pines, and far off the deep moan of the sea.

LETTER XVI.

Many a time and in a petulant and unthankful mood have I called myself a prisoner in this new world, dearest Esmé, which now, looking back upon from my present condition, much abashes me, for truly then I had as much freedom as any of my fellows, whose bounds are the pathless ocean in front and a strange and pathless world around them, filled with such enemies that would fright the bravest soldiers of the old countries by their horrid and unseemly manner of fighting. But now am I of a verity a captive locked in one gloomy chamber, with access to none save only the jailer who is charged with my living, accused of a crime most horrible and undreamed-of, and for which few would more deeply grieve than I, the innocent yet suspected murderer. I write, not knowing whether the words will ever win their way to thee, or what will be the outcome of this dark and mysterious tangle, for I need not say to thee, to whom all my thoughts since I came to this land are well known, that not the holy sisters in thy convent are more innocent of the foul crime than I. It befell that my last package of letters, through a rare chance of good fortune, went in the ship that sailed the day after my last writing, and have, I trust, imparted to thee all that had befallen me. As is the wont here, we watched the ship that sailed homeward—the last that is to go

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before next spring—till it could no more be seen in the farthest distance, and afterwards I walked long in the pleasant country, for the evening was of marvellous softness, like as if the summer returned for a brief space, and a mild and pleasing haze hung over the earth like a veil of thinnest smoke. It is that season which they call here the Indian summer, for the first settlers, deceived by the appearance as of smoke all through the warm air, were at the first alarmed, taking it for the camp-fires of the savages gathering to the attack; but later finding their error, and that each year after the first fall of snow come these heavenly sweet days, they still name them in memory of that first fear, scorning, I doubt not, to hallow them as the people do in France, by the name of the great Saint Martin. I walked long, for my thoughts kept me sweet company, and returning home in the moonlight I was aware of an unwonted crowd around the governor's house, the whole town seeming astir. Hardly had I issued from the shadow of the trees when I was seized with much vehemence by many men at once, and with shouts of triumph and groans of horror and execration was led into the house, the hall whereof was filled with people, among whom I saw the deputy, the assistants, and many of the more considerable townfolk, but none of the household. Not knowing the meaning of all this stir, I was silent until Governor Winthrop, the brother of the general—for this year Endicott is deputy—said sternly: "Alan Graeme, when saw you Henry Endicott last?"

In much relief at so simple a question I answered instantly, "On the Wednesday just passed"; for I remembered well what day it was.

"And at what hour?"

"Somewhat late in the evening," I replied; but not without a hesitation that escaped not the keen attention of the listeners, for many cried out:

"Fain would he deny, but dare not, knowing that they were seen of many of us going together toward the forest."

My heart turned to ice in sudden dread that I had been followed and my secret discovered, with what sequence of separation for us or harm to another I dared not think, but I made shift to keep a calm and careless bearing, so that from me they should learn nothing.

When the governor had commanded silence, he said very solemnly:

"Alan Graeme, where is Henry Endicott now?"

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I answered: "Nay, I know not, unless he has returned again to Boston, for since the evening I have told you of I have not seen him."

"Nor no man else," said Winthrop; and there were many mutterings among the crowd, the cause whereof I little guessed until he went on: "Wherefore, as the last person seen with him, and the only one here who could bear enmity against him, being of different creed and party, and an alien and prisoner in this plantation, you are accused of his murder."

"Murder!" I repeated, and laughed aloud, in part for the relief of knowing whereof I was suspected and in part at the pure foolishness of any supposing I could have wrought evil to Henry Endicott. But the groans and exclamations of the crowd, no less than the white anger in Winthrop's face, quickly brought me to a soberer mind. Then, to my much surprise and despite my most solemn oaths of innocence and good will, I was carried to the jail, long empty of any prisoner, and never, I am bold to say, harboring one so guiltless in act or wish of the crime laid to his account.

LETTER XVII.

At last, at last, dear Esmé, I am free and blessed with a happiness so great and so unhoped-for that methinks I could gladly go back to prison again for the sake of so fair an ending of my captivity. Not now shall I weary thee with the long weeks and months that passed in that loneliness and suspense, nor the many times of summoning before the council and the oft-repeated questionings concerning Henry Endicott, to which I could give but one unshaken answer, as knowing no more and marvelling as much as any at his disappearance. Nor need I now dwell upon that greater sorrow and anxiety as to what had befallen his sister, bereft now of her brother and with no tidings direct from me; for none were allowed to see me save only the officers and council. I was forbid all communication or writing or receipt of letters, so that of what was passing without I knew naught. One thing only I knew, which was my chiefest comfort in those dark days, that how great soever her grief for her brother, and whatsoever they might charge against me, they should never change her faith in me, for, by the bond of the love between us I was full well assured that she could no more have doubt of me than I of her. And of this I had an assurance that filled me with thankfulness, for, falling sick through anxiety and dark doubt, I could not eat of the plain

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prison fare, so that Governor Endicott himself sent me food from his table.

As the jailer sorted the dishes one forenoon I saw a jar of jam wrapped in a sheet of paper on which was a superscription. Ere I could seize it he caught it, and, looking at both sides, threw it away carelessly, saying, "Dame Charnock hath been burning old papers of the governor's"; and looking, I saw an old impression of the seal of Rhode Island, with the sheaf of arrows in the liess and the words *Amor Vincit Omnia.* Then I knew well whose hand had chosen the paper in the hope that it might bring me a message of love and hope. Little knew they who framed the design what meaning it should one day bear for us two! And the thought of her message lightened the long days of which each one then seemed endless, and now, looking backward, seem but as one short season, separated only by the change from cold to the mildness of the early spring, and by the stated questionings and examinations, whereof none brought further trace of Henry Endicott since the evening we parted at the skirt of the woods.

At long last, one evening as I watched the red sun sinking, striped with black by the iron bars of my window, I heard a great noise, the like of which had not been since the time of my capture, and was aware of many men moving towards the prison, but too far for me to distinguish the meaning of their words. My first thought was of an attack by the savages, and a great dread seized me, locked weaponless in the prison, at the thought that my wife was in imminent danger and I not by her to save or perish with her, so that in my fury I seized the iron bars and would fain, in my passion, have wrenched them asunder to win to her side. But all my force was as nothing to their cold strength, and presently as the crowd came nearer I saw many women among them, which somewhat quieted my fear, knowing that if an Indian attack was toward, the women and children would first be set safely in the blockhouse, which was in an opposite direction. Also I perceived that the men carried no weapons, and I was aware that they were approaching the prison whereof I was the only prisoner. Presently my door opened, and there entered to me Stephen Winthrop and Endicott, the one moved beyond what I had ever seen in him and Endicott looking glad and happy, and over their shoulders I could see many crowding as when I was first accused, but with no such dark and ominous carriages. Endicott held an open letter, and coming quickly he grasped my hand, saying: "Alan Graeme,

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you have suffered wrongful imprisonment and false suspicion through the foolish and unthinking undertaking of my nephew, which yet it hath pleased God to bless beyond the wise and careful dealings of sober and godly men. Forgive him, for he reckoned not that evil should come to any because of his mysterious disappearance. He is now safe returned from a perilous and secret journey, the particulars whereof are in this paper, and is even now on his homeward way, bringing with him the child of Mistress Hutchinson, whom he was in search of among the Indians beyond Fort Orange, where she has abode since her mother and all others of her family were massacred. Come home with me now, and learn at ease the history of his journeyings, and forgive them that in great strait of doubt and distress turned an unjust and unworthy suspicion upon an innocent man."

"And beyond all others," said Winthrop, "let me crave forgiveness who first directed prejudice in your direction—I blush now to confess with what slight reason, and how much of a base prejudice and unworthy imaginings; and yet I protest I did also think there was good cause—"

But he made no end to his confused sentences, nor did I answer save by clasping his hand, and the many others thrust out from the crowd, to which I gave but little heed as with the governor I passed out from among them once more a free man—free not only in the body, but what was far more to my mind, free from blame or wrong in their thoughts. Yet freedom itself, dearly as the long months had taught me to hold it, was but little compared with the thought that in brief space I should again see Mary. And again—which once I would scarce have credited—mixed with the thought of close-coming happiness, was a less glad feeling as of disloyalty for the secret we harbored from the governor.

But when once more I stood in the hall where passed the sorest moment of my whole life I forgot all else, for she was standing there, and I knew only that her eyes met mine full of steadfast love and unwavering faith. She took no heed of her uncle, but held both her hands to me, saying only "Alan!" And then I took her in my arms, and for the first time kissed my six months wife.

Then said I: "Mary, my faithful and well-loved wife, we two will have no further secrets from thy good and noble uncle." And still holding her hand, I told him in few words how all had chanced as to our marrying.

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LETTER XVIII.

At last, dearest Esmé, after many plans and much converse, our future is well-nigh fixed upon, and in it I hope thou shalt have a happy portion. After the first shock of the tidings of his niece's love for me, and when fully assured of the truth, the governor showed a more kindly and forgiving spirit than I could have ventured to hope for. Truly I begin to think that the same human heart beats in all men's bosoms, though the stiffness of these Puritan manners would fain make one doubt, for he has acted with great justice and generosity? I think he is also partly moved with some pity at the thought of my long and most innocent captivity; partly, it may be, from gratitude that one of the family of Mrs. Hutchinson has been saved from so horrid a life among the savages as seemed to be her fate. I have never known so just a man, and though in dealing so harshly with that unfortunate woman as a seditious heretic he but obeyed the law and was, moreover, in no ways accountable for her further removal after her banishment to the Providence Plantations, yet I know full well, from my own observation and what Mary hath told me, that the thought of her fate and her innocent children was often heavy upon his thoughts, though he is of a temper too haughty and habit too silent to make avowal of it to any. Also, upon Henry Endicott's return, as of one come back from the dead, he, upon hearing of all our history, stood manfully for our cause and spoke hotly to his uncle in our behalf. But in truth I believe that of most weight with him was the earnest endeavor of General Winthrop, who, being once persuaded that Mary would have none of him as a lover, became the truest of friends to her, and for her sake to me. He it was who, when the governor was at last won to consent to recognize, with good grace and friendliness, the marriage which indeed he could not deny, told us of the fair island next that one bought by his nephew John of the savages in the great sound to the southward, where the neighbor-tribes have always been firm friends of the whites, whither he proposed to remove and establish his home. And through his offices of friendship was it bought for our home of the Indians, and a house is to be builded for us by them that go from this plantation with John Winthrop. The governor hath made a strict reckoning as to Mary's fortune, which it seems is considerable; for our guesses were true, and her mother was a French Catholic lady who gave up country and creed for her English

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lover, and so, being cut off from her family, died in England of pure grief soon after her husband, and left her two infants to his brother's care. Also he has been obstinate in giving me what would be fair pay for a secretary for the time I served him, as well as for the time I passed in prison, as he says, through his fault.

We stay with him till such time as our house is built, when we will make our home upon our own land, and where Mary says you are to come also and be her sister, and forget all the troubles of Scotland and France in this new world. And this is no vain imagining, for Stephen Winthrop, who sails soon, hath been forward to say that he will take these letters straight to thy convent, and has also offered, what I had not asked, to bring thee to us when the ships come again next spring. The convent in France was a blessed refuge for thee whiles thy brother was a soldier and a prisoner, and our home in Scotland given to fire and pillage, but across the wide ocean God hath builded here a new world where men from all countries may come and find safety and peace. And I, coming hither a sick and hopeless prisoner and a broken man, have found more, aye, much more—finding my joy, my help, and my happiness in finding Mistress Mary.

CRANFURD NICHOLLS.

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THE "DOUBTFUL," OR PSEUDO-SHAKESPEAREAN PLAYS.

THE English Plays which, dating from *circa* 1600, have been at sundry times or periods attributed to Shakespeare, are, I believe, the following:

The Troublesome Raigne of John, King of England.
The Famous Victories of Henry the Fifth.
The Contention between the Famous Houses of York and Lancaster.
The True Tragedy of Richard, Duke of York.
The Arraignment of Paris.
The Merry Devil of Edmonton.
The London Prodigal.
The Puritan; or, The Widow of Watling Street.
The History of King Stephan.
The Life and Death of the Lord Cromwell.
The Two Noble Kinsmen.
The Birth of Merlin.
The History of Cardenio.
The Double Falsehood.
The Second Maid's Tragedy.
A Warning for Fair Women.
Sir John Oldcastle, Lord Cobham.
Fair Em, the Miller's Daughter.
Duke Humphrey.
Locrine.
Arden of Feversham.
Mucedorus.
King Edward the Third.
A Yorkshire Tragedy.
Eurialus and Lucretia.
George á Gréene.
Iphis and Ianthe.
Henry the First and Henry the Second.
Lorrino.
Oldrastes.

The very utmost that can be said in favor of the above listed Plays, is that a very few of them, three or four at most—according to the varying judgment of readers, and these not always the same ones—contain single passages or scenes which remind or smack of Shakespeare. Some of them have been selected by the German critics—who (as Grant White used to say) dive deeper, stay down longer, and come up muddier than any other critics in the world—as Shakespeare's. Others were deliberately labelled with Shakespeare's name for commercial purposes (and to this cause probably the larger number owe it that they ever passed for a moment as his), while three of them, as will presently appear, were called Shakespeare's on the authority of

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an unknown bookbinder; who stamped, upon the back of a lot of plays sent to him for binding, the name from which it has taken long and careful research, extending over a century or two, to divest them! As to one or two others, there is some small circumstantial evidence to warrant for them a Shakespearean collaboration with some other dramatist, whose name is also found attached to that particular play. And, finally, our list is inclusive of four plays to which Shakespeare himself gave a quasi-acknowledgment by selecting them as worthy enough or popular enough to be rewritten by his own hand; and, in their rewritten state, to be admitted to the canon of his acknowledged works. These classes I propose in this paper to examine separately. But the fact that any piece of literary work was ever, however erroneously, at any time and for any reason, attributed to the great dramatist, appears to make that piece interesting, as at least indicative of shades of opinion, passing states of criticism or taste, not to mention other matters or points of view which might supply working hypotheses for circumstantial, even if not of critical, research and investigation.

I should not advise anybody to actually attempt to read the thirty above-mentioned plays, or indeed any of them. They are all of them, except in spots few and far between, wooden, monotonous, and lifeless. In fact, one may say that, from any popular stand-point, or any stand-point except a severely critical one, these plays are not "doubtful" in the least. No consensus of opinion among casual readers of them would ever assign them—indeed no "casual reader" has ever assigned them—to Shakespeare. It is only by that microscopic study and that appetite for discovery which—subdued like the dyer's hand to what it works in—becomes in time so terribly over-apt to discover whatever it searches for, and so altogether quite as unreliable a guide as the most unassisted ear or eye could be, that they have ever been so assigned. In no field of research is the individual we may call "the generous specialist" so rare a bird as in the field of Shakespearean research and hermeneutics.

In any consideration of the subject before us, the first four of the above-mentioned plays must command our largest attention, since they were rewritten and remodelled by Shakespeare himself, and re-entitled by him respectively "The Life and Death of King John," "The Life of Henry the Fifth" (and I am inclined to think, also, that the suggestion for the inimitable Falstaff parts of the two parts of "Henry IV." as well came from this old source), "The Second Part of Henry the Sixth, with the

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Death of the Good Duke Humphrey," and "The Third Part of King Henry the Sixth, with the Death of the Duke of York." These last two revisions were done with some apparent haste, and with much less than the care which Shakespeare was wont to give to his final work. So hastily and so carelessly, indeed, as to have given rise to endless theories and controversies as to whether he had any hand or partnership at all in the composition of any one of the three parts of his play of Henry VI. Into the vicinity of that controversy it is not the purpose of this paper to enter. But I will remark in passing that, carelessly as Shakespeare performed his revision, the master's hand is still visible; his touch, however light or casual, was yet such as none other could give, and his characteristic was still apparent, most of all in that quick capture, so to speak, of the salient point in the bringing up of the text to the place where, from improvement of conditions or lapse of time, it should meet and fill the sense and appreciation of the audience.

For example: in "The Contention of York and Lancaster," a nobleman, Lord Suffolk, is represented as being taken prisoner by a captor whom he recognizes as a former servant of his own, and says to him:

> "Hast thou not waited at my trencher
> When I was feasting with Queen Margaret?"

So the text in 1594. But when Shakespeare rewrote the play there had been a long step ahead in table etiquette. It had come to be only the oaf and the yokel who fed from a "trencher." Trenchers at that date were not found on noblemen's tables; so, in the revision Shakespeare made this passage read, in the "II. Henry VI.":

> "How often hast thou waited at my cup,
> Fed from my trencher?"

It would be, I think, rather difficult to conceive how by a simple change of a single word, to depict an actual change in social conditions, or to over-admire the skilful hand which, by a stroke of the pen, brought old conditions down to current dates!

But when Shakespeare undertook to rewrite "The Troublesome Raigne" into "King John," and "The Famous Victories" into "Henry the Fifth," he did work that challenges our enthusiasm as well as admiration, not only for the summit of dramatic genius in the artist, but for the laborious nicety of the technical touch, and the prophetic as well as contemporary know-

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ledge of stage effect and of practical acting requirements. The two plays, as they stood, were drivel, mere rubbishy and random dialogue (such as we might well infer actors without preparation, but simply talking to a given synopsis of action, might speak on the spur of the moment)—a lot of dialogue without form, beginning, middle, or end; a mere sequence of incidents and situations with no coherence or interdependence, or anything to attract or retain the attention, still less the interest, of an audience. Out of this Shakespeare brought two perfect models of acting plays, each with a concentrated dramatic action and a splendor of *mise en scene* that no modern stage has ever yet been able to more than adequately treat, besides creating—out of the baldest suggestions of the old text—characters that will live as long as English literature endures in the memory or mention of mankind. Let us look a moment at this transformation in the case of "The Troublesome Raigne."

The old play opens with some fifty or sixty lines of rambling talk, the purport of which is that the King of France desires some sort of "dicker" or conference with King John relative to the eternal claims or pretensions which the respective crowns of France and England were constantly obtruding to those respective territories, based on fine points of intermarriage, Salique law and what not, of which the Shakespeare plays have always so much to say. Shakespeare at once drew his pen through all this and opened the drama abruptly with the single sentence:

"Now say, Chantillon, what would France with us?"—

a splendid and imperious utterance, which at once presents the spectator with the situation—namely, that France, not England, seeks the interview; and that the English king is determined in advance to treat the demands of France, easily enough anticipated, with contumely and contempt. Would it be possible to give a finer example of the art dramatic?—the art (which, the more I study Shakespeare, the more I come to believe that he created—certainly there were no models in English before him) not only of telling a story to eye, ear, and intelligence at once, but of infering to the same eye, ear, and intelligence the probable direction of the narrative to follow, and the nature of the result. This wonderful art it is whose intricate and delicate adjustments make success so precarious in the attempt, and so splendid in the achievement, that the highest form of any literature must always and invariably be the dramatic form. And Sheridan, because he understood it so well

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himself, could afford to joke about it (as he joked about almost every other actor's trick or stage device in his admirable "The Critic," when he made Mr. Puff say: "I open with a clock striking to beget an awful attention in the audience; it also marks the time, which is four in the morning, and saves a description of the rising sun and a great deal about gilding the Eastern Hemisphere").

But something else is wanting besides narrative, situation, and action, to a perfect drama. There must be a central character for a hero, a strong individuality around whom the sympathies of each spectator in the audience must cling, whose fortunes each and all must love to follow, with whose ultimate success the triumph of the principle of the piece is to be inseparably a part, in which the spectator himself is to feel himself rewarded. There was no such personage in "The Troublesome Raigne." There was, however, a character, Faulconbridge, who, after a rambling sort of fashion, met and surmounted obstacles, and was a not uninteresting agent in one or two incidents in the recognizable motive—such as it was—in the piece. This personage, therefore, Shakespeare seized upon, and around him proceeded to group his action, making the personal success of this character the triumph of the motive of the play itself. But something more was still needed: The perfect drama, written not for the closet but for the spectator and the stage, must not only avoid obscurity, and allot certain situations to be developed in the dialogue, certain other by the stage effect, and certain other by the opposition or coincidence of both of these; but it must so contrive to unify all these that no situation shall present itself except as the result of a preceding, or the exciting cause of a subsequent, situation. No matter how pathetic, eloquent, or comic a scene may be, if it be dragged in by the heels, as Dromio, in the "Return from Parnassus" of 1594, dragged in a clown by a rope, it will kill the piece by begetting the impatience of the spectators (a truth well enough understood to-day, but emphasized in Shakespeare's day by an unpleasant habit of the audience of breaking upon the stage and tossing the actors in blankets, if a performance did not happen to please them). Now let us watch how Shakespeare, in adapting the old material, worked strictly in accordance with these rules. In the old play there is a scene meant to display young Arthur's death in an attempt to escape from prison by leaping from his cell-window, which, since it is very short, I transcribe (modernizing the spelling only) entire:

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Enter young Arthur on the walls.

"Now help good hap to further mine intent,
Cross not my youth with any more extremes;
I venture life to gain my liberty:
And if I die, world's troubles have an end.
Fear 'gins dissuade the strength of my resolve:
My hold will fail, and then, alas, I fall;
And if I fall, no question Death is next.
Better desist, and live in prison still:
Prison, said I? Nay, rather Death than so!
Comfort and courage come again to me:
I'll venture sure: 'tis but a leap for life!

He leaps, and, bruising his bones, after he was from his trance, speaks thus:

"Ho, who is nigh? Somebody take me up:
Where is my mother? Let me speak with her!
Who hurts me thus? Speak, ho, where are you gone?
Ah, me, poor Arthur, I am here alone!
Why called I mother? How did I forget—
My fall, my fall, hath killed my mother's son?
How will she weep at tidings of my death—
My death, indeed! O God, my bones are burst;
Sweet Iesu, save my soul; forgive my rash attempt;
Comfort my mother, shield her from despair,
When she shall hear my tragic overthrow.
My heart controls the office of my tongue,
My vital powers forsake my bruised trunk:
I die, I die! Heaven take my fleeting soul,
And, Lady Mother, all good hap to thee!"

He dies.

Now, however important the fact of Arthur's death might have been to the story of the old play, it would be hard to imagine anything less dramatic than the above scene as it stood. Nothing had led up to it, and nothing followed it except the fact of the news of the death being later brought to the king. But the fact of Arthur's death, if necessary, could have, and would have been introduced, to fill out the narrative, quite as well by this announcement of the death to the king, as by the scene we have quoted; and, moreover, would thus have met the old classical rule laid down by Horace, that no death scene should be acted, but should be always left to the vivid narration of one of the characters in the presentation. Shakespeare cared as little for old Horace's rules as he did for the "three unities," but he saw an opportunity in the incident, and was quick to seize upon it. It is actually out of these few lines of soliloquy of young Arthur that he found his only warrant and suggestion for

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the two episodes which have made "King John" the splendid play it is, and the episodes themselves synonymous for consummate pathos and deepest fervor of dramatic sympathy wherever the literature of the English stage has penetrated. These two episodes are, the scene where Hubert enters the prince's cell and explains to him that he comes to blind him with hot irons, and the touching entreaties of the lad to Hubert to spare his sight, and the poignancy of Queen Constance's grief over the death of her son.

As to the first, there is no need of dilation here. The contemporary drama—which killed, hewed, quartered, and slaughtered until seventeen murders in a single play was a fair average—surely showed no suggestion of this Shakespearean art of delineating the agony of physical pain in a single human organ. And we may well pause to notice the lines—interpolated by Shakespeare:

> "The iron of itself, though heat red hot,
> Approaching near these eyes, would drink my tears
> And quench his fiery indignation."

One of those allusions to a scientific fact (viz., that the heat of molten metal, by converting moisture into vapor, might by its approach under certain circumstances neutralize itself*) which Shakespeare was constantly running into the speeches in his plays.

Queen Constance's mourning for her dead son, in the second instance, indeed, is so eloquent in woe that it has not only challenged the tears of Christendom but induced certain commentators (like the exotic Mr. Dowden,† for example) to actually write a chronology for Shakespeare himself out of it, arguing that such poignancy of grief must have been written when Shakespeare was grieving for his only son, Hamnet, the date of which death being known, fixed the date of the composition of "King John"!—a process of extracting hard facts from tender emotions rather exceeding in delicacy that of evoluting, if not sunbeams from cucumbers, let us say of cucumbers from sunbeams!

* Jules Verne, in his *Michael Strogoff*, makes Michael, who is about to be blinded by having a white-hot sword passed before his eyes, see his mother looking on, when, bursting into tears, the blinding process becomes abortive.

† See THE CATHOLIC WORLD of November, 1884: "William Shakespeare and His Esthetic Critics."

APPLETON MORGAN.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

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COLUMBUS IN SPAIN.

THE period of Columbus's residence in Spain, beginning with his arrival in that country and to the year 1492, has been, and is yet, a subject of disagreement among his biographers. Bossi, Irving, Prescott, Roselly de Lorgues, Harrisse, Riccardo Cappa all differ as to his peregrinations, chronology of important events, and especially as to his treatment at court. Irving and Prescott deprecate the ignorance and bigotry of the Spanish courtiers, among whom, according to them, Columbus had scarcely a friend or a supporter; while Harrisse and Riccardo Cappa, on the contrary, are rather surprised at finding most of the influential advisers of the Spanish monarchs, and the monarchs themselves, willing listeners and easy converts to the startling theories of the Genoese mariner. The unreliability of Ferdinand Columbus's biography of his father, which, before the publication of Harrisse's valuable criticism of it, no writer dared gainsay, and which, as late as 1884, was called by the latest American historian, Justin Winsor, "the corner-stone of American liberty," is responsible for much of this confusion and chaos. Apparent contradictions in the writings of Columbus also led his biographers to widely diverging opinions. The fragmentary nature of most of the original sources of information contributed its share of mist and uncertainty. In what I shall say of Columbus between the years 1484 and 1492 I will be as untrammelled by the assertions of his son as if he had never written about his father.

At the beginning of 1484 Columbus was yet in Portugal, as is shown by the following entry in his Diary: "I remember that, being in Portugal in the year 1484, there came from the island of Madeira a man asking of the king a caravel to visit a certain land which he swore he saw every year." And, in fact, the archives of the chancery of Portugal have preserved the decree, dated June 30, 1484, granting one Fernam Dominguez a ship and the governorship of an island which proved never to have existed. That Columbus passed into Spain that same year is proved by the following quotations from his writings. In a letter written about December, 1500, he says: "Since I came to serve these princes, it is now seventeen years; eight of which dragged along in dispute, and ended with my project being turned into ridicule." From 1484 to 1500, counting both dates

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inclusive, there are seventeen years, and between 1484 and 1491 inclusive there are the eight years of disputes. As I have said in a former article, it was the custom of Columbus to count inclusive both the year by which a given period of time began and the one with which it ended. And I think that the student of Columbian literature will find it impossible to reconcile the apparent chronological contradictions contained in his writings, unless he abide by this rule. In a letter dated July 7, 1503, he says again: "Twenty years of service, through so many trials and dangers, have profited me little." Between 1484 and 1503, both dates inclusive, there are twenty years of service. Can there be a doubt that Columbus arrived in Spain in 1484?

The biographers of Columbus, misguided by his son Ferdinand, make him leave Portugal accompanied by his son Diego, who, they say, had lost his mother some time before. This is a mistake. Columbus left behind him in Portugal *wife* and *children*. An autograph letter of Columbus written A.D. 1500 is preserved, in which he says to his correspondent: "I beg of you that, like good Christians in whom his highness has so much confidence, you examine all my writings and consider how I came so far to serve these princes, leaving behind wife and children, whom, on that account, I saw nevermore."

Columbus left Portugal secretly and hurriedly to avoid prosecution, as is shown by the following extract from a letter written to him March 20, 1488, by the King of Portugal: "And as perchance you may have some fear of our justice, because of legal proceedings which may be pending against you, we, by these presents, guarantee you a safe conduct for your coming, staying, and returning, and that you will not be arrested, retained, accused, cited, or sued in any prosecution, civil or criminal, whatsoever." This letter was an answer to one written by Columbus to the king. In fact, the king's letter begins thus: "We have seen the letter which you wrote us." Justly or unjustly, very probably on account of debts which he could not pay, Columbus had left Portugal an outlaw. If so, can it be believed that he would have taken along with him, and away from his mother, to a foreign country his son Diego, who in 1484 was but six years old? Ferdinand Columbus, to shield his father from the imputation of outlawry, manufactured a different version of his going from Portugal to Spain, and thus misguided future biographers, Irving among them. Neither is it true that on his arrival in Spain he visited the convent of La Rabida and there met the famous friar, Juan Perez. Columbus never saw La Rabida

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or Juan Perez before the year 1491. Here are the proofs pointed out by Navarrete. In 1513 Diego, the son of Columbus, was prosecuting a lawsuit in order to be placed in possession of the viceroyalty of a portion of the mainland of America discovered by his father in his third voyage. Witnesses were called from Spain and America to give testimony. One of them was Garcia Hernandez, a physician residing in the neighborhood of La Rabida. The minutes of the court, with accompanying depositions, have been preserved. The following is a portion of the deposition of Hernandez:

"Witness knows that the Admiral Don Christopher Columbus, having arrived on foot with his son Diego, who is now admiral, came to La Rabida, a convent of friars in the city of Palos, and asked at the convent door for some bread and water for his little son; and that while witness was in the neighborhood a friar, Father Juan Perez by name, who is now dead, happened to speak to Christopher Columbus, and perceiving from his demeanor and speech that he was a foreigner, asked him who he was and whence he came: and that Christopher Columbus answered him, that he was coming from the court of his highness, and gave him an account of his embassy there, and how he had come to go to the king. And said Christopher Columbus told said Juan Perez how he had treated with his highness about a proposed discovery; and that he bound himself to make over to his highness such lands as he might find, provided his highness furnished him with the necessary vessels and things requisite for such a voyage as he intended. And Columbus further told the friar that many of the cavaliers and other persons who were present at the conference ridiculed his way of reasoning; and that finally the king rejected his suit, saying that more than once before ships had been sent to discover unknown lands without success. His highness further said that the scheme of Columbus was but a bubble, and that there was nothing in it. Said Christopher Columbus seeing that what he promised to do and to accomplish was so little understood, left the court and was travelling directly from Palos to the city of Huelva, to see a brother-in-law of his, married to a sister of his wife, who lived there and who was named Muliarte. And the friar having heard the account of Columbus, sent for witness—with whom he frequently conversed familiarly—because he was somewhat versed in astronomy, in order that he might speak with Christopher Columbus and look into his projected discovery. Witness came at once, and all three talked it over together, and, there and then, selected a man to carry to the Queen Doña Isabel a letter from Juan Perez, who was the confessor of her highness."

This quotation is long enough for my purpose.

The man who carried the letter to the court at Santa Fé was

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Sebastian Rodriguez of Lepe, who fourteen days afterwards returned with an answer from the queen to Perez, instructing him to come to see her. Garcia Hernandez also testified that not a soul in Palos knew Columbus.

"Juan Rodriguez Cabezado (another witness), from the neighborhood of Palos, testified that about twenty-two years ago he saw the old admiral in the city of Moguer, a suburban town near Palos, negotiating about the intended discovery of the Indies with a Franciscan friar who was in the company of the said admiral; and that witness was asked by the said admiral the loan of a mule on which said friar was to travel to and carry on negotiations at the court; and that the mule was granted. . . . On his departure, the admiral left his son Diego in the charge of witness and of a priest named Martin Sanchez."

The fact that Garcia Hernandez swore that no one in Palos knew Columbus, and the questions asked by Perez as to who he was and whence he came, prove that the latter had never before seen Columbus or his son Diego, and that that was the first visit of the admiral to La Rabida. That this visit was made not earlier than 1491 is proved by the postman Sebastian Rodriguez travelling to Santa Fé, near Granada, to deliver the letter to the queen, whither Perez went fourteen days after to confer with her. On the arrival of Perez and, later on, of Columbus at Santa Fé, the conference was held, after which Isabella decided to grant ships to Columbus. All historians admit that this conference took place in 1491. In fact, Columbus says, in the introduction to his Diary, that he was present when the Moors surrendered Granada, on the 2d of January, 1492; and that the order for the armament of the three caravels granted him was given in that same month of January. The camp, which in July, 1492, became the city of Santa Fé, only dated from the 25th of February, 1492.

Columbus did not go to La Rabida on his arrival in Spain, neither did he at once go to the royal court. In a letter given by Navarrete (page 263 of his second volume) Columbus says: "I spent here in his royal court seven years disputing." From 1486 to 1492, both dates *inclusive*, there are seven years. In the description of his fourth voyage he says again: "I spent seven years in the royal court." And in a letter given by Las Casas, in the thirty-second chapter of his first book, Columbus again gives testimony: "Your highness knows already that I spent seven years in your court importuning you." In the following quotation from Columbus's diary is given the exact date of his arrival at court: "On

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the 20th of this month of January it will be just seven years since I came to serve their highnesses." This entry was made on the 14th of January, 1493. Here the intention of Columbus was evidently to give not only the number of years and parts of years, as in the foregoing quotations, but the number of months and days. Thus it will be seen that the much-written-about contradictions of Columbus have no foundation in fact. His dates need only to be understood and harmonized to become a safe guide in establishing the chronology of the different events in his life. If on the 20th of January, 1493, it was just seven years since he had come to serve their highnesses, it follows that that service must have begun on the 20th of January, 1486. "It is evidently on this extract," properly remarks Harrisse, "that the Bishop of Chiapas (Las Casas), by an erroneous calculation, has laid the foundation of his assertion that Columbus, having arrived at court on the 20th of January, *1485*, began a terrible conflict," etc. On the authority of Las Casas, many of the biographers of Columbus have taken it for granted that he arrived at the court of their Catholic majesties on the 20th of January, 1485, and thus have rendered unintelligible Columbus's several assertions.

Knowing that he arrived in Spain in 1484, and that he entered the service of the court on the 20th of January, 1486, we will now endeavor to trace his whereabouts during the intervening period of nearly two years. Las Casas tells us that, "before being sheltered by the hospitality of the Duke of Medina-Celi, in his house at Puerta de Santa Maria, Columbus had visited the Duke of Medina-Sidonia in Seville." And we also know from Las Casas that the Duke of Medina-Sidonia refused to embark in the enterprise of Columbus. The following letter in part explains itself:

To the Most Reverend Señor the Cardinal of Spain, Archbishop of Toledo, etc.

"MOST REVEREND SEÑOR: I do not know if your lordship is aware of the fact that I kept in my house for a long time Christopher Columbus, who was travelling from Portugal on his way to France with the intention of asking the favor and assistance of the king of that country in his endeavor to discover the Indies. I myself had fitted out for him the three caravels which he asked of me; but as I saw that such an enterprise would be more properly undertaken by our lady the queen, I wrote to her highness from Rota, and she answered me that I should send Columbus to her. I did so at once, praying that, inasmuch as I had not undertaken it myself, and had directed Columbus to her

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service, she would deign allow me a share in the venture; and that the fitting out and return of the expedition take place at the port of Santa Maria. Her highness received him and placed the affair in the hands of Alonso de Quintanilla, who wrote me that he did not consider the enterprise very promising, but that, if it should be undertaken, her highness would permit me to have an interest in it. After having carefully examined into the project of Columbus, she concluded to send him to discover the Indies. It is perhaps eight months since he started, and now he has returned by way of Lisbon, having found, and very completely, all that he expected to find. All this I have learned but just now, and to convey such good news to her majesty I write you by Xuarez, and send to ask that she graciously allow me to send out every year some caravels. I beg of your lordship that you help me in this affair, inasmuch as it is due to my having detained Columbus and entertained him for two years in my house that so great a discovery has been made. Xuarez will explain things more in detail; and I beg you to believe him. May our Lord grant you all the protection that you desire.

"We kiss the hand of your lordship.

"Dated from the city of Cogolludo the 19th of March.

"THE DUKE."

Columbus arrived in Palos, on his return from the first voyage to America, on the 15th of March, 1493, and on the 19th the Duke of Medina-Celi wrote the foregoing letter to Cardinal Mendoza, who was a kind of prime minister to Ferdinand and Isabella. Most of the biographers of Columbus, on the supposition that he was received at court as early as January, 1485, are puzzled in assigning a time for the two years' residence with the Duke of Medina-Celi mentioned in this letter. My understanding of Columbus's dates not only reconcile them one to another, but, I think, with all other contemporary documents. Thus, the expressions "was travelling from Portugal," "had directed him to her service," "my having detained him for two years in my house," contained in the letter, all indicate that shortly after having arrived in Spain Columbus had become the guest of the duke. In fact, we know his movements between January, 1486, and his departure for the Indies, sufficiently well to see that at no time during that period could he have resided two years at Puerta Santa Maria. The obvious meaning of the words "had directed him to her service," is that the writer, the duke, had introduced him at court, and that Columbus was a stranger to Isabella when she received the letter from the duke.

The court of Spain, owing to the continuous wars against the Moors, was erratic, scarcely ever remaining one year at a

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time in the same place. Thus, we find it on the 20th and the 23d of January, 1486, in Madrid, and during the winter of 1486 and 1487 in Salamanca. The ordinary place of residence of Isabella from 1485 to 1490 was Cordova, and here it was that, according to the testimony of all historians, Columbus first presented his petition to the sovereigns. A commission or junta of learned men was appointed to examine the project, presided over, according to Las Casas, by Fernando de Talavera, prior of the convent of Santa Maria del Prado, a Jeronimite friar and confessor to the queen. Talavera is known to have received the papal bulls appointing him Bishop of Avila not later than the 8th of March, 1486, and to have been consecrated and personally to have taken possession of his episcopal see soon after. Knowing this, we are obliged to conclude that the first of the many meetings of the junta must have taken place in the spring of 1486, because Las Casas denominated Talavera simply as *el prior del Prado.* Rodrigo Maldonado, who was a member of the junta, deposed in 1513: "Witness and *el prior del Prado,* and other learned men, littérateurs and mariners, conferred with the admiral." Had Talavera, when he presided over the junta, been a bishop, Las Casas and Maldonado would have called him not *el prior del Prado,* but *el obispo de Avila,* as he is called in many documents of a subsequent date.

Talavera had no faith in Columbus's projected discoveries. But happily, while he was visiting his diocese, another friar of the Dominican order, Diego de Deza, who was then Bishop of Zamora, afterwards known as the Bishop of Palencia, and preceptor to the heir apparent to the throne, became the leading spirit of the junta. In the autumn of 1486 the court moved to Salamanca, and there the meetings were resumed. The result was that, if the project of Columbus did not meet with the approval of the junta as a whole, it was upheld by many of its influential members, especially by Diego de Deza, Cardinal Mendoza, and a learned Franciscan astronomer named Antonio de la Marchena. Hence Las Casas says: "In a letter penned by himself, I saw that Columbus said that the Archbishop of Seville (when the letter was written Deza had been promoted to the archbishopric of that city), Don Diego de Deza, and the chamberlain, Juan Cabrero, had been the cause of their majesties being possessed of the Indies." During the year 1486 and the early months of 1487 Columbus was the guest of Alonso de Quintanilla, the royal treasurer, the very man into whose hands, the Duke of Medina-Celi says in his letter, the

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queen "had placed the affair, and who at first thought it not very promising."

Let us hear Oviedo: "Columbus arrived at court and presented himself at the house of Alonso de Quintanilla, the treasurer of their Catholic majesties, who, touched by his poverty, caused food and whatever else he stood in need of to be given him." This passage shows that the duke had not been very liberal in his hospitality to Columbus. While willing to patronize him, he had probably done little more than give him a shelter while the intended expedition was being fitted out. It is evident that he sent Columbus to the court penniless. It must have been during his stay with the duke that Columbus made a living by selling books in Andalusia, as Bernaldez tells us. Alonso de Quintanilla's generous hospitality must likewise have been of short duration, for Las Casas says that "while at court Columbus was reduced to such poverty as to be obliged to live by his wits and the work of his hands; drawing mariners' charts, which he sold to sailors." Perhaps Columbus preferred independent poverty to the patronage of courtiers. It is interesting to follow the different steps which led him at last into the presence of the king. The last lines of the thirtieth chapter of Las Casas' *Historia* tells us how he made the acquaintance of one Romero, the major-domo of the Duke of Medina-Celi, who introduced him to his master. The duke recommended him by letter to the queen, who gave orders that he should be looked after by Alonso de Quintanilla. By Quintanilla he was introduced to Cardinal Pedro Gonzalez de Mendoza, the prime minister, through whose influence he obtained audience of the queen. The historian Gomara says: "Through Alonso de Quintanilla Columbus had access to, and was heard by, Pedro Gonzalez de Mendoza, and through Mendoza their highnesses gave audience to Columbus, and read his memorials."

Modern Spaniards have repeatedly endeavored to prove that the committee sitting at Salamanca, called by them *La Junta de Salamanca*, approved the propositions of Columbus. But the fact that the pretended favorable decision was not acted upon, even after the siege of Malaga, when ships were easily obtainable; the assurances given by Columbus in his writings that, with few exceptions, his ideas were ridiculed by all; and the fact that, according to Las Casas, Columbus spent much time at court before obtaining an answer, which was only when the monarchs were busily engaged in the wars of Granada, prove that there must have been much difference of opinion among the members

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of the junta, and that no definite conclusion was reached. It is my belief that Columbus was put off by being told to wait. That his proposals were not definitely rejected is certain. For immediately after the sitting of the junta at Salamanca, and on the return of the king and queen to Cordova, in the spring of 1487, his name was placed on the pay-roll as a servitor of the court. The royal treasurer's books of that time were found at the beginning of this century, and contain the following entries:

"May 5, 1487. Paid to Christopher Columbus, a foreigner, who is doing certain things in the service of their highnesses: 3,000 maravedis."

"August 27, 1487. Paid to Christopher Columbus 4,000 maravedis, to enable him to come to court. By order of their highnesses."

On the 3d of July he had received a similar sum, and still another on the 15th of October of that same year, always through the intervention of his good friend, Diego de Deza. He went according to orders received, we may suppose, to meet the king and queen at Malaga, which had surrendered on the 18th of August, 1487. But no time was then found by the monarchs to give serious attention to the projected undertaking of Columbus, and he soon returned to Cordova, where in the fall of that year he contracted an *alliance* or *mésalliance* with Beatriz Enriquez de Arana, by whom he became the father of his son Ferdinand the 15th of August, 1488.

From May 5, 1487, to June 16, 1488, Columbus received out of the royal treasury 17,000 maravedis. The winds had probably never before been so favorable to the mariner from Genoa. He was drawing a handsome salary, and consorting with courtiers, bishops, cardinals, and kings, with fair prospects of soon seeing realized the cherished dream of his life. Still, in the early part of that year 1488, he wrote to the King of Portugal offering him his services. This we know from the answer he received, which I have already quoted, and from which I make another extract:

"AVIS, 20th of March, 1488.

"*To Christopher Columbus from the King:*

"We, Don John, by the grace of God King of Portugal, Señor of Guinea, etc., salute you. We have seen the letter which you wrote to us, and the good-will and desire which you show of being in our service."

Columbus had not forgotten the fourteen years spent near

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the court of Portugal in vain solicitations, or the duplicity of that same King John, who, after having pumped out of him all the information he thought necessary, had secretly dispatched an expedition to discover Cipango and the Indies. Columbus, who did not lack worldly cunning, but on the contrary united the simplicity of the dove with the wisdom of the serpent, must have chuckled to himself on the receipt of this letter at the prospect of paying the Portuguese monarch in his own coin, by practising on him a harmless deception. He had no thought of again entering the service of Portugal, but he saw the risk of being arrested if he entered that country without a safe-conduct from its king. His wits served him well, for he obtained that which he desired. From the testament of Diego Columbus we know that the wife of the great discoverer had died in Lisbon, and was there buried in the monastery del Carmen, leaving behind her only surviving son Diego. Columbus desired to make a trip to Lisbon, settle his family affairs, and fetch his son to Spain. He went, but soon returned; for on the 12th of May, 1489, the following order, which has been preserved in the city of Seville, was issued by the king and queen from Cordova:

"Christopher Columbus has to come to this our court, and to other parts and places of these our kingdoms. . . . Hence we command you that, when he shall happen to pass through said cities, towns, and places, you lodge him well, and give him good apartments in which *he and his* may lodge without pay."

From this document it appears that Columbus had to pass through Seville on his way to Cordova, which makes it extremely probable that he was on his way from one of the numerous ports of Andalusia—Palos, for example, near where his brother-in-law lived, or Santa Maria near Cadiz, in the domain of his old friend the Duke of Medina-Celi. It cannot be supposed that the largesses of Ferdinand and Isabella were then so magnificent as to enable Columbus to travel in state and with paid attendants. The royal command, therefore, that *he and his* should be lodged without charge to him, leads me to the conclusion that Columbus was then returning from Portugal with his son Diego—and with perhaps some other connection—whom we have seen he left behind with his mother, when he first left that country for Spain. These considerations, taken in connection with the letter of King John, in the absence of any indication of his whereabouts in Spain between the 16th of June, 1488, and the 12th of May, 1489, fairly establish the fact that Columbus, between those two

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dates, made the trip to Portugal for the purpose indicated above.

At the beginning of 1488 Ferdinand and Isabella were absent in Aragon, and the fact that they were so occupied as not to be able to give him a hearing at that moment may have influenced Columbus to use the time, that would otherwise have been spent in idle waiting, in visiting Portugal. During 1488 Cordova was afflicted with an epidemic and with inundations which brought on a famine. This explains why no attention was then paid to the intended discoveries. When Columbus returned from Portugal the court was at Jaen, and Ferdinand, actively engaged in the siege of the city of Baza, very probably never thought of Columbus, who, there is little reason to doubt, followed Isabella to the besieging camp, where she had arrived on the 7th of November. Baza fell on the 4th of December, 1489, and the Spanish army had scarcely been disbanded when, in the spring of 1490, ambassadors arrived from Portugal to arrange the betrothal of Alonso, heir apparent to the Portuguese throne, to the Infanta Isabella of Spain. A series of festivities celebrated on that occasion in Seville again precluded any attention being given to the affairs of Columbus, who, in his position of helpless dependence, could do no more than wait patiently. The fact that between May, 1489, and the end of 1491 no cash payments were made to Columbus; that Las Casas divides the seven years residence at court; and that mention is made by contemporary historians that Columbus had been at court before being sheltered by the Duke of Medina-Celi, makes it doubtful if a second visit was not paid by Columbus to his old host during the year 1490. It must have been about this time that he first decided to leave Spain, but gave up the idea for a while at the solicitation of the Bishop of Palencia. In a letter written by Columbus in December, 1504, he says: "His lordship the Bishop of Palencia, Diego de Deza, was the one who caused their highnesses to now possess the Indies, by inducing me to remain in Castile when I was already on my way to travel abroad." If at all, however, Columbus enjoyed the duke's hospitality but a short time; for in the spring or summer of 1491 we find him again with the royal court before Granada, the siege of which place had begun early in that year. A fire having destroyed the Spanish encampment in July, and Granada giving no indication of an early surrender, the building of the beautiful city of Santa Fé was decided upon. Santa Fé was intended for the permanent quarters of the army to the end of the war. This was no

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encouraging sign of a speedy termination of the siege, before the end of which Columbus could not hope to obtain the necessary ships to travel to the Indies.

Columbus had now spent twenty years in fruitless solicitations in Portugal and in Spain; he was getting advanced in years, and decided on pressing the monarchs for a definite answer. The answer was given, but it crushed all hope from that quarter. "It all ended," says he in a letter, by his "projected enterprise being turned into ridicule." In the turmoil of this war of Granada—*i.e.*, during 1490 and 1491—when "the çourt was in a constant state of migration," and the Spanish nation, from the king and queen to the peasant, was engaged in a supreme effort to crush for ever the power of the hated Moor in their country, it is no wonder that the foreigner, with his magnificent schemes, should be neglected and lost sight of. In a letter of his (see Las Casas, *Historia*, chapter xxxii.) Columbus says that in Santa Fé he suffered from cold and hunger. He left Granada, and, passing through Cordova or Seville to get his son Diego, took the road to Palos, in the neighborhood of which lived Miguel de Muliarte and his wife, Violante Muñiz, Columbus's sister-in-law. It was his intention to leave his son in their charge, to bid farewell to Spain, travel to France and ask of its king, with whom he had been in correspondence, what he had failed to obtain in the Iberian peninsula. Columbus and his son arrived on foot at the convent of La Rabida, and Dr. Garcia Hernandez and Juan Rodriguez have told us what there happened them.

Friar Juan Perez, invited by the queen, travels to Santa Fé, pleads with the queen, who consents to recall Columbus, and sends him twenty thousand maravedis by Diego Prieto, who consigns them to Garcia Hernandez for Columbus (Las Casas). This sum was intended to defray Columbus's travelling expenses and to enable him to appear at court in suitable attire. I will let Las Casas tell what happened on the arrival of Columbus:

"Many investigations were again made, many persons met in consultation, information was asked of philosophers, astronomers, cosmographers, mariners, and pilots. These all, with one voice, proclaimed that the scheme was folly and vanity, and at every step mocked and ridiculed Columbus, as the admiral himself testifies, time and again, in his letters to their highnesses. The difficulty of the undertaking being accepted was increased by the enormous remuneration Columbus demanded for his works, services, and industry: namely, that he should be raised to the rank of a nobleman, to the admiralty, viceroyalty, and perpetual

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governorship of the lands he would discover, etc. These demands were then, as they would be now, to speak the truth, considered very great and royal. So little credence was given to the offer of Columbus that, at last, their highnesses dismissed him with a *God speed you*. It is believed that the Prior del Prado, Talavera, was the principal cause of this last dismissal of Columbus. Having been dismissed by their highnesses, Columbus bade farewell to those who had been his upholders, and took the road to Cordova with the determination of going to France to do as we have said above."

Alessandro Geraldini was an Italian prelate, who about the year 1488 had been engaged as tutor to the daughters of Ferdinand and Isabella, and who was in 1491 a member of the royal household. Somewhere in the year 1520 and 1521, being then Bishop of Santo Dòmingo in Hispaniola, he wrote his *Itinerarium* in Latin; an extract from which, describing the junta of Santa Fé, will be found interesting:

"Being moved to it by that distinguished man, Brother Juan de Marchena, King Ferdinand and Queen Isabella sent for Columbus, who came to them in a few days. The opinions of the leading personages who had met in council differed. Many of the Spanish bishops, basing their opinion on the authority of Nicolaus á Lyra, and on that of St. Augustine, who affirm that there are no antipodes, thought Columbus plainly guilty of heresy. I, who was then young, happened to be behind Diego [Pedro?] Cardinal Mendoza. And I told him that Nicolaus á Lyra was a brilliant theologian, and Aurelius Augustine was great for his learning and sanctity, but that of cosmography he knew nothing, inasmuch as the Portuguese had travelled to the end of the other hemisphere, and that, having left behind our arctic pole, had, beneath it, discovered the antarctic. That they had found the torrid zone everywhere inhabited; that exactly at the antipodes they had discovered new stars."

"Among the persons who helped Columbus at the court," says Las Casas, "and who desired that his affair should have a favorable termination, was Louis de Santangel." This worthy Aragonese gentleman went to the queen, made her a speech in terse Castilian. This speech he no doubt had prepared in writing, as was customary in presenting petitions to monarchs. It is too long to insert here, but it can be found in the thirty-second chapter of the *Historia* of Las Casas, from whom I continue to quote:

"As the Catholic queen knew that Santangel had naught but a good intention and zeal for her service, she expressed herself as well pleased with the advice he gave her, and said that she thought well of following it, but that for the present the affair

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would have to be postponed till she could have a little quiet and rest. 'However,' said the queen, 'if you think, Santangel, that this man [Columbus] will not suffer to wait any longer, I am willing that the jewels of my wardrobe be pledged as security for the loan of the money necessary for the equipment of the expedition, and that he start at once.' Louis de Santangel bent his knee, and kissed the hand of her highness. 'There is no need to pledge the jewels of your highness,' he said; 'I shall deem it but a small service to your highness, and to my lord the king, to loan the sum out of my own estate, provided you send for Columbus, who, I fear, has already departed.' Straightway the queen dispatched a horseman on the track of Columbus to bring him back to the court. He was found at the bridge called de Piños, two leagues from Granada, and when he returned with the messenger he was received with great joy by Santangel. The queen having learned of the return of Columbus, at once commanded her secretary, Juan de Coloma, to expedite matters; to draw up an agreement, and make all the preparations which Columbus would tell him were necessary for his voyage."

Friar Antonio de la Marchena was a learned astronomer and cosmographer, whose accomplishments were not unknown to the court. When Columbus was about to start on his second voyage the monarchs of Spain proposed him as a fit person to accompany the expedition in the office of official astronomer. On the 5th of September, 1493, Isabella wrote to Columbus:

"It seems to us that it would be well for you to take along a good astronomer, and that Antonio de la Marchena would be the proper person, as he is a good astronomer, and he has always appeared to us to be of your way of thinking. We enclose a letter for him."

The letter intended for Antonio reads as follows:

"DEVOTO RELIGIOSO:* Because we have confidence in your learning we would like you, as he will tell or write you, to accompany Christopher Columbus, our admiral, in the voyage he is about to undertake to the islands and to mainland he has discovered, and to those he may discover, and that you remain in these new-found countries for some time. We shall write to your provincial and custodian that you may receive permission to make the voyage."

That he was of the same mind as Columbus is shown by a letter Las Casas quotes, wherein Columbus says to the Spanish monarchs that during the seven years he spent importuning

* A beautiful Spanish address to a person belonging to a religious community, untranslatable into English.

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them, "no one was found who did not say that my enterprise was false except Friar Antonio de la Marchena." Further on he says that all save the friar ridiculed him. Las Casas adds: "I could never find out to what order Marchena belonged. Neither did I succeed in finding out when, how, or in what manner he helped Columbus." Had Las Casas seen the queen's letter he would have known that, like Juan Perez of the convent of La Rabida, Antonio was a Franciscan, for no other body of religious call their superior "custodian."

The biographers of Columbus, copying one another, make of Antonio de la Marchena one man with Juan Perez; or, as they call him, Juan Perez de la Marchena. That they were two distinct persons is plain from the documents herein given. Antonio was a friend of Columbus from the beginning of his residence at court. Juan Perez never saw Columbus before the meeting at La Rabida. Antonio de la Marchena was a learned astronomer and cosmographer. Describing the meeting of Juan Perez with Columbus at La Rabida, Las Casas says: "Juan Perez not understanding Columbus when he spoke of astronomy, he sent for Garcia Hernandez." Las Casas knew Juan Perez to be a Franciscan, but he could never find out to what order Antonio de la Marchena belonged. Juan Perez in early documents—the writings of Columbus, for example, or in the deposition of Garcia Hernandez—is never said to be de la Marchena. Another witness, one who knew him personally, Arias Perez Pinzon, calls him simply Juan Perez.

Columbus took possession of the three caravels that were to serve in the discovery of the new world on the 30th of April, 1492, in the presence of nine witnesses, whose names appear in full in a document drawn up by a notary. One of these witnesses was the monk of La Rabida, and his name is given as *Juan Perez*, not as "Juan Perez de la Marchena."

It was Geraldini of whom Rodrigo de Figueroa wrote to Philip II. in 1520: "The Bishop Geraldini is altogether useless; he has no more sense than a child, and needs a coadjutor."* And Geraldini was the first one to append to the name of Juan Perez the words "de la Marchena," to confound him with the Antonio of that name. Gomara, who is taken to task by Las Casas for having misrepresented facts, follows in the tracks of Geraldini.

It is possible that both friar Juan Perez and friar Antonio may have borne the appellation *de la Marchena*. It has al-

* See Harrisse's *Christoph Colomb*, vol. i. cap. 368.

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ways been the custom of at least one branch of the Franciscan order to set aside the patronymics of their members, and to give them on the occasion of their reception in the community a new Christian name, sometimes followed by that of the place of their origin. Thus, we have among the Italians San Giuseppe da Cupertino, Fra Agostino da Montefeltro, etc. The Spaniards of Columbus's time may have had both an Antonio and a Juan Perez de la Marchena. Marchena was a considerable town in Castile. But that they were two distinct persons, Franciscan friars, and friends of Columbus, must be accepted as an historical fact.

I am glad to say that much of what I have written about them is borrowed from Harrisse, who has corrected the error into which Irving, Prescott, Roselly de Lorgues, Gilmary Shea, and others have fallen.

L. A. DUTTO.

Jackson, Miss.

HOME RULE AND THE GENERAL ELECTION.

MR. GLADSTONE when introducing his Home Rule bill declared that there were only two ways of governing Ireland, coercion or conciliation. He asked the people of Great Britain, through their representatives, which policy they preferred. It is reasonable to suppose that he spoke with a full sense of his responsibility. His experience is greater than that of any other English statesman; his knowledge of the science of government, beyond all comparison, wider and more profound.

His opponents met him with the answer that there was a middle way, that conciliation could be combined with coercion, that the first duty of government was to restore law and order and thereby pave the way for remedial legislation. The majority of the English representatives adopted the latter view against the judgment of Scotland * and the resentment of Ireland.

Shortly after the present government came into power Mr. Gladstone was able to point out that the verdict of the civilized world endorsed his policy. He had the opinion of the United States in his favor, the opinion of every country in Europe, the opinion of every colony of the British crown.

A young Irishman, Mr. E. Dwyer Gray, elicited from every part of the globe a remarkable consensus of opinion on the

* The Scotch are now asking Home Rule for Scotland; a bill was brought in this session by some of the Scotch members.

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treatment of the persons sentenced to imprisonment under the Crimes Act. Practically the world condemned the punishing of these men at all, and not merely the mode of punishing them. Because if they were criminals, as Mr. Balfour contended, they should be punished in accordance with the laws. But if they should not be punished in accordance with the laws, it could only be because they were not criminals. I don't see how this conclusion can be avoided.

This certainly seems to have been the view of Englishmen who went over to Ireland to encounter risks similar to those that Irishmen were incurring every day. After all, they were only asserting the right of public meeting, the right of petition, and the liberty of the press. All these rights, won by two revolutions, were violated by the Crimes Act and the tribunal constituted under it.

By construction of law any meeting may be treated as a conspiracy; but the accused in such cases have, under an indictment, the protection of a jury. To obviate this inconvenience trial by jury was abolished, for the purposes of the Crimes Act, and a new tribunal created, consisting of two executive magistrates dismissable without notice. To expect any one to believe that such a tribunal would act impartially between the executive and the accused is to suppose him a fool. Yet Mr. Balfour for years asked the collective wisdom of the empire to believe this.

The right of petition presupposes the right of public meeting, and is of no value without it. This is self-evident. Then as to the press: press offences were created by the Crimes Act. This has been denied, but when the act made the bare publication of the proceedings of a suppressed branch of the Land League an offence punishable with six months' imprisonment it certainly created a new crime. Any publication may be held as evidence of a conspiracy at common law; but to make it the subject of summary jurisdiction, as that has been done by the Crimes Act, is virtually creating it a new offence. It would be no greater violation of constitutional usage and precedent to send a newspaper proprietor before a court-martial on account of something that appeared in his paper.

English opinion has, in consequence of such a departure from the principles of British law and the undoubted oppression of individuals which has resulted from it, been steadily flowing to the side of Mr. Gladstone. Every one expects that the verdict of 1886 will be reversed at the general election; so that Home Rule seems safe.

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That it can be made safe there is every reason to believe; but this can only be done by making the judgment of the English people a permanent and deeply-seated conviction that will tolerate no delays or subterfuges, no obstruction from enemies, no apostasies of friends. American sentiment is with Mr. Gladstone, but it can also be made an irresistible force in the coming conflict without violating in any way the comity of nations. The daily press has pointed out in articles of conspicuous ability how such aid can be afforded. But if precedents were wanted for such assistance, England herself supplies them. Nay more, she has allowed the Foreign Enlistment act to sleep when friendly powers were in hot water with their subjects.

The struggle will not be ended at the polls. Lord Randolph Churchill recounted in the press and on the platform the methods by which Home Rule could be defeated—obstruction in the Commons, rejection in the Lords, and by the stirring up of a religious war in Ireland. Lord Salisbury, who possesses the power of appropriating the ideas of other men and urging them with as much vehemence and passion as if they were original, proclaimed this policy at esoteric meetings of the Tory party and in the exoteric meetings to which the Liberal Unionists are admitted.

However, no one has seriously taken into account the threat of an Orange rebellion, even with Lord Wolseley at its head. But obstruction in the House of Commons, or the rejection of the measure in the House of Lords, would become elements of extreme importance, unless the English people were swayed by a burning and imperious conviction of its necessity. They displayed such a feeling in the old Reform days, and before its power privileges resting upon the authority and prestige of centuries vanished like a dream. Similarly of other English measures. But it is by no means so clear that an Irish measure would enjoy the same fortune.

There was a strong feeling evoked in England in 1880 when the Lords threw out Mr. Forster's Compensation for Disturbance bill. People spoke of reforming that august body much as they would speak of dismissing a fraudulent board of directors or enjoining a refractory parish vestry. The *Pall Mall Gazette*, then a Tory paper, was so much moved by such threats as to express serious regret that the House of Lords should expose itself to peril for a few worthless Irish peers and the herd of brutal landlords behind them.

This incident seems to deserve fuller consideration as showing

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how English opinion may rise and fall on Irish questions. The year 1880 was one of acute distress among the agricultural population in certain districts of Ireland. Americans can remember the time, for they did their own part in relieving it. The important measure of land reform contemplated by Mr. Gladstone's administration could not be prepared for some time, and certainly could not be passed for at least a year. Mr. Forster, his Irish secretary, introduced a measure that might put some check upon eviction pending the passing of the land act. It was a fact of social economy in Ireland, as certain as a law of nature, that landlords would take advantage of the distress to depopulate their estates. To provide against this Mr. Forster's bill proposed to render eviction for non-payment of rent a disturbance within the meaning of the act of 1870, which would entitle the evicted tenants to compensation, as on notice to quit. But the act was to be limited to certain distressed districts, and the tenants, in order to obtain the benefit of it, should prove that their inability to pay the rent was due to the distress prevailing. It will, therefore, be seen that it was a very paltry way of meeting a momentous crisis. But the House of Lords in its besotted blindness contemptuously rejected even this.

If that illustrious body were then and there put an end to no institution that has passed away exhibits such an inglorious close as theirs would have done. The old oligarchies that fell amid popular execration from time to time in the history of the world, much as they were hated, were not despised in the hour of ruin. In their last moments they possessed something of the majesty and menace of a dying lion. But the peers of England were courageous enough to refuse mercy, haughty enough to refuse justice to pauper serfs, to whom a thankless soil and rapacious masters hardly allowed a bare subsistence in the most favorable years. Yet the English people, satisfied with a few unmeaning threats, allowed that house of folly and pride to triumph over their good name.

We should not lose sight of the issue of the great agitation for repeal. It was at one time, at least, as great a power as the present movement. It had behind it a population nearly twice as numerous; and a leader that held a position which no other popular Irishman has ever attained. The old Reform agitation of England owed its success to O'Connell as much as to any English leader. There was no great public meeting in England at which he was not the principal speaker, there was no debate in Parliament to which he did not contribute the chief

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influence. His picture in the Reform Club among the Reform leaders attests the greatness of his services and the estimation of his English allies.

He was, therefore, justified in expecting that his efforts for Repeal would command success. And they did to an extent not generally known. Lord John Russell, the leader of the Whig party, proposed to him a federal arrangement similar to that which is the basis of Home Rule. It is not necessary to consider what prevented the settlement. It may be that the famine tested Lord John's sincerity. It certainly paralyzed O'Connell. It was not the first time that a solitude made a peace in Ireland.

There was a proposal made in 1885 by Lord Carnarvon, an ex-cabinet-minister and an ex-lord-lieutenant of Ireland, for an alliance with Mr. Parnell, with a measure of Home Rule as a condition of the bond between the high contracting parties. It has been pretended that Lord Carnarvon acted solely on his own motion and without authority from Lord Salisbury in these negotiations. It is hard to believe that a man going back to Ireland as lord-lieutenant would embarrass himself by negotiations upon which he had no authority to enter. He had before his eyes the failures of predecessors of great ability to carry on government without any such entanglement. He could hardly hope for success with it. It must, then, be concluded that he was empowered to treat when he approached Mr. Parnell.

Yet quickly upon this appearance of adjustment followed the extraordinary régime instituted by the present government in 1886, having for its purpose to prove to the world that Home Rule was the hollow pretence of a few agitators seeking their own ends. The truth is that the Tories felt the power of the national demand, they knew that it should be dealt with either by themselves or by the Liberals, and they desired to secure the advantage arising from the settlement of the difficulty. If they succeeded they looked forward to a long era of Tory rule.

It is quite immaterial to consider why the negotiations failed. All that is being contended for is, that the mere fact that an Irish question has been seriously taken up by an English leader is not necessarily a proof that its settlement is at hand. In 1885 the Tories thought some measure of Home Rule would be the right policy for Ireland; in 1886 they thought a perpetual coercion act, and the distant promise of an illusory county councils act, would be the right policy.

It is not at all upon English leaders the success of Home

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Rule depends. It has been brought nearer to success by Mr. Gladstone, perhaps vastly nearer to success, than it would have been without him. But does it not look as if there was something of the nature of a scramble between the two great parties as to which of them should anticipate the other; if not in disposing of it, at least in using it? There is no question as to the sincerity of Mr. Gladstone. At the present moment the majority of the English people seem to be strongly in favor of Home Rule. But is it so certain that it will be granted by the next Parliament, and that the English people will not change or modify their present opinion?

If the House of Lords throws out the bill, what then? Ask for the creation of a batch of peers, on the old Reform bill precedent? That suggestion may be summarily dismissed. The number of peers required to change the minority to a majority would be vastly in excess of those required in 1831-2. True, life-peerages can now be created, and the objection would not be so great as if the house were to be flooded with noble lords of the continental kind of nobility. These poor men would not transmit their coroneted poverty to descendants who would have every reason to curse the hour that they were born. But it would be as easy to abolish the House of Lords as to commit what would be justly regarded as an inexpiable crime against the sentiment of the British nation.

What Mr. Gladstone would probably do is to ask for a dissolution in order that the constituencies would send him back with an imperative message to control the Lords. This would be in accordance with constitutional precedent. But there would be some delay before this could be done. The estimates for the year should be provided for. Certain measures of a necessary and more or less formal character should be passed. Such measures and the estimates would afford unusual, and then for the first time discovered, grounds for discussion. The vast, complicated, and various relations of the empire would probably receive attention from members whose exertions had previously been confined to cheers or cries of "divide." Every hour of delay the opponents of Home Rule would count a gain.

This is the plan of campaign opened by Lord Randolph Churchill, endorsed by Lord Salisbury, and accepted with confidence by the party. No one in England, at least, can call it anything but legitimate warfare. It is the course invariably taken when the opposition wishes to give the country time to realize a government measure in all its bearings. It was the course

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taken in all the measures dealing with the representation of the people since Lord John Russell's last reform bill—that measure which heralded Mr. Disraeli's famous leap in the dark. In this art, which has come to be called obstruction since Irish members adopted it, the present leader of the House of Commons proved himself a past-master. It may be used long enough to wear down the vitality of the marvellous old man to whom Ireland is looking with all expectancy, and the world with unbounded interest, to close a quarrel that was old before many of the states of Europe sprang into existence, and Columbus opened a passage to the west.

Such a purpose should be defeated; and for this the support of the people of the United States is incomparably more effective than any other agency. It was instrumental in passing the Land act of 1881, and making Home Rule the burning question of the hour. Perfect preparation is the best means of shortening a conflict. If the opponents of Home Rule find that Ireland can rely upon the American people not for a day, but for every election until the struggle terminates, they will abandon the unavailing contest. They know that the institutions which they profess to have so much at heart are in danger. In the future the most they can hope to obtain is what judicious compromise can save. A protracted struggle, causing exasperation and ending in defeat, will not be the way to secure such a compromise.

GEORGE MCDERMOT.

"I AM THE WAY."

"I have chosen the way of truth."—Ps. cxviii. 30.

THE DISCIPLE.

YET many say, dear Lord, that Thou art hard to find;
Although of guiding foot-prints surely there's no lack.

THE MASTER.

Those only miss Me who to truth's plain way are blind,
And in their pride refuse to tread the beaten track.

ALFRED YOUNG.

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BY THE ROANOKE.

THE Roanoke had broadened and deepened here where the canoes were tied to water-willows whose reddening bark told that the warm blood of the opening spring was blushing through their veins. Up near the village the river had made its last dash, amid much foaming over the mighty rocks that barred its way, and a little farther down it had parted, still turbulently, to make the group of small islands through whose bare trees the massive irons of the new bridge shone like golden bars in the afternoon sunshine; but here the current flowed silently and the yellow waters spread into a broader sheet. Beyond the canoes stood the great stone piers of what had once been a railroad bridge until the wrath of mountain-fed floods had risen against it and swept it away, leaving these pillars to show what the river could do in its might. Some evergreen vine, brought down perchance by the same fierce torrent, had found lodgement in the stones of the central pier, and now was crowning it in wreathing gracefulness and giving to it the dignity of a ruin whose bareness nature has taken upon herself to clothe. In the middle of the stream two fishermen, in blue shirts and battered hats, were paddling their light boat to the fish-slides to set them for the night's catch of shad, and the faint plash of their oars was the only sound except the swish of the water against the chained canoes that struggled to be free. Peace in its deepest quiet reigned over the scene, and the two who sat in one of the moored canoes sat silently at this moment, so at one with each other and with nature that they were unconscious of having lost the need of speech. Presently on the stillness came the sound of a violin and then the notes of a clear soprano.

"That is Anne singing," said Clare, looking at her companion. "Listen how sweet it is."

"Oh! listen to the mocking-bird"

sang the voice in notes no mocking-bird could imitate, while in the pauses between the stanzas the musician played on his violin variations and trillings on the theme. But the music, sweet as it was, had broken the spell which had held the two in its silent power, and, rising, they started homeward. As they walked,

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keeping a sort of time to the air, which became more and more distinct, they reached the cabin where, seated in the doorway, was a young mulatto, the village fiddler, and standing beside him, so that he had to look a trifle upward and backward to see her, was the singer—a quadroon she must have been, for the dark blood in her veins but gave the deep olive to her clear skin and the raven waviness to her hair; and perchance the submission of a race of slaves softened the gleam of the large and lustrous black eyes. Beautiful she was in figure and in face, and the man who played the accompaniment to her song did so without looking at his instrument, for his face was turned upward to hers, and his deep eyes were filled only with the thought of her.

Instinctively Clare stopped, hoping that they could see and listen without interrupting the pose and the music; but Anne saw her, and ceased singing so suddenly that the man put down his instrument, and, glancing toward them, rose instantly in cheerful deference of greeting.

"That was beautiful, Anne," Clare said with the graciousness which endeared her to all the negroes about her, "And now sing 'Aileen Alanna,' won't you? I want Mr. Parmelee to hear you."

Only the fiddler saw the glance which the girl threw at Parmelee, who looked away.

"I cayn't sing that this evenin', Miss Clare," she answered. "Le' me sing 'Gypsy Countess' for you."

"But that is a duet," remonstrated Clare, "and not half so sweet as the other."

"Oh! I kin sing both parts," Anne declared with the confidence born of power, and nodding to the fiddler, whose eyes seldom left her face, they began the old ballad. While she sang she might herself have been the gypsy maiden, so alive were her face and voice with the sadness of a woman who, under a ban of race, loves one above her, yet only half trusts him while she listens to his pleadings. Before she had sung the first stanza the tears were dropping from the eyes of one of her listeners, brought by the infinite pathos of her tones, and perhaps it was the sight of them that made Mr. Parmelee say hastily:

"Come, Clare, it is too late to be standing here. Anne, you will have to sing for us some other time."

"He didn' eben say 'Thankee!'" exclaimed the fiddler, crestfallen; "an' I thought he'd 'a' gi'en you some money."

"I'd 'a' flung it in 'is face ef he had," the girl replied fierce-

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ly; and not all the persuasion of her lover could make her sing again that day.

. . . . . .

When Parmelee and Clare reached the high bluff on which the town stood some distance farther up, they turned and looked backward over the plantation they had just been wandering through. The landscape stretched before them in a flatness that had in it no suggestion of tameness. The course of the hidden river, and the windings of the stream which ran its sluggish way through the meadows to join it, were marked by tall beeches draped in wild grapevines, and reed-like willow bushes interlaced with the bramble and blackberry which a few weeks hence would make a starry whiteness of bloom amid the green that then would clothe the earth; but now all was brown, in every varying shade and tint, from the dull yellow of the newly-ploughed fields to the reddened trunks of trees and the bronze of swelling buds. Around the great gray barns flocks of white pigeons fluttered, seeking their homes for the night; and the wreathing smoke from negro cabins rose and melted into the mist that was already obscuring the horizon's skirting of blue-green pines.

The peace that had hovered over the river scene was about them still and seemed to have become a visible presence in the person of the young girl, as she stood in the careless pose of one a trifle wearied, her hands clasped loosely before her, her large black hat pushed back from her shining hair and the blue of the sky itself in the wide-open eyes which gazed afar off, alight with calm happiness.

Parmelee stood apart from her, and while he watched her standing there, so perfectly a part and crown of the fair world that lay around her, a sense of his own unworthiness came to him; one of those impulses to contrition and amendment, stirrings of the Divine recoil from evil within each one of us, arose in his soul.

"Clare," he said suddenly, "how is it possible for a girl as pure as you are to love a fellow like me?"

She looked at him in surprise; this note of humility was a new one in his relations with her. From the time that the grown school-boy had tolerated her childish adoration until the man told her of his love he had always accepted her devotion as in some sort his due, and she had sometimes the sense that he loved her in an apologetic way to himself, as if he were wasting his talents, just as she knew he felt he was doing in remaining

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in this remote Southern village. She had felt this for him and had warned him more than once that he should seek a more brilliant marriage, wishing sadly that he would scout her warning more vigorously than he had ever done. But now that for the first time he was calling himself unworthy of her—being a woman—she never felt so ready to give herself, and, drawing near to him, she said, almost in a whisper:

"How is it possible that I should not, Wilson?" Then with a sudden transition to coquetry she added:

"I wish I knew how not to—then I wouldn't."

She expected some light answer, but he said, still in his humbled tone:

"I wish I knew how to love you better, sweetheart—then I would."

She slipped her hand through his arm and walked close beside him.

"Is anything troubling you that I ought to know?" she asked, with the sweet gravity of a woman conscious of the strength of her love to meet any demand that he whom she loved could make upon it.

"Do you think you ought to know my past life?" he asked, smiling down on her tenderly. He could see, though the dusk was gathering, that the face upraised to his was full of love and faith.

"Yes," she said, "just as much of it as you feel that you ought to tell me."

"And how about my present life away from you?"

She laughed a happy little laugh.

"There hasn't been much of it spent away from me since Christmas," she answered. "But there should be nothing for you and me to conceal from each other now, should there?" she asked, growing grave again.

Though they had entered the village street by this time, he took her hand and, raising it to his lips, kissed it in the twilight.

"There never shall be from now on," he said solemnly; and at that moment he believed his own words almost as implicitly as he knew she believed them.

Clare became suddenly conscious of the lateness of their walk when she saw the lamps already lighted at home, and thought with a little tremor of the disapproval she would see on her mother's face when she met her. Indeed, Clare had an uneasy sense that she was living in an atmosphere of maternal disapprobation these days. There was a sort of intangible breach widening daily between mother and daughter.

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Mrs. Montfort was a rigidly pious woman; that everybody in the village acknowledged, though her children had an idea that somehow, despite their mother's devoutness, she and they must be most miserable sinners, and that their way as transgressors was a wofully hard one. For the announcement of the priest's rare visits—he came but once in six months—was a signal for the household to be plunged into gloom lest some member of it should fail to prepare adequately for the reception of the Sacraments. Texts of Scripture, setting forth God's searching out of hidden sins and his vengeance on the sinner, were read and their impressiveness enhanced by legends of the awful fate which had overtaken many who received the Sacraments unworthily, until the children thought of Confession and Communion as mysteries so exacting as to make their warm young blood run cold with fear. The priest himself, a gentle, simple-minded man, thought with dread of the hour he must spend listening to and quieting as best he could the possible and impossible scruples Mrs. Montfort poured forth to him, and the penitent generally ended the day of confession with a prostrating nervous headache, with the natural result that the irritability of which she accused herself with so many sighs and tears became more and more uncontrollable. As her daughter Clare grew up, given to courageous thinking, this strict—almost terrified—observance of the letter of the law, and constant insistence on the justice of God, began to make religion appear a slavery to the young girl. "Better no God at all than one so petty as this!" she said to herself once, after witnessing her mother's torment of scrupulosity; and with the superficial judgment of youth she began to question all the rules of the church, because her mother's practices, as a superlatively pious Catholic, seemed to her contrary to reason and common sense.

Everything helped this growing tendency to indifference; there was no wise confessor to guide her, and all her friends were of that large class of Protestants who treat the affairs of the soul with an easy nonchalance, to be considered perfunctorily for an hour or two on Sundays. Mrs. Montfort was troubled at her daughter's lack of devotion, but her anxiety became grief when she saw that she was becoming seriously attached to Wilson Parmelee; and, while she waited for her in the dusk that afternoon, she decided to remonstrate with her more earnestly than she had yet done.

"It doesn't matter about a man's having religion, mamma," Clare declared, with oracular wisdom, after listening to her

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mother's talk that night in their own room; "men never are pious, anyhow. Look at papa, good and kind and dear as he was: I never saw him receive Holy Communion but once in my life."

"Ah! but Clare, he had the faith; he had what the best Protestant lacks; and he died contrite and believing, although, alas! the priest did not reach him in time."

And the widow's face whitened with the anguish of that last fatal delay. Clare was not looking at her mother or she would not have said lightly, as if dismissing the subject:

"I never knew a practical Catholic man"—she had known only three Catholic men in her life—"and I would just as soon marry a good Protestant as a bad Catholic. Though, to tell the truth," she continued, smiling, "Wilson's religion is not enough to give any one any uneasiness. He would not care if I were a Mohammedan."

Such airy treatment as this of a matter so paramount shocked Mrs. Montfort into silence. Herself one of those to whom piety seems to come at their birth, she had no experience to give her an insight into her daughter's soul and show her that it had not yet awakened to its deepest needs. Conversion as of hardened sinners she knew about, but of that other conversion of the young and happy who have been so shielded from sorrow as to have no dread of it, and so protected from temptation as to be ignorant of their own weakness until some supreme moment comes when the sorrow-laden heart finds the world a void, or the untried soul must make its choice between right and wrong, and when in this flood of many waters the creature stretches lame hands of faith toward the Creator, and so is lifted into safety—of such conversion as this Mrs. Montfort could not know, and at this moment she felt that she had lived in vain since a child of hers could set aside a law of the church with scarcely a recognition that to disobey it was a thing to think twice about.

The pain of the thought lined her face into misery which startled her daughter as she looked upon it.

"O mamma!" she exclaimed, hurrying to her side, "don't look like that. Wilson and I have no idea of marrying for years to come, and maybe he will become a Catholic by that time. I ask our Blessed Lady for his conversion every night of my life."

The child-like faith of the last speech served in a measure to reassure the mother, and, putting her arm about her child, she knelt with her before a picture of that other most blessed of

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mothers and prayed for guidance and strength. Clare left her mother still at her devotions and soon fell asleep, but the older woman watched far into the night in anxiety and prayer.

II.

There was no sound of song or violin in the cabin by the river that chill November night, though the singer and the musician were both there.

"Hit doan make no diffunce ter me 'bout de baby, Anne," the man was saying, as he leaned toward her while she rocked carelessly to and fro before the fire of blazing logs; "an' how come you woan marry me so I kin he'p you take keer o' it? You an' yo' mammy cayn't do it by yo'se'ves, an' you know dat white man ain't gwine s'port his chile. He done furgot you an' hit bofe—clean furgot you."

A gleam of indescribable emotion shone in the girl's great dark eyes.

"Wot make you say he's furgot me?" she asked, pausing in her rocking; "how come you say he ain't goin' s'port his chile?"

"'Ca'se I hearn 'em teasin' uv 'im in de barber's shop Sat'd'y night 'bout his gwine git married right off," the man replied with the air of one bringing forward a conclusive proof. But the girl betrayed no surprise, and presently resumed her careless swaying motion with an air of relief.

"I thought maybe you was goin' ter tell me sompen new," she said, unconscious of expressing thus the dread that hung over her. "Dey been teasin' 'im lak dat uvver sence Miss Clare come home fum school. Dat's no sign he's goin' git married."

"But Lawd, Anne, doan you know he's gwine marry some dese days? He done tired o' you now. Lawd, Gord! how come you will put yo' trus' in er white man! De devil in hell ain't ez 'ceivin' ez he is," the mulatto exclaimed, rising as he spoke, while his splendid chest expanded and his deep tones trembled in this uncontrollable outburst of jealous love. His vehemence made the girl flinch a little, but his words must have roused some strong feeling in her own breast, for her face had lost its calmness as she said:

"He ain't nuvver 'ceived me yit. He tole me t'o'er day he would allers take keer o' me an' dat little baby a-lyin' dar, 'sleep."

The voice sank into a sob as she uttered the last words and glanced over at her child sleeping peacefully in its rude cradle.

"Is he started comin' yere ag'in?" the mulatto asked, con-

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scious then how his hopes had led him into believing Anne deserted since the birth of her child—"a low-lifeded houn' a-foolin' you an' dat white ooman bofe, an' bofe o' you believin' in 'im lak he wuz er angel fum on high! Aw! Anne," he said with a note like tears in his passionate entreaty, "how come you doan gi' 'im up, my precious? how come you doan gi' 'im up?"

He leaned down toward her and would have clasped her in his arms, but she sprang away from him and stood erect on the other side of the hearth, while the flickering firelight threw strange shadows over both superb figures and the girl's beautiful face. "I ain't nuvver goin' to gi' 'im up," she said defiantly. "Nare no'er ooman shall uvver have 'im, white or not white. I ain't nuvver goin' to gi' 'im up; an' I ain't nuvver goin' marry no nigger. How many times I got to tell you dat, Hal Burt? an' how come you doan quit pesterin' me? You go 'long home, anyhow; I'se fear'd he'll come an' find you here."

She said this with the very perversity of a troubled and angry woman, for she knew there was not the smallest chance of his coming at that hour, and through the driving November rain which was falling. But the speech roused the mulatto into fury. He walked to the door, and opening it, looked out into the darkness, while he listened for a step. Then he returned and towered above the girl, who had resumed her seat.

"I ain't a-stayin' to wait fur 'im," he said huskily, "'c'ase I ain't got no pistol. But I won't nuvver be in sich er fix no mo'; an' sho ez tis a Gord in heaven, dat man dies ef uvver he puts his foot in dis house ag'in. You hear me, Anne Price?—he dies! You seen me hit a mark befo'."

"Wot Hal been r'arin' 'bout now?" Anne's mother asked, entering from the other room of the cabin just as the mulatto stalked out of the door. "Seem lak he ought to know you'se 'bove marryin' er nigger by dis time. Seem lak he ought to see it don't run in we all's blood," she said, with a haughty turn of her head.

"I tole 'im all dat to-night," the girl replied, "an' he went out a-swearin' he meant to kill Mister Parmelee. An' I'm skeered 'bout it. Hal looked lak he was sho goin' do wot he said."

"Shoo!" exclaimed the older woman, in an accent of proud contempt. "Er nigger'll run ef er white man shakes er stick at 'im. Hal Burt wouldn' no mo' try ter kill Mister Parmelee dan he'd try ter swim Roanoke ruvver in a freshet. You needn' skeer yo'se'f 'bout dat."

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But the girl did not share her mother's confidence. The memory of the mulatto's stern face prevented her doing so, and she determined to warn Parmelee the next day not to come to her house for some time.

There was great excitement in the village the next night when Wilson Parmelee strained his horse into town, and sought the doctor with the news that he had found Anne Price shot by the roadside on his way through the Island plantation, when returning from his work as superintendent of the Roanoke lumber mills. People who saw him said he might have been shot himself, so white and terrified he was; but it was natural that he should be shocked—the whole village was appalled, for Anne was liked by every one. There was no doubt that Hal Burt was the guilty man. His love for Anne was known, and many remembered his distress when her child was born some weeks before. But Hal could not be found, and Anne refused to tell a circumstance of the affair. Wilson Parmelee declared he had nothing to tell except that he had lifted her, unconscious and wounded, from the roadside and taken her into her mother's cabin. Clare herself could not get him to speak of the affair, anxious though she was to hear about the accident to her old playmate. A genuine affection had existed between the negro and the white girl since they were children together, and it was more the prompting of friendship than any idea of charity which made Clare take her way to the negro's cabin a day or two after the shooting. She knew beforehand the welcome of flattering deference she would receive when she got there, but she was surprised to find Anne so well as she seemed.

"Are you badly hurt, Anne?" she asked in tender solicitude, as she took the weakened hand and stroked it.

"Yes'm," Anne replied, smiling at her; "I reckin I'm boun' ter die; seem lak I done los' too much blood uvver ter git well. But den I'm ready. I been washed clean in de blood o' de Lam'. I got 'lijun er long time ago." No saint could have spoken more calmly, and such security in such a case appalled the white girl.

"You are sorry for your sins then," she said gently, "and beg our Lord to forgive them?"

"He's done forgive 'em er long time ago," the negro girl replied; "uvver sence I got 'lijun an' was baptized in Chocayoke mill-pond."

"But the sins you have committed since then," Clare said,

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shuddering inwardly; "you must ask him to forgive those too, and must promise him never to commit such sins again if you get well. That is the only way we can be sure we have really and truly repented; when we make up our mind never to sin again."

Anne looked at her in her old quizzical way.

"Dat's white folks' 'lijun," she said. "I hearn yo' mamma talk dat way; hit's white folks' 'lijun, but 'tain't colored folks'. Colored folks knows 'tis got ter be a new borning o' de soul, an' a'ter dat no mo' dread o' sin. Jesus done took 'em all on his own shoulders. He done 'toned for 'em all."

No wonder Clare was puzzled. Here was faith in God and in Christ's atonement as strong as her own, and far more implicit—a faith that no shadow of doubt had ever obscured—and yet how powerless it had been to awaken a perception of right and wrong! They had told her that Anne could not get well, though she might live for weeks, and it seemed awful to her to think of a soul's appearing before a God of infinite purity sullied by sin unrepented of.

She knelt beside the bed.

"Anne," she said softly, tenderly, "do you not know that you were breaking one of God's commandments in having that little baby?"—pausing here while the hot blushes covered her face—"and that you must be sorry for it and beg our Lord to forgive you, as he surely will if you are but sorry and promise never to sin again."

The sick girl's black eyes gleamed with anger and suspicion, and she drew away as best she could from the figure kneeling beside her. "Naw!" she said vehemently, "I ain't sorry fur havin' dat baby; I'm glad o' it. I loves it better'n I does anything in dis roun' worl'? I'm glad I got it."

At that instant the baby began to cry, and, as the grandmother had gone to do some work outside, Clare went to the cradle and took the wailing child in her arms. It quieted instantly and nestled close to her. Is there in this world anything sweeter than this close clinging of a little babe to one's bosom? this appeal of helplessness to one's strength? Clare Montfort was too thorough a woman not to feel her heart glow in response to this soft infant touch, and she momentarily forgot everything else in her delight at fondling and cooing to the now placid child on her lap. The mother watched her with strange alternations of emotion on her face, which finally settled into determination; and as Clare would have resumed the talk,

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she stopped her by speaking herself with a slow deliberation as if husbanding her strength to finish what she wished to say.

"He nuvver meant to shoot me, Miss Clare," she said quietly. "Hal Burt didn' nuvver mean to hurt me. He was a-shootin' at dat baby's father. He'd done tole me he was goin' ter kill 'im if he didn' stop coming ter see me, an' I was skeered he would, an' went down de road ter meet 'im to'ds sunset an' warn 'im not ter come ter my house no more in a long time. But Hal he mus' 'a' been watchin' in de bushes, an' so he followed me, case ez I come up ter 'im an' he leant down fum his horse ter speak ter me, Hal he shot twice an' den runned away. He missed his mark, do, an' hit me. But he didn't mean ter hurt me, Miss Clare; he was tryin' kill my chile's father. He was a-shootin' at Mist' Wilson Parmelee."

However the voice had faltered during the story, it was clear enough now, with a subtle ring of exultation in it. Like a flash the truth came to her listener, and as suddenly the scene last spring rose before her. She felt again the peace that reigned over the world that day, and she heard once more the infinite pathos of Anne's voice as she sang the "Gypsy Countess" for them. This was the meaning of that note of despair that had moved her to tears as Anne sang; this was the meaning of Wilson's mood of humility and of the promise which he had given her then, and had broken ever since. She saw it all with a vividness born of the sudden stillness which seemed to have clutched her heart so as to silence all emotion. Hers was one of those natures which any great sorrow renders preternaturally calm; and as she rose without a word and placed the child beside its mother the marble-like quiet of her face awed Anne into remorse as no anger could have done.

"Fur Gord's sake, doan look lak I done killed you, Miss Clare!" she said pleadingly; "seemed ter me you ough' ter knowed it. You ain't mad wid me, is you?" she asked, as Clare continued to stand quite motionless; "'twarn't me in fault. An' you'se goin' ,take 'im 'way fum me," she added, sobbing; "not me fum you."

The sobs roused Clare into remembering that excitement was dangerous for Anne in her weak condition, and life-long instincts of kindliness triumphed over this strange, new pain. Once more she knelt beside the bed, and, by a supreme effort against the sudden revulsion within herself toward the woman before her, she took the trembling hand in hers, which were as cold as ice.

"I am not angry with you, Anne," she said, forcing herself to speak; "it was not your fault as much as—his. But I can't

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stay with you now; I must go away because I am troubled, not because I am angry."

"You ain't goin' ter make 'im 'spise me, is you?"—a new terror coming to her. "He'd 'spise me fur tellin' you. He nuvver wouldn' furgive me—an' I been shot fur 'im."

As the white girl looked down on this other one, over whose beautiful face the tears now flowed from eyes that looked at her with helpless appeal in their dark depths, she wept for her in very sympathy. Even at that moment she saw how much more she was to be pitied than was herself.

"I don't know what is right to do," she said in the sudden confusion which had come upon her. "I don't know what to do," she repeated. Then the troubled soul within her instinctively turned to the Spirit of Light. "O Anne!" she said, tearfully, "we both need strength and light. Let us pray for it together"; and, steadying her voice, she repeated the "Our Father." In her need and weakness the familiar words were the only ones that would come at her bidding.

When she stepped out of the cabin-door she was surprised to see the sun still shining brightly; with the egotism of youth she wondered that the world was not darkened by her sorrow. And yet, by the very circumstances of her training and the innocence of her life, there was not any outraged sense of the man's falsity to herself. An older woman would have condoned the sin, reconciled to it by its very frequency among the men around her, or she would have condemned it in bitter resentment of the insult put upon herself; but Clare did neither. She was only concerned with the fact that this man, in whom she had trusted with all her generous young heart, was other than she thought him: that he had wilfully led an ignorant girl into evil, had done her an injury which he knew he might never repair, not even by the tardy and questionable reparation of marrying her. There was a baseness about such an action which made the girl's chivalric nature recoil in contempt. She was too ignorant of the world and its ways for the world's plausible excuses to come into her mind. She but saw that an irreparable wrong had been done, and she walked through the afternoon brightness with a dull sense of irretrievable loss upon her. She did not now think anything of what her own future course would be toward Wilson Parmelee. Her one feeling concerning herself and him was a desire that she never see him again. Not yet had come to her the time when realization of the deception practised on herself, and of his broken vow to her, would rouse her into anger, nor that sadder time when the desolate heart,

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yearning over its fallen idol, would strive by the very power of love to shape it once more into its fair proportions—but to find the effort vain.

Such times as these did come, as they needs must, and also trying scenes between herself and Wilson Parmelee, before he would believe that she whose devotion had become to him a pleasant matter of course had resolved to give him up. She had not told him in words the cause of her sudden change of feeling, but he knew—and her utter condemnation of his conduct was incomprehensible to him. He had broken an impulsive promise to her—yes, but he had done nothing else dishonorable. The sternest moralist among his men friends would not have considered him unpardonable. If Anne Price had been a white girl, it would have been different; but who would think of placing a negro on a plane with a white person in questions of morals any more than in social questions. A moral negro was almost an unknown being. By all his training and thought Clare's views seemed to him absurd, and he began to look on himself as a man most unjustly treated when she met him always with a sad yet firm denial.

"Clare," he said at their last interview, determined to speak plainly, "you have shirked telling me the truth, but I know it. Anne Price has told you her story." Her face answered him. "It is a pitiful one," he continued. "I know that far better than you do, but it need not separate you and me. Your religion teaches you that sins are forgiven to those who repent and amend. Are you going to be more exacting than God himself? Are you going to throw me off despairing even though I swear to you, as I do, that I will be true to you, and by your love you can save me?"

It was an appeal calculated to move her, and the eyes which had made her life's light were looking at her in love and tenderness, yet never had her sense of loss and lack in him been so strong. At that moment she saw with agonized clearness that, though sin may be repented of and forgiven, the consequences of some sins are still irrevocable. As well might one go down into the valley of the shadow of death in the throes of a well-nigh mortal illness, and hope to rise up again in every part of him the same man physically, as that one who has deeply sinned should expect to be again the same man spiritually; returning health may in rare instances bring greater strength than was heretofore given, and repentance and penance may lift the sinner into higher planes of virtue, but in each case the risen man is for ever different from the one that went down. Clare

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felt this without formulating it, and she saw plainly that the man before her was not the man to whom she had given her love. Her own idealizing of him might account for this; she was far from condemning him entirely. Had he been but her friend, she might have forgiven and pitied him and striven by gentle ways to uplift him; but with her high ideals of what a marriage should be, ideals that had of late in her sorrow become higher and more exacting, she shrank from standing as pitying guide or kindly monitor toward her husband. A woman given to self-tormenting and scruples might have believed it a duty to let the lingering, regretful affection she now felt for the man before her take the place of the love she had once so freely given, and so marry him that she might save him. But having once known perfect love unsullied by mistrust, Clare Montfort could not become a man's wife without it; and thus it happened that Wilson Parmelee found his last plea vain despite the eloquence with which he urged it. "She would never marry any one else," she told him, "but she would never marry him." The words were proof of how her faith in all men had been shaken, and with the sound of them in the girl's tones of pathetic hopelessness still echoing through his heart, he left her—cursing the quixotism which could thus lead her to sadden her life and his—he could find no higher name than this for Clare Montfort's conduct, he had no deeper consciousness of the guilt of his own.

. . . . . .

The Roanoke flows in winter flood and summer sluggishness past a village where a woman still young, but no longer youthful, works with her mother among the negro children about them. Sometimes she dreams of a day when a priest will help her to instruct them and will bring to them the Sacraments Christ has left in the church. But this is only a dream; the day is afar off, and she must be content to do her best towards improving the morals of these ignorant people who love her so much. Her mother says her daughter is sceptical about but two things: men's truth and missionary zeal. Leaving this busy life which yet reminds one of midday suddenly clouded, the river rushes on past an humble grave-yard wherein a negro girl was laid to rest, after a murderer's bullet had done its woful work; and curving here the stream widens out before the great lumber-yards of the Roanoke Lumber Company, whose latest president, prosperous and respected, is Mr. Wilson Parmelee.

F. C. FARINHOLT.

Asheville, N. C.

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ON THE UPPER LAKES FORTY YEARS AGO.

MORE than forty years ago the writer of these memoranda of service was engaged on the Survey of the Lakes. With parties composed of from twenty to forty men, including two to four assistants, he made the secondary triangulation, sketched the shore-line, and completed the hydrography of the north shore of Lake Huron and the Straits of Mackinac; and of the St. Mary's River from the Détour to the rapids below the Sault Ste. Marie. In fact, the work included a portion of the north shore of Lake Michigan, for it extended from a point thirty miles west to nearly fifty miles east of Mackinac.

Forty years ago Mackinac and the Sault were, to summer tourists, little more than landings on steamboat routes from Buffalo, Cleveland, and Detroit to Chicago, Milwaukee, and the mining regions of upper Michigan.

The importance once accorded to them, as trading posts and depots of the Fur Company, had even then become a memory. The store-houses were empty or consigned to other uses. The Agency House was an empty shell, behind whose closed window-shutters bats hibernated, packed like dried figs in a drum. The Mission House at Mackinac, built in vain anticipation of converting the Indians to Protestant Christianity, had long been a hotel in summer, and tenantless in winter.

In this northern region the people hibernated as well as the bats. They did not, like the bats, become positively torpid in winter, but while their narrow fields and the frozen surfaces of the lakes, the straits and rivers, were buried under the snow, their industries were reduced to a minimum. The dog-train succeeded the Mackinac boat and the canoe, as means of transport on journeys of necessity; but for the most part the people sat by their hot stoves and firesides, and waited for spring.

The borderlands of civilization sometimes afford studies of all phases of human character; from high intelligence and refinement, at one extreme, to profound ignorance and degradation at the other. Some, whose early lives have been failures, would escape from the scenes of their ill-success, either to start anew in the race of life or else to hide from the world that witnessed their defeat. Others, without means or promise of success, where all its avenues are crowded, accept the counsel to "Go

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West," and find in the conditions of a new or undeveloped country either stepping-stones or impediments in the road to fortune.

In 1848 Mackinac and the Sault were still in the far Northwest. The surveyor of hundreds of miles of shore-line, of bays, straits, islands, and headlands, between lakes Michigan, Huron, and Superior, was sure to meet, among the few scores of people with whom he came in contact, not only many different characters of men, but various races or nationalities. Not only Americans of every type, but English, Irish, Scotch, German, French, Belgian, and Hungarian white men, as well as Indians and half-breeds. If the population was conglomerate in character, the names of localities along the shores were characteristic of the people. The study of local names sometimes presented puzzles in philology. The contrast between the old antiquary's rendering of A. D. L. L. by *Agricola, Dicavit, Libens Lubens*, and the old Beadsman's version, *Aiken Drum's Lang Ladle*, was scarcely more remarkable than that between names given by the old *voyageurs* and their modern gloss by Anglo-American tongues and pens. We have a characteristic example in the name of an island of boulders off the western coast of Michigan, which the French *voyageurs* called *Ile-aux-Galets*, or Boulder Islands; and which, in after years, became known to our Anglo-American sailors as "*Skilligallee.*" A certain self-taught compiler and engraver of maps explained this name as a corruption of "Scull-or-go-lee," referring to the hazardous navigation under certain conditions of wind and wave! The same remarkable geographer hyphened the syllables of what he called Point *Get-ash*, so that the name might be indicative of its supposed origin. The place designated is a high rocky point connected with the mainland by a swamp, where ash-trees were once abundant; and where the *voyageurs* obtained the wood of which their oars were made. To be sure they called the ash *le frêne*, and the Point—almost an island—Point Détaché, whence *anglicé* Get Ash! These nominal absurdities are not mentioned in derision of the ignorance to which they are due, but as indicative of the confusion and misconceptions arising from the successive occupancies of different peoples.

In 1849, when I first saw the northern shore of Lakes Michigan and Huron, there was on Point St. Ignace, west of Mackinac, a small settlement of Indians and half-breeds clustered around their little church. For thirty miles west of St. Ignace, the western limit of my survey, the shore had no sign of civili-

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zation or permanent occupancy. North of Mackinac is St. Martin's Bay, whose extreme north point is about eleven miles from the north shore of Mackinac. It lies between Gross Point on the west and Point St. Martin on the east. These points are nearly eight miles apart; and between them lie the two islands known as Ile St. Martin and Grosse Ile St. Martin. Grosse Ile has an area of about one square mile. On its north side was, many years ago, an Indian village. Ile St. Martin is less than half its size. About four miles east of St. Martin's Bay is the western limit of the group of islands, headlands, bays, and channels long known as *Les Chêneaux*. There are in all twelve islands; the largest of which, Ile Marquette, has a length of some five miles and a width of three miles, though its area is not more than ten square miles. The next in size, Ile La Salle, is nearly three miles long and less than half a mile in width. The other islands of the group are very small, varying in dimensions between a mile and a half and a half mile in length, and from a half mile to a few rods in width. A peculiar feature of this group of islands is the disparity of their lengths and breadths, and their formation on parallel lines running northwest and southeast. The water in these bays and channels is of sufficient depth for the largest vessels navigating the lakes; and Les Chêneaux possess several harbors of easy access where even small craft may ride in safety in any storm. At the time of my survey an old Indian chief dwelt with his family on the north shore of Ile Marquette. This old chief, whose name was Chabó-wé-wéh, was in the habit of visiting my camp about once a week. On one of his visits I asked him which of the three races of white men, French, English, and American, had shown the Indians most favor. His reply, given with something approaching a laugh, was: "*Les Français, les Anglais, et les Américains, sont bons camarades pour voler les terres des sauvages.*" This answer covered the whole inquiry, and I had no reply to make.

From the Chêneaux to the Détour, at the mouth of the St. Mary's, there is a succession of headlands, bays, and islands which, forty years ago, were as wild as when the old *voyageurs* traversed their shores with birch-bark canoes in summer, and with dog-*traineux* in winter. The Détour is about thirty-six miles east-northeast from Mackinac. In coasting along the north shore of the lake to the mouth of the St. Mary's, the *voyageur* was obliged to make a long *détour* around the point of land on its western side: whence its name, the Détour. East of the

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Détour are the three large islands, Drummond, Cockburn, and the Great Manitoulin; giving three wide channels to the broad bays between them and the Canadian mainland. They are called the west, middle, and east channels; though the western channel is usually called the mouth of the St. Mary's River. Cockburn and the Great Manitoulin belong to Canada; Drummond to the United States. The strait called the mouth of the St. Mary's is about one mile wide and three miles long; opening northward into the broad bay of Potagannissing, in which there are numerous islands, all belonging to Canada. They vary in size from a hundred square miles to the fraction of an acre. In all this region there were neither towns nor villages. In sailing among the islands one might occasionally see a small cluster of rude dwellings, or a log-cabin surrounded by a few rods of half-cultivated land. The few inhabitants, of variously mixed races, seemed to combine the industries of the farmer, lumberman, fisherman, and sailor in one. There was little intercourse between them and the people of the "American" shore; or, in fact, between people living on neighboring islands. Socially considered, the groups of islands were groups of solitudes.

I once landed on one of the islands where a few acres of cultivated land suggested the possibility of procuring fresh vegetables for my party. On entering the farm-house, a clean though rough cabin, I noticed one or two articles of furniture not in keeping with its rude walls. Among other things, an excellent painting—cabinet size—of a British officer in full dress, and wearing some order of knighthood and several medals. Supposing it to be a portrait of some distinguished soldier, I asked who it was. I was certainly surprised when the young farmer, who was coarsely clad, without covering to his feet, replied: "It is my father, Major ——, formerly of the Royal ——. He lives on the island next north of this." I visited the next island and bought new potatoes, peas, and cucumbers from the major, who, in person and outward appearance, closely resembled his son. He was evidently a man who had "seen better days." By birth, doubtless, a gentleman, and certainly one of superior education. His log dwelling, of four or five rooms, contained a small library, of perhaps a thousand volumes, of English, French, Italian, and German authors, and a few Latin classics. All else in his dwelling indicated the degraded gentleman, hidden from the scenes and associations of his early life. I never knew or sought to learn its story.

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The "major" was not the only resident of these northern solitudes whose education was a buried talent. One of my men once entered an Indian's cabin, on Point St. Ignace, to make some necessary inquiry. On his return he appeared much excited by what he had discovered. "O captain!" said he, "that Indian has a larger library than yours. There are French, English, and Latin books. And he reads them all." It was true. The man—an Ojibway Indian—had been educated at a college in France with a view to the priesthood, for which he proved to have no vocation. He was a highly educated man with no distinct prospect or purpose in life. His acquaintance with civilization had only disqualified him for the life to which he was born, while pride and prejudice debarred him from association with the whites; though few of those with whom he came in contact were his peers in either intellect or education. These were but two among several instances of men from opposite extremes of social life, who, by its vicissitudes, were unfitted for either civilized or savage life, but who found repose or seclusion in this borderland of civilization. They were like the accumulations of the sea-shore—wreckage from the ocean of life, and drift from the land on its borders.

In my first summer on the Lake Survey in the north we had two encampments: the first on St. Martin's Island; the second on one of the smaller islands of Les Chêneaux. Both were out of the track of steamers and vessels engaged in the commerce of the lakes, and so remote from the "busy haunts of men" that the occasional visits of the government steamer, *The Surveyor*, which brought supplies and served as means of communication with the outer world, were seasons of excitement in our little camp.

The camp was always astir at daybreak. An hour afterward the boats were away at their work. The crews were made up of French Canadians, Irish, and Anglo-Americans; and some Alsacians, who, in distinction from the Canadian element, were sometimes designated "*Français de France.*" If, in the four years of my service between Lake Michigan and "the Sault," there were quarrels among these men, I never heard of them. They worked steadily through the long days of summer, and returned to camp only in time to get their boats washed and safely moored before dark.

Though more than forty years have elapsed since my service on the Upper Lakes, not only the scenes of labor, but little incidents—which sometimes gave annoyance, sometimes amuse-

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ment—are as distinctly remembered as are the occurrences of yesterday. I can, in fancy, hear the measured strokes of oars, and the calls of the leadsmen: "*And a ha-af four!*" "*An-d-a-quar-ter-less-nine!*" And in the stillness of a summer evening I sometimes hear the boat-songs by which the men seemed to relieve the weariness of a long day's toil. They are good men who, after ten or eleven hours of pulling at the oar, will come into harbor in the evening singing—

"O, rendez moi mon léger bateau,
Et ma cabane au borde de l'eau," etc.;

or, if more sentimentally inclined,

"Il y a long temps que je t'aimé, moi,
Il y a long temps que je t'aimé," etc.

As soon as the boats were safely moored officers and men were called to their respective mess-tables. The work of the day and its incidents were discussed, and full justice rendered to the wisdom of government in allowing extra rations to engineers and their employees in the field. Then came the solace of the evening pipe, and sometimes the tearful "smudge" to drive away mosquitoes.

When confined to camp by high winds or rain, the men were employed in making the buoys used in hydrographic surveying from cedars found along the shore, or in preparing heavy stones to anchor them in place. Only very violent storms interrupted the work of the survey; and these, in summer, rarely lasted more than a few hours. High winds without rain might prevent work on the water, and the measurement of angles by the theodolite, without interrupting the work of sketching the shore-line. Our shore parties sometimes brought to camp young animals and waterfowl, captured on the lines of their work; and sometimes birds of rarer species. So that at the close of the season our camp would possess a small menagerie. At one time it had, *inter alia*, a bear, two porcupines, two bald eagles, and twenty to thirty mallards.

Whitefish and trout are always *in season* in the cold waters of the north, at least for hungry men; and no game laws are efficient restraints upon pot-hunters living in the woods.

Boats whose work might take them to points some miles distant from camp were sometimes provided with a shot-gun and a trolling-line. If the crew were employed in cutting lines of sight through the woods, the assistant in charge might have

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opportunity to kill a partridge, a woodcock, or a duck without neglecting his work. And on the return to camp at the close of day the trolling-line would sometimes be found fastened to a lake-trout of twenty or thirty pounds. Such incidents as these, by breaking the monotony of labor, were recreations, and could be indulged in without neglect of duty. Some diversion from servile labor is a necessity of life. If not *given* in one way, it will be *taken* in another. Betting on games of chance was forbidden in our camps; but prohibition of the common implements of gaming only varied the game. We had some miles of careful levelling on a base-line. On the return of the levelling party one evening there was a good deal of earnest questioning among them. One of the rodmen, on stepping ashore, waved his hands as he shouted, "*Deux fois! deux fois!*" This loud announcement seemed to be the topic of conversation at their mess-table. It was found that there was a standing bet between some of the men on the number of times that a certain rodman would so adjust the target on his levelling-rod that no change would be required—*i.e.*, on the number of times that he would guess the exact difference of level between two points five hundred feet apart. They would bet on the depth of water at places of which they knew nothing; on the weather at some future day; at night, on the number of whitefish that would be taken from a gill-net next morning. I rescinded the order about betting and *advised* them not to do it.

DRUMMOND ISLAND.

This large island, between whose western shore and the *Détour* is the passage called the mouth of the St. Mary's, is nearly twenty miles long from west to east, and twelve wide from south to north, having an area of nearly two hundred square miles. Its central parts are high and rolling, the shores indented by small coves and harbors. On the west side, opposite Point Détour, is a small harbor, something more than a mile in length, on whose north shore was, in the long ago, a British military post garrisoned at one time by several regiments of troops. My topographical party was encamped here for some weeks in 1853. The stone foundations of extensive barracks and of detached buildings, officers' quarters, hospital and storehouses, with here and there a chimney, yet remained; though the greater part of the rough stone of which they were built had long before been carried to Mackinac and elsewhere for the construction of wharves and the foundations of humbler dwellings. A row of de-

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cayed and decaying Lombardy poplars, along the front of the line of barracks, told of the pains taken to give some token of civilized life to this island wilderness.

A small island opposite the line of barracks, and two or three rods from shore, was evidently the site of a powder magazine. Near the head of the harbor and about a mile from its entrance the opposite shores nearly met, leaving on one side of the gorge thus formed a large body of water somewhat higher than the level of the outer harbor, on account of the narrow gorge and the number of small streams running into it from the high lands of the island. At this gorge were the remains of a dam. Squared timbers in and out of place, and more or less decayed, marked the site of a mill for the uses of the garrison. In 1853 the short and narrow channel at the gorge was still a rapid, and the deep pool at its foot afforded supplies of black bass.

From a point not far from the harbor's mouth, and near the site of officers' quarters and hospital, a wide graded road, long overgrown with trees and shrubbery, extended for a mile or two in rear of the line of barracks. The heavy growth of timber on either side, as well as the level grade, distinctly marked what had been a carriage-way or race-course, probably the latter, when the garrison of Drummond Island included several regiments. That, for a short period at least, so large a force once occupied the island was shown by headstones, marking the graves of men of different regiments of so nearly the same date as to make it a certainty that they were serving together on Drummond Island some time before it finally passed under the government of the United States. It was, in fact, held by British forces until 1826, some time after the commissioners appointed under the treaty of Ghent had decided that it belonged to the United States.

Seven miles north of the Détour is the island of St. Joseph, whose length is about twenty miles by nine in width. On its southern point are the remains of another old military post. West of the south end of St. Joseph's is Lime Island, containing about two square miles. The passage between this and St. Joseph's, though about a mile in width, has too many shoals at its northern extremity for safe navigation. West of Lime Island the channel is broad and deep. North and west of St. Joseph we have Sailor's Encampment Island and Sugar Island, the latter about ten miles long and four miles wide; the former about six miles by four miles in extent.

Considering that the water system between Lake Huron and Lake Superior is only about fifty miles long, and that in this

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distance are included the broad bay of Potagannissing, covering several hundred square miles; Mud Lake, nearly one hundred; Lake George, thirty miles, and Hay Lake, from eight to ten, the absurdity of calling these bays, lakes, and channels a river must be apparent. It is a strait, or a combination of lakes, islands, and narrow channels, characteristic of the whole system of our inland seas, and their lesser straits, their cataracts and rapids, from the west end of Lake Superior to the Gulf of St. Lawrence. The St. Mary's; the St. Clair, between Huron and Lake St. Clair; the Detroit, between St. Clair and Erie; the Niagara and its great cataract, between Erie and Ontario; and the rapids, "the Cedars," the "Long Sault," "Lachine," etc., between the lake of the Thousand Islands—there are said to be seventeen hundred—and Montreal are but links in the chain of inland seas and lakes, from the plateau where branches of the Mississippi, the Red River of the North, and the St. Louis—the most western affluent of Lake Superior, have their common source, to the Gulf of St. Lawrence and the Atlantic Ocean. The Indians called this and similar localities *Mini akapan kaduza—Whence the water runs different ways.* From this region the Mississippi flows through its sinuous course of three thousand miles to the Gulf of Mexico; the Red River, from the source of its eastern affluent and through Red Lake, Lake Winnipeg, and the Severn, about a thousand miles, to Hudson's Bay, and thence to the Arctic seas; and the most western branches of the Saint Louis, through the great artery of the St. Lawrence, twenty-five hundred miles to the Atlantic Ocean.

A characteristic feature of the upper lakes is their great depth below the sea-level; so that if the barriers at their outlets were removed, and their surfaces reduced to the level of the ocean, while Erie would disappear, Superior, Huron, and Michigan would still remain large inland seas, with a uniform depth of nearly three hundred feet; and Ontario, though reduced in size, would still have a depth of more than three hundred feet below the level of the ocean. Is the St. Lawrence a river? From Quebec to the Gulf of St. Lawrence, something more than two hundred miles, it is an estuary, varying in width from ten miles just below Quebec to sixty miles at the west end of the island of Anticosti, where it opens into the Gulf.

It is worthy of remark that on subtracting the height of the rapids at the Sault Ste. Marie, the Neebish, the great falls of Niagara, and the rapids between Lake Ontario and Montreal—as determined by careful measurement—from the barometric

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height of Lake Superior, there remains but about ten feet of difference to be distributed through a distance of more than a thousand miles—the aggregate lengths of Superior, Huron, Erie, and Ontario. There is, of course, more or less traction due to cohesion immediately above falls and rapids, and more or less propulsion from the force of falling water below them; but there is no continuous current in these inland seas. When a "blow" from the north occurs on Lake Huron, the water rises at the south end of the lake; so that, for a considerable time after the gale subsides, there is a set-back of water in the opposite direction. To this fact may be ascribed the loss of a large steamboat from Chicago, on the passage from Mackinac to the Détour, in May, 1854.

In the summer of 1853 Captain—the late Colonel—John N. Macomb, U. S. Topographical Engineers, then in charge of the survey, had directed me to look for indications of reefs outside of the limits of shore-soundings. During a heavy southeast gale breakers were seen at a point about four miles from shore, on the direct line between the steamboat pier at Mackinac and mid-channel at the Détour. Their bearings from two shore-stations were observed; and, as soon as the lake became calm, a line of soundings was made from one of the two stations to the reef. Passing over a long distance—more than three miles—which gave soundings varying from five to fourteen fathoms, the leadsman drawled out "By the mark, four!" and immediately afterward "Four feet!" We had struck the crest of the reef! The discovery of this dangerous reef on the direct line from Mackinac to the Détour, four miles from shore and thirteen from mid-channel at the mouth of the St. Mary's, was published in Buffalo, Cleveland, Detroit, and Chicago newspapers; and ridiculed by old steamboat captains and sailors who knew "every rock and shoal between Mackinac and the *Soo*." But in May, 1854, the fine steamer *Garden City*, running between Chicago and the Sault, chanced to leave Mackinac for the Détour just after a northeast "blow." There was not a ripple on the surface of the lake; and, for once, the set back of water, driven south by the force of the gale, was just enough to counterbalance the slight southerly curve of the steamer's course; and she made a straight wake toward the Détour, and struck on the crest of Martin's Reef. She went off in pieces during the next heavy gale; and evidently displaced a boulder on the top of the reef, for there are now seven feet of water where then there was a depth of only four feet.

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Soundings on and around Martin's Reef are characteristic of the hydrography of *the straits* and the north coast of Lake Huron. They show a resemblance to the topography of the adjacent shores. Twenty miles west of Mackinac there is a bluff of great height called Manitou Paymou. It is nearly a mile in length from east to west, and from one to four or five rods wide across the top, and so steep as to be inaccessible on either of its longer sides. Four miles south from the foot of the bluff is the reef of Manitou Paymou, rising abruptly from a depth of six to eight fathoms to within a few feet of the surface of the water. On the eastern side of Point St. Ignace, and four miles northwest of Mackinac, is another high cliff called Rabbit's Back, which, on the side toward the water, is so nearly vertical that its height above the water was measured by uniting several "lead-lines" and dropping them from the edge of the cliff to the shore below. Where cliffs on the land bore evidence of upheaval, the neighboring reefs in the lake indicated a like origin. There were few boulders and few sand-bars around these reefs of massive rocks. The whole formation, under the water as well as along its shores, was suggestive of upheaval instead of drift. It brought to mind accounts of the great earthquake in Canada, which occurred in 1663, and continued, with intervals, from February until August of that year. As this great convulsion extended through the whole valley of the St. Lawrence, it is not unreasonable to suppose that to upheavals by subterranean forces the cliffs and reefs of trapezoidal rocks found along the shores and under the waters of the northern border of Lake Huron are to be ascribed.

The recollection of Martin's Reef and the wreck of the *Garden City* suggests some reference to other and more intricate parts of the navigation between Mackinac and the Sault. The East Neebish, a narrow strait and the outlet of the most northerly expansion of the St. Mary's, called Lake George, is about three miles long, and at the most dangerous point less than a quarter of a mile in width. A reef of solid rock bars the middle of the strait at this point, leaving a very narrow and difficult passage between it and a ledge forming its eastern shore. The passage on the west side is wider and of easier access from either end of the Neebish, but from some unknown cause was not used by navigators of the St. Mary's. One result of our survey was to call attention to this better channel, and to establish marks on shore by which the passage could be made in safety. Prior to our survey steamboats and other craft, on

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passing from the Neebish, entered on the east side of Lake George a narrow channel, barely wide enough for a large steamboat, at whose northern extremity there was a bar only eight feet under water. Long ago, when the Fur Company sent vessels laden with goods and supplies for their northern posts, it was found necessary to construct a pier across this bar, where their vessels were unloaded, and, after passing the obstruction, reladen from its upper side. At the time of our survey nothing of the old pier remained except a shattered crib. The Fur Company and its commerce were things of the past; and steamboats of light draught were able to plough their way through the mud on the bar. Our survey discovered a wider and better channel west of the middle ground—a "flat" midway between the east and west shores — but even that was not deep enough to insure safe navigation. Subsequently a channel was dredged through this wide flat, which greatly facilitates the navigation of Lake George.

While engaged on the survey of the East Neebish and Lake George our camp was on a point at the junction of this narrow strait with the lake, and on the Canadian side. We had been at this place but a few days when we had a visit from three persons, who announced themselves as the chief of an Indian village on the eastern shore of Lake George, a Catholic priest who was its pastor, and the agent of crown lands. They came to warn me of the fact that I was on British territory—an alien trespasser! I called their attention to the fact that we raised no flag over our camp, and occupied the place for the work of the survey alone. As this did not seem to satisfy them, I presented a communication, signed by Lord Elgin, Governor-General, etc., giving ample privileges of occupancy, cutting lines of sight, and, in short, for using the Canadian shores for the purposes of our survey. Our visitors proffered an apology in place of their protest, and left us in peace.

Incidents of no intrinsic importance are sometimes remembered because of contemporary events with which they are in some way allied, or as *differentia* necessary to their description. In the summer of 1854 I chanced to meet, at the Sault, a young man who, from his name, I supposed to be a German. He was introduced to me by a friend with whom he was travelling in pursuit of health. It occurred to me that the pure air on the borders of the lake, and the balsamic odors of the firs and cedars, might benefit the young traveller. I invited him to spend a week in my camp at the West Neebish. It was during

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the most exciting period of the Crimean War. My assistants comprised three Americans, "to the manner born," an Englishman, and a Belgian. Naturally, the young Briton was interested for the success of "the Allies." Partly for the sake of discussion, and in part from the recollection of Russian friendship for our country when she needed friends, I favored the czar. While our guest was with us a mail arrived from the Sault bringing our budget of letters, and newspapers with full accounts of the war in the Crimea. The news from the seat of war renewed the expressions of sentimental partisanship in behalf of the belligerents. At the close of our discussion the young Englishman turned to our German guest and said: "Well, Mr. ——, you will be on my side, for Germany favors the Allies!" Our visitor had just finished reading a letter received by our mail; and in reply said: "My letter will tell you which side I am on. It is from my mother, and dated at *Moscow*. I'll translate a paragraph. 'You know, my dear son, that our *father* is, at this time, sorely beset by his enemies—the enemies of Russia! I trust that you never lie down a night, nor rise from your bed in the morning, without praying Almighty God to give success to his arms.' I am for *God and the czar!*" We could not forbear laughing at the surprise created by the discovery of a faithful son of "Holy Russia" in our little camp on the bank of the West Neebish! The young Russian added one to the number of different nationalities encountered between Mackinac and the Sault. The Catholic Bishop Baraga was an Illyrian nobleman, who had lived so long among the Indians of upper Michigan that he had acquired something of their bearing as well as their languages and dialects; and was thoroughly accustomed to the rough life of the wilderness. He had lived among them, a missionary priest and bishop, for some thirty years. In self-denial and endurance he was the worthy successor of those early missioners who, while the Plymouth pilgrims were making war upon the Indians of New England, planted the cross and preached to the Indians at "the Sault," and on the shores of Michigan, Huron, and Superior, in their various languages.

Nearly forty years after my service on the straits of Mackinac and the Saint Mary's, I spent several months in that region. I lived at Mackinac. Not the Mackinac of forty years before; it had become a summer resort for pleasure-seekers and invalids. A mammoth hotel with scores of guests, and several houses of less pretentious character, contended for the patronage of summer travellers. There were no Indian lodges

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to be seen along the beach; nor bark canoes of Indians coming to receive annuities, and then be swindled by civilized Christian traders. If one met a solitary native in the village, he seemed a stranger in the land of his fathers; or like Davie Golightly staring about the ruins of Tully Veolan, saying: "*A' dead and gane, a' dead and gane—dead and gane.*"

There were two or three families of Indians left—decidedly the industrious and respectable of the working class on the island; to give the lie to the old, old falsehoods about the impossibility of Indian civilization—and a few descendants of Indian mothers who were married to some of the most respectable of the officials and employees of the Fur Company of long ago. But the Mackinac of John Jacob Astor and Ramsay Crooks, of the Abbots and the Biddles, of Gurdon Hubbard and the Lasleys, and their associates, if not all gone, was all changed; but not for the better.

I visited the Chêneaux, and found a steam saw-mill between the site of one of my camps and the cabin of my old friend Chabó-wé-wéh. Of the latter only a ruined chimney remained, a monument to the memory of the old Ojibway chief. "All gone!" Some of the beautiful islands and headlands, once clothed in perennial green, were now disfigured by the stumps of felled timber, and brush-heaps partly burned or piled for burning. Waterfowl, once abundant in these beautiful bays and channels, were rarely seen. On some smaller islands, the thick growths of birch and cedar of which were excellent covers for the partridge, I found little to recall my pleasant remembrance of "the forest primeval." All gone!

Even the fish, formerly so abundant—the whitefish and the maskinongé—had found other *habitats* in the waters of Lake Huron.

E. PARKER SCAMMON.

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A CANTERBURY TALE.

"THIS is the day that the Lord hath made: let us be glad and rejoice therein." With these words did Canon Power, the priest of the Church of St. Thomas of Canterbury, begin his address of welcome to the six hundred pilgrims who on the 7th of July, the Feast of the Translation of the Saint, resorted to his shrine in the ancient capital of Ethelbert. They had come to do homage to the memory of the great archbishop, who here yielded up his life in defence of the authority of the Holy See, and set back state domination in religion in England for nigh on to four centuries. "This is the day that the Lord hath made." Who would have dared to prophesy a decade ago that a procession of Passionists and Benedictines, of Capuchins and Dominicans, of nuns and lay folk of both sexes, would wend their way unmolested, Rosary in hand and headed by the lovely banner of our Lady of Ransom, through the streets of Canterbury, and that, after devotions before the Blessed Sacrament in the Catholic Church, they would proceed, with the cordial permission of the Protestant dean, to the chapter-house of the cathedral, and, having there listened to an explanatory address, would pay their devotions at the holy places, kissing the pavement at the spot of martyrdom, visiting the crypt where for half a century the relics of the saint reposed, sitting on his throne, and wistfully regarding the site of the ancient shrine, and the chapel "of the sword's point," or "Becket's crown," where the top of the martyr's skull and the point of the assassin's sword rested during long ages. "The day which the Lord hath made." These words must have found an echo in many hearts among the pilgrims, men and women ransomed by the direct action of grace celestial from the false worship of the image which the Tudor king set up, souls placed by the loving care of the Good Shepherd in the divine pastures, nourished with the food of angels, and made to drink of the water which wells up unto everlasting life.

These pilgrimages, which are now becoming a feature of Catholic life in the England of to-day, owe their initiative to the Guild of Our Lady of Ransom, established but two years ago with the approval and benediction of the Apostolic See, and already numbering twenty-five thousand members, of whom a

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thousand are priests. The objects are threefold: the conversion of the country and of individuals, the salvation of apostates, and Masses and prayers for the forgotten dead. A short daily prayer is said by the members for the conversion of England, and, in addition, priests offer the Holy Sacrifice once a year for the same object; there are funds for distributing tracts, a lecture fund, a Mass fund, a rescue fund, and various others. A monthly penny magazine is issued, and new features are constantly being added to the work: a committee watches for and replies to anti-Catholic statements in the public press or at Protestant lectures, and the task of converting the country by prayer and practical, united effort is taken up with an enthusiasm which would have rejoiced the warm heart of Father Hecker, and will doubtless enlist the sympathy of the community which is proud to acknowledge him as its founder.

At half-past eight on the morning of the feast a pilgrimage Mass was said by Rev. P. Fletcher at the Church of St. Etheldreda, Ely Place, Holborn, after which the London pilgrims betook themselves to the neighboring Holborn Viaduct station, where a special train awaited them. Father Fletcher, the master and founder of the guild, is a tall, lithe Oxonian, bubbling over with school-boy spirits and the joy of conversion, though it is now over a decade since he abandoned his curacy at St. Bartholomew's Church, Brighton, and sought admission into the fold of Peter. He is continually travelling the country, founding new branches of the guild, and interesting himself in orphanages, the Catholic Servant Girls' Guild, and a number of useful works that his active brain is ever devising. He is a younger brother of Sir Henry Fletcher, Baronet, who was returned to Parliament unopposed, in the conservative interest, at the last general election for the borough of Lewes, seven miles from Brighton, the place of Simon de Montfort's great victory over Henry III.

At the station a goodly number of pilgrims were grouped on the platform, wearing the bronze badges of the guild, the ribbon of priests being white, and of lay members red or blue, the former indicating active workers. The journey occupied two hours, the Rosary and litanies being recited *en route*, and the devotion of the party being kindled at Rochester, where the line passes close to the cathedral of the Blessed John Fisher, in whose honor the Protestant occupants of the church have lately erected a memorial in this the second oldest Episcopal temple in England. Arrived at Canterbury at noon, we were met at

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the station by the Ransomers of that city and of various neighboring missions. The banners were unfurled and borne aloft, that of our Lady of Ransom, beautifully embroidered by the nuns of Taunton, heading the procession. The White Cross banner, preceding the clergy, came next; then followed the Canterbury contingent, with the Red Cross banner, and the London pilgrims, with the banner of the Blue Cross, brought up the rear. The Ransomers marched three abreast, Rosary in hand, through the well-kept public gardens known as the Dane John (donjon), to the Catholic Church of St. Thomas, not far from the cathedral. Here the Litany of the Holy Name and the guild prayer were recited, and the hymns "Sweet Sacrament" and "God bless our Pope" were sung, and if the Paulist Fathers desire to illustrate the electrical effect of hearty congregational singing this short act of devotion would serve as well as another. The little Church of St. Thomas of Canterbury was opened sixteen years ago, and stands in the Burgate by the old tower, sole remnant of St. Mary Magdalene's. It is of stone, and the work of a local architect. The façade is most beautiful, a fine statue of the patron saint occupying the central niche. The high altar, too, is most striking, surmounted by a canopy, and backed by a reredos in which are represented the death of St. Thomas and the penance of Henry II. The tabernacle is of polished alabaster with gemmed and golden doors. Then there is St. Thomas's altar, with the shrine containing relics of the saint, and a *fac-simile* of the shrine formerly in the cathedral. There are also altars of Our Lady, the Sacred Heart, St. Gregory, and St. Augustine. The east window, in eight compartments illustrating scenes from the life of St. Thomas, is also most noteworthy; and, in fine, the building as a whole is a noble work, in which not only the congregation of regular worshippers, but English Catholics collectively, may well take a pride.

We then passed under the crumbling old stone archway, known as Christ Church gate, into the ample cathedral precincts, marvelling at the magnificent central tower, two hundred and thirty-five feet high, which completely eclipses the twin western towers, beautiful as they are. The buildings in the cathedral close are of great antiquity, being relics of the ancient Abbey of Christ Church: guest-house, abbot's lodgings, infirmary, etc. On his previous visit to Canterbury the writer was the guest of the late Dr. Parry, suffragan Bishop of Dover, and son of Sir Edward Parry, the great Arctic voyager. The genial dignitary of

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the Establishment said: "This part of the house is modern; it was built in the reign of Edward IV. Come this way and you shall see the venerable portion of the mansion; these massive rubble walls antedate Magna Charta."

To return to the pilgrimage. We assembled in the chapter-house, now undergoing repairs, and seated ourselves on chairs kindly provided for us by the cathedral authorities, or on stray balks of timber. The lecturer, Mr. Hilliard Atteridge, of the *Catholic Times*, was then introduced by Father Fletcher, and in a few brief and lucid sentences explained how St. Thomas, after his interview with Tracey, De Breton, and the other assassins, on the further side of the beautiful cloister, passed by it into the church in the gloom of a December evening, hoping to gain his throne to the east of the high altar. It was explained how he could easily have escaped his murderers had he chosen, but that, on the knights bursting into the obscure cathedral and demanding, "Where is the traitor Becket?" he returned and confronted them, denied their charges, and so, refusing to become their prisoner, met his death before the altar of St. Benet. We then visited the holy places, which were closed to ordinary sightseers, many of the pilgrims kissing the stone where, on Tuesday, the 29th of December, 1170, the saint fell. This is in the north transept. A magnificent window has been recently placed here by a former canon of the cathedral. "In the upper compartment on the left we have Becket, the young priest-ambassador to the pope, the first step, we may suppose, to his after elevation; the scene is at Rome. Next the story related by Fitzgibbon and other authorities, of the king snatching off the rich mantle of his chancellor to cover the shoulders of a shivering beggar. No. 3 represents the consecration of Becket in Canterbury Cathedral, in the presence of the prince and his court. In No. 4, which closes the life series, we see the reconciliation of Henry with his unyielding opponent; the king holds the archbishop's stirrup; the scene is in a camp before a fortified city in France. In the lower tier on the left we have the interview of the four knights with the archbishop in his palace, as described by Canon Stanley in his *Memorials of Canterbury*. The knights have concealed their armor with cloaks; the archbishop rises from the bed on which he had been sitting while discoursing with John of Salisbury and his friends, who are seated on the floor. In No. 6 the artist has adhered as much as possible to the same authority; the mailed knights have murdered the archbishop in the cathedral. Having fallen from

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the first blows on his knees, he finally fell on his face, his hands in the attitude of prayer. The attendants take to flight; one, bolder than the rest, comes to raise the corpse. In No. 7 the king does penance at the tomb of St. Thomas, in the crypt of the cathedral. No. 8 concludes the history with the crowd of pilgrims who afterwards visited the richly endowed shrine of the canonized saint, to which miraculous powers were attributed. The six small tracery lights forming the top of this fine window represent the laity and the clergy at that period; on one side there is a knight, a lady, and a page; on the other a bishop, a priest, and a servant of the altar." We have quoted this complete description of this splendid monument to the great martyr of the Holy See because it illustrates a phase of some minds external to the church which is simply incomprehensible to many Catholics. "What impudence!" a priest muttered on beholding this window. As we said before, something similar has recently been erected at Rochester in memory of the Blessed John Fisher, and we have seen at St. Paul's Church, Brighton, windows representing Blessed John Fisher and Blessed Thomas More, placed there about the date of their recent beatification at Rome. Yet the one thing which has made this trio of valiant Englishmen illustrious is their fidelity unto death to Christ's vicar on earth; why they should be so honored for this by those who decline to imitate their example, now that they are free to do so without peril to life, limb, or civic rights, would indeed be passing strange if one failed to recognize the truth that every conversion is a distinct action of divine grace, adding to the church such as shall be saved.

The "Martyrdom" visited, we passed through the choir-screen of florid stone-work, containing statues of six English sovereigns, into the beautiful choir, the circular arches and heavy Norman pillars indicating its great antiquity. The communion-table of Caen stone, with its cross, candlesticks, and handsome embroidered frontal, much resembles an altar. A portion of the shrine of St. Dunstan has recently been brought to light here, and in a neighboring aisle were formerly the altars of St. Gregory, St. John the Evangelist, St. Anselm, Saints Peter and Paul, and the shrine of St. Ælfric, for Canterbury was rich in saints, and many of her archbishops were canonized. The remarkable feature of this church is the continual ascent by long flights of steps from the nave eastward, so that, standing in the body of the building, one can see little beyond the central tower. Thus, there is an ascent from the choir into the chapel of the Blessed Trin-

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ity, where anciently stood the shrine of St. Thomas, whence it was often called, after him, St. Thomas's chapel. The floor is mosaic, and here are the tombs of Henry IV. and his queen, of Cardinal Castillon, and of Archbishop Courtney, and above all the beautiful bronze effigy in armor of the darling of English chivalry, Edward the Black Prince. Hanging aloft one may yet see his gauntlets, shield, and helmet, with its heavy crest. The sword has gone; Oliver Cromwell removed it; shameful feat indeed for one valorous English captain to despoil the last resting-place of another, his peer in soldierly qualities and ability to command, his superior in the virtues and in the graceful accomplishments of knighthood! Our pilgrims wistfully regarded the spot where the great martyr's shrine had once rested. His relics have been burned and their ashes cast to the winds, and the only trace now remaining of three centuries of devotion is the pavement worn by the knees of countless thousands of pilgrims.

> "And specially from every shire's end
> Of Engle-land to Canterbury they wend,
> The holy blissful martyr for to seek
> That them hath holpen when they were sick."

"The shrine," says Stowe, "was built about a man's height, all of stone, then upwards of timber; within which was a chest of iron containing the relics of St. Thomas. The timber-work of this shrine on the outside was covered with plates of gold, damasked with gold wire, which ground of gold was again covered with jewels set in gold." Erasmus, who viewed the treasure, thus describes it: "Under a coffin of wood, enclosing another of gold, we beheld an amount of riches the value of which was inestimable. Gold was the meanest thing to be seen; the whole place shone and glittered with the rarest and most precious jewels, most of which were of extraordinary size, some being larger than the egg of a goose." But none of these did *we* see, for Henry VIII. confiscated the estate of the traitor Thomas, sometime Archbishop of Canterbury, who had rebelled against his lawful prince. Henry stuck the "Regal of France," a magnificent jewel presented to the shrine by Louis VII. on his visit, upon his royal thumb. To quote again from the antiquarian Stowe: "The spoil in gold and precious stones filled two great chests, one of which six or seven strong men could do no more than convey out of the church at once." Still east of Trinity Chapel is "Becket's crown," where the crown of the skull cut off by the stroke of the murderer's sword, as also the broken sword-point, were anciently placed on a small altar; and

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here is the old archiepiscopal seat of stone, in which a number of our pilgrims seated themselves by twos with pious devotion. Here is the tomb of the gentle Cardinal Pole, the last Catholic Archbishop of Canterbury, who died at the same time as his royal cousin Queen Mary, and so happily escaped the evil days that followed.

Having viewed the upper church, we descended, by some stairs near the Martyrdom, to the crypt or undercroft, a gloomy, cavernous vastness underlying the choir and adjacent chapels, supported on sturdy but stunted columns. It was built by Lanfranc, the magnificent Norman prelate, to replace the old Roman church, burned the year after the Conquest, and subsequent fires and changes above have not affected it. This is probably the only portion of the present building on which St. Thomas has looked, and here his body was hastily interred for fear of De Breton and the others, and rested fifty years, till Stephen Langton translated it to the shrine above in the reign of Henry III. Here Henry II. did penance, and Louis VII. of France spent the night in prayer. The pilgrims venerated the holy spot, now for some centuries given over to the French Huguenots as their place of worship, as is indicated by a mouldy French text of Scripture on the damp walls. The chantry, founded by the Black Prince in 1363, is now walled up, for Anglicanism has no use for such places, but one still sees the openwork Gothic screen of stone which enclosed the chapel of Our Lady: the altar, of course, has been destroyed, and the image of the Blessed Virgin too, but its empty niche remains—let us be thankful for small mercies! This is what Erasmus says of the once famous shrine: "There the Virgin Mother has an habitation, though somewhat dark, enclosed with a double step or rail of iron for fear of thieves; for, indeed, I never saw anything more laden with riches; lights being brought, we saw more than a royal spectacle."

Ascending to the clear light of day, we passed into the splendid nave, with its lofty groined roof of stone and its long vistas of columns, with numerous monuments to worthies famous in the history of the country, and the tattered colors of divers gallant regiments, torn by French and Russian bullets. What memories of the past cluster around the hallowed spot above which rises this noble edifice! Here, during the period of Roman rule, the Christians among the legionaries of the seven-hilled city adored the Saviour. Here, later, Ethelbert had his palace, which, yet a pagan, he surrendered to Augustine, as is proved by existing documents relating to the priory of Christ Church.

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From time to time the Danes burnt and wrecked the buildings, which were as constantly reconstructed. Near the high altar rested the body of St. Winifred; here was the head of St. Swithin, brought from Winchester by St. Alphege, afterwards martyred by the Danes. Again, we hear of the head of St. Fursius, of the tomb of the great Dunstan, and of many another. In all, eighteen archbishops of Canterbury have been canonized; nine were cardinals, and twelve lord chancellors of England. Lanfranc rebuilt the church and priory, and established in it one hundred and fifty Benedictines. St. Anselm, his successor, replaced the choir by one still more magnificent, which, after his death, was completed by the prior after whom it was named. William of Malmesbury says of it: "The like was not to be seen in England in respect of the clear light of the glass windows, and beauty and comeliness of the marble pavement; and the curious paintings on the roof. The choir also was so magnificently adorned with pictures and other ornaments by Prior Conrad that from its extraordinary splendor and magnificence it acquired the appellation of 'the glorious choir of Conrad.'" In its centre hung a golden crown to hold twenty-four wax lights; the aisles were of equal magnificence. It was, however, soon damaged by fire, but rebuilt and dedicated in 1114 by the king, the queen, the king of Scotland, and the prelates and nobles of both kingdoms. The first archbishops were interred in the neighboring Abbey of St. Augustine, which, but for St. Thomas, would have remained the most considerable establishment of the city. But Cuthbert in the eighth century broke the rule, and from this time till 1558, with very few necessary exceptions, the archbishops were buried in Christ Church. Of the twenty-three Protestant archbishops none have found a last resting-place here, where exactly twice that number of Catholic prelates of this see have reposed, though some of them, as St. Thomas and Robert Winchelsey, "whose tomb was destroyed because of his repute for sanctity," were not sacred from the hand of the despoiler. The Protestant bishops have never resided here, for in Cranmer's time (1544) Augustine's palace was burned, and in it a brother-in-law of Henry's archbishop. The church contains splendid though empty marble tombs with recumbent figures of the three last bishops, Howley, Sumner, and Tait.

We were told that one of the Canterbury jewellers had for sale *fac-similes* in silver of the ancient Canterbury pilgrim's medal, in which sundry of our party invested. Various groups wandered about the quaint Tudor streets, entering the numerous churches,

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converts being in request to explain to the unenlightened what was High and what Low church decoration, though everywhere stray relics of the olden time were remarked, for it is impossible to kill out all traces of the Ages of Faith. An old guide-book of 1858 says: "Here St. Augustine first introduced the teaching of the Romish Church, not without great opposition on the part of the British clergy, Christianity having been established five hundred years previously." This is omitted from the modern edition, however, for we are learning English history by degrees.

Canturia, situated at the ford of the river Stour, must always have possessed a certain importance; here are dug up memorials of British times—copper weapons, "celts," and ornaments. As "Durovernum" it flourished under the Romans, the roads to London from their three seaports, Richboro', Dover, and Lymne, joining here. It is mentioned in the itinerary of Antoninus sixteen hundred years ago, and here Roman rule flourished during four centuries. Happily the Celts did not occupy the city on the departure of the legions, so that the deserted houses fell in, preserving the pavements and mosaic fresh and intact. The tiles of which St. Martin's and St. Pancras are built had previously been employed in other Roman buildings, for the pink mortar on them has only partially been knocked off. The Jutes of Schleswig-Holstein settled at Rochester—so named after Hrof, their chieftain—driving the Britons westward. Ethelbert became their king at eight years of age, and at sixteen ambitiously assailed Ceawlin, the King of Wessex, but was by him driven back into his kent—canton or corner. Hence *Cant-wara*, corner folk, and *Cantwarabyrig*, or the borough of the men of Kent. Ethelbert used the old Roman ramparts to defend his capital, but built over the ruined dwellings, not even regarding the lines of the streets. Bertha, his Christian queen, brought her chaplains with her from her father's court in France, and worshipped at the old Roman Church of St. Martin, five minutes' walk from the palace, said to be the oldest Christian church existing. Here her body reposes, and here is the font in which her husband was subsequently baptized. In the little Chapel of St. Pancras, afterwards enclosed in the Abbey of St. Augustine, he formerly adored an idol, replaced by the Roman missionary by an altar at which he celebrated his daily Mass, and here of late years an iron box containing bones, very possibly deposited by the saint himself, was brought to light. This abbey, dedicated by Augustine to Saints Peter and Paul, was enlarged by St. Dunstan in 978, and

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devoted by him to its founder, by whose name it has since been known. It grew in magnificence, extent, and wealth, and King Ethelstane even granted it a mint; but in 1161 Stephen, pressed for money in the civil wars, seized on the tempting prize. By Papal license the abbot used mitre and sandals like a bishop. John Essex, the last abbot, only surrendered to the officers of Henry VIII. when two pieces of artillery were trained against the entrance gateway. It then became a royal palace, and Elizabeth kept high court there; but finally it decayed. "Vandalism," says one description, "had a long reign within the holy walls of St. Augustine's. A few years ago the guests' hall was used as a brewery, with a public-house attached, also a tea-garden and tennis-courts, etc., until it was rescued from the hands of the despoiler and is now *restored* [*sic*] to the service of the new religion." The fact is, that the extensive domain fell before the auctioneer's hammer, in 1844, to the late Mr. Beresford Hope, who munificently restored the buildings, following the old lines, and constituted it an Anglican mission college. Its ancient gateways, St. Pancras Chapel, and large portions of the old walls, possess a melancholy interest. Some remains of the Chequers Inn of the *Canterbury Tales* may yet be seen, and the old vaulted cellars are perfect. Then there is the King's School, founded by the Greek archbishop Theodore in Heptarchy days, and remodelled by Henry VIII.—whence its present title. The names of friars, Black, Grey, and White, and of many other mediæval institutions, still cling to lanes and alleys, but it is refreshing to visit the fine College of St. Mary, founded quite recently as a refuge for the expatriated French Jesuits and their pupils. "La belle France" once afforded our exiled priests an asylum at Douay and Rheims; we can now repay her generosity in kind.

We come to a splendid mass of masonry five centuries old on the London road, the sole remaining representative of the ancient city gateways, though much of the Roman wall yet stands. Passing this we see the entrance gateway of the Roper mansion in Tudor brickwork, sole remnant of the residence of the Blessed Thomas More's faithful daughter; the old homestead is replaced by a hideous brewery. Opposite is St. Dunstan's Church, where is a fine marble monument, with Latin inscription, to the chancellor's son-in-law. The family have also two handsome altar-tombs in the chapel which they founded in the reign of Henry IV., and beneath the church Margaret Roper, "with great devotion," placed the head of her beloved father, where it was found fifty or sixty years ago in a niche in the wall, in a leaden box, somewhat

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the shape of a beehive, open in front, closed with an iron grating; and there it rests at present. The vestry was a chapel founded by the king's chaplain in 1330, and a squint and piscina still remain. Here, too, is a crumbling but still secure record-chest, evidently of great age. A little of the priory of St. Gregory, founded by Lanfranc for Austin canons to serve his other hospital of St. John, can be traced. He also founded St. Nicholas' Hospital in 1084 for six brethren, six sisters, and a master. Then there was St. Thomas à Becket's Hospital, which bore the founder's name; and that for poor priests, founded by Archdeacon Simon Langton. It is now a police station; but in its stead Cogan's Hospital has been established in modern times, for "six poor widows of clergymen, and one ancient maid to attend on the others and clean their rooms." St. Sepulchre's nunnery, founded in 1100, is no more; but St. Lawrence's house, formerly a hospital for sick Augustinians, remains, and on a pier of the gate St. Lawrence on the gridiron may be traced. This is now the entrance to the cricket-ground. Any number of ancient churches did we see. For instance, St. Mary Bredin's, built by William, son of Harno, a knight of the Conqueror's invading force; the font here is seven hundred years old. In St. Mildred's Roman brickwork appears. St. Mary's was partially rebuilt in 1830; but a brass on the north wall remains, a kneeling figure saying, "O mother of God! have mercy upon me," and the following:

"All ye that stand op on mi corse
remem bar but raff brown I was
alldyr man and mayur of thys cete
Jesu a pon my sowll have pete."

Then there is the Church of the Holy Cross, built in 1380, and named from the large wooden cross that formerly stood at the entrance; this, of course, has gone.

But we returned to present realities at five o'clock, wending our way to St. Thomas's Church, where a vernacular service was to be held. If we meditate among the tombs too long we shall grow gloomy and unpractical. Let us do our present work as our ancestors did long ages ago, not concerning themselves overmuch about mouldering relics of the past; then may we hope to be joined to their blessed company hereafter.

The church was crowded to its utmost capacity, the passages being occupied by chairs. The Litany of the Blessed Virgin was said in English. Then the hymn, "Hail! Queen of Heaven," was sung with great power, the choir in the western gallery lead-

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ing the congregation but not overpowering it; in fact the vast body of sound from hundreds of voices had a magnetic effect which the warbling of an accomplished quartette, performing intricate compositions, fails to produce. The Rev. Luke Rivington then delivered a powerful address on the authority of St. Peter, briefly tracing its history from apostolic days and the age of the catacombs to the invasion of the West by Gothic hordes and the formation of the Frankish empire by Charlemagne. The speaker then dwelt on the extraordinary and unique devotion of the Anglo-Saxon Church to the Holy See, and presented to our mental vision a dramatic picture of the attempts to subject the ecclesiastical to the civil power under William of Normandy, "a fortunate pirate," his sons, and the first of the Angevin dynasty. This contest culminated in the victory of the church, accomplished by the firm stand made by, and the fidelity to death of, the great saint whose memory we were celebrating. We were then reminded by the object-lesson we had had that day in the lifeless cathedral, lovely even in death, of the paralysis of religious life in this erstwhile island of saints, that had followed on the triumph of the secular power in spiritual matters under the Tudors. Yet those present for the most part had been rescued from this miserable thraldom, and hence should take heart to pray with confidence for the conversion of their friends, still floundering with apparent hopelessness in the slough of despond. The preacher, who probably delivers more sermons on occasions of notable solemnities than any other ecclesiastic in England, has only been a Catholic three or four years; he was formerly in the Anglican religious community of St. John, founded at Oxford some twenty-four years ago by Mr. Benson, of Christ Church, assisted by Mr. O'Neill, of Cambridge, and Messrs. Prescott and Grafton (now a bishop) from the United States. The writer, at the time a university student, used sometimes to visit their monastery, and learned a great deal of Catholic teaching from these remarkable men, of whom Mr. O'Neill was perhaps the most admirable. He was a tall, stalwart man of thirty or thereabouts, with the simplicity of a child; and we well remember our consternation when, after celebrating early "mass" at St. Clement's Church, Cambridge, on a Sunday morning in the summer of 1865, he announced to his friends that this was the last service he should perform in the Church of England. He attended Vespers in the little Catholic church (the first work undertaken by Pugin after his conversion), and was sent by the priest to the London Jesuits to be received. Then followed a series of un-

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fortunate mischances until, meeting with his former rector at Windsor, he was by him despatched to Oxford to join Messrs. Grafton and Benson. We saw him at Cambridge again some years later, in the long cloak and broad-brimmed hat of an "Evangelist Father." Of his chains, hair-shirts, and other austerities one has heard some rumors, but could not have inferred as much from his cheerful and peculiarly attractive simplicity of deportment. He became a missionary in India, where, attempting the rigorous diet and mode of life of a Brahmin, he proved unequal to the strain and passed quietly away. It is men like these who keep many in the Church of England. "What is good enough for an O'Neill, a Liddon, and a Pusey is good enough for me"—and there is nothing for it but to turn one's eyes from men, however excellent they may apparently be, and trust to God himself, speaking through the external authority of his divinely constituted earthly spouse.

But we have again digressed from the pilgrimage. The sermon over, a priest, in rich cope of crimson, bore the relics of St. Thomas around the church to receive the veneration of the faithful, whilst the "Litany of the Saints" was sung. Then followed Benediction, the Te Deum, and the hymn "Faith of our Fathers"; and as the ardent aspirations of Father Faber rolled forth in stately volume from the large assembly one was reminded of a recent utterance of Cardinal Manning: "Western galleries have ruined the sacredness of choirs. In all other churches simple music, especially the responses in Holy Mass and hymns, are desirable. I most earnestly desire to see the singing of hymns and litanies by the whole congregation. In most choirs, even at Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament, the choirs hinder the congregation by solos, and by music nobody can take part in. It is a great misery and a hindrance to piety." So we wended our way back to the train, in which hymns were sung on the return to London. A long delay was caused by the Salvation Army on its annual pilgrimage to the Crystal Palace; but, as a lady remarked, one *Ave* is worth fifty tambourines, and doubtless more than one of the Catholic pilgrims murmured the prayer which, according to the Venerable Bede, St. Augustine and his companions chanted on their first entrance into Canterbury: "We beseech thee, O Lord! in all thy mercy, that thy anger and wrath may be turned away from this city, and from thy holy house, because we have sinned. Alleluia!"

CHARLES E. HODSON.

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THE OLD WORLD SEEN FROM THE NEW.

THE recent conflicts in England between capital and labor—conflicts which have caused extreme suffering to many thousands—render it doubtful how far counsels of peace and wisdom will dominate and prevail should the working-men ever obtain the supreme control for which they are hoping. It would seem that in the three notable instances which have lately occurred the employed have been themselves the cause not only of their own misfortunes—that would be but just—but also of those of many others who were in no way concerned in the disputes. The first of these was the strike and lockout of the engineers at Newcastle, to which we have already referred. In this case two unions, those of the plumbers and the engineers, fell out about the allocation of work. The engineers of a certain firm, in the face of an arbitration given against them, struck work, and in the end a general strike took place which involved ten thousand men. The worst part of the matter was that another ten thousand, employed in branches of work dependent upon the engineers, were forced to remain idle, and they and their families have had to undergo extreme want. Not only have the immediate consequences been of the most distressing character, but in many instances orders have been transferred to other countries, and there is only too great a prospect that trade will permanently depart from the district. Moreover, to add to the trouble just when there was a prospect of settlement, the Durham miners' strike took place, and rendered the resumption of work impossible.

This is the first case in which the blame seems rightly to fall upon the working-men. The second is the strike of the Durham colliers, by which nearly ninety thousand miners have been affected directly, to say nothing of a very large number of workers in iron and chemical works, the shipping and other trades; a strike which has rendered it literally necessary to send coal from Scotland to Newcastle. In this case the coal-owners maintained that the trade in general was becoming so depressed that a reduction of wages was necessary, and of such reduction they gave due notice. Of course we have to speak with a certain amount of diffidence, but so far as we can judge

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the contention of the masters was justified by facts. The miners, however, would not give heed to any such proposal, and although during the past ten years they have profited by the good times to the extent of an increase equal to at least thirty-five per cent. upon their wages, they were unwilling to share with their employers the disadvantages resulting from the opposite state of things. They would not even submit the question to arbitration, peremptorily refused even to discuss the question of a reduction, and by their action they have stopped every coal-mine in the county of Durham, and brought disaster upon many other trades. Violence, too, has accompanied the strike; an unfortunate reporter of a paper which had ventured to question the wisdom of the course adopted narrowly escaped with his life. The union even forbade the pumping of water, an operation necessary not only for the supply of the wants of the neighboring villages, but also to prevent the mines from being flooded and rendered unworkable. By these extreme measures they hope to bring their employers to terms.

By far the largest of these troubles, however, is the one to which we referred last month, and which affected a greater number of men than was anticipated—more, in fact, than three hundred thousand miners having stopped work. In this case there was at once more and less wisdom in the action of the men than in the case of the Durham strikers. The men recognized that the state of trade called for a reduction of wages, but they thought by stopping work to limit the supply. They expected to be able to control the market, and to prevent a fall of prices; but the forces acting in the opposite direction were unfortunately too great. The only persons who have profited by the cessation from work are the middlemen, who at the time notice was given of the intention of the men held stocks of coal; for, as a panic took place, they were able to sell their coal at an enormous premium. The persons who suffered most were the miners themselves, and the very poor who buy coal in small quantities. At the end of the stoppage the coal trade was almost stagnant, many iron-works and factories remained closed, and stocks of coal had been laid in by the public. In a few cases the men had to submit to a reduction of wages, but as a rule the previous rates were maintained. It must be pointed out, however, that the Durham strike having stopped the entire supply from that county tells in favor of the maintenance of the old rates, and renders it impossible yet to judge of the full

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effect of the experiment tried by the miners. It is generally thought, however, that had it not been for this event a general reduction would have been inevitable. In fact, in South Wales wages have, by the automatic action of the sliding scale, been quite recently reduced three and a half per cent.

These troubles seem to show that employers have no monopoly of arbitrariness, unreasonableness, and short-sightedness, and that the men oftentimes stand in need of guidance, and may be wanting in prudence, consideration, and forbearance. The British minister to Holland, in his last report on Dutch labor, affords a striking illustration of the exercise by Catholic working-men of the opposite qualities. In the busy manufacturing centres of Tilburg and Maestricht almost all the workmen belong to the church. Sir Horace Rumbold says that the general well-being and orderly spirit of the factory-hands is recognized as being in a great measure due to the beneficial influence of the clergy, and that this is borne out by the fact that even in recent times, when the industry of the place has been drooping owing to Belgian competition, wages having in consequence fallen, there have been no signs of an inclination on the part of the workmen to resort, as elsewhere, to strikes for an improvement. And then, in his own words: "In view of the marvellous organization and fervent spirit of the Catholics of this country, it is difficult not to believe that the Dutch lower orders professing that faith are less accessible than their Protestant brethren to the pernicious doctrines so actively disseminated among the working-classes of all countries." Being well-instructed Catholics, these workmen know that they have duties to perform as well as rights to maintain; they know that their employers have rights as well as themselves, and that they are bound while maintaining their own to respect those of others. We cannot refrain from expressing the wish that in other countries these principles of Catholic morality might receive so striking an exemplification and illustration as they are receiving in Holland.

The advocates of the legal eight-hour day for miners have been more fortunate this year than they were last, for they have secured a hearing in the House of Commons for their proposal. The movement has met with the adhesion of a fairly large majority of the workers in mines, although a by no means contemptible minority is opposed to it. In fact the rejection of the bill was moved by Mr. Burt, one of the labor

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members of Parliament, and secretary of the Northumberland Miners' Union, who himself began to work as a miner when he was ten years of age. Other members of the same party united with Mr. Burt in opposition to the second reading, and the bill was rejected by a majority of 272 votes to 160. It was not made a party question. A large number of Gladstonians, including Mr. John Morley, voted against the bill, and not a few Conservatives, including Lord Randolph Churchill, in its favor. The Irish members voted as a body for the second reading. Mr. Gladstone and other members of his party, and three or four Conservatives, refused to commit themselves to either side, and left the House without voting. Mr. Chamberlain spoke in favor of the second reading, reserving the right to render its provisions less rigid by subsequent amendments. It is too soon yet to judge what effect upon the movement this adverse decision of the House will have. There is no doubt, however, that the question will hold a very prominent place in the approaching general election. Apropos of this question, it is satisfactory to be able to record that the experiment of an eight-hour day started a few months ago by a ship-building firm at Sunderland has proved so successful that the employer is willing to restore the old rate of wages, the men having consented to a five per cent. reduction in consideration of shorter hours. It is found that the extra work done compensates for the loss of time.

The details of Mr. Chamberlain's scheme for providing pensions for the aged have been published. A State Pension Fund is to be provided, to which Parliament is to make an annual grant, to be supplemented by a contribution from the local rates. The condition for securing a pension consists in the payment into the Post-Office Savings-Bank of various sums of money, a lump sum in advance before the attainment of the age of twenty-five and annual sums until the age of sixty-five. Should the money paid be returnable in the event of the person dying before the age at which the pension begins, the initial payment will be twenty-five dollars and the annual payment five dollars. Should the money not be returnable, half of these amounts will suffice. The age fixed for the pension is sixty-five. The sum to be secured is five shillings, or about one dollar, a week; but by extra payments the pension may be increased to ten shillings, or two dollars a week. This is the most that can be secured from the state, but no restriction is placed upon the securing of a

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larger pension by other means. No attempt is made to render it compulsory to provide in this way for the future except so far as regards those who are in the employ of the government. In their case it is made a condition of such employment that they must open a state pension account. All employers of labor are empowered to open these accounts for persons employed by them, and in the event of any of these persons leaving them they may transfer to other persons the amount standing to the credit of those who have left. Such are the main outlines of the scheme. It has not yet taken the shape of a bill, nor do we think it probable that it will advance so far this year. The immediate point is to secure discussion of the plan, and especially to conciliate the Friendly Societies, or at least to obviate their threatened opposition. For this end the framers of the scheme are now engaged in consultation with the chief representatives of these societies.

In a speech recently delivered by the Earl of Rosebery he said:

"I am always haunted by the awfulness of London; by the great appalling effect of these millions cast down, it would appear by hazard, on the banks of this noble stream, working each in their own groove and their own cell, without knowing each other, without having the slightest idea how the other lives, the heedless casualty of unnumbered thousands of men. Sixty years ago a great Englishman, Cobbett, called it a wen. If it was a wen then, what is it now? A tumor, an elephantiasis, sucking into its gorged system half the life and the blood and the bone of the rural districts."

This indicates, perhaps in a somewhat rhetorical way, the effect of the migration of the rural laborer upon London, and in a proportional degree upon the other large towns of Great Britain. On the other hand, the rural districts are suffering from the same cause; in not a few places there are not enough men to till the soil to its full capacity, and the villages are being stripped of the more enterprising class. This migration has assumed the proportions of a national calamity, and has forced the party most closely identified with the landlords to take action in order to mitigate, if possible, these evils. The Tory Minister of Agriculture has, accordingly, introduced a bill which is described as unparalleled in the history of British land legislation, and which in some respects resembles the acts recently passed for Ireland, and both parties in the House of Commons have received the proposals with favor.

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Should the bill become law the local authorities throughout Great Britain will be empowered to borrow money for the purchase of land. This land they will sell in quantities not exceeding either fifty acres in extent or the annual value of £50, to any one who wishes to become the owner, and who is able to pay at once one-quarter of the purchase money. Another quarter may remain as a perpetual rent-charge, while the balance is to be paid off by instalments, or as a terminable annuity, within fifty years. To those who are unable to pay a quarter of the purchase money—and among the agricultural laborers these will form the majority—the local authorities may let small holdings of not more than ten acres in extent, with a view to their ultimately being able to become the owners. The bill, and this is a point for which it has been criticised, is not compulsory—that is, it does not give to the local authorities power to buy land against the wishes of the owners. Nor does it meet with the favor of those who aim at making public bodies the owners of the land of the nation, for while it gives to the purchaser the power to let a quarter of the purchase money remain as a perpetual rent-charge, it requires the payment of the remaining three-fourths, and constitutes him the owner to that extent. It does not, therefore, go so far in the direction of land nationalization as the programme of the National Liberal Federation which was adopted at Newcastle last year, and which is supposed to represent the practical aims of the whole Liberal party. This programme included the proposal that the local councils should become, and should remain for all time, owners of the land which was to be acquired for small holdings, and consequently in the degree in which the acquisition of land proceeded in the same degree would the land be becoming the property of public bodies; and as the Newcastle proposal included compulsion, this acquisition would only be limited by there being no demand.

The General Act of the Brussels African Conference is primarily directed to the suppression of the slave-trade. No unimportant share, however, in the agreement to which all the principal powers of the world have arrived concerns the liquor-traffic. This traffic has been carried on for many years without any restrictions by traders whose only concern is gain, and who care nothing for the ruin they are causing by their infamous proceedings. This ruin is so manifest that, notwithstanding the influence wielded by traders upon the councils of nations, far-reaching measures for the control of the traffic have been adopt-

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ed—measures which are said to constitute a new departure in international law. For the tract of territory in Africa between 20° north latitude and 22° south latitude the powers have agreed upon the mutual enforcement of absolute prohibition, both as regards the importation and the manufacture of spirits in all parts in which the trade has not yet penetrated, as well as in all parts in which the religious belief of the people is against it, even if the trade has already penetrated there. In those parts where the trade already exists, and where it is considered impossible to root it out, a compulsory duty, of which the act fixes the *minimum*, must be imposed by the respective powers having possessions or protectorates in such localities.

The act includes a number of practical regulations for securing the enforcement of the restrictions adopted. Under one of the articles the powers are bound to communicate to each other, through the international office at Brussels, information regarding the traffic in alcoholic liquors in their respective territories, thus giving to the world full information on the liquor-traffic in Africa. That such an agreement should have been made by so many nations speaks well for the spirit of our times. The more important part—the enforcement of these regulations—remains to be accomplished; but we have little doubt that there is enough of determination and resolve in the various governments to prevent the resolutions, deliberately adopted, being set at naught by the greedy seekers of gain.

To the student of politics the kingdom of Belgium is at the present time an object of interest. Since the establishment of the present constitution in 1830 nothing has happened to cause serious disturbance, and as a consequence the Belgians have steadily advanced in prosperity. A smaller share of this prosperity falls to the working-classes than is just, and this fact is attributed to their being excluded from the franchise, and consequently from due weight and influence in the legislature. Taxation forms the sole basis of the franchise; no one can vote, still less be elected to a seat either in the Assembly or the Senate, unless he pays a certain amount of taxes. The qualifications are so high that out of a population of more than six millions there are less than one hundred and fifty thousand electors; and in the whole country there are not more than six hundred persons eligible for election to the Senate. Efforts have been made from time to time to obtain a revision of the con-

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stitution—in 1870, in 1883, and in 1884—but without success. Within the last three years, however, the movement has become so strong that all parties have come to recognize that a change is inevitable. At the end of last year the Chambers resolved on taking the first necessary step, and it then became only a question what should be the precise character of the change.

The Labor party and the Radicals are in favor of manhood suffrage, and have been engaged in an energetic agitation in order to secure it, the association of miners threatening even to order a general strike for this end. The Conservatives and some of the Liberals will not go beyond occupation suffrage, somewhat similar to that which exists in Great Britain. The government has given its adhesion to the latter proposal, as also have the Catholics as a body. In favor of universal suffrage the Socialists took very active measures, their committee having sat from day to day during the discussion of the Revision Bill, and daily demonstrations were organized outside the Chamber. While the main feature of the proposed revision is the extension of the franchise, a point which is calling forth nearly as much discussion is the Referendum. At present there is no such provision in the constitution, nor, in fact, in any other country except Switzerland; but the king has laid great stress upon its being adopted in one form or another, his desire being in certain cases to consult the electors directly, and so to make them responsible for legislation. This is a notable step in the direction of democracy for a monarch to take, and it is not altogether relished by the members of either house, and the Liberals in particular are strongly opposed to it; for it practically sets the chosen representatives of the people aside, and to a great extent deprives them of power.

Although the measure is thoroughly democratic in its character, it cannot be said that the king has become so strong an advocate of its adoption from a pure love of democracy. As in England, so in Belgium, although theoretically the sovereign has the right of veto upon every measure which has passed through both branches of the legislature, as a matter of fact equally in both countries no such veto is ever given and the provision is a dead-letter. The King of the Belgians, however, does not desire to continue to be a mere tool of parliamentary majorities, and wishes to have the power of referring to the direct vote of the electors any measure to which he is opposed. Should he be sus-

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tained by a majority he could then veto such a bill, knowing that the country was at his back. What the consequences would be to the ministry which is in power at the time and responsible for the measure, and to the Parliament which had passed it, we cannot tell. It will be noticed that the right to refer any measure to the direct vote of the people is by the Belgian proposal given to the king, in this respect differing from the Swiss Referendum, where such power is exercised upon the demand of a certain number of the electors. The proposals of the government embrace not merely the submission of measures which have already received the sanction of the Parliament, but give to the electors the power to call upon the legislature to enact such laws as the people deem necessary or desirable. On this point, however, there is a difference of opinion even among those who are supporters of the proposal in the main. Ample time, however, will be given for discussion, as the Constituent Assembly, which is to decide upon all the proposed changes in the constitution, will not meet before June.

The German emperor, notwithstanding his public declarations that the will of the king is the supreme law of the land; that it is his amiable intention to dash to pieces whoever bars his way; that there is only one ruler in the country—himself—and that he will suffer no other; notwithstanding his exhortation to all discontented persons to shake the dust of Germany from their feet and to retire as soon as possible from the country, has bowed precipitately and incontinently before the minority of his Parliament and has withdrawn the Education Bill, in which a short time ago he thought to find the only means of safety for the state. No wonder that his majesty, after so ample a consumption of his own words, should feel unwell and have to retire for a time from the scene. We hope that this experience has taught wisdom both to the ruler and to his subjects, and that while the latter have thus learned to set their true value on the outrageous utterances of their sovereign, the former may learn to think before he speaks. Notwithstanding the withdrawal of the bill, it is by no means certain that the majority of the electors were opposed to it. This is another instance of the loudest talkers, as is so often the case, gaining the day.

The action of the emperor in withdrawing the Education Bill involved, of course, the resignation of the Minister for Public Instruction, Count von Zedlitz, who was directly responsible for

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its introduction; and General von Caprivi, who is Prime Minister of Prussia as well as Chancellor of the German Empire, had so warmly associated himself with the bill that it was impossible for him, after its withdrawal, to retain the premiership. Consequently, while remaining Chancellor and Minister of Foreign Affairs in the Prussian cabinet, he has resigned the Prussian premiership, and the two offices are now held by different persons. It is very doubtful whether this arrangement will work. It was tried in 1873, and after ten months' experience was given up as impracticable. If Prussian ways were constitutional, the successor of Count von Caprivi would have been chosen from the party to whose action the defeat of the Education Bill was due. A strong Conservative, Count Botho von Eulenberg, has, however, been appointed, but for the reasons already mentioned it is very probable that further changes will soon take place, and that the new premier will before long become chancellor of the empire, Count von Caprivi retiring from political life. What is certain is, that for Germany and Prussia the future looks much darker. All confidence in the emperor has been lost, the Catholic and Conservative parties—the supporters of the Education Bill—are naturally disgusted, while the National Liberals and Radicals have been encouraged in their opposition to government proposals. The future is in the hands of the Catholic members of the Reichstag and the Landtag, seeing that they hold the balance of power.

France is experiencing, in an unpleasant way, practical logical developments of the revolutionary principles which so many Frenchmen have adopted. The explosions which have taken place in Paris have caused something like a panic, and have led to the introduction by the government of a bill inflicting the penalty of death upon any one who attempts by explosives to destroy houses, shops, bridges, roads, or furniture. That such proposals should be necessary in this the last decade of this boasting nineteenth century is a sad revelation of the inadequacy of modern civilization to give complete satisfaction. It does not seem to have brought home to the minds of the government the duty of extending even a fair share of protection to the services of the church, for on the occasion of some recent brawling it was the closing of the church, not the punishment of the brawlers, which was promised by the prime minister in the event of a renewal of the disturbances. While these things are taking place, the same ministers are resolutely closing their ears to the

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truth, and valiantly expelling from the country any one who ventures to tell it. The recent *rapprôchement* to the Republic of Catholics has been the motive for the formation in the Assembly of yet another faction, designating itself the Anti-Clerical Union of Radical Republicans, the avowed object of which is to oppose every attempt at conciliation. On the other hand, the Royalists, who have hitherto been accustomed to proclaim their devotion to the church and to represent the one as bound up with the other, finding that the church is willing to recognize the Republic, are beginning to show that, as so often happens in similar cases, they are Catholics only so far and so long as the church takes their side.

In a pastoral lately issued, Cardinal Lavigerie relates the difficulties with which he had to contend, and the dangers he ran in bringing about what is now, on account of the recent letter of the Holy Father, the definite acceptance by the Catholics of France of the republican form of government. As our readers will remember, the initiation of the movement was due to a speech delivered by the cardinal in the latter part of 1890. The pastoral now issued narrates the circumstances which led to the making of that speech. In the October of 1890 he was at Rome, intent solely on his African missions and on his crusade against the slave-trade. The Pope asked him to suspend for a time his anti-slavery work in order to promote the views with reference to the relations of the church to the Republic which the Holy Father had then embraced. Cardinal Lavigerie was struck by the combined simplicity and sublimity of those views, but could not disguise from himself the storm which he would arouse by entering upon such a movement. To use his expression, he foresaw the vengeance which some would endeavor to wreak upon him, and, what was worse, upon his work should he undertake it. Nevertheless, after consultation with the one of the superiors of the African mission in whom he had the greatest confidence, he accepted the task, and although as a matter of fact he met with the full amount of the opposition which he had anticipated, although there were no injustices, and scarcely any calumnies, which he had not to undergo, he now rejoices in the hour of triumph which has arrived, for in his recent letter the Pope has publicly repeated not only the ideas but the very words to which the cardinal has been giving utterance during the past two years. This account is instructive, showing as it does how

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strong is the power, even within the church and in opposition to the Pope, of those who are attached to outworn ideas, and with what circumspection the Holy Father has to act in order to serve the best interests of the church and the world.

All the energies of the Italian government are being devoted to an attempt to make both ends meet—an attempt the success of which is very doubtful, inasmuch as the legislators of united Italy are above all things anxious to secure for themselves ample pecuniary rewards for their devotedness to the public service, while their constituents are resolute in their resistance to the imposition of new taxes. Even the warmest friends of Italy are filled with anxious forebodings as to her future—at least financially. The spoliation of monasteries and convents does not seem to have profited the robbers.——The only point of interest with reference to the Austrian Empire is the contest which is raging in Bohemia between the Germans and the Czechs. A compromise was made some two years ago between these rival nationalities, but owing to various causes it has not yet been carried into effect, and, in fact, the hopes hitherto entertained that it would be made operative have now been abandoned.——While Russia is suffering from the famine, her neighbors are relieved from their wonted apprehensions of her aggressive projects. The budget this year shows a deficit of seventy-six million roubles, this being the sum expended last year in supplying the people in the famine-stricken districts with food and seeds, and in providing them with employment by the organization of public works. The situation of the Jews in the empire is becoming horrible to think of; Germany having closed her frontier against them, and Austria in all likelihood being about to take a similar course, they will be allowed neither to depart nor to remain.

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TALK ABOUT NEW BOOKS.

LIKE everything he writes, Mr. Crawford's new novel* has before all other qualities that of human interest. This author is not merely a man who can feel deeply and express feeling strongly, but one who has a firm intellectual grasp of the fact that feeling, in the sense that he would give that word, is the key to unlock life's mysteries; such of them, at all events, as the reading public are most permanently interested in. As a matter of course, then, his present book is a love story. As his hero, himself a novelist, says on one occasion to the lady who plays the part of Clotho in his life drama:

"'What else should I write about? There is only one thing that has a permanent interest for the public, and that is love.'

"'Is it?' asked Constance with remarkable self-possession. 'I should think there must be many other subjects more interesting and far easier to write upon.'

"'Easier, no doubt. I will not question your judgment upon that point, at least. More interesting to certain writers too, perhaps. Love is so much a matter of taste. But more to the liking of the public—no. There I must differ with you. The great majority of mankind love, are fully aware of it, and enjoy reading about the loves of others.'"

So far as we remember, Mr. Crawford has never put his creed as an author into so compact a shape before, but no one can have entertained much doubt concerning what it is who has kept pace with his productions. What we like best in him is that his creed is based on a more solid, and hence more pure, appreciation of what love is than the general run of novelists seem to have attained, though now and again, in an isolated book, many of them hit upon it as by accident. Anthony Trollope, among his other merits, had that of an abiding conviction not unlike that of Mr. Crawford, and though he expressed it with less rhetorical force, and adorned it in more homely fashions, it was one of the great secrets of his popular success. A certain philosophy of life, as old, certainly, as Plato, and doubtless much older, underlies it, which commends itself to that less obvious side of human nature, which always keeps up a subterranean fire of protest, breaking out into volcanic

* *The Three Fates.* By F. Marion Crawford. London and New York: Macmillan & Co.

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eruptions now and again, against the bestial view of love which has enshrined itself in so many high places of the earth.

As we have said already, Mr. Crawford's hero is a novelist this time, and one whose phenomenal and long-lived success recalls Mr. Crawford's own with a certain autobiographical vigor of suggestion. The scene is laid in New York, and the satisfactory publishers are veiled under the Rob Roy tartan, which is transparent enough to discover all one cares to know about them and to hide the rest. Mr. George Winton Wood, besides winning his laurels and describing in much detail the processes of so doing, passes, in something like eight years, through two fully outlined but abortive love affairs, and is left at the story's end in sad contemplation of the fact that the third, and only true engagement of his heart, is hopeless because it is unshared. True, a loophole is left for the reader's imagination if he cares to pass through it. Grace has never yet been sought by her hopeless lover, and there is, as he hints, "the great 'perhaps,' the great 'if'—if she should!" But the reader, if he be more intelligent than imaginative, will decline, like George Wood himself, to believe that there is any such perhaps. Grace has been painted well enough, though the strokes devoted to her have been so few compared with those lavished upon the pale Constance and the unfortunate Mamie (wretched nickname to be adopted by a serious writer!), to make it plain that the soon-terminated love which rendered her a widow has been love enough for an eternity. Besides the psychology which supplies its central interest, the plot is clever in itself and skilfully managed. The business of the stolen will, and the manner and consequences of the discovered theft, are both masterly and unexpected. Mr. Crawford seems as full of resource as ever, in spite of his constant expenditure of imaginative material. Nevertheless, there are breaks in his narrative which are filled in with unmitigated and not expensive padding. Among them one instances the three or four pages devoted to thinly veiled allusions to certain contemporary novelists and their methods which open chapter xxviii. It remains true, notwithstanding, that the book as a whole, and despite its rather tame setting, is of engrossing interest and worthy of its author's reputation.

San Salvador,* Miss Tincker's latest story, is a somewhat singular production from any point of view, but more especially so if regarded as the work of a professedly Catholic author. It is not

* *San Salvador*. By Mary Agnes Tincker. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

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a novel, except in the sense in which that term might be applied to Bellamy's *Looking Backward*, or Ignatius Donnelly's extravaganza, *Cæsar's Column*. Miss Tincker has set her imagination at work to devise a certain private Utopia, apparently according to her own heart. On the bank of imagination our personal checks are always cashed in full, and our accounts can never be overdrawn. We have invariably deposited whatever we deliberately try to draw forth. This romance opens in Venice, and the final sentence of its second paragraph introduces the reader to a youth who, as he has nothing whatever to do with the action of the story, and never reappears again save in the second chapter of the Prologue, and then only to accentuate the sneer conveyed in the sentence we are about to quote, has apparently some private *raison d'être* for which the author undertakes the responsibility. He seems to serve merely as a pebble flung at the sanctuary window. The Marchesa Loredan is one of those intriguing, altogether detestable Italian Catholics whom one encounters so frequently in Miss Tincker's later works, and who could be so easily dispensed with. She has three sons, concerning one of whom the author says:

"The youngest, Don Enrico, was a monsignore, and coadjutor of an old canon whom he was impatiently waiting to succeed."

The mother of the youth makes the further engaging remark that he is under good guardianship or she should tremble for his future.

"It is true," she adds, "Monsignor Scalchi does live longer than we thought he would, but, as I say to Enrico, can I kill Monsignor Scalchi in order that you may be made a canon at once? Wait. He cannot live long. Enrico declares that he will never die."

This occurs in the Prologue. The story proper begins with the last sickness of one Professor Mora, whose meditations on the "one perfect thing on earth," the one being in whom he has found "no flaw, Jesus of Nazareth"; and the manner and sentiments of whose last Easter Communion, are treated of at length in the second chapter. He says to himself:

"Shall I confess my sins to a priest? Why not? It can do me no harm, and it may do me good. I will declare what I know of my own wrong-doing, addressing God in the hearing of this man. He uses many instruments. Perhaps the forgiveness

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of God may be spoken to me by the lips of this man. Shall I tell this man that I do not know whether he has any authority, or not? No. I am doing the best that I can; *and his claim that he has authority will have no weight with me.*"

So with his Communion. "Is it true that the Blessed Christ, the Son of God, is mystically concentrated and hidden in the wafer?" he asks himself, and replies that he does not know. "But since it is not impossible, I will bow myself as if He were here." Then Professor Mora's creator goes on to remark that he had bent in heathen temples with an almost equal devotion, but always to the same God.

"To him the Indian praying-wheel, so often denounced as the height of a material superstition, might be made to indicate a fuller conception of the infinity of God than was to be found in much of the worship that calls itself intelligent and spiritual."

Professor Mora is a wanderer from "San Salvador, the city of the Holy King," an ideal community, flourishing in a hidden but immensely productive spot, somewhere in that Spain where castles are always in process of construction by dreamers.

In San Salvador, now ruled by "the ninth Dylar," lineal descendant of him who had founded the community, Jesus Christ is king. He is adored in a "Basilica," named, apparently, from an early Dylar called "Basil, the White Father of San Salvador," rather than from any architectural peculiarities of its construction. His worshippers dispense with priests, sacraments, and sacrifice, and can abide no preaching. In lieu of a tabernacle they have set up a gorgeous throne of "acacia wood covered with plates of wrought gold." In lieu of the Sacred Host there is suspended above this throne "a jewelled diadem that quivered with prismatic hues," and which "hung just where it might have rested on the brow of an heroic figure enthroned beneath."

In this temple the names of "beneficent gods and goddesses, all names which the children of men had lovingly and reverently worshipped," were inscribed, and at one point, a conception very characteristic of the author, among the "*affrescos*" which adorn its walls, "burning the jungle from which he issued, a tiger stood and stared intently at the Throne."

As might have been expected, the dwellers in this community are of incomparable innocence, nobility, and intelligence. Among them there are no hard-souled Marchesas of Loredan, no impatient monsignores like Enrico—no hypocrites, in a word, such as are engendered, or so Miss Tincker pretty plainly hints,

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by the notion that Christianity is anything more than an individual fact. The first Dylar, his descendant once explains, was convinced, after long observation and experience, that Christianity was the

"only true civilizer; but Christianity was an individual, not a social fact. *There was no Christian society.*"

These are the salient points in Miss Tincker's new imaginative conception, and we give them for what they are worth. There is extremely little story to bind them together, and no practical suggestions which are in any sense more valuable than the doctrinal and spiritual ones just indicated. It is with pain that one notes the deterioration of a talent which once promised so much better things.

A charming book* is the collection of Mr. Robert Louis Stevenson's later essays, just brought out by the Scribners. Perhaps there is nothing in it so entirely delightful as some of the papers contained in the earlier volume, called *Memories and Portraits*, though, if our memory does not sadly betray us, the essay on "Dreams," here reproduced, was also included in the earlier collection. In any case, it bears re-reading extremely well; as, in fact, the productions of stylists so accomplished as Mr. Stevenson generally do. There are not many such. Thackeray is one example, and Stevenson is fit to name beside him for the mere verbal charm that almost any sentence from either writer, selected at random, would be certain to be vivid with. The last three essays, gently criticised in Mr. Colvin's preface as less inspiriting than the rest, have an amazing quantity of good sense in them, none the less. If all young gentlemen, and young ladies, for that matter, who are aspiring to art or letters as a profession would take to heart the epistle here addressed to one such aspirant, it would be well for them and for the public whose attention they desire to invoke.

M. Camille Flammarion has taken his place definitely—though perhaps not altogether seriously—in the ranks of what might be called planet-walkers. Perhaps Swedenborg was the first of them—he is, at all events, the best known. He was imitated some years since by his erratic disciple, Mr. Thomas Lake Harris; and later still, M. Flammarion has begun to amuse himself and impart some definite astronomical knowledge, mixed with a good deal of more or less harmless vagary, by a pretence of journey-

* *Across the Plains. With other Memories and Essays.* By Robert Louis Stevenson. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

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ing in like manner from star to star. It is interesting to note how each one professes to see just what his natural bent and previous studies led him to look for. As Swedenborg's angels all talk Swedenborgian; all incessantly combat both those anti-Christian doctrines of Calvin and Luther which the great mystic's common sense rejected, and those undoubtedly Christian verities which he rather fatally misunderstood than wilfully denied; and all make certain revelations which human nature would desire to have true, and certain others which natural reason could easily deduce from given premises, so the Parisian astronomer and evolutionist beholds from some far distant planet, just visited by a ray that departed from earth a hundred years ago, precisely what actually happened in Paris at that period. He is less interesting than Swedenborg because less imaginative. One would, on the whole, rather go to Saint-Amand for the details of the execution of Louis XVI. than get them from the star Capella through the intermediation of Flammarion.* Now, Swedenborg, if his taste had run that way, would have devoted his mighty fancy to telling us what the Capellians were about, and to explaining why the ray that brought the Paris of 1791 to the star did not bring back to earth with equal clearness some reliable news from the Capella of a century since. But beggars must not be choosers. One would need to be an astronomer to read the book with full intelligence, and it is only on its scientific side that it has any value.

Miss Wilton† is the title of a peculiar, but by no means uninteresting or ill-written, novel. The scene is laid in New York, and the action takes place for the most part in boarding-houses and hotels. Without lacking naturalness, it yet gives an impression of having in its totality, if not in its details, been evolved from the inner consciousness of the writer rather than from observation. It is a woman's study of a woman, made from a somewhat singular point of view. The heroine is often described as beautiful, but seldom in terms that convey any sense that the description is just; and as wonderfully attractive to all sorts and conditions of men, both saints and sinners, while she generally fails to be so either to the other women of the tale or to the reader. She possesses, to an almost ideal perfection, that virtue so essential to woman that, so long as she retains it, she is usually held to be not seriously compromised by the possession

* *Lumen*. Experiences in the Infinite. By Camille Flammarion. Translated by Mary J. Serrano. New York: Cassell Publishing Company.

† *Miss Wilton*. By Cornelia Warren. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

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of almost every vice. Several vices, of the sort which ruin a man's reputation, Lilla Wilton has in a rather unusual development. She is not honest, she contracts debts she knows she cannot pay, she runs away from her creditors, she tells lies, she is foolishly extravagant, she is in constant difficulties though she has a fixed annual income of $4,000, which is immensely too little for her. Her suitors are many and most eligible, but her women acquaintances almost universally dislike or distrust her. Finally, the man who attracts her most, a good Baptist layman who does much missionary slumming, converts her to such a horror of her own ways that, by some curious transaction with her conscience which the reader finds it hard to understand, one finds her living on the alms of a shifty rogue in the vilest sort of a tenement-house, partly with a view to saving money enough to pay her debts, and partly as a penitential exercise. In the end one finds her restored to peace of mind, honest luxury, and on the eve of marriage with the Baptist. The novel is unduly long for the story it has to tell.

Having given his novel a catchpenny title,* in the manner of M. Zola, and then overshadowed it with a portentous preface in which dark hints, moral and scientific, likewise in the manner of that master, are given of the absolute verity, the painfully pleasing verisimilitude of all that is to follow, Mr. Mallock's actual performance reminds one of the meagre and dingy interior of those wandering shows which delude the unwary out of their small change by the wondrous posters which bespread the outside of the booths. He has, indeed, as was to be expected, produced a tale whose motive is adultery; so much as that may be looked for when a novelist promises a "human document" with a blare of trumpets, as if adultery monopolized the claim to "legal cap" and engrossing interest. The mere fact of adultery, however, was not precisely what Mr. Mallock was aiming to exhibit; that would have been too commonplace for a philosophic moralist. His end was to show, by "authentic records of fact, . . . that the sense of virtue and the practice of right conduct are far from being the monopoly of those that are technically virtuous." If this preface is to be accepted as true in any other sense than the subsequent tale is true, he had in his hands more convincing proofs of this thesis than he has furnished to his reader. He apparently wished to prove that mutual love may so justify adultery before the forum of conscience as not only to exonerate but to elevate

* *A Human Document.* By W. H. Mallock. New York: Cassell Publishing Company.

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some who sin in this wise. His story does not prove his point. In fact, if he had not sharpened it by his preface, his point might wholly have failed to penetrate readers not abnormally thick-skinned. In that case, his book would have resembled a dinner composed of a good deal of very watery soup, a scrap of the tasteless boiled beef which went to its concoction, and a few shop-dried cakes by way of dessert. As it stands, however, the reader is to accept it as a sort of Barmecide feast—the roast does not actually appear and must be taken on trust, but it is actually in the larder and may be scented though not tasted. The motive, that is to say, is plain and unmistakable. Mr. Mallock hints that he has not worked it up out of respect for the scruples of his English-reading public. He would have done well for his own reputation, in every way, to have left this book unwritten. It should be left unread by all who desire to avoid evil as well as the appearance of evil. There is more of the first than of the second in Mr. Mallock's story. It is in his accustomed style, and affords no internal evidence whatever of owing its existence to any source except his own observation and imagination. Certain well-known notes, certain incidents, like that of the French novels read by the heroine and discovered in her possession by the hero, which Mr. Mallock has used *ad nauseam* already, are here reproduced in a way to suggest that he is haunted, hag-ridden by an imagination which needs to be exorcised; which might, at any rate, be cleansed by real observation of life, providing he would leave its cellars and dung-heaps and come out of doors into sunlight.

The Cassells have just brought out another collection of short stories* by Mr. Quiller-Crouch, "Q," whose previous work we have praised on occasion. The present volume is weird and uncanny to a degree, but at the same time interesting, well-written, and not unwholesome. The first of the tales haunts one with the suggestion of an only half-hinted moral or psychological problem for whose solution not sufficient clue is given. The two "young Zebs" mystify the reader and incline him to believe that to the writer also they appeared through an only half-pervious veil. Be just even to your bad angel, and fear him not if you would escape him, might possibly do as the word to "Q's" enigma in this fascinating but perplexing tale. The nearest approach to the commonplace is made in "The Disenchantment of 'Lizabeth," but even here the sense of remoteness

* *I Saw Three Ships, and Other Winter Tales.* By "Q." New York: Cassell Publishing Company.

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is not lacking, and the author's way of looking at what is homely is unhackneyed, youthful, and distinctive. He has plenty of imagination, too, and that of a poetic kind.

M. Hector Malot's novel, *Conscience*,* the original of which is spoken of as charming, falls a good deal short of being so in the present translation, of which the English is often faulty in construction, besides giving unmistakable and not infrequent evidences of misconceptions of the author on the part of the translator. The story itself is far from being agreeable. The hero is a young physician whose pursuit of science and the means of continuing that pursuit is unhampered by religious faith, and almost equally so by the restraints of conscience as they are felt by the ordinary man. He commits his first murder to get out of the hands of his creditors; he commits a second to get rid of damning evidence of the first. It is not until after the second assassination, which results in sending to the galleys for twenty years a perfectly innocent man, the only brother of the woman whom Dr. Saniel loves, and whom he finally marries after a guilty intimacy of some years, that Saniel begins to be troubled by his conscience. His trouble takes the form of insomnia; and when this yields to fatigue or to drugs, it gives place to a sleep disturbed by dreams, in one of which he reveals his guilty secret to his wife. Her love for him gives place to abhorrence, and she leaves him, although she does not even then rescue her brother by accusing her husband. He lives, grows prosperous and famous, seems to those who know him but superficially to have "proved himself stronger than life." The novel ends with great abruptness. It presents many painful scenes, hardly a single pleasant one, and none at all that are edifying.

Mrs. Serrano's translation from the French of Émile Souvestre's *Man and Money*† is not merely a readable novel—it is a painful and convincing sermon on the text: "The love of money is the root of all evil." In this tale it is chiefly the evil inflicted on the innocent victims of that love which is presented—not the self-retributive force by which the weapon that strikes down the defenceless comes back in a boomerang curve and crushes the thrower into a still more helpless ruin. The factory of Penhoët, the peaceful, innocent life led there by Severin and his daughter, Anna's honestly reciprocated attachment, brought to naught through greed, are all very touchingly described. Con-

* *Conscience.* By Hector Malot. Translated by Lita Angelica Rice. New York: Worthington Company.

† *Man and Money.* By Émile Souvestre. Translated by Mary J. Serrano. New York: Cassell Publishing Company.

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sidered as a novel, the story lacks relief, but as a study from life, it is all the more effective for having none.

Another reprint from the industrious pen of "An Idle Exile" is called *By a Himalayan Lake.** "Satan," as Doctor Watts declares, "finds some mischief still for idle hands to do," and this author suggests no emendation of that sentiment. It is an old question, "Should women be taught the alphabet?" For one, we experience a strong inclination to say no whenever one of the sex proves to have no better occupation for her leisure than the production of flimsy, immoral, and yet not ill-written trash like this. In the days before she went into exile and became idle, this good woman was probably an untiring student of the author of *Guy Livingstone.*

Renée's Marriage† is a pretty and religious little tale, from the French of Marthe Lachèse. It will find its way, doubtless, into the hands of many young readers at the coming premium season, and some of its lessons will be improving. Still, it is doubtful whether the manner of accomplishing such marriages will not strike the American young girl as painfully absurd. Here she will see masculine virtue, heroic industry, filial piety, and Christian devotion suddenly rewarded, not by the opening of an avenue to the powers indicated by such effects, but by a rich and unexpected marriage. "Can I obtain a clerkship worth $1200 a year," asks, in effect, the hero. "I have a pious and infirm grandmother and two little sisters to support at the Sacred Heart convent. I am, besides, of noble birth, my grandmother has been 'an invited guest even in the dwellings of royalty.'" "That situation is unfortunately taken," responds the fairy godmother, in this case the illustrious Marquise de Valbret, "but I offer you another as husband to a beautiful, pious, and altogether admirable young girl worth $100,000 a year. Join your hands and be happy." The alternative, though doubtless not strange in the land to which the little tale belongs, will be apt to impress an American girl, well brought up on the best American model, as both false and foolish. In other respects the story is prettily told and well translated.

Saint-Amand has made a very full book concerning the two Restorations, although the time he includes is comprised between 1814 and 1816. The Duchess of Angoulême‡ occupies here but

* *By a Himalayan Lake.* By An Idle Exile. New York: Cassell Publishing Company.

† *Renée's Marriage.* By Marthe Lachèse. Translated by P. P. S. Philadelphia: H. L. Kilner & Co.

‡ *The Duchess of Augoulême, and the Two Restorations.* By Imbert de Saint-Amand. Translated by James Davis. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

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a minor place, although the author's scheme requires her as a centre-piece. Hers was, in fact, a minor place throughout. Her solitude in the Temple prison was but a sort of outward rendering of the interior isolation, strongly guarded by both circumstance and character, of which her whole career is an expression. The present volume is one of the most interesting of the series. It gives the other side of the story of Napoleon's return from Elba, so dramatically told in *Marie Louise and the Hundred Days.* Then comes the history of the "White Terror," as painful in some ways, though of course far less hideous, than that of the "Red Terror" of 1793. The restored monarchy, had it been wiser, would have pardoned Labedoyère, pardoned Ney, avoided by clemency the ridicule with which it was covered by Lavalette's escape. For the first time, the Duchess of Angoulême puts on a wholly unsympathetic aspect, and, as she turns with a furiously repellant look from Madame de Lavalette, vainly imploring her husband's pardon, she stamps that worst image of herself indelibly on the beholder's memory. She was moved, one remembers, not by the implacability of revenge, but by that of policy or principle. But one would be better pleased if principle had been more energetic and successful in her attitude toward Fouché and Talleyrand, and less so toward a woman whose agony might have recalled that of her own early days. She could overcome Louis XVIII. when it was a question of dismissing his favorite, Count Decazes; one would have liked to be sure she had tried at least as energetically to banish the unfrocked bishop from the councils of the "Most Christian King," or to procure the pardon of a man condemned for a purely political offence, as she did to oust an adviser whose only fault was that of not being more monarchical than the king himself. The translation of this volume seems very well done.

I.—NEW EDITION OF A VALUABLE WORK ON THE SPIRITUAL LIFE.*

The first edition of this translation appeared in 1886, and was welcomed in our pages with hearty commendation. We are glad that a reprint is now called for, though it would have been more creditable to our public if the six intervening years had each had a new edition of this most valuable doctrinal and

* *The Glories of Divine Grace.* By Dr. M. Joseph Scheeben. Translated from the fourth revised German edition by a Benedictine Monk of St. Meinrad's Abbey, Ind. New edition. New York, Cincinnati, and St. Louis: Benziger Brothers.

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spiritual compendium of Christian perfection. We are intimately persuaded that the *Glories of Divine Grace* is a book of the kind most needed in our day.

What is the supreme danger which besets the Christian in the intellectual world? It is the denial of the validity of his religious aspirations. Science has lent itself to the uses of the sceptic, many of its exponents questioning the reality of our interior religious life. As far as man's thoughts bear him towards the invisible God, and seek for the highest satisfaction in an interior union with the Deity, in so far is he in the power of delusion, say many scientists. What is the good of prayer, what is the use of longing for future joys, what is the sense in trusting for consolation in affliction to a condition and state beyond the grave, are questions which stand at the head of the list of theses now in debate among men. We do not mean to say that there are no other difficulties, nor to underestimate the controversy on external marks of the true religion. There are many other questions besides spiritual ones, and they are serious. But the actual reality of the spiritual phenomena is the foremost problem of the present day.

In this book Dr. Scheeben minutely describes the history of the soul's secret communion with God, not, however, extending his observations to the domain of what is called the mystical theology. He explains the new character of elevation given to human life by the Christian state; the effect of the grace of God on the mind of its recipient; he describes the interior aspect of the virtues born of this special and altogether supernatural divine assistance, noting the difference between it and the natural and ordinary relation of the Creator to the creature; he does all this and much more in a charmingly familiar and perfectly comprehensible manner, and yet with great learning.

Now, there are many philosophers before the public doing good work, defensive as well as aggressive, in the warfare against the dreary but onmoving hosts of doubt, and among them the late Dr. Scheeben holds a prominent place. But in this work he treats of the inner life in an uncontroversial mood indeed, but for the perfect instruction of Christians themselves, fitting them to defend their principles as well from evidences gathered in their own souls in the practice of them as from the arguments of philosophers.

No one but an accomplished theologian could turn the principles of his science inside-out, and reveal their inner glories, as is done by the author; more, no one but a sincere lover *of the*

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best could do it with so much unction. We may add a word of praise and admiration for the wealth of literary adornment which is lavished throughout these pages, whether by way of illustration of obscure topics or in the interest of a familiar knowledge of what is not commonly known outside the theological schools, and for the generous purpose of attracting the reader to this holy feast of the strong man's food. The book is delightful reading from beginning to end. Would that a greater number of our distinguished theological scholars would emulate Scheeben's example. What theologian in the early days of the church but wrote ascetical and mystical as well as doctrinal treatises? Scheeben has that force and sweetness of a divine vocation evident in the writings of the early fathers of the church.

In conclusion we may say that for the purposes of instruction in the spiritual life this book is so well arranged that it might serve as a manual for study and recitation.

2.—MONSIGNOR SCHROEDER AND THE ROMAN QUESTION.*

The late date at which we have received this pamphlet precludes anything more than a brief notice in the present number of THE CATHOLIC WORLD. It is an expansion of an article published in the *American Catholic Quarterly Review*, January, 1892. The first instigation to the preparation of this article came from the suggestion of a critic reviewing an article in THE CATHOLIC WORLD, December, 1890, on the temporal sovereignty of the Pope. This reviewer, a distinguished Catholic clergyman, urged upon the author of the article the importance of treating that aspect of the question which faces republican and American principles concerning the rights of the people in respect to their government. A request to Dr. Schroeder to undertake the task of presenting this aspect of the question at some future and opportune time, and at greater length than the limits of a magazine article would admit, was kindly acceded to. This circumstance explains the reason for not pursuing the subject of the temporal power any further in THE CATHOLIC WORLD, and has given occasion to the present able and thorough handling of this important and urgent topic by Dr. Schroeder in the pamphlet before us. Reserving a more ample review to a future occasion, we recommend most earnestly to all Catholics the careful

* *American Catholics and the Roman Question.* By Monsignor Joseph Schroeder, D.D., Ph.D., Professor of Dogmatic Theology in the Catholic University of America. New York, Cincinnati, Chicago: Benziger Brothers.

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perusal of the learned and conclusive argument of Monsignor Schroeder in defence of the violated rights of the Roman Pontiff, which are, likewise, the rights of the whole Catholic people, in America and in the entire world.

3.—LIBERATORE'S POLITICAL ECONOMY.*

Father Liberatore feels so strongly impressed with the importance of the study of political economy, even for clerics, that notwithstanding his eighty years he has not spared himself the toil involved in the production of the present volume. It does not aim at being a profound or an exhaustive treatise. It is written with the view of putting his readers into a safe road. The author claims to represent the Catholic aspect of the subject, and as such it is interesting to note his attitude towards questions warmly discussed at the present time. For example, he criticises Jannet as being too strongly opposed to government intervention in the industrial order. While refusing to go the lengths advocated by state Socialists, Father Liberatore gives to the state the right of regulating, harmonizing, and even limiting labor. "We must not suppose," he says, "that whatever is proposed or said by the Socialist is false *à priori*." He admits the truth of what they say about the evils of unbridled competition, and is warmly in favor of the proposal to limit the hours of labor for women and children by international agreement. He seems to quote with approval proposals to regulate the hours even of adult male workmen, and to fix theoretically—whatever that may mean—the *minimum* of wages. In some quarters Cardinal Manning has been criticised for his supposed leanings to Socialism, but we are not aware that he has gone so far as this; nor, in fact, are there in Great Britain many advocates of state intervention who would venture to propose the direct regulation of wages by the state. But Father Liberatore loses no opportunity of pointing out the disadvantages of the modern system of free competition and *laissez faire*. In this system he finds the justification of strikes. If society fulfilled the duty of protecting by legislation and by its public institutions the rights of workingmen, it would have an indisputable right to forbid strikes and to put them down; but as the "liberalistic fancy" (to use the author's words) for unbridled competition gives the employer the right to pay low wages, the workman has the right to strike for

* *Principles of Political Economy.* By Father Matteo Liberatore, S.J. Translated by Edward Heneage Dering. London: Art and Book Company; New York: Benziger Brothers.

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high wages, providing he uses no violence and does not break the law. On the whole this book will be very useful as an introduction to the study of a subject which is as important as any other—which is, in fact, almost indispensable. The book is not a large one, and the subject matter is so well divided that with a competent professor it might serve as a text-book. It is well printed and bound, and is provided with an index.

4.—THE JESUIT SYSTEM OF EDUCATION.*

Any contribution to the subject of education by one familiar with his theme is always seasonable. Especially is this the case when the contribution itself is possessed of an interest peculiarly its own. In the volume before us, the second in the Scribner's Educational Series, both conditions are verified. In it Father Hughes furnishes us with a clear and concise *exposé* of the educational methods of the Jesuits, as embodied in what is technically known amongst them as the *Ratio Studiorum.* He does not limit himself to an examination merely of the scientific elements of the plan, but goes farther and weaves into his discussion much that is interesting concerning its origin, gradual development, and present influence within and without the order.

The book is divided into two main parts, "The Educational History of the Order" and an "Analysis of its System of Studies." By way of preface to the former the reader is given a brief sketch of the life of St. Ignatius, in so far as it has to do with the matter in hand, and illustrates the views of the saint upon the subject, and the initiatory steps taken by him for the building up of what in time was destined to become a system of immense proportions. For, as the author assures us, it were impossible to understand the work fully without some previous acquaintance with the mind that framed it. It were impossible to appreciate its manifold ramifications and characteristic adaptation of means to an end, did we not get glimpses of the spirit out of which it grew, and which breathes and speaks in its every line. Ignatius was a practical man—a man of the world. But what was infinitely more, he was a man of God, delicately sensitive to anything that might enhance or mar the glory of his Maker. In these two qualities we discover the fruitful germ of his educational idea. On the one hand, his zeal made him de-

* *Loyola and the Educational System of the Jesuits.* By the Rev. Thomas Hughes, S.J. Great Educators' Series. Edited by Nicholas Murray Butler, Ph.D. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

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plore the moral degeneracy so prevalent in the schools of his time and long to apply a remedy, while, on the other, his practical good sense made it clear to him that if he would stem the tide of evil, if he would once again wed virtue to learning, from which it had been so generally divorced, a new departure in educational methods was imperatively demanded. The evil must be taken at its root if taken at all. And this could only be done by a training begun early and continued late, in which the faith and morals of the young would be safeguarded at every turn, and that by men who had been thoroughly qualified for the work by long and arduous experience in the schools of human and divine wisdom. Here was the origin of the system in a thought that runs like a dominant note through the whole subsequent evolution of the scheme. So much so, that the *Ratio Studiorum*, or educational plan, drawn up in later years under the generalship of Aquaviva, and imposed by law upon the whole body, was but the final outcome and perfected expression of this fundamental idea of Ignatius. This fact Father Hughes never loses sight of. He adverts to it frequently, especially in the chapters upon the intellectual and moral scope of the society's teaching as bodied forth in its constitutions. In them he descants upon the simultaneous cultivation of mind and morals as a joint requisite in the Jesuit concept of education. One was to be looked to, but the other was never to be neglected. Amongst the most effective aids to the former the *Ratio* provides for the thorough classification of studies. Modern scholars are familiar enough with graded courses, but the idea was a comparative novelty in the days of St. Ignatius. "There were practically only two degrees," remarks our author, "one superior, embracing theology, law, and medicine; the other preparatory." Intermediate studies were ill-regulated as a consequence, and confusion was the inevitable result. It was to obviate this inconvenience, to shed light upon darkness, that a complete system of graded classes was formulated. Nor were these "classes" told in years. They meant a work to be done which had to be accomplished before the aspirant could pass to anything higher. Another, amongst various important features of the new method, was its *Academies*, which were nothing else than institutions organized in the courses of belles-lettres, rhetoric, philosophy, and theology. Their aim was to gather together the more talented and exemplary students into select bodies, for the performance of special work in special fields with a view to special attainments. Moral training, in turn, was diligently cared for. Every

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means which religion affords was taken for the sedulous fostering of virtue in the youthful mind and heart. Prayer, Mass, the frequentation of the Sacraments, catechetical instruction, and pious reading were all given a conspicuous place in the daily routine of collegiate life. Add to this the division of students into separate ranks and categories according to age, the premium set upon good conduct, the work done by the sodalities, and most of all the constant and paternal supervision of men who, themselves consecrated to God, lived and labored primarily for the sanctification of their youthful charges, and some idea is afforded of the pure and elevated atmosphere in which it was expected the young should be brought up. On almost every page of this portion of his work the author treats his readers to a deal of interesting historical and biographical matter, to which, in the brief compass of a notice, we can but incidentally allude.

Next follows, in the second part, a critical examination of the system of studies prescribed by the *Ratio* both for the master and the student. As the training of the pupil hinges upon the previous qualifications of his teacher, Ignatius' idea would not have been rounded out, nor his work completed, had not ample provision been made in the society's constitutions for the thorough training of its own members. Hence all its minute legislation upon the subject. Hence the long period of preparation. Hence, too, its unremitting endeavor to qualify its members by broad and profound culture for the accomplishment of lasting results in every department of knowledge. An end so all-embracing would naturally imply an elaborate programme of studies. And such was provided, as the author shows. The number of years and their gradation, the branches pursued, the numerous methods adopted for their readier inculcation and assimilation, together with the practical results of the system in operation, are all passed in entertaining review. From the master thus qualified for his work to the pupil for whom that work was undertaken the transition is logical and easy. We are, therefore, introduced by way of close to the entire subject, to the various means taken for the formation of the scholar. This leads to a consideration of the attitude which the professor should assume towards his pupils, class exercises, school management throughout the lower forms, and finally the system itself upon which the course is to be graded from top to bottom. We will not stop to rehearse the rules laid down for stimulating young ambition, conducting daily recitations, selecting

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and using text-books. All this is gone over *in extenso.* But one peculiarity in the method calls for special observation. A distinctive feature of Jesuit training, and one emphasized by the *Ratio,* is what is known as the *prælectio.* We meet with it in theology and philosophy as well as in the elementary courses of literature. It consists in a preliminary dilation by the professor upon the lesson assigned, whether it be a theological thesis or a snatch from an ancient classic. What might prove to be insurmountable obstacles to the pupil are smoothed away, helpful references are given, allusions are explained where need be. In a word, whatever collateral information is deemed available is wheeled into service and put at the disposition of the scholar. Its evident object is to facilitate his work by rendering it more agreeable, and make it doubly profitable by developing an analytical and comprehensive habit of mind—the secret of genius and a pledge of eventual success.

Concluding, we may safely say that the book will be welcome as opening up a field of information from which English readers have hitherto been largely, if not altogether, debarred. Moreover, Father Hughes has done his work well. "Loyola" makes pleasant reading. There is not a weary page between its covers. Indeed, its most attractive feature is the interest with which the writer has been able to clothe the dry bones of pedagogics. We are satisfied that few will lay it down without feeling grateful to the author for the very instructive insight which he has given into what has been admitted to be, even by hostile critics, one of the most unique and marvellous systems of education the world has ever known.

5.—MEDITATIONS ON RELIGIOUS TRUTHS.*

A book of meditations from the pen of a venerable prelate who, during the greater part of his long life, has been devoted to the work of training young ecclesiastics for their holy vocation, should possess more than ordinary merit; and such is the book of meditations now before us. It is the result of fifty years' experience in directing the spiritual exercises of candidates for the priesthood, and of a ripe scholarship and a rare piety besides, and, as might be expected, it is practical, profound, and breathes the truest spirit of devotion. The venerable author fol-

* *Meditations on the Principal Truths of Religion, and on the Life of our Lord Jesus Christ.* By the Most Rev. Dr. Kirby, Archbishop of Ephesus. Dublin: M. H. Gill & Son.

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lows closely the plan of St. Ignatius, but he develops the different meditations in his own way. He is particularly happy in his application of the Sacred Scriptures to the subjects under consideration, and we doubt if there be any better commentary on the famous *Exercises* in an English dress. The two meditations on the public life of our Lord seem to us especially powerful, but when the treatment throughout is remarkable there is no need to particularize.

6.—WHYMPER'S AMONGST THE GREAT ANDES.*

The long-expected account of Mr. Whymper's adventurous climbing in the Andes has appeared at last, and though eleven years have covered up, to some extent, public interest in his exploits, this tardy publication is well calculated to reawaken it.

There is little or no reason to doubt Mr. Whymper's claim to have been the very first that ever scaled the mighty summit of Chimborazo, though apart from this fact there is nothing of particular interest or information about the achievement. His ascent of Cotopaxi gave far more interesting results, and was in every way more satisfactory than his two hurried trips to the sacred summit of Chimborazo, which he merely touched with his eager feet. Mr. Whymper's account differs very materially from the statements made by Humboldt and Boussingault, both of whom made unsuccessful attempts to climb the Giant of the Andes, and whose observations seem to have been very imperfect. Mr. Whymper's narrative is so matter of fact, so unimaginative, so severely scientific, that we cannot but accept it even at the cost of a loss of confidence in the great German scientists and explorers.

This book, with its copious maps and illustrations, its terse yet graphic descriptions of the almost unknown altitudes of the Andes, its careful scientific observations, its records of atmospheric pressures and climates, and distribution of fauna and flora, and glacier and volcano, will be a glorious feast to every one who takes even a casual interest in the grandest features of our globe. And none can read it without admiring the indomitable will and pluck and energy of the modest Englishman who accomplished the results therein described. Nor can any reader fail to thank the publishers for the excellent taste and workmanship displayed in the publication.

* *Travels amongst the Great Andes of the Equator.* By Edward Whymper. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

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7.—AVE MARIA ESSAYS.*

The attractive blue covers of this little volume tempt one to pick it up. The name of Brother Azarias compels all familiar with his other writings to read carefully what he has presented. As we conclude its perusal a feeling of gratitude to Brother Azarias steals over us for the pure pleasure to be derived from his elegant tribute to the Queen of May. It consists of short essays, which have appeared from time to time in the *Ave Maria*, and we are sure all who have met them there will welcome them in their new garb. The first essay on "Mary, Queen of May," brings before us in dear remembrance the earthly life of her whom all nations call blessed.

With reverent love our author touches upon the little acts that went to make up the daily life of this maiden meek and mild. He pictures her in such charming simplicity that our awe is subdued into a desire for imitation. Would that all our sweet young graduates might carry with them from their school-days into their future lives the image of this ideal woman, realizing that only by becoming good may they become cultured! The second essay tells of Mary and the faithful departed, and recalls the close union of the souls upon earth with the church suffering, as in unison voices are raised to beg the intercession of the Mother of Mercy. Brother Azarias presents the logical side of this intermediate state so clearly that, should faith waver, reason would compel us to admit the existence of Purgatory. The justice of such a state was acknowledged by Plato. Our separated brethren to-day long for the consolation we may derive in praying for our dead. The harmonious beauty of our faith reflects from each page.

The description of Mary in Heaven carries our imagination beyond the visible into a region of light where we may all make a friend, and that friend the Queen. We are shown how the thought of the Assumption has long dwelt in the hearts of men; how the honor of God demands the veneration of Mary.

The prologue and epilogue are in quaint and dainty verse worthy their surroundings.

This little May volume coming in the month of flowers deserves a cordial greeting for the scholarly work of its author, for its exquisite language, and above all for the name of Mary, to whom it is dedicated.

We cheerfully recommend it as a gift-book for the coming commencements, and as a valuable addition to every library.

* *Mary, Queen of May.* By Brother Azarias. Notre Dame, Ind.: *Ave Maria* Print.

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THE COLUMBIAN READING UNION.

ALL COMMUNICATIONS RELATING TO READING CIRCLES, LISTS OF BOOKS, ETC., SHOULD BE ADDRESSED TO THE COLUMBIAN READING UNION, 415 WEST FIFTY-NINTH STREET, NEW YORK CITY.

ACADEMY HALL at Syracuse, N. Y., was filled to overflowing on the evening of April 11, in spite of a most untimely snow-storm, with an enthusiastic audience of young people from all parts of the city. The meeting was held to promote the interests of Catholic literature and Reading Circles under the auspices of the Young Men's Sodality. On the stage were Rev. J. F. Mullaney, Rev. J. S. Tierney, and Messrs. J. M. Mertons, P. Ford, Jr., D. O'Brien, the officers of the Young Men's Sodality, and representatives of the Catholic Total Abstinence Society of St. John the Baptist Church. An excellent musical programme was furnished by the Junior Knights of the Church of the Assumption. Like a patriarch of the olden time, Mr. John McCarthy presided. In his opening address he said:

"I envy you young and middle-aged people, who enjoy to-night the privilege that up to forty years of age I never enjoyed, and that privilege is to hear a Catholic lecture. During my boyhood and early manhood I had many inducements to listen to anti-popery lectures. But I forego the utterance of the thoughts connected with the religious intolerance which prevailed at that time.

"There has been quite recently a new undertaking, and that is the fostering of intellectual culture by reading which shall harmonize with true faith. Largely instrumental in the inauguration of that good work is the religious community known as the Paulist Fathers, who obtained a special commission from Pope Pius IX. for a special work in the United States. His Holiness, with a full knowledge of the purposes of this band of zealous men, gave them his blessing, invested them with the necessary faculties to do their work for the spread of Catholic truth and the conversion of souls.

"To-night we have with us a member of that band of workers. Judging from the title of the lecture with which he is about to favor us, I conclude that he will disclose to us some of the methods of that new Apostolate. He may invite us of the laity to assist in that great work of spreading Catholic truth. He will speak, if he speaks upon that point at all, of the works of the Paulist Fathers for the conversion of the American people, which are intended to procure for their countrymen the grace of that conversion which happily befell their great prototype, the Apostle St. Paul, on the road to Damascus.

"It is scarcely necessary for me to say that as Americans we

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fully sympathize with him in that work. In order, further, to make our aid efficient, it must be animated by an intelligent purpose. We must think, act, and speak with a reasonable degree of knowledge of the holy faith we profess, and show forth the elevating and sanctifying influences which it can exert. We must study the methods suggested to us, but above all and beyond all we must listen to the advice and direction of our respected bishops and zealous pastors. To assist in any way in the great work of conveying the bread of life to souls who are hungering in the desert, is a work of great merit in the sight of Almighty God. Standing here to-night, I experience a feeling of regret steal over me—regret that I cannot live to see the consummation of this grand scheme of education; regret that I cannot live to see carried out the glorious work which has been so clearly and authoritatively defined by His Holiness, Pope Leo XIII., in his recent grand encyclicals.

"How fortunate are the young people who are living upon the threshold of such an era as now opens before the church! I have the great honor to introduce to you the Rev. Thomas McMillan, who will speak on the subject of Catholic Thought in Modern Literature."

An outline of Father McMillan's address is here given from the admirable stenographic report prepared by Miss Curry:

"I must distribute to all of the Paulist Fathers the praise that the chairman, in his kindness, has bestowed upon me, as I happen to be the only representative here at present. It was with great pleasure that we noticed among the members of the convention held last January, at Columbus Hall, New York City, an able spokesman from Syracuse, the chairman of this meeting, whose words were listened to there by representative Catholics from the intellectual centres of the United States, and who contributed a notable part to the valuable discussions of Catholic literature.

"Father Mullaney made me promise, almost a year ago, if ever I came within a thousand miles of Syracuse, that I would stop over, and he would find a little work for me to do. I understand from his friends that it is an old fashion of his; that he has been finding a great deal of work for all his neighbors up here. I did not expect to deliver a lecture, and it was with amazement that I read his telegram: 'Send us on your subject.' I told him I was willing to give a little talk to his young people on Catholic literature. At any rate, the subject came on, was announced, and that subject we must take up—Catholic Thought in Modern Literature.

"It is a wide subject and has an extensive bearing, and would require a great many lectures to exhaust it. I shall only attempt to give you the headings of it, and some particular application for practical work. Some of our friends who are not of the Catholic Church, although we like to classify them among our friends rather than among our enemies, have been trying for a long time to persuade us that nearly everything began with the Reformation. The Catholic Church, however, did not begin then,

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but a long time before, and competent historians no longer attempt to persuade us that King Henry VIII.—he who established what is known as the Church of England—was a model of perfection in anything. He was not a model ruler of his own people; he was not a model man in his domestic life; he was anything but a model husband towards his numerous wives; and, what is worse in the sight of the historians, he was not a model man for veracity. He stands condemned to-day before the civilized world from his own state documents. The historian Gasquet has unearthed, in the British Museum, records which show that King Henry VIII., in all his majesty, deliberately falsified evidence for Parliament, and that Parliament was led thereby to legalize the royal falsehoods. It was done more than once in the English Parliament; many lies were incorporated in the form of laws, and soldiers were put behind those laws of Parliament to enforce them, and try to put them into operation against every instinct of justice and the nobler desires of human nature. At any rate, that point is sufficient for the purpose of the argument I have in view.

"It is generally conceded now that there was something worthy of honor previous to King Henry VIII., and to his so-called improvement in church matters. We have a non-Catholic writer, Henry Morley, who has attempted what he calls a history of English literature, conceding willingly that modern literature must go back to the great Catholic poet, Dante; with justice and accuracy Morley says: 'Dante has the proud honor of being the Father of Modern Literature.' Dante is a character of great interest because he represents an epoch in himself. He belongs to that much-abused thirteenth century. He penetrated what might be accurately called the ore-beds of literature, because literature is not something that exists in cloudland; it belongs to the human race, to the people of this world, and has its foundations in reality. The ore-beds from which Dante derived solid material for his great writings were in the scholastic schools, and the greatest of scholastic teachers and doctors was St. Thomas Aquinas; so, in the language of business, we might say, accurately, that the great doctor and philosopher could claim a first mortgage on everything that Dante ever wrote on account of having furnished the material. The schoolmen discussed great problems. It is true that some of them discussed simple questions, trifling matters; but that was an age of discussion, and there are some people who never get beyond trifling matters. But the age is not to be judged by the worst specimens, but by the best, and St. Thomas notably stands supreme as having acquired the knowledge of the ancients—the knowledge that came from the Greeks, the Arabians, and the old Romans, and then sifted everything with a view to its application to the church. One of the great works for which he is praised is that of Christianizing Aristotle.

"Brother Azarias has given us, in the preface to his forthcoming work on *Phases of Thought*, a very good standard by which to judge these authors of the past. He says we must distinguish

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whether they belong to the world's master-pieces. Their works are to be analyzed and their underlying meaning explained from a point of view of thought and criticism prevalent at the time they wrote. You must not judge them by a false standard. They knew all that was to be known at the time. One of the dangerous tendencies of our age is to criticise the individual author, instead of classifying the great underlying principles of thought. We can claim that Catholics gave Dante to the literary world. He derived his valuable material for poetic flights of fancy from St. Thomas, and, in turn, communicated that material to the whole modern world. To any one who has read 'Paradise Lost' it must be obvious that Milton borrowed largely from Dante. We can prove that the same thoughts existed in poetical form anterior to Milton.

"We also trace a development of Catholic thought in the great writer Shakspere—he who has done more, perhaps, than any one man to give expression and form to the English language. There has been a great deal of discussion about this wonderful man. We know more about him than some of his contemporaries. We certainly appreciate him more highly than some of those who lived with him. It is admitted that his father belonged to the Catholic Church; consequently, his training was under Catholic influence. Being the genius he was, he naturally absorbed knowledge early. It used to be one of the pet subjects of Daniel O'Connell, at his private castle, to discuss with friends the writings of Shakspere. It is also said of O'Connell that there were two subjects which he rigorously excluded from his own house—religion and politics; but he was always ready to discuss Shakspere and the intrinsic evidences of Catholic thought contained in his writings. The more you examine Shakspere's works, the more you will be surprised that a man living in the time of Queen Elizabeth, who could win royal favor by putting into his plays caricatures of the old faith, abstained entirely from the abuse of the Catholic Church. Never did he ridicule a Catholic priest or mention the subject of religion in a disrespectful manner in any of his works.

"Some of the Catholic young men at Liverpool have made another discovery—which shows that our Catholic young men are getting bright—that there is not a single line in Shakspere endorsing the unjust policy of England towards Ireland. That is certainly a remarkable indication of his convictions. We may with justice claim Shakspere. We hope that he was personally identified with the Catholic Church and never surrendered. We know positively that he represents the Catholic thought of Merrie England as it was before Henry VIII. established his so-called Church of England.

"Another of our great writers is Sir Thomas More. He is especially notable as a great statesman who in his book, *Utopia*, made good use of fiction. Many opinions have been expressed on the subject of fiction, but I must say that I am very liberal in regard to it. A great deal of the fiction produced in France could not be praised by Christians, being written in the

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interests of infidelity and agnosticism. But Sir Thomas More shows how a fictitious narrative of an ideal kingdom, which existed nowhere, might be used to advantage in dealing with a king very much in need of reform. Later on, in the same line, came Edmund Burke, who, though not a Catholic, strongly condemned the penal laws. He seems to have risen superior to his Protestant associations and contributed to the Catholic chain of thought in literature. We might enumerate many others, especially Dryden and Pope. It is to be noted that Pope revised an edition of Shakspere, and in that way brought him to the attention of the English public in a way never before attempted.

"Among the authors largely under the influence of Catholic thought in history we may mention Sir Walter Scott. Although he has some misrepresentations of Catholic worship, there is no deliberate, malicious falsification. Our American poet, Longfellow, seems to have instinctively selected Catholic subjects for his best poems. In the story of the Acadians he has pictured the bravery of a noble people and the injustice of anti-Catholic tyranny. In his minor poems he shows a love of Catholic ideas. Many of the facts and legends borrowed from his study and travel in Europe are on Catholic lines of thought. It has been said that Longfellow never wrote a line in support of heresy, and that his poetry contains much in favor of Catholicity."

* * *

The Catholic Reading Circle Review, published at Youngstown, Ohio, has elicited much information concerning the project of a Summer Assembly for Catholics devoted to literature and educational advancement. The discussion was started some time ago by Rev. J. F. Loughlin, D.D., president of the Catholic Young Men's National Union. Among those who have written letters of approval are, Archbishop Elder; Bishop Keane, rector of the Catholic University of America; Bishop McGolrick; Bishop Chapelle; Revs. John F. Mullaney, of Syracuse; John Conway, of St. Paul; Martin S. Brennan, of St. Louis; and Regis Canevin, of Pittsburgh. Letters have been received also from prominent representatives of the laity, well known to the members of the Columbian Reading Union: John A. Mooney, Maurice F. Egan, Eliza Allen Starr, Katharine A. O'Keeffe, A. T. Toomy, Mary Elizabeth Blake, Anna E. Buchannan, E. A. Kenney, Richard Malcolm Johnston, and George Parsons Lathrop.

The Summer Assembly would provide opportunities for lectures on special subjects, concerts, discussions on educational questions relating to literature, science, and art. Under competent guidance latent talent could be developed by such a plan, aided by Catholic teachers of culture and refinement. It is expected that many of those connected with the Reading Circle movement would willingly devote a portion of the summer vaca-

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tion to become acquainted with one another and interchange ideas on topics of general interest. Where to locate the proposed Summer Assembly is a matter requiring careful consideration. The place selected should have all the accommodations of a summer resort for rest and relaxation. The time chosen must be limited to the months of July and August. Whether one week or more will suffice cannot be easily determined till a number of Catholic writers, speakers, and musicians give evidence of their willingness to assist. Very desirable places mentioned for such a meeting are Syracuse, Saratoga, Albany, and Lake George, in New York State; New London, Conn.; and Marquette, Mackinac, St. Ignace, and Duluth, in the West.

As a logical development of the intellectual forces now at work we believe that a Summer Assembly for Catholics in the United States will eventually be established as a safe business investment. We hope it may be realized in the near future, and if a satisfactory offer can be secured from a reliable committee at any of the places named, the plan might be tested during the coming summer.

* * *

Rev. J. F. Mullaney sends these encouraging words since the lecture at Syracuse:

"Three new Reading Circles have been organized, and every society connected with the church has evidenced a desire to have something of the kind in connection with their regular meetings. Outside the parish, too, there is considerable enthusiasm on the subject. . . . A letter from Mr. Mosher, of Youngstown, Ohio, states that he is confident of the ultimate success of the Summer School, and that a meeting will take place in New York or Philadelphia in a week or two, to formulate programme, select site, and organize. . . . You must remember our talk on the subject a year (or less) ago, and may be curious to know how it happened that the idea made such an impression on me. Well, for many years at our old homestead near Utica we would have a reunion of the family during vacation time. Our dear Azarias, owing to his very poor health, year after year was kindly granted permission to recuperate on his native air for a month or six weeks. College and seminary companions would share our pleasure in this charmed spot. We would read beneath the shade, tell stories, and in our more serious moods ask Brother Azarias to solve our difficulties. Ex-Governor Seymour would occasionally join in our discussions, and often delight us with his beautiful conversation on nature and men and books. . . . I look back to those happy days with great pleasure, and often think how delightful it would be if our people had some means of uniting pleasure and recreation with useful instruction. The Summer School, it seems to me, will do this, provided it be made attractive and put on a good business basis." * * *

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WITH THE PUBLISHER.

A RECENT editorial in the New York *Sun* on the "Function of the Press" contains much that the Publisher cannot accept as true in so far as THE CATHOLIC WORLD is concerned, and he feels that his readers are in sympathy with him in this conviction. Briefly put, *The Sun* maintains that "the prime object of a periodical is *to make money*." This certainly is not the prime object of this magazine; it was never among the great purposes of its Founder to realize pecuniary profit; and if such an end was ever entertained the magazine would have closed its books long ago, and its conductors would have made investments that would have certainly and generously yielded a profit. The day can never come when the prime object of THE CATHOLIC WORLD will be to make money. Could such an aim be contemplated, the magazine would no longer exist; it would be an Othello with its "occupation gone."

No, however true *The Sun's* dictum may be in the case of the secular journal, profit as a *prime* object cannot be associated with a religious periodical, and certainly not with our magazine. The *prime* object of THE CATHOLIC WORLD is to be profitable from the missionary, not the pecuniary point of view; and in this sense the history of the periodical has been a chronicle of profit; in this sense the balance to its credit is great and ever increasing. THE CATHOLIC WORLD is a missionary, and it preaches "from the tallest pulpit in the world"; it preaches to willing and attentive ears; as the years go on it reaches a wider and yet wider audience. And so, though the Publisher has an interest in his bank account, and though he is concerned with the prompt payment of bills, his concern for these matters is because money represents the greater possibilities of the missionary aims of the periodical. It is the necessary means to the end, and he therefore reiterates what he has said so often before, that THE CATHOLIC WORLD is not backed by a wealthy corporation or conducted with a view to return handsomely on the investment. The Editors and the Publisher draw no salaries, and every dollar goes into type, press-work, and paper, and the payment for the articles contributed.

The better our readers understand this, the better will they

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do the important part that is theirs in carrying out the "prime object" of the magazine. Every dollar they send, every new friend they can bring to the circle of its readers, means an advance of its missionary spirit, means a new possibility in the field of its endeavor. Whatever its ledgers carry to its credit is religiously and zealously invested in making the magazine better in every way, and in keeping it where it has ever been—at the front of Catholic periodical literature, the servant of the Truth, the Light to a great people.

New friends are often brought to THE CATHOLIC WORLD by ways that are often mere by-paths, as the following letter from Australia shows:

QUEENSLAND.

Rev. W. D. Hughes.

"DEAR SIR: Enclosed you will find post-office order for thirty-six shillings, representing two subscriptions for next year—my own and a new one, —— ——, to whom you will kindly forward your valuable periodical next year.

"No doubt your genial Publisher will go into ecstasies over this new subscription, believing that it is the result of his constant homilies on the matter in his own department of the periodical. I am sorry to tell him that such is not the case, because it was by pure accident that I obtained the new subscriber. As he might wish to make use of the fact for the benefit of your other subscribers, I shall tell you how it occurred.

"I was travelling one morning in a train to a place where I intended to say Mass. I had a copy of THE CATHOLIC WORLD with me which I intended reading when my more important work was concluded. A gentleman stepped into the same carriage, and at once engaged me in conversation. However, I wanted to read my office; and in order to get rid of him, I opened my bag, took out the *C. W.*, and handed it to him to read. While he was doing so, I read my office. As I was leaving the train at a station before his, I requested him to return the magazine, and then he asked me if I would order the periodical for him. You can tell the foregoing to Mr. Publisher, and he may make it the text for another homily."

The following letter explains the purpose of a sketch found in the pages of this issue:

"REV. AND DEAR SIR: I enclose a sketch entitled 'By the Roanoke.' May I beg you to bring to the reading of it the belief that it was written to further the cause most dear to the writer's heart, the conversion of the Southern negro? It presents one of the dark, but alas! one of the direfully true, phases of life in the South. I earnestly hope you may find it available for your pages; but whether you do or not, I am glad to have written it, as I am glad to do anything, however feeble, toward

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calling the attention of the Catholic world to this most pressing need for missionary work.

"Yours sincerely and respectfully,

"FANNIE CONIGLAND FARINHOLT."

A pamphlet of much value to those who are given to the study of the tactics of our separated brethren is published by Mr. Hugh Margey, 14 Great Clyde Street, Glasgow. Its title is *The New Methods of Evangelical Preachers*, and the Right Rev. Monsignor Munro, D.D., is the author. While there is much to amuse one in these "methods," there is much to sadden one as well in the thought that the infamous traditions of the "soup-school" and the "blanket society" still survive, and that both are still invoked as proselytizing agencies.

Miss Louise Imogene Guiney, a favorite and valued contributor to these pages, and a lady who has won distinction among the writers of the present day, has issued, through the Harpers, a volume entitled *Monsieur Henri, a Foot-note to French History*, in the time of the Revolution and the Vendean War.

The Cassell Publishing Company announce a valuable handbook in the *Record of Scientific Progress for 1891*, by Professor Robert Grimshaw. It will give a summary of all the most important discoveries and improvements in every branch of physical science.

Marah is to be the title of the new volume of hitherto unpublished poems by the late Owen Meredith.

And still, despite all prophecies that the day when the quarterly must go is near at hand, we come across new ventures in that domain of periodical literature. The last to reach the Publisher's desk is the *New World*, and is called "a quarterly review of religion, ethics, and theology." The critic's is not (happily) the Publisher's task, but he ventures the opinion that there is much in an article entitled "The New Orthodoxy" which would make many of our readers simply stare in blank amazement.

An announcement which may be of interest to some is that made by Sampson Low, Marston & Co. (London) of the early publication of a series of fac-simile reproductions of the most important "Block Books" of the fifteenth century. The series will include the *Biblia Pauperum*, the *Ars Moriendi*, the *Canticum Canticorum*, and the *Speculum Humanæ Salvationis*, in paper covers, at three guineas each.

Messrs. Macmillan & Co. announce a new edition of the works of Mr. F. Marion Crawford, in uniform cloth binding, at one dollar per volume. Each volume will be complete, and the

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edition will include the new novels *Don Orsino* and *The Three Fates:* a Story of New York Life.

A work of much importance to our colleges and academies, and to all who are interested in literary matters generally, is announced by the Boston Book Co. It is entitled the *Literature of the English Language* and will be edited by George Makepeace Towle. The work will aim to be a comprehensive dictionary of the greatest authors known in English literature, will include critical estimates of their work by eminent critics, and will be so arranged as to afford the student a reasonably clear idea of the importance of the author treated.

The work is projected on a large scale, and it is estimated will be completed in ten octavo volumes of about four hundred and fifty pages each. The first volume, covering the subject from Beowulf to Spenser, is almost ready.

Two new volumes by "The Prig" are entitled *Egosophy* and *Riches or Ruin*, both published by Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner & Co., London.

A new edition of Coleridge's poetical and dramatic works is being prepared for Macmillan & Co. by Mr. J. Dykes Campbell. It will be in one volume uniform with the publishers' editions of Wordsworth and Shelley, edited by Mr. John Morley and Professor Dowden respectively, and will include a considerable quantity of matter hitherto unpublished.

Dr. St. George Mivart, F.R.I., has prepared a volume of *Essays and Criticisms* to be published shortly by Osgood, McIlvaine & Co., London. The papers are historical, antiquarian, and philosophical, besides dealing with problems of biology.

An anthology of poetry written about children, but addressed to adult readers, will soon be published under the title of *The Child set in the Midst.* An autograph copy of Mr. Coventry Patmore's *Toys* will be produced in *fac-simile.* The volume is edited by Mr. Wilfred Meynell, and will be issued by the Leadenhall Press, London.

The latest volume of the Manuals of Catholic Philosophy (Stonyhurst Series) is *Political Economy*, by Charles S. Devas, Examiner at the Royal University of Ireland.

The Catholic Publication Society Co. has recently issued:

Through Darkness to Light. A drama in four acts. For female characters. By Miss Mary Cody.

Moments before the Tabernacle. By Rev. Matthew Russell, S.J.

My Zouave. By Mrs. Bartle Teeling, author of *Roman Violets*, etc.

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The same company has in press and preparation:

The Position of the Catholic Church in England and Wales during the last two Centuries. Retrospect and forecast. By Thomas Murphy. With a Preface by Lord Braye.

The Letters of the late Archbishop Ullathorne. Edited by Augusta Theodosia Drane (sequel to the *Autobiography*).

The Conversion of the Teutonic Race. By Mrs. Hope. Edited by Rev. J. B. Dalgairns, of the Oratory. A new and popular edition in two volumes, each volume complete in itself. Vol. I., "Conversion of the Franks and English"; Vol. II., "St. Boniface and the Conversion of Germany."

Catholic England in Modern Times. By Rev. John Morris, S.J.

A new volume of *Wayside Tales.* By Lady Herbert.

Benziger Brothers' new publications are:

American Catholics and the Roman Question. By Monsignor Joseph Schroeder, D.D., of the Catholic University, Washington, D. C. Net, 25 cents.

Manifestation of Conscience. Confessions and Communions in Religious Communities. A commentary on the decree "Quemadmodum" of December 17, 1890. Translated from the French of Rev. Pie de Langogne, O.M.Cap. With the original decree and the official translation. Net, 50 cents.

Gertrude's Experience. From the French by Mrs. Mary C. Monroe. 12mo, cloth, inked side and back. With a frontispiece. 50 cents.

Olive and the Little Cakes. From the French. 12mo, cloth, inked side and back. With a frontispiece. 50 cents.

The Bric-a-Brac Dealer. From the French. 12mo, cloth, inked side and back. With a frontispiece. 50 cents.

Her Father's Right Hand. From the French by F. W. Lamb. 12mo, cloth, inked side and back. 50 cents.

Letters. Vol. II. By St. Alphonsus de Liguori. 12mo, cloth. Net, $1.25. This is the nineteenth volume of the Centenary Edition of the Saint's works.

Tales and Legends of the Middle Ages. From the Spanish. Edited by Henry Wilson. 16mo, extra cloth. $1.00.

They have in preparation:

The Sacramentals of the Holy Catholic Church. By Rev. A. A. Lambing, author of *Mixed Marriages*, etc.

Socialism and Private Ownership. From the German of Father Cathrein, S.J., by Rev. James Conway, S.J.

Words of Wisdom from the Scriptures. A concordance to the Sapiential Books.

A School History of the United States. Abridged and compiled from the most reliable sources. The book will be very fully illustrated, and contain numerous maps. 12mo, cloth. 75 cents retail; 45 cents wholesale.

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BOOKS RECEIVED.

GUIDE FOR CATHOLIC YOUNG WOMEN; especially for those who earn their own living. By the Rev. George Deshon, Congregation of St. Paul, the Apostle. Twenty-fifth edition, revised. New York: The Columbus Publishing Co.

THE SPANISH STORY OF THE ARMADA, and other Essays. By James Anthony Froude. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

THE LETTERS OF CARDINAL MANNING. With notes by John Oldcastle. London: Burns & Oates; New York: The Catholic Publication Society Co.

THE DISCOVERY OF AMERICA. With some account of ancient America and the Spanish conquest. By John Fiske. In two volumes. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

THE BIRTHDAY BOOK OF THE MADONNA. Compiled by Vincent O'Brien. Dublin: M. H. Gill & Son.

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THE

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REMINISCENCES OF EDGAR P. WADHAMS, FIRST BISHOP OF OGDENSBURG.

THE object of the author is not to write a biography of Bishop Wadhams or any systematic sketch of his life. This I leave to other hands. I simply wish to record certain familiar memories I retain of that early and dear friend which might otherwise be lost; memories of his early home and surroundings in the Adirondacks; memories of those seminary days when with myself and others he was moving forward, in an Anglican atmosphere of mingled beliefs, romances, and illusions, towards the clear light and settled doctrine of the Catholic Church; memories of his priestly life, during a part of which I was his close companion, and memories also of a frequent and sweet intercourse which continued throughout his career in the episcopate, and ended only with his death. These reminiscences may be welcomed as valuable by some of my readers, partly because of the marked individuality of the man, and partly because of his early connection with a religious movement memorable in the history of our American Church, but better known to Catholics generally in its effects than in its causes or progressive course. One born to the faith looks upon the accession of converts into the church as a man watches an incoming tide. He sees the waves fall tired on the shore, but cannot see what draws them or what drives them, or understand that panting but unsatisfied life out of which they leap.

My first acquaintance with Bishop Wadhams began with the beginning of autumn in 1842. At that time I entered the General Theological Seminary of the Protestant Episcopal Church

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in New York City, situated on Twentieth Street at the corner of Ninth Avenue. Edgar P. Wadhams, if I remember right, began at that time his third and last year at that seminary. I felt much interested in him, partly as being a kinsman in no very remote degree, but still more by a certain frankness, heartiness, and moral nobility of character, which made him very attractive to all who knew him. Many of those who were in the seminary at that time have since made their mark in life, but need not be especially mentioned here. The most remarkable inmate of the institution at that time, and a most familiar friend of Wadhams, was Arthur Carey, a graduate of 1841, but still retaining his room at the seminary as being too young to receive orders. The moral beauty of Carey's character was of the highest type, and his intellectual superiority was also something wonderful. His influence upon Wadhams was very great, as indeed it was upon many more of us, while Carey himself was a devoted disciple of John Henry Newman, then a resident at Oxford, and afterwards a priest and cardinal of the Catholic Church. When, about a year after his graduation, Carey's name was put on the list of candidates for admission to the ministry, a protest against his ordination was made to Bishop Onderdonk by Dr. Anthon, of St. Mark's Church, and by Dr. Smith, of St. Peter's Church in Twentieth Street. He was charged with "Romanizing" tendencies. A committee of five clergymen was appointed by the bishop to try him. On the committee were Drs. Smith and Anthon, his accusers, and Dr. Seabury, also a pastor in the city. Dr. Seabury published all the proceedings of the trial in the New York *Churchman*, of which he was then editor. Carey was closely questioned, but, young as he was, the acuteness of his mind and the accuracy of his learning were so far in advance of his accusers that they were subjected to constant confusion, and unable to push their inquiries as far as they would for fear of betraying their ignorance. This gave much amusement to Dr. Seabury, who was friendly to Carey, and afterwards to many readers of the *Churchman*. Bishop Onderdonk and the majority of the examining committee acquitted Carey of unsoundness in his doctrine, and soon after he presented himself to receive ordination. The ceremony took place at St. Bartholomew's Church, New York. This ceremony was interrupted in a manner so solemn and so startling that no one there present can ever forget it. The bishop, before the laying on of hands, solemnly addressed the congregation and demanded:

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"If there be any one here present who has aught to say why any of these candidates should not receive," etc.—"let him now speak or for ever after hold his peace." To the astonishment of all, Dr. Smith, of St. Peter's, arose in the middle of the church and protested against the ordination of Arthur Carey. The protest was couched in the most solemn language which he could select, beginning: "In the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost. Amen, etc."

When Dr. Smith sat down, the Rev. Dr. Anthon arose and made a like protest with the same solemn formality. The charges of both were the same, namely, that Arthur Carey was unfaithful to the doctrine of his own church and imbued with the errors of Rome. The sensation that followed was something fearful, though the silence was profound. My father, who sat beside me, trembled from head to foot, and turned to me with a look of awe and wonder which I can never forget. "The bishop will ordain him all the same," said I. When Carey's accusers had finished their protest, Bishop Onderdonk arose from his seat and addressed the congregation. His attitude was majestic. He looked indignant and determined. He informed the congregation that the charges against Arthur Carey were not then brought forward for the first time; that he had already given him a trial upon the same complaints; that the same accusers had been appointed among his judges then; and that Carey had been acquitted at that trial as perfectly sound in the faith. The bishop praised him also as eminently fitted for orders both by his great talents and by the moral beauty of his character. "Therefore," he said, "I shall now proceed to ordain Mr. Carey with the other candidates, in spite of the scandalous interruption of these reverend protesters." All present then breathed again with a deep feeling of relief, and the ceremonies went on to the end.

As memory serves me, among those ordained to a deaconship at that time was Edgar P. Wadhams. He loved Carey and sympathized with him fully. Carey died the second winter following, on his way to Cuba, and was buried in the ocean. I was with Wadhams in Essex County when the intelligence of his death came, and we mourned for him as men mourn for a brother.

Besides myself, several of Wadhams' companions at this Episcopal Seminary have since become Catholics. The first was Edward Putnam, who left the seminary for that purpose in 1844.

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He became a priest and officiated for a while at St. Mary's Church, Albany, in 1848 and 1849, a short time before Father Wadhams' ministrations in the same parish.

An intimate friend and companion at the seminary both of Wadhams and Carey was James A. McMaster, a very peculiar and notable character, both when at that institution and during many long years afterwards as editor of a very influential and popular Catholic periodical, the *Freeman's Journal.* McMaster should, in the natural course of things, have been ordained at the same time with Carey and Wadhams. He was, however, too troublesome a responsibility for Bishop Onderdonk to carry. Not only were his tendencies towards Rome very decided, but he loved to make that fact stand out. He was always delighted when his strong enunciations of belief or opinion spread alarm in the Protestant camp. It became necessary to sacrifice McMaster in order to carry Carey and others through.

Whicher, another companion of Wadhams at the seminary, was ordained a year later, and became pastor of an Episcopal church at Clayville, Oneida County, N. Y. About ten years later he became a Catholic. The late Monsignor Preston, vicar-general and chancellor of the Archdiocese of New York, a distinguished convert of this period, entered the seminary after Wadhams' departure, but in time to make acquaintance there with some students of the same circle and stamp. He moved into my room when I left it, saying, with what he intended for a great compliment, "I am happy to enter into quarters *so decidedly Catholic.*" The full pith of this remark can scarcely be understood by those whose experience has never made them familiar with the Oxford movement, and who cannot remember, as Bishop Wadhams could, how rife this General Seminary was at that time with the air of Puseyism, which had a marked phraseology of its own, generally earnest enough, but having also its humorous side.

Father William Everett, for so many years pastor of the Church of the Nativity in New York City, was a classmate and friend of Wadhams at the seminary, and one of the leading spirits there among that class of students who aimed at being Catholic without any intention at the time of becoming Catholics. He entered the church in 1850 or 1851.

On receiving deacon's orders in the Episcopal Church, Wadhams was assigned to duty in Essex County, N. Y., the whole county, if we remember right, being included in his jurisdiction,

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his principal station being at Ticonderoga, with occasional services at Wadhams Mills and Port Henry. I maintained a correspondence with him during the remainder of my own stay at the seminary, and in the autumn of 1844, or early in 1845, I joined him in Essex County. My eyesight had so far failed me that for the time being I could not prosecute my studies. I longed for his society, and at the same time we had initiated a plan, very sincere but romantic enough to be sure, for introducing something like the monastic life into the North Woods. Another student of the seminary was also in the scheme, who proposed to join us later in the year when he should have graduated. I carried with me a full copy of the Breviary, in four volumes; for we anticipated a time to come when we should grow into a full choir of monks and chant the office. We spent much of our time that winter at Ticonderoga village. Later, however, we established ourselves more permanently at Wadhams Mills, lodging with his mother, who lived alone in the old house. We occupied two bed-rooms and another large room, which we used as a carpenter-shop, for we had learned that monks must labor with their hands when not occupied with prayer or study. We boarded ourselves; that is, we did our own cooking. I officiated as cook, occasionally helped by my friend. We did pretty well at first, aided by the instructions and supervision of the old lady, although she occasionally laughed at us, as when our fingers stuck in the dough, or when she found the bread all burned to a crisp for want of watching. Wadhams' favorite idea was to educate boys of the neighborhood, training them specially to a religious life, which should serve finally to stock our convent with good monks. A handful of boys who gathered with other children on Sundays in the school-house for catechism seemed to afford a nucleus which might afterwards develop into a novitiate.

We actually laid the foundations and built up the sides of a convent building. It was nothing, indeed, but a log-house and never received a roof, for the winter was intensely cold and the ensuing spring opened with events which sent me into the Catholic Church and to Europe, leaving nothing of the convent but roofless logs and a community of one. But I mistake; Wadhams had a Canadian pony which, in honor of pious services to be thereafter rendered, we named *Béni*, and a cow which for similar reasons we named *Bonté*.

Our log-house cloister was built on a lovely spot under the

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shelter of a hill which bounded a farm inherited by Wadhams from his father. The farm contained a fine stretch of woodland on the south, while the greater part from east to west was open and cultivated field, the half of which, high and terraced, looked down upon a lower meadow-land which extended on a perfect level to a fine stream bordering the farm on the east. Beyond the brook and along its edge ran the road from Wadhams Mills to Elizabeth. There was much debate before we fixed on the site of our convent. A fine barn stood already built on the natural terrace near the south side, while under the terrace at the north end was a magnificent spring of the purest water. Where should the convent be, near the barn or near the spring? Every present convenience lay on the side of the barn, and the horse and cow were actual possessions. But our hopes looked brightly into the future. What would a great community of hooded cenobites do without a holy well near by? So we laid the foundations of the future pile on the edge of the terrace just above the spring. We did not consult either *Béni* or *Bonté*.

In the meanwhile Wadhams and myself endeavored to practise, in such ways as actual circumstances would permit, a religious life, the truest type of which we even then believed to be found in the Catholic Church, though our knowledge of it was very imperfect. We commenced Lent with a determination to fast every day on one meal alone, and that not before three o'clock, with no meat, not even on Sundays. As we worked hard in our carpenter shop, besides other physical exercises, this privation soon began to tell upon us. I took the cooking upon myself, he assisting in washing the dishes. My principal talent lay in cooking *mush*. This agreed with me and I throve on it very well, but Wadhams, who was large, strong, and full-blooded, and to whom fasting was always something very severe, began after a time to look pale and wild. "Look here," said he one day—"look here, Walworth! This mush may agree with a fellow like you, who have no body to speak of; but I can't stand it. I don't want to eat meat, but you must give me something else besides mush." "All right," said I, "you shall have something better to-morrow." So I killed a fat chicken, and got Mother Wadhams to show me how to prepare and cook it. When my friend came in for dinner I pointed it out to him triumphantly. "But," said he, "I can't eat meat in Lent!" "Well," said I, "I don't want you to. That is *chicken*." I really believed that

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chicken was allowed among Catholics, and succeeded in convincing him. We found Lent much easier after that.

It was not easy for Wadhams to make the necessary rounds through Essex County in the winter-time. When starting from Wadhams Mills he could always command a horse and sleigh, but when setting out from other points he was often obliged to trudge through the deep snow for many miles on foot, to the great admiration even of the hardy inhabitants of the North Woods, who wondered at his sturdy strength as well as at his zeal. His fondness for children was remarkable. He would often rein in his horse or stop in his walk to question some strange child on the road. "Where do you live? What is your name?" he would ask; and always, "Have you been baptized?" and "Do you say your prayers?" And if answered favorably, he added, "Good for you; that's the kind of boy to meet!" He took me with him to witness a baptism. It was somewhere in the neighborhood of Port Henry. There was a whole family to be baptized, as I now remember, nine in number, all on their knees ranged in a row along the kitchen floor, which was the biggest room in the house. The zealous deacon did not spare the water. I held the basin, which was nearly empty when he got through, while the children and the floor were wet enough. He had no faith in sprinkling. It may seem that the surroundings of this ceremony were not very solemn, but I never saw people more deeply impressed by a religious rite than these poor, simple cottagers.

The frank, open, guileless simplicity, and energy of Edgar Wadhams' character, and a certain moral heroism which was always his, made his influence magnetic whenever any call to duty roused him into action. He then took command, and there were very few who felt like resisting. He had received the impression that a certain gentleman, a familiar friend and parishioner at one of his stations, frequented too often the village inn. There may have been nothing very serious in the matter, but he was a man of high character and influence, and a good church member. Mr. Wadhams felt it his duty to interfere. He announced his determination to me, and asked me to help him in drawing up a pledge to keep away from that inn, which he intended to make him sign. The gentleman was himself a man of great energy and pride of character, a captain of one of the lake boats, and more accustomed to command than to obey. "All right," I said, "go ahead. He won't sign it, but it may do him

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some good to see it." "He will sign it," was the reply. "I should like to know how he will get out of it." The captain was thunderstruck. "Who told you to bring this to me?" said he. "Did ——?" (naming a common friend). "No matter about that," was the resolute rejoinder. "There it is, and you must sign it." He did sign it. His own strong nature yielded in the presence of a pure and noble spirit the magnetism of which he himself, a true man, could not help but recognize.

The idea of marrying never seems to have occupied Wadhams' mind. From the time of his entering upon the study of divinity the marriage state for him was out of all question. His views in regard to all clerical celibacy are plainly and strongly stated in a correspondence between himself and an old school-fellow, a candidate for orders also like himself. This correspondence took place in 1843, while Wadhams, then an Episcopalian, had just begun his career of deacon in Essex County. His friend, already uxorious in intention and very garrulous on the subject of girls, took occasion to consult his old collegemate. The reply came in a letter from Port Henry, dated October 18, 1843. A few extracts will suffice to show Wadhams' deep aversion to the idea of a married clergy. It amounts to an abhorrence:

"My view of a priest is, that he is a man so long as he remains unmarried, and as soon as he is married he is an old granny. . . . I am not a fit person to ask advice upon this subject. My prejudices are wholly and for ever against a married clergy. They are generally a fat, lazy, self-indulgent, good-for-nothing, time-serving race. . . . To your second argument, that there is not enough to keep a celibate employed, I know not what to reply."

Of course no reply could be made by a young minister to such an argument as this, without strange thoughts of the value of a church and clergy where so little occasion for clerical work could exist.

The question of clerical celibacy was one much mooted amongst Episcopalians at this time, and particularly by the students at the General Seminary. One party strongly decried the marriage of clergymen as un-Catholic, and professed to see the seminary surrounded by old maids, spreading their snares for unfledged seminarians. On the other hand, the evangelical party with equal vehemence denounced celibacy as popish and a revi-

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val of that heretical doctrine, "forbidding to marry," against which St. Paul cautioned the early Christians. A practical joke was played at the seminary upon one of the students, an earnest opponent of celibacy, by pinning against his door a pair of baby stockings, underneath which was written, "A plea against popery!" Such discussions, of course, had contributed to augment Wadhams' aversion to marriage.

During my visit to him in Essex County, and in the spring of that year, we found time to spend a few days in Montreal. To us, whose minds were so strongly inclined to the old church and the old faith, the chief attraction was the desire to see a Catholic city, and the Catholic life and Catholic institutions which abounded there. When we came to the coast of the St. Lawrence, opposite to the city, the river was breaking up and not yet free from floating ice. There was no way to cross except in batteaux, and though the boatmen assured us the passage was sufficiently safe, it looked highly dangerous; in fact, the flood was so high that an American gentleman and lady who, like us, were on their way to Montreal, were afraid to cross, and much time was lost while the boatmen were urging them to get into the batteaux. A French gentleman belonging to Montreal was there also, and, wearied by the delay, succeeded in rousing their courage by appealing to their religious pride. "Come, come, my friends!" said he, "don't be alarmed. You are, I am sure, good Protestants, and ought not to be afraid to die. If you do, you'll go straight to Heaven without any purgatory. I am nothing but a poor papist and full of sin; and yet you see I am not afraid. *Entrez, monsieur; entrez, madame!*"

We were anxious to hear the boatmen sing. In those days all the world was familiar with the "Canadian Boatman's Song," but not every one had heard Canadians sing it. The men were too much occupied with their labor to be in a humor to sing. We would not have pressed the point; but our French companion, who seemed to be a man of authority and well known to them, insisted upon it, and stood up to enforce his orders. "Yes, messieurs, they shall sing for you. *Chantez! mes frères, chantez. Quoi! Chantez, dis-je!*" They did sing, and we had romance enough to enjoy it, although not a little alarmed by the wild riding of the boat and the blocks of ice that surrounded us. "Great Christopher!" said Wadhams, "this is glorious."

In Montreal we cared little to see anything except its churches, its convents, and its religious services. At the Grey

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Nuns' we each bought a Rosary. We inquired with much interest whether these were blessed, but were informed that this was not done before selling, and that we must apply to a priest to get them blessed for our special use. Of course, not being of the true fold, we were not in a condition to get this done. We did the next best thing to this that we could think of. We dipped them into the holy-water font at Notre Dame. This was done on the sly.

To us, who knew little at that time of the history of Montreal, and of the interest which old traditions attach to so many of its localities, the chief point of attraction was this great parish church of Notre Dame. Its size astonished us, but the religious novelties which we witnessed there were still more wonderful. Conscious of our ignorance, we were afraid of committing some transgression at each step. We felt devout enough to kneel at every altar, but were afraid of exposing ourselves to ridicule by some blunder. A young Frenchman took us to Vespers with him. When the "*pain bénit*" was handed around through the pews, our Catholic friend told us to take some and eat it; but utterly ignorant of what it was, we dared not even touch it, though he laughed when he saw us shrink from it and said it wouldn't hurt us.

To Wadhams' musical ear the chanting at this church opened a new world of religious delight. In the sanctuary stood rows of chanters in rich copes. Their singing was followed at times by a burst of music from the organ-loft. A crowd of children lifted up their voices from one of the galleries. This was supplemented by another crowd of children whose echo came in with a new surprise from the opposite gallery. All this may seem very commonplace to those who began life as Catholics, heirs of the faith and "to the manner born," and who live near to cathedrals or large churches. These can have no idea of the effect produced on the minds of men brought up in the barrenness of Protestantism by the infinite variety of thought and worship in the great Church Catholic. Perhaps it is to his remembrance of these services at Notre Dame that so many of our New York congregations owe the combination of choir and sanctuary music first introduced at the Albany Cathedral by Bishop Wadhams, when he was its rector.

Shortly after this visit to Montreal, and about the opening of the summer of 1845, I left my friend for New York City in order to enter the Catholic Church. We parted with great

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regret, but his mind was in no mood to undertake to dissuade me from my purpose. When, however, I urged him to go with me—"Don't hurry me, Walworth," he said; "I am in a position of responsibility and confidence, and when I leave, if leave I must, it shall be done handsomely. You have no charge. You have only to let your bishop know what you are about doing, and then do it."

I have no recollections nor any data to show in what way Wadhams announced and perfected his withdrawal from the Anglican body. He was not a man to neglect any necessary civilities, nor to forget any kindly relations which had existed between him and early associates in religion. That he was cautious, however, as well as frank and generous, appears from the following fact. When asked to send in a formal renunciation of the Episcopal ministry, he did not think proper to do so. Perhaps he thought this might seem to imply a recognition on his part of some validity in the deacon's orders which he had received in that sect. It was far from his mind to acknowledge the Anglican body as a branch—even a dead branch—of the true Catholic Church.

I carried out my own purpose by a letter from me to my diocesan, Bishop De Lancey, of Western New York, asking him to take my name off from his list of candidates for orders. This letter crossed on its way one from him directing me to come to Geneva for ordination. I then went to New York, where I made my profession of faith in the Church of the Holy Redeemer in Third Street, and soon after left, in company with McMaster and Isaac Hecker, for the Redemptorist novitiate at Saint Trond, in Belgium. Wadhams became a Catholic in the ensuing autumn. A letter to me, addressed from Baltimore, brought the announcement of this happy event. I cannot find the letter itself, but one characteristic passage in it is pretty well fixed in my memory. I had just before written to him, giving some account of our convent life at St. Trond. "It's all right now," said he; "I am a Catholic now as well as yourself. But don't talk to me about your convent rules and routine for getting up early, reciting the office, meditating, fasting, discipline, recreations, and mortifications, and all that sort of thing. I have just been scoured through a general confession. You can't beat that."

After our separation in 1845, which took place at the steamboat landing near Ticonderoga, we did not meet again until the

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winter of 1851, when I was a missionary and he a priest at Albany in the household of Bishop McCloskey, and officiating at St. Mary's, then the cathedral of that diocese. We were afterwards together once more for about a year at the new cathedral in Bishop Conroy's time, and continued to live near each other in the same city until his consecration as Bishop of Ogdensburg, and his departure for that see. He was pleased with his appointment and displayed no affectation of humility in regard to it. "You must feel somewhat depressed," I said to him, "in view of all this new responsibility." He replied, "No, I don't. I like it first rate." He asked me to draw a device for his official seal. Looking upon him as an apostle to the cold region of the Adirondacks, and venturing upon a poor joke, I drew an iceberg, with a sled drawn by a reindeer at the foot of it, and above it the north star. The motto which I chose for him, suggested by this star, was "*Iter para tutum.*" "Well," said he, "I like the motto and the star; but we don't need any icebergs or reindeer at Ogdensburg." He was much attached to the district embraced in his diocese and to all its interests. "Hang it!" said he once with great animation, "I should like the people of New York to find out that we are something better than a convenient water-shed."

C. A. WALWORTH.

St. Mary's Church, Albany, N. Y.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

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THE CLOSING SCENE.

THE great Protestant religious drama is nearly played out. The prompter's bell has rung up the curtain upon the last act of the play, entitled "*Change; or, What shall we have next?*" Interested auditors, both from within and without the Protestant religious organizations, find their attention strongly drawn to witness the *dénouement* of this three-hundred-year-old exhibition of religious variation, prepared to receive the final tableau with great and prolonged applause or with shouts of derisive laughter, as they may be impressed by the conviction that they have witnessed what, from its beginning to its end, has been either a mock tragedy or a sad farce.

As a play it cannot be doubted that Protestantism has succeeded past all imagining in sticking, even to the letter, to the programme of its due performance as indicated by its title. The zest of the play has been kept up by the fact that the question of "What shall we have next?" is being always asked and never decided upon. The reply is left to the vague imagination of whosoever cares to exercise that faculty upon the question. We are not without grave authority for the wisdom of this, especially in the matter of religious belief or practice. "It is one of the many boons we owe to recent psychology that it has taught us to recognize the Vague as well as the Definite in the life of the soul." Many other equally profound dicta are to be gathered from the writings of a recent critic of the closing "scene" in the Protestant drama now being enacted on the stage of its religious theatre; it has been advertised, as fully as circumstances will permit, in a new journal, the opening number of which is now before us, specially devoted to the interests of the "What next?"

It is to be remarked, however, that the next performance of this unique drama is always announced in the bills as "Positively the last change!" It is confidently so proclaimed in the present advertisement; and it is beyond all doubt that it is indeed the last change of Protestantism, save that which compels the senses to bury its remains out of sight and far from smell.

The journal we allude to is entitled *The New World: A Quarterly Review of Religion, Ethics, and Theology*, which sounds to the casual reader something like: "The New Computation: A Quar-

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terly Review of Arithmetic, the Rule of Three, and the Science of Numbers." It is the organ of the "New Orthodoxy" *et ultra*, that now is, and, by process of evolution, is to be, the very last change in Protestantism. Not that this change is to be one that can be defined, so that you can know what it is, or even precisely what it expects to be. The supreme beauty of this last change lies in the fact that this is to be the unquestionable outcome, the last word of Protestant variations, proclaiming the oncoming of the Religion of the Vague, logically evolved, as its writers show, from the Religion of the Indefinite and Uncertain, which brought itself into being by a Protest against the Religion of the Definite and Sure. It is a taking bill, and we argue for this last performance of the Protestant phantasmagoric exhibition a full house. Deaths by violence always attract great crowds of sightseers.

That we are fully justified in treating a subject, to others so grave and important, in such a light and satirical vein will, we doubt not, be shown by the quotations we shall make from this accredited organ of a movement deserving on the part of Catholics what its chief spokesman, in his article on "The Future of Liberal Religion in America," instinctively felt it would get when he said: "The Roman Catholic Church, rich in the reassured inheritance of nineteen centuries, confronts the rising spirit of liberal religion with a serenity and confidence disturbed only by contempt."

To speak seriously, this "New Orthodoxy," as is plain, gives voice in greater or less degree to the mind of nearly all the thoughtful and honestly outspoken adherents of every Protestant sect. The same writer (Dr. J. G. Schurman, of Cornell University), in the course of his article, proclaims the utter loss of faith and of divine rule of conduct among non-Catholic religious bodies, and looks forward, with evident good reason, to recruiting what he is pleased to call the new "Religion of the spirit" largely from all of them. He says:

"In view of the revolutionary work of critical science, scholarship, and philosophy—a work demanded by the spirit of Protestantism—it is no longer possible for any Protestant sect to wave the banner of final and infallible authority in matters of religion. Protestantism, in all its forms, originated in the assertion of creeds or polities; but the spirit of Protestantism has always carried it beyond its starting-point. . . . Now, what American history shows is the decay of this creed [the prevailing Calvinistic one], and, with it, of all merely creedal [Protestant] religion. . . . Their fundamental principle—the Bible, the

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Bible only—taken in connection with their polity, has enabled them to drop the old theology, and unconsciously to adjust themselves to the new spiritual environment. . . . The religious movement (especially the one culminating in the proposed revision of the Westminster Confession) was not so much a reaction against Calvinism as a protest against the interpretation of Christianity as a system of dogmas. . . . Of doctrine [in sermons] there is nowadays scarce a word."

Need we say how true all this is, or remind them that this is the, to us, lamentable ending of Protestantism predicted by Catholic writers over and over again. Well does he say that "the religion of dogma has always appealed to a supernatural revelation." And now at one fell swoop these ultra-reformers propose to brush away all the religious notions, faiths, and conduct founded upon supernatural revelation, and leave their unhappy selves to the mercy of vague rationalistic theories of the so-called scientific evolution of self-consciousness, grasping after God with no light but their own self-conceited judgment, blessing "recent psychology for the boon it imparts to recognize the Vague"!

To what else but to the regions of the Vague can the wisest as well as the most unlearned of the numerous Protestant bodies, deprived of an authoritative divine guide to find and know divine truth, hope to come? When a cultivated field is no longer under control of the hand of the master, it at once begins to sink into the savage state, and the germs of noxious and unprofitable weeds, thistles, and thorns, long dormant in the ground, spring up to fulfil the primal curse, and exhibit what nature alone will do when the hand of grace is withdrawn.

By the very force of Catholic tradition, which it has hitherto been unable wholly to eradicate, the field of dogmatic Protestantism has not been entirely devoid of trees bearing good fruit. Such truths of divine faith as the fact of a supernatural revelation; of the Tri-Personality of God; the divinity of Christ, and his redemption of the world through a divine atonement; the certainty of his miracles, and especially that of his resurrection, and the absolute need of divine grace in order to fulfil the Christian moral law and attain the destiny of heaven merited by Christ; the acceptance of the apostolic doctrine that "without faith it is impossible to please God"—all these primary and fundamental truths of Christianity have been generally held by Protestants, and though erroneously attributing to private interpretation of the Bible that necessary infallible magisterial authority which Christ conferred upon his living, ever-present,

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visible "Body, the Church," they reaped in no small degree the good fruit of their divine and, in many cases, implicit Catholic faith. These are indisputably true ways of salvation, and they walked in them, despite their ignorance of the hand that led them, and their protest against the light shining from the battlements of the Catholic City of God, lacking which they could not have seen one step of their way.

No doubt the founders of Protestantism, and a large number of their successors in the chair of doctrine, were conscious and responsible heretics, and it would stretch charity beyond the limits of reason to quite dispel suspicion of the same sin of Satanic pride in some of their teachers to-day; yet it is plain that the majority of Protestants have been in good faith. Many of them are in about the same condition of responsibility for error as the members of a Catholic congregation of simple-minded people who had been gradually led into error by an heretical priest, yet imagining themselves to be truly and in all things Catholic. As the heathen of whom St. Paul speaks had fallen away from the primitive divine revelation, and, not being able to know that of the newer Christian revelation of divine truth, were "a law unto themselves," so these ignorant Protestants, fallen away from the true and full Christian revelation through the church, are, in their own measure of knowledge, a law unto themselves. As their knowledge is so shall be the measure of their responsibility, and of their ultimate union with God. "To whom much is given, of him shall much be required."

That Protestantism as a system, having promulgated the doctrine of private judgment, should have been able to prolong its existence beyond a few years has been matter of surprise to many. Logically it could not possibly end in anything short of religious anarchy—a catastrophe towards which the present outlook shows that, without pilot or compass, it is rapidly hastening. Such a process of disintegration would long ago have been completed but for one fact, which we seem to have overlooked in our study of the workings of the anarchical principle in religion. That fact is, the illogical faith of Protestants in what may be called the "personal" infallibility of the Bible. They protested against the infallibility of the church, but instinctively felt the logical necessity of some infallible authority as offering reasonable grounds for acts of faith in what is of super-rational revelation. But while it was logical to place such an infallibility somewhere, it was illogical and absurd to maintain at the same time the right of private judgment. But

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when was heresy ever consistent? So we have been presented with this singular anomaly: whilst claiming and exercising the right to submit the words of the Bible to the judgment of the individual reader, not a single Protestant ever dreamt of allowing any one to use that right to question the "personal" infallibility of the Bible itself.

By the shibboleth, "The Bible, and the Bible alone, *is the religion* of Protestants," we can now see was really meant what we Catholics would mean by saying, "The church, and the church alone, is the religion of Catholics." That is, for the Protestant "The infallible personal medium, speaking for God, is the Bible." Now, for the Catholic such medium is the church, and not the mere recorded dicta, dogmatic decisions, or moral pronouncements of the church; but rather the living, personal organism itself, the perpetuated Body of Christ, endowed by force of the indwelling Holy Spirit with divine life. Through union with that Body the Catholic is enabled to live the life of Christ, which if he were left to his mere rational adhesion to the written word of the church he could never do.

If Protestants could have kept up the fiction of an infallible personality of the Bible, they might have hoped for a much longer lease of definite religious organization; they might actually enjoy the ability to make at least implicit acts of Christian faith.

But this ignorant and unscientific worship of the Bible could not last for ever. We have both the pleasure and the pain of living to see the day when these false worshippers have dared to ask questions of their idol which it could not answer; and lo! with their own hands have they cast it down from its sacred altar and trampled it under foot. It cannot but be a pleasure to us to see falsehood and error confounding itself, and Protestantism, as a system, going to wreck upon its own rock of "private judgment." It is this same private judgment, fearlessly applied not only to the meaning but to the supposed infallible personality of the Bible, which is politely called "The Higher Criticism." Out of that pitiable wreck the church will rescue many souls of good will and good sense. But it none the less offers a painful spectacle. If anything be patent it is that Protestants, as a body, are in imminent danger of giving up all motives of Christian faith. Many among both clergy and people have eagerly drunk in the poison of Agnosticism. Whither shall they go? The only road open to such is that of a dreary and sceptical rationalism. The pits of pantheism or rank infidelity already yawn for their stumbling feet.

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The Rev. Dr. Lyman Abbott, successor in the pulpit to Henry Ward Beecher, and editor of the *Christian Union*, is the writer of the opening article in the *New World*. It is not to the subject which he has chosen that we wish to allude now, but to lay before our readers evidence of the fideicidal attacks upon the Bible made by himself and other would-be apostles of the New Orthodoxy. He lately preached a sermon in Plymouth Church on infallibility; and thus he casts down the Bible from its throne of truth:

"The Bible is not a rule, nor a book of rules. It is a book of powers, influences, inspirations. It is a great storehouse—a magazine of spiritual dynamics. . . . I, for one, am determined to have and to hold such a doctrine of the Bible that this Holy Word shall no longer be sent pettifogging among the wrangling sects, peddling proof-texts among a lot of feeble 'ites' and 'isms' that are not worth the paper on which they are written. Already we have the established proverb, 'You can prove anything from the Bible.' I do here and now solemnly recant and renounce any vows which I have ever taken binding me to that view of the Scriptures. The Word is not here to teach the 'system of doctrine contained in the Confession of Faith,' or in the Thirty-nine Articles, or in any other creed or symbol under heaven."

This Biblical iconoclast stops at no half-sacrifice in offering up this long-cherished and devoutly worshipped notion of an infallible and inspired Bible to the pretentious demands of the latest agnostic scientific theory of the day. Hence, with infallibility and inspiration go, of course, all definite doctrine, and religious truth of the supernatural order hitherto held as certain. Without these divine criteria what, indeed, are "doctrinalism" and "dogma" worth?

So, again, he preaches: "If there is any evil in doctrinalism, with its schism, debate, strife, bitterness, wrath, evil-speaking among the [Protestant] children of God, it is directly traceable to the dogma of an infallible book that decides absolutely all questions of faith and practice. One would think that a single look at Protestantism to-day were enough to banish for ever this absurd notion of infallibility." Here is an arraignment of Protestantism, old and new, that should satisfy its most vindictive enemies.

Dr. Abbott's article in the *New World*, on the "Evolution of Christianity," is of the same temper and tone with his sermon, and in it he is logical in concluding that there never was nor could be definitely revealed divine truth. With him revelation of truth is nothing but a psychological process. There neither

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is nor can be any revelation of supernatural truth, because, as he and his fellow-Reformers argue, man is incapable of receiving and apprehending it. Man can only receive and apprehend what is evolved out of his inner consciousness, following the means of this evolution afforded by his environment. He says: "The whole notion of revealed religion, consisting in a revelation made once for all, and therefore forbidding progress or confining it within very narrow limits—to the criticism and interpretation, for example, of a Book, or a restatement of what the Book says—grows out of a singular misapprehension of the nature of revelation. . . . As in physical so in moral science, *revealing is a psychological process.* It is the creation of capacity—moral and intellectual, or both. Truth cannot be revealed to incapacity." There is plenty of the same denial of all divine revelation, both from the same pen and from other contributors to this singular but remorselessly logical organ of the new "Religion of the spirit"—a small *s*, if you please, meaning man's own spirit, and not the Spirit of God.

But amidst all this impending, or already crashing and disastrous wreck, with total loss of honor as being forced to admit that it embarked upon a foolish and fruitless voyage, has not the scuttled, sinking ship of Protestantism yet some hold upon the sheet-anchor of Christianity—faith in the Divinity of Christ? Not even that. How could it have? With all other revelation from God, it is equally impossible to evolve the truth of the Incarnation from one's inner consciousness, or from scientific investigation, either material or moral. No; it is all gone. And in one of the articles in the *New World*, signed Charles Carroll Everett, of Harvard University, entitled "The Historic and Ideal Christ," we are plainly told that the belief in His divinity was the result of doctrinal evolution:

"It is an interesting and important fact," says this writer, "that in the deification of Jesus, and in the modifications which the dogma of his divinity has undergone in its gradual relaxation, we have simply an example of doctrinal development."

We are led to wonder if this New Religion of the spirit is going to call itself Christian.

The reader will not be surprised to find in the same review another article upon "The Theistic Evolution of Buddhism," as a pendant to the same theory of the theistic evolution of Christianity offered by the writer of "The Historic and Ideal Christ."

To round out the series there is a special criticism from out-

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side of the "New Orthodoxy" upon that movement. There is agnostic applause and encouragement to its ardent apostolic leaders, and as well to the timidly halting Andover school to advance still further, and give over any pretence to set up any more claim to orthodoxy in religion than one would to "orthodoxy in botany, physiology, chemistry, or anatomy." Private judgment is having its revenge at last upon the usurped infallible authority of the Bible.

No one can fail to see that this whole movement in all its yet varied views—for Protestantism without variety has no *raison d'être*—is a rapid descent to mere Naturalism, bare of all the distinctive characteristics of religious faith which has hitherto sought to found the reasons of a higher and supernatural destiny for man in the union of the soul with God through the action of divine light and grace. They do not scruple to speak of the movement as a "revolution." It is indeed a revolution, and a radical one; for, sentimental and pietistic phases apart, it is a return to the baldest form of Rationalistic Deism, with permission to hold Pantheistic "views" if more agreeable to the individual who may find the religion of his spirit evoluting that way. The most curious, not to say amusing, feature is that in their proposals for proselytizing they call upon all the sects for encouragement and membership, even within the separate Protestant folds, if folds these shepherdless flocks may be said to have. They do not demand that ritual, or symbol, or what-not be given up, neither the abandonment of any preferred form of "church" organization. They do not call upon Baptists, Presbyterians, Methodists, or even Episcopalians, to change their names or to come out and join a new "church." On the contrary: "One thing," says the writer of the article on "The Future of Liberal Religion," "they [the new believers] must not do: they must not part company with their present brethren." Why not? "Because they, being the children of light, must not leave their less favored brethren in absolute darkness"! This is funny, but here is something despicable and dishonest, something that outrages one's whole moral sense: "If a true Christian (!) discovers that the creed of his church is no longer tenable, his plain duty is not to leave the church, but to let his light shine," etc. The author acknowledges that such a course would likely be denounced as immoral by both the religious and secular press; and yet he has the unnamable impudence to reassert his proposal and say: "Apart from the consideration of expediency lest their motives should be misinterpreted, I see no reason why an honest man should withdraw from a communion in whose

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formularies he has ceased to believe." There is something disgusting in this barefaced advocacy of religious hypocrisy.

He shows how there is hope to glean from all the sects, and especially from the Episcopalians, as indeed is most likely to be the case, seeing that anybody can be an Episcopalian and believe anything or nothing. All he has to do in order to "receive the ordinances" of this singularly elastic sect is to hire a pew in an Episcopalian church. Catharine Beecher brought that fact, otherwise well known, to book from the mouths of its own ministers.

Indeed, we shall look for an early article in the *New World* from the pen of the latest elected American Episcopal bishop, whose doctrine concerning the superfluity or worthlessness of "dogmas," as presented by him in Trinity Church pulpit in this city, is evidently the same as that held by these last actors on the stage of Protestantism. But we must give the hope of the writer in that direction in his own words, for they merit repetition: "The Episcopal Church has, indeed, some advantages over the Presbyterian. For it has not to the same extent desiccated religion into dogma, and thus it cannot suffer so much from desquamation." It will be many a long day before we meet with so apt, and yet not at all too flattering, a definition of Episcopalianism as that. Of course, there is no harvest for the New Orthodoxy to be gathered from within the fold of which Christ, the God Man, is the shepherd. They do not even suggest the possibility of it. The acknowledgment of there being no such hope has been already expressed, but it also deserves repetition: "The Roman Catholic Church, rich in the reassured inheritance of nineteen centuries, confronts the rising spirit of liberal religion with a serenity and confidence disturbed only by contempt." It could not be better said.

Enough has been written for the present to give our readers something of a clear notion of this last performance of decrepit Protestantism. It is indeed nearing its end. The play so long upon the stage is at the last scene, and one must make haste if he would be in at the grand final tableau; for sooner than a man may run the length of his own shadow the curtain will fall, the lights will be put out, the empty theatre be left to silence and the falling of upraised dust, and the history of the Protestant religious drama, as a disastrous error, a fatal mistake, a foolish, self-destructive religious undertaking, will begin to be written with numerous apologies, doubtless, for the fact, intermingled with expressions of wonder that it ever had any existence at all.

ALFRED YOUNG.

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THE LONGING FOR GOD AND ITS FULFILMENT.

I.

THE Sphinx has recently been painted as the scene of the first resting-place of Mary of Nazareth and Joseph, as they neared the Nile in their flight with the Child Jesus from King Herod. The Mother is represented as reclining with her Babe at the foot of the statue, while Joseph rests upon the sands below. The great stone face is staring at the cloudless and starry sky, as it had done for ages. But "the riddle of the painful earth," which it had asked so long in vain, has received its solution in the group now resting between the immense stone paws. The Son of God and of the Woman has come. The yearning, hungry gaze that man had always bent on earth and sky, seeking the realization of an ideal above himself, shall rest hereafter with perfect content upon the Child of Mary.

We need to appreciate that the doctrine of the Incarnation is not a hard one to accept. There is no revolt in the natural mind against the thought of God becoming man. It is not a thought which arouses aversion in us. Indeed, we give it welcome. That man should be raised to a participation in the divine nature is a difficult thing to *understand*, if the word is meant to imply a full and clear comprehension. But the human race or any part of it has never felt it to be incredible.

To inquire into this favorable tendency of our minds towards the Incarnation is our first task. We shall, I trust, find it of much interest to discuss why men in all ages have seemed readily inclined to believe that God and man could by some means be brought together on terms of equality. I do not mean to take the reader over the long windings of historical research; my purpose is not a historical treatise. But it is essential to realize that reaching after the possession of the divine is a distinct fact of human experience. In bringing this out, however, I am not going to exclude the historical argument for the Incarnation. To prove that any being comes from God on a special mission, miracles are required; that is to say, the special display of the divine power. Much more necessary are they if he claims to be God himself. We affirm Jesus of Nazareth to be true God, the Creator and Lord of all things, begotten of

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the Father before all ages, and one and the same being with him, born of Mary in the fulness of time; in essence, power, wisdom, goodness, and joy true God.

The sense of want in man is of such a depth as to be the universal argument for his need of more than human fruition, and in the moral order it is the irrefragable proof of both his native dignity and his natural incapacity so to demean himself as to be worthy of it. This want is implanted in man, and it attests the need of God in a higher degree than nature can provide. God plants this yearning in the human soul as a gift superadded to the high endowments of innate nobility.

The best spirits God ever made have always felt this huge universe no bigger than a bird-cage. But during the ages prior to Christ's coming human aspiration had beat its wings against the sky in vain.

When God made man to his image and likeness, he impregnated his creature with an infusion of the divine life; what cannot God do with man when he has in him his own divine life to work with? "He breathed into his face the breath of life." What life? A twofold life, the human and the divine; so that God's dealings with man are with a noble being whose every act, if true to his native nobility, suggests the Deity.

The most admirable trait of human nature is the desire for elevation; this is the root of progress, this is the justification of laudable ambition. To aspire to better things is the original law of our nature. The yearning after entire union with God, though not a trait of nature, is nevertheless like the knowledge that there is a God; it is so quickly generated in the mind as to resemble instinct. How easily do I not know that there is a God! I know without argument that I did not make myself; I know that dead nature, with its mechanical laws, will-less and unthinking, could not plan or make me; I am master of nature. How quickly do I realize there is a supreme being who is the Creator and Lord of all things. By just as quick a movement do I leap into the consciousness that there is nothing in myself good enough for my own ideal, nothing in nature. I must have the Supreme Good in everything, and I am supreme in nothing, although I am a king and nature is my realm.

And yet this eagerness of desire trembles at its own boldness, for it longs to be God's very son. The true revelation of God will have as one of its marks that it seems too beautiful to be anything else than a dream, too much of God to be possible for man to compass; and yet I must have it. In its maxims it

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seems too disinterested to be real, too difficult in its precepts to be practicable—and yet alone worthy of human dignity. God, who is first and with no second, is the longing of the soul—God to be held and possessed on some awful footing of equality, so that love may be really reciprocal. "Ye shall be as gods" was the only temptation which had a possibility of success in Eden.

Man is essentially a longing being. The human soul is a void, but aching to be filled with God. Man's capacity of knowing craves a divine knowledge; of loving, to enjoy the ecstasy of union with the Deity; of action, to increase the honor and glory of the infinite God; of life, to live as long as God. Daniel's praise from the angel was that he was "a man of desires." It is not contact with God that we want, but unity. It is not enlightenment that the human mind wants, but to be of the focus of light. It is not fellowship with God that we need, but sonship, some community of nature; to be "partakers of the divine nature," as says St. Peter. It is not inspiration from above that will content us, but deification. The end of man is not to be rid of ignorance and sin; these are hindrances to his end, which is to be made divine. The satisfaction of the human heart is a calm of divine peace and joy. The supernatural attraction of the divinity is such a stimulus that human ambition never heard its full invitation till it heard: "Be perfect as your heavenly Father is perfect." That marks the lowest point of satisfied human ambition.

Cardinal Newman makes Agellius say to the yet heathen Callista that "the Christian religion reveals a present God, who satisfies every affection of the heart, yet keeps it pure." A present God: less than this were a revelation unworthy of God to a creature instinct already with supernatural divine questioning. In the satisfaction of the affections of such a being the best is a necessity. A present God is God possessed; and he is one with the beloved. I want God so present to me that I can taste and see that the Lord is sweet; I want to be owned by him; nay, I want to own him. And this means the change from the relation of Creator and creature to that of Father and son.

There are certain delicate tendencies felt in our soul's best moments towards what is higher. They take the form of perceptions of unreasoned truth, unreasoned because imperative; or they are driftings upon the upward-moving currents of heavenly attraction, making for purity of life; or they discover, as by a divining rod, the proximity of the soul's treasure, causing

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a distaste for perishable joys. Of these holiest influences every one is some form or beginning of a more than natural yearning for the possession of God in a love which shall have the freedom of equality. Man's aim is God; and every human impulse reaches out, whether blindly or not, towards God; and every revelation of God broadens man's capacity for him and makes his pursuit more eager. At the summit of reason's ascent the human soul is greeted with a more than natural light, in which it irresistibly looks to be deified.

The teeming mind, the overflowing heart of man, will be content with nothing less than all that God can do and give. "All the rivers of the world," says the Psalmist, "flow down into the sea, and yet the sea doth not overflow." So all the power, and riches, and pleasures of this life, if given to our hearts in unstinted measure, would but mock that empty void which can be filled by God alone.

Human life is never known in its solemn and overpowering reality till it is known as destined to union with the life of God. To say that life is real is to say that our interior yearnings for God shall be satisfied by a union divinely real. This greatest of facts is also an argument. For if all man's higher needs, aims, desires, aspirations, demand an object, then there is an object: the appetite proves the food. So the Psalmist: "My soul thirsts for thee; oh! how many ways my flesh longs for thee, O Lord my God." In the spiritual life, wants, longings, aspirations are the appetite; the food is God. The entire possession of God, in very deed and reality, in nature and person—this is the adequate satisfaction of the soul. Its realization is in sharing the divine Sonship. For union with God, as he is known to unaided nature, is not enough. By the creative act God made me in his image, yet only his creature; I long to be his son. "All nature is in labor and groaneth, waiting for the revelation of the sons of God." There is a divine communication which I need, and which yet transcends all my natural gifts: I must share God's natural gifts. I must be his son.

The widest horizon of the soul has a beyond of truth and virtue, whose very existence is not understood by the mere natural man, and only the dim outlines of which are caught by the uttermost stretch of vision of even the regenerate soul. Human nature hardly can steadily contemplate this lofty and glorious state, even when it is revealed, much less compass its possession; and yet man instantly learns that there is his journey's end. The dearest victory of mere nature is to know that there is

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something somewhere in the spiritual universe which it needs and cannot of itself possess; we have a measure of God which overlaps all that we by nature possess of him.

There is a strength of character everywhere made known to man as the highest fruit of knowledge and love, and which is yet strange to him: a strength to conquer time and space, moral weakness and mental darkness—divine strength. This strength he feels the need of; striving alone, he cannot have it. This strength of God and the character which it generates in us have ever claimed and received the name *supernatural.* Man obtains this quality of being by the infusion of a new life in the spiritual regeneration, by which he is made God's son. He sees the glory from afar, and then he hears, "Unless a man be born again he cannot enter into the kingdom of God."

The inequality of men and the difference of races cry aloud for universal possession of God. There is no joy of life which can be universal except it be God. There is Greek and barbarian, bond and free, male and female, and their common medium of unity, as well as their common joy, can only be God, revealed as a father.

The dignity of man suggests the possibility of the Incarnation; the aspirations of man suggest its probability; the degradation of man cries out for it, and implores its immediate gift. As a matter of fact, the entire human race has ever expected that God would come among men. The ignoble taint of idolatry is thus palliated—a vice so widespread and deep-rooted that without palliation it were fatal to humanity's claim of dignity.

The palliation of the guilt of self-worship by ancient humanity is in the truth that, somehow or other, man is or can be made one with God. That any error may be possible of credence it must taste of truth; man's palate cannot abide unmixed falsehood. Now, in many forms of idolatry men beheld the possible deity instead of the real. When we consider what the Incarnation proved human nature capable of, we can pity as well as condemn that highest form of idolatry called hero-worship. "Ye shall be as gods" was a cunning temptation, because Adam and Eve already felt within them a dignity with something divine in it.

In the far East the Chinese, the Japanese, and other kindred nations have cherished an immemorial tradition that God was to descend upon earth in visible form, to enlighten men's ignorance in person, and redeem them from their sins. One of the most precious results of the later learning has been to show that the

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Hindoos and the Persians, the two dominant races of southern and central Asia, looked for nothing less than the coming of the Supreme Being among men, to cleanse them from vice and to elevate them to virtue. The Egyptians, Plutarch tells us, looked for the advent of the Son of Isis as a God-redeemer of the world. Humboldt has recorded that among the aboriginal Mexicans there was a firm belief in the Supreme God of Heaven, who would send his own Son upon earth to destroy evil. The same is true of the ancient Peruvians.

But how much clearer was this tradition among the Greeks and the Romans, the two most powerful and most enlightened races of antiquity, and how energetic was its expression! Socrates, at once the wisest man of heathendom and the most guileless, taught his disciples, and through them the entire western civilization, man's incompetency to know his whole duty to God and his neighbor, and his inability to perform even what he does know of it; and he implored a universal teacher from above. Plato bears witness to this teaching of his master and reaffirms it.

The Romans had their Sibylline prophecy of a divine king who was to come to save the world. The illustrious orator Cicero, the enchanting poet Virgil, voice this tradition or this instinct of their imperial race: God is needed, and needed in visible form. The historians Tacitus and Suetonius tell of the universal conviction, based on ancient and unbroken tradition, that a great conqueror, who should subjugate the world, was to come from Judea.

So that the long-drawn cry of the Hebrew prophets, now wailing, now jubilant, always as sure as life and death, and in the course of ages rising and falling in multitudinous cadence among those hills which formed the choir of the world's temple, was not the monologue of a single race, but the dominant note in the harmony of all races. "God himself will come and will save you," says Isaias in solemn prediction. And again: "Lo, this is our God; we have waited for him," as if answering by anticipation the question asked by John the Baptist on the part of humanity: "Art thou He that art to come?" No voice ever heard by man has sounded so deep, clear, peaceful, and authoritative as that which said in Judea: "I am come that they may have life, and may have it more abundantly." They that shall hearken to that voice, "to them shall be given the power to be made the sons of God."

Here, then, is the meaning of the promises made of old.

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Even to Adam a Redeemer was promised. Abraham was his chosen stock, Israel his race, David his house and family. By Isaias his attributes were sung, by Daniel his coming was fixed as to time, by Micheas Bethlehem was named as the place of his birth. The angel foretold his titles, his royalty, and his divinity to Mary, his mother. The question, "Where is he that is born King of the Jews," put to the doctors and rulers of Jerusalem by the first pilgrims to his shrine, was answered with decision and the spot pointed out.

O what a boon! To possess God, and to possess him as our brother; to have his Father as our father, his Spirit as the spouse of our souls! What are all the joys of this life but mockeries compared to the possession of God! O that serene, gentle, tender Master, who came on earth to teach us how to become divine! O that valiant Saviour who died that we might live the life of God!

II.

The entire human race is divided into two classes, those who know Christ in the inner life, and those who do not. The former bear testimony of Christ to the latter, and their testimony is true. The value of this inner witness is shown by the large number of persons who are silenced but not convinced by the outward and historical testimonies for Christ; conviction comes to them only after an interior experience.

The work of Christ is *personal.* From man to man he goes, teaches, exhorts, entreats, by word, by influence. If he sends a messenger without, he stirs the heart within to hearken to the message. No book can make a man a Christian. No man or number of men can do it unless they be Christ-bearers in life and doctrine, and Christ's Spirit work meantime in a hidden way. On the other hand, there are men to whom Christ would be known if all the books in the world were burned.

"Come unto ME all ye that labor and are heavy burdened."

The evidence of which we speak is not that of an exceptional experience, but of a cloud of witnesses. In every community in the civilized world there are at least a few leading spirits, leading in all moral and beneficent activity, and easily distinguishable from fanatics and visionaries, who characterize their lives as transformed by Christ; and with them and around them is a multitude in a lower grade of conscious union with him. All these together and everywhere are the kingdom of the Son of God. The evidence of personal knowledge of Christ given by

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such men as St. Augustine and St. Francis of Assisi, though none of them ever saw him with their bodily eyes, carries conviction. They say with the Apostle: "We have the witness of the Spirit." Listen to St. Augustine: "What, then, is it that I love, when I love Thee? Neither the beauty of the body, nor the graceful order of time, nor the brightness of light so agreeable to these eyes, nor the sweet melody of all sorts of music, nor the fragrant scents of flowers, oils, or spices, nor the sweet taste of manna or honey, nor fair limbs alluring to carnal embraces. None of these things do I love when I love my God. *And yet I love a certain light, and a certain voice, and a certain fragrancy, and a certain food, and a certain embrace when I love my God, the light, the voice, the fragrancy, the food, and the embrace of my inward man; where that shines to my soul which no place can contain; and where that sounds which no time can measure; and where that smells which no blast can disperse; and where that relishes which no eating can diminish; and where that is embraced which no satiety can separate. This it is that I love when I love my God.*" Such witnesses reaffirm in a word, by speech, and more than all by action, the conscious presence of that "hidden man of the heart" of whom St. Peter says that he manifests himself "in the incorruptibility of a quiet and a meek spirit."

The greatest activity of Christ is invisible, and his noblest victories are in the secret trysting-places of love in the thoughts of men. The elevating and purifying influence known as the Christian Inner Life, is neither a mere force nor an idea; it is a person. It is Christ. It is the introduction of a new life, His own life, into men's souls; not superimposed upon the mind, nor imputed to the soul, but infused into it by the spirit of God. "I live, now not I, but Christ liveth in me."

This new life is, in its consciousness, a new interior experience, carrying the soul far above the highest flight of reason, and dominating it with a divine authority. It is the most personal of all our unions, and is therefore entirely capable of description. The simple affirmation of this inner experience is of weight as an argument. "I know he is God," says the Christian, "for my inner life has proved it to me."

Apart from the graces attached to office, the real power of religious organizations to convince is not in the spectacle of disciplined masses, but in the influence of regenerate persons; let *them* move forward in unity, and everything bows before their banners. The impulse of a soul filled with God upon one

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wanting, or at least needing, to be so filled is constantly proved and acknowledged to be resistless. Such evidences as revelation and history give of authority, unity, continuity, and universality are all concerning divine qualities, whose possession is a necessary note of Christ's fellowship. But Christ's kingdom is not exclusively external. "The kingdom of God is within you." The testimony of the inner life is that of a living and present witness, and it is a high motive of credibility. It is monopolized by Christians; no such union is claimed by un-Christian religions: "I know Mine, and Mine know Me."

The dogmatic position of this truth is given by the Council of Trent, which affirms, as a fundamental article of faith, that belief and hope and love and repentance, if worth anything for eternal life, must be preceded in the soul by the inspiration of the Spirit of God, which is the Spirit of Christ. Christians tell you that by faith they know Jesus Christ as one person knows another; and although this personal knowledge is in a dark manner, yet they say truly, "I know whom I have believed, and I am certain."

Faith is that interior perception, quick and clear, by which the intelligence recognizes the teacher and accepts the truth which he teaches, and this is conferred by Christ as a new and superior activity of the power of knowing. It is the baptismal gift, the first pledge of the supernatural life. In the light of faith Christ reveals himself as God, and it is to create and maintain this inner power that church, scripture, and tradition are given us. In it the human mind is endowed with a force far beyond its natural gifts, and is made partaker of a divine activity. It is an unshakable certainty of conviction, a heavenly clearness of perception, and an intuitive knowledge of a kind superior to that of natural reason; it is what the Apostle calls "having the mind of Christ." This has a twofold effect on us: one to dominate the mental forces, and the other to stimulate their activity, proposing to them an infinitely adequate end. "Faith is the substance of things to be hoped for, the evidence of things that appear not." So that Christian faith is the evidence of the substantial personal presence of the Spirit of Christ within us.

The first fruit of faith is hope—"Christ in you, the hope of glory"; that is to say, out of the root of high and supernatural knowledge of Christ's divine presence within me springs a divine assurance of his purpose that the union shall be perpetual. We have faith in order that we may know Christ, the object of love;

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hope that we may courageously journey towards our heavenly home; but we have love that we may possess Christ, for love is the unitive virtue. Faith says: Christ is here; Hope says: He will abide; Love says: He is mine. We know that it is the Divine Son that is within us, for his presence communicates to us a son's love for the Eternal Father. "Because you are sons, God has sent the Spirit of his Son into your hearts, crying Abba, Father."

Faith, hope, and charity, knowledge, confidence, and love, are the entire life of the renewed man. "Now I live; yet not I, but Christ liveth in me." Surely a man can give testimony of his life; and such is the witness of the Christian to Christ. Faith is the light, and hope is the warmth, but love is the very fire of Jesus Christ in our hearts. "Was not our heart burning within us whilst He spoke in the way and opened to us the Scriptures," said the two who met him on the way to Emmaus. This explains why simple men can stand their ground against learned scoffers. Even when puzzled by sophistries they have an interior view of the truth, coupled with a personal guarantee. Resistance to doubt as well as to vice is confided by them to that hidden man of the heart of whom St. Peter speaks.

This interior union with Christ is the spur of heroism, the seed of martyrdom, the sweetness of repentance, the fortitude of weakness, all of which forces are arguments bearing witness to their origin: "I can do all things in Christ, who strengtheneth me." No man has ever deliberately adhered to the doctrine of Christ as the Son of God, and sought to obey his precepts, but that his inner life was most distinctly enlightened and inflamed with a force far above his natural capacity—a force consciously present and felt to be divine. "If a man will do His will he shall know of the doctrine whether it be of God, or whether I speak of myself." The affirmation of this by men and multitudes is competent and unimpeachable evidence. The proof of it by the martyr's heroism, the pauper's cheerful patience, the repentant sinner's abounding hope, the dullard's wisdom, the superhuman benevolence of the Sister of Charity, is irresistible.

Not only has the Christian religion always looked true, it has always felt true. We dwelt in the beginning upon the longing of the soul for sonship with God, affirming that as the appetite proves the food, so the divine sonship was not only a possible, but altogether a probable, though supernatural, end of human aspiration. A co-ordinate argument is the one we are now con-

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cluding, for digestion and assimilation prove a food still more conclusively than appetite. "He that believeth in the Son of God hath the testimony of God in himself." All who have tried any other object of devoted love—ambition, science, pleasure—mournfully agree that they remain unsatisfied. All who try *this* object of burning human love exclaim together, in an ecstasy, that they have received a fulness of satisfaction beyond the scope of created power to bestow. The object is divine—it is the only end of man. If I am conscious of an excellence within me, which is not myself because it is infinite, and which when I love it assimilates me to itself, my affirmation of its presence and character commands respect. If the analysis of a raindrop tells of an infinite Creator, how much rather may the introspection of a single soul reveal the infinite Lover of men.

WALTER ELLIOTT.

FORGIVEN!

FATHER, forgive me! At Thy feet,
In deep contrition, see
Thine erring child for mercy sweet
Pleading with thee.

"If thou forgive, thou art forgiven!"
"My God, my pardon free
To all my foes is gladly given:
Be merciful to me!"

ALICE VAN CLEVE.

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DIVERGING STREAMS.

I.

THERE was something particularly attractive about the long, narrow drawing-room of Mrs. Marshall's pretty cottage when the gray twilight softened the signs of wear in carpet and furniture and brought out all the beauty of the fragrant vases of flowers scattered here and there, and the bright bits of silken draperies that were carelessly disposed over the old-fashioned, spindle-legged tables that had too demure an ugliness to make one easily credit the possibility, since realized, of their return to the popularity of fashion. The long French windows at either end of the room were hung with straight, soft folds of muslin. The windows, facing the west and opening upon a wide veranda, were filled with growing plants. The whole room gave evidence of the presence of a refined woman's personality; the woman whose taste veils gracefully, though it does not quite conceal, her poverty; who has been known to sacrifice a dinner for a bunch of flowers. It is doubtful if either Mrs. Marshall or her daughter Eleanor would have committed the latter sin against hygiene and common sense, in spite of their woman's fondness for beautiful things.

A year or two before the time of which we are writing Mrs. Marshall had been left a widow, with no provision for the future beyond the couple of thousands of her husband's life-insurance policy and the little home in which she had spent the twenty-five years of her married life—a life of peace and sufficient comfort, whose memories were now her chief happiness aside from her absorption in her two children—Jack, a lad of three or four and twenty, and Eleanor, a year or two younger. After their father's death friends had come to their help, and that vague but powerful lever called "influence" had procured the young man, who had just finished his college course, the eminently respectable but far from lucrative position of bank clerk, and Eleanor a place as teacher in a public school, that universal bread-giver to American widows and orphans. The mother was a woman of the delicate and fragile type which, less than a generation ago when conservative women regarded the new-fangled notions of physical culture as not only not a necessity but a

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positive impropriety, was the American type *par excellence*. Native common sense she had, and a capacity for good management that made it possible for her to have a comfortable and pretty home for her children on their small earnings.

On the evening in question she sat in her drawing-room in a willow rocking-chair beside an oriental jar, in which a beautiful palm was growing. Her small, thin hands were busily occupied with some dainty crocheting, for she belonged to the class of women whose chief amusement is fancy-work. A fleecy white shawl was thrown over her black gown. This shawl was always part of her toilette, perhaps because she was one of the few women who wear a shawl gracefully, and perhaps because of her susceptibility to draughts. At the other end of the room, near the opposite windows, stood an old-fashioned, square piano whose yellowed keys with their tiny, loose-slipping sound, served to remind the casual auditor that music divine and lucre filthy cannot on the mundane sphere be successfully disassociated. The auditor on this occasion was not a casual and impartial one. It is safe to presume that to his mind the performer on this veteran instrument surpassed the latest German virtuoso. Some people, not too cynically inclined, may agree with me when I have mentioned that the pianist was Miss Eleanor Marshall; the auditor, her affianced husband, Mr. Philip Osborne. The young people made a sufficiently attractive tableau to the loving eyes at the other end of the room that were occasionally raised to them. Even a disinterested observer would have smiled indulgently as his eyes rested upon the girl seated before the antique piano and the handsome youth bending over it. The light from the western windows gave a radiance to each young face, bringing out all the glow of her brown eyes and short, auburn curls, and giving to his face a warmth that it did not generally possess. There was ordinarily a certain languor about Philip's face and form, although he was a very well set-up young man, with clear, merry blue eyes. The glowing sunset light, so kind to youth, so cruel to age, seemed to the observant mother to make visible in these two faces not only the beauty that she saw in each, but the love and trust, the union of soul which, she was convinced, existed between them. Thus she mused, and, being an unworldly woman, did not dream of her daughter's future in that provident and far-seeing fashion which is generally reckoned a strict maternal duty among more worldly women. Mrs. Marshall looked at life simply in a fashion at once broad and narrow, as is the way of most good women. She saw

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no reason why her daughter should look for more worldly advantages in marriage than she herself had enjoyed. As much happiness and serenity, and more years of earthly life together than had been hers—she could wish Eleanor no better joy. And then the widow's thoughts surged to their accustomed channel. Soon, from furtively dropping her crocheting to wipe an intrusive tear from her eyelids, she dropped it altogether, and, letting her head fall back against the ornamental head-rest of her chair, slept quietly. The restfulness which retrospective sorrow, when there is no better element in it, is so often characterized by lay softly upon her spirit, and her low, deep breathing seemed full of peace. In the meantime the music continued, and from Beethoven the pianist passed to Mendelssohn's deep-speaking "Songs without Words" and Schumann's exquisite "Traümerei." Eleanor's repertory was extensive and probably a trifle pretentious, but I think that even the great master Beethoven himself would have forgiven her presumption in attempting to reproduce with her untrained technique, on her worn-out instrument, his sublime thoughts, could he have seen in her face how great was her love for them, how much soul she brought to their interpretation. Philip was content to look and listen, and believed profoundly in her musical ability; perhaps because he held, in common with other lovers, that "music is love in search of a word." Probably because of this narrow but comforting definition have lovers, with and without talent, from time immemorial devoted themselves to music and its search for the all-complete word that true love never finds, to its full contentment, this side of heaven. As for the small quota of lovers who are not, and who are too honest to pretend to be, musical, the benevolent spectator cannot help but regard them with pity, as their only refuge seems to be common sense or sentiment pure and simple.

As Eleanor finished the "Traümerei" Philip came gently behind her, and taking her hands from the keys, drew them within his own as he said: "That is very beautiful, dear; but I am afraid you are tired. I have kept you playing without thinking how late it has grown, till your fingers are weary and the darkness is slowly creeping towards you from every corner. Come and rest on the veranda a little while."

He led her, unresisting, towards the windows opening on the veranda. She paused before her mother's chair. Mrs. Marshall was still asleep. Her crochet-work had fallen to the floor and one delicate hand hung over the arm of her chair. Eleanor bent

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over her and touched gently with her lips the soft rings of auburn hair, slightly threaded with white, that clustered over her mother's forehead. Light as was the touch, Mrs. Marshall awoke at once.

The likeness between the two faces became even more striking when each pair of soft brown eyes gazed smilingly into the other. The resemblance did not extend to their figures. The mother was tall and slight, the daughter short and almost sturdy-looking save for the perfect grace with which she carried herself.

"Well, children," said Mrs. Marshall, looking with an amused smile at the laughing faces above her, "I suppose I have been nodding a little. You see what a terrible thing it is to be getting old," with the deprecating air of a woman who knows that Time has found her too amiable to press his fingers very heavily upon her youthful comeliness.

"Yes, little mother, you are getting positively venerable with age and its infirmities," answers Eleanor mockingly, whose habit it is to apply a caressing diminutive to her tall mother; "come out on the veranda with Philip and me."

The next moment Philip has taken one of the delicate white hands and Eleanor the other, and all three have stepped through the long, open window and are settled in the comfortable rocking and lounging chairs which every American veranda, with any pretensions to comfort, possesses in abundance. The scene of this narrative is one of the great lake cities which might very properly be called "veranda towns." From June till September, sometimes October, the veranda is the parlor, sitting-room, library, sewing-room, everything but chamber and dining-room, of those residents fortunate enough to possess this graceful, vine-clad addition to their houses, and so unfortunate or fortunate as not to desire or be able to afford the expense of a summer trip. In spite of the pessimistic statisticians and the editors of the society columns of the Sunday papers, both of these classes are very numerous.

Consequently the Marshalls were one of many families in Burton who spent the greater part of their summers on their veranda. Their home was a very modest red brick, of the unpretentious, comfortable style of architecture with which people were well contented a quarter of a century ago, before they were fascinated by the vagaries and shingle efflorescence of modern Queen Anneism. The Marshalls had a bit of carefully trimmed lawn before their house, boxes of flowers on the wide

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railing of the veranda, and two sides of that important structure were, like most of its veranda neighbors, curtained in luxuriant vines. The front had only the boxes of flowers by way of ornamental drapery. Nothing else obstructed the view of the placid expanse of the lake, and the green and rushing river that from thence hurried along on its disquieted course.

In a few moments the moon rose, and one by one the stars mounted guard over the night. There was a weirdness in the bars of silver light that lay across the water, and there was something weird, too, in the glint of the moonbeams on the bicycle wheels passing swiftly and silently on the broad asphalt. Except for the murmur of the pure breeze in the tree-tops and an occasional boat or bicycle whistle, there was not a sound. It was one of those moments when happy people are happiest silent, and the pressure of a hand says more than many commonplace words. But, as even the lovers' creed admits the desirableness of occasional speech, the silence on Mrs. Marshall's veranda soon gave way to the commonplaces of conversation, and, as usually happened, Eleanor was the first to break the pause.

"Do you know, little mother, it is just one week to-morrow till the end of school? Then two months reprieve, and I can forget for a while that I belong to the great army of labor."

"How I hate to see you drudging so!" muttered Philip with a scowl.

Mrs. Marshall drew her shawl closer about her shoulders with a little nervous motion of her hands, and said in tremulous tones, "If your poor dear father were alive—"

Eleanor caught the nervous hands in her own warm clasp.

"Yes, I know; but if father were living he would be wise enough to see what is best for me, and that I am sure is my daily work, which I like a great deal and dislike not a little, and would be miserable without. But you must let me grumble a little bit occasionally, and not take it all seriously as you always do, you foolish people. If I have to keep all my disagreeableness to myself I'll die of spontaneous combustion in no time. I'd like to know what you'd do then, you two?" she concluded with the short, trilling laugh which was one of her greatest charms, an infectious merriment to all who heard her. "I really believe," she continued, resting her arm upon Philip's chair, "I shall never cease to be something of a child. I've been counting the days for the past month just as the little tots in my school-room do. The morning offerings that some of the most

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affectionate or the best-off in worldly goods bring me daily form a sort of calendar to hasten on the days. First, it was an orange or an apple or a home-made delicacy, to tempt my ferocious appetite, that ornamented my desk when I assumed my pedagogic manner for the day, and a shy little voice would pipe up, 'Please, ma'am, ma thought you'd like it!' Then it was a little cluster of crocuses or a bit of hyacinth: then a big bunch of snow-balls or lilacs; then syringas. Finally it is roses, as an inspection of our humble premises will convince the curious observer. You have no idea how glad I felt as the successive changes in the oblations at my shrine told me that the end of June was speeding on its way."

Although these remarks had not been more particularly addressed to Philip than to Mrs. Marshall, or the silent wheelsmen passing, or the gleaming river in the distance, it was he who replied, in low and fervent tones: "Why shouldn't there be offerings at your shrine? That, at least, is some comfort to me, to know that your pupils appreciate you. I'd like to know how they could help it, though. Could anybody be near you and not love you?"

A smile, half-humorous, half-tender, was Eleanor's reply. Then Mrs. Marshall broke in with the irrelevant question: "Don't you think Jack is staying a very long time to-night? I am really afraid this night-work is too severe for him. He has looked quite fagged out for the last few days."

"The sudden heat is very exhausting," said Philip, "and the night-work *is* a bother, though fortunately it is only necessary twice a year when the books are straightened out. I ought to be down myself to-night, but I couldn't resist the temptation to take a night off for once. I hope my absence hasn't made it harder for Jack. Remorse for a pleasant evening is one of the luxuries I don't care to indulge in."

While he was still speaking the subject of his remarks came swinging up the walk, and threw himself upon the steps with an exhausted but cheerful "Well, mother! Good-evening, children! I tell you it's been a broiler to-day. I'm completely done up with the heat and fifteen hours of stupid bank work. How did you manage to get off, Philip?"

"I felt the absolute necessity of rest and relaxation," was the indolent reply. "And so, I've been taking mine ease in mine inn; which means your mother's delightful veranda."

"Wish I had had the same good luck," said the exhausted one, fanning himself energetically with his straw hat.

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"There's a nice little bit of supper that I've been keeping hot for you, dear. Do come in and have it at once while it is good," said his mother anxiously.

"Hot?" groaned Jack; "it's an inducement my inner man responds not kindly to to-night."

"O come, Jack! don't be nonsensical," urged Mrs. Marshall; and, without further demur, the young man resigned himself and his hat to his mother's tender care.

There was something beautiful in the affection that existed between these two. Jack's feeling for his mother was at once a comradeship, a friendship, and a chivalrous devotion. Mrs. Marshall was wont to say that neither of her children had ever given her a moment's pain, and that one was as dear to her as the other. This statement was only in part true, though the mother was unconscious of its untruth. In spite of her deep and real love for her daughter, Eleanor was not quite so dear to her as her son. Jack was the well-beloved of her heart, not because even a mother's eye could have found in him merits lacking in Eleanor, but purely and entirely for the woman's reason that he was her first child, and that he was in face and manner and voice what his father had been at his age.

The mother's face assumed a look of solicitude as Jack trifled with the tempting viands set before him. His usually robust appetite had disappeared. "I'm all right, mother," said he, in response to her anxious gaze, "but I believe I'm too tired to eat. Just give me another cup of tea, please."

"Your work is too hard for you, Jack."

"Nonsense! mother dear. Have I ever been an invalid? It is only the heat and the dreadful routine of this bank work that have knocked me out a little. Not that I'd mind the routine or the work if I felt that I were helping you as much as I ought. What was the use of my father giving me an expensive college education if a bank clerkship is the outcome of it all?"

"Your father did what he thought best for you, dear," interposed the widow's low voice.

"I am not complaining, mother. I am only regretting that my father did not see fit to send me to work when I was a young lad, inasmuch as he was unable to leave me the means of pursuing a profession. If he had done so I would not now be quite at the foot of the ladder. The advantages he gave me are not advantages in the business world. Every day the realization of my own uselessness is forced more bitterly upon me. I ought to do so much for you and Eleanor; I do so little.

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How is Eleanor ever to marry until my salary is sufficient to enable you to get on without her teaching? And when, in the name of Heaven, will that be? I think night and day of the promotion that may never come. Bank fellows, you know, never die or leave or get discharged. They're so confoundedly healthy and sensible and well-behaved! If you would only let me go away and try my luck somewhere else! There's no chance for a poor fellow in this conservative old town."

Jack put down his cup untasted and there were bitter lines about his mouth. The mother's hand softly touched his forehead and brought his dark head gently against her shoulder. "Child, child! do not be so impatient," she murmured tenderly, and the smile upon her lips seemed touched with infinite love and patience. To her, her boy and girl were still little children, whose fretfulness her loving touch could heal.

In the meantime the moments sped for the two upon the veranda. What they talked of is a matter of too little importance to be worth transcribing. To each other their words were wisdom more golden than the Stagyrite's, to other auditors they would have been undiluted nonsense. Let us, for the moment, accept Thackeray's classification of the world as lovers past, present, or future, and intrude no invisible chronicler upon them to attempt the fatuous task of weaving their idle words into a narrative.

As Philip walked homeward that evening his mind passed in review every incident connected with his brief engagement to Eleanor. She would have laughed, and, at the same time, been half-afraid, half-ashamed, could she have known how every look and word of hers were glorified by him, till no touch of earth remained in them, in such reflective moments. A little impatiently he thought of the necessity of delay for their marriage till Jack and he had both received the promotion that the impending change rendered a desideratum, and that seemed sometimes very distant. But, in spite of this drawback, Philip Osborne felt that he had everything to be grateful for, and this evening, as he walked slowly on, a sudden impulse made him uncover his head and raise his eyes in deep thankfulness to the Giver of all good. The feeling of transport, evanescent as the passionate intensity of sunset colors, that possesses for a rare instant the man who realizes the casket of precious ointment that a pure woman's love gives into his keeping, took hold of Philip, and straightway this perfect June night enshrined for him one of those hours, which come at least once into every life, when earth touches heaven.

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II.

We are apt to fancy when we are young, and life still wears a delightful mystery, that a change of place means a change of nature. The lesson of self-weariness is early learned, and there is a comfort in the crude notion that new surroundings will mean a new self. It is probable that this fancy lies, an unacknowledged, scarcely realized element, in the roaming tendencies of many young men. Jack Marshall would undoubtedly have scorned such an imputation. He would have affirmed, in calm and logical language, that his motives for wishing to leave his native city were altogether unselfish, and perhaps they were—seven-eighths of them. However we may analyze his desires, they grew every day more intense and uncontrollable. He began to feel a fervid hatred for the routine of his daily life, for the very streets and buildings of his birth-place. Always amiable in his manner, and demonstratively affectionate towards his mother and sister, there was little outward change in him during these stifling days of early summer, except that the feverish brightness of his eyes, his flushed face and hot hand, gave token of some strong feeling stoutly repressed. Two or three times he broached the subject nearest his heart, but Eleanor laughed at him, and Mrs. Marshall was so earnestly and utterly opposed to it that he kept silence thereafter and in secret matured his plans. Slowly but steadily his resolve grew from the possible to the actual. He could best decide for himself and for his mother also; why need he give her the pain of argument and dissension? In the end she would see that his views were best. It was only the inherent weakness, the clinging tenderness of her woman's nature that counseled a stay-at-home policy. The bird in the hand is the narrow end of a woman's argument. As if the many birds in the bush were not also desirable, easily caught under certain conditions, and surely the fun of the pursuit counted for something! As for the conditions, a man has certainly a right to take some things for granted. A strong, honest man, who is willing to work, has luck and health on his side if he keep his eyes open, his brain alert, and take decent care of himself. Capital, of course, was a good thing, but what had been honestly achieved without it could be honestly achieved again. There were thousands of chances awaiting a man who took the trouble to look for them. Thus Jack argued to himself, as many another lad has reasoned defectively

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before him, for youthful enthusiasm clings often to the reeds of sophism, and potential and actual, possible and probable, become synonyms to the minds heated with desire.

One evening, early in July, Jack came home to tea rather earlier than usual. His manner was quieter and more composed than it had been for a long while. His face was pale, but the tension of indecision had left it. After the meal was finished Eleanor went to the piano, and Mrs. Marshall and her son adjourned to the veranda. Jack threw himself into a huge rocker near the open window with its screen of palms. For several minutes his gaze was fixed steadily upon his sister's unconscious face, her auburn curls haloed in the sunset. His eyes had the concentrated look of one who is trying to photograph a face for ever in his memory. Turning to his mother, his eyes met hers with the ready smile with which each had always welcomed the other's glance. "Mother, dearest," said he caressingly, "did you ever think how it would be if one of us three should leave this dear little home of ours? Don't you think, if such a thing should happen, the picture of this veranda and the flowers and vines, and Eleanor there at her old piano, and you and I together here, would remain for years and years and for ever in the heart of the absent one?"

His tone was low and thoughtful, and his dark eyes, which were lowered as he spoke, glittered with tears. As she listened a foreboding awoke in the mother's heart which not all his talk of fortune-hunting had ever stirred before.

"My boy, what is the matter? What is it is in your mind?" she asked anxiously. "Promise me—"

A familiar step ascended the veranda and a familiar voice said, laughingly: "What! at it again, are you? It is something tremendous the inveterate love-making you two are perpetually indulging in. Mrs. Marshall, do you know that you should have been a mediæval dame of high degree, and I'll wager more than one gallant Sir Knight would have broken a lance in your behalf. And one of them, I hope, you would have permitted to be the very unworthy individual before you."

With a very courtly bow Philip bent over Mrs. Marshall's white hand. The lady laughed, not ill-pleased at the compliment, and the serious tone of her thoughts gave place to a lighter mood, much to Jack's relief. In a few moments Eleanor had joined the group on the veranda, and the ripple of her merry laugh was the keynote of pleasant converse for an hour or two. Then Jack rose and announced that he was going to

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make trial of a part of the old saw, in the confident expectation of wealth and wisdom unlimited rewarding him.

"Well, you've plenty of health, Jack," said Philip lazily. "I can't vouch for your wisdom, of course."

"Perhaps it could endure the endorsement," retorts Jack. "My own painfully positive knowledge of the state of my wealth presupposes the necessity of a balancing power of health and wisdom that the rest may be added unto them."

"Learned and Scriptural in one breath!" exclaims Eleanor. "What change has come upon your spirit?"

Jack laughs and, bending over his sister, kisses her. "Good-night, dear," says he gently. Then he goes to his mother and gives her a bear's hug, and again he says "Good-night," in a strangely subdued and solemn tone. As he steps through the window into the drawing-room, he hears Philip's mocking tone: "Truly a goodly youth is he; a most devoted son and brother."

Jack turns back and says as lightly: "True merit rejoices in honest appreciation. Good-night, my brother." He takes Philip's hand in his and gives it a hearty pressure, and then he is again gone. The strangeness of his manner, however, has not escaped his mother's observation. Half an hour has scarcely passed when she has followed him into the house, and, with a tiny night-lamp in her hand, stands at his bedside. One arm is thrown carelessly over his head. He breathes as easily as a child, and his slumber is, apparently, as deep. The mother smiles as she notes the serenity of his clear-cut, handsome features. But, even as she smiles, the tears gather in her eyes. She leans over him and kisses his forehead and a tear falls upon his cheek. She drops upon her knees at the bedside, and, just as she used to do when he was a little child, prays with all the fervor of her soul for her sleeping boy.

When his mother had softly slipped from the room, Jack opened his eyes and tossed wildly about the bed, unable any longer to exorcise the strong restraint he had been exerting over himself while she was near him. Her tear was still warm upon his cheek. He felt as if it were burning into his soul, for ever to torment him if he proved unworthy of her love; but he was more and more convinced that there was no unworthiness in what he meditated. It was for his mother's sake that he was leaving her, he told himself again and again. After tossing restlessly about for a couple of hours, he arose and dressed himself and set quietly to work to pack his valise and put all his belongings in order. Then he took pen and paper, and sat down

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to the difficult task of explaining his conduct to the mother who worshipped him and whom he idolized. It was a difficult task indeed. One sheet after another was begun and torn up. Finally, after much effort, his letter was finished, folded, and addressed. He placed it in the frame of the mirror, so that the loving eyes for which it was meant could not fail to see it. It was dawn when he had finished all his preparations and stole quietly from the house. The chill of early morning was in the air, and the glittering cobwebs of the dew hung over the vines and the grass. The river was half-veiled in the cloud of smoke from two or three tugs that were noisily steaming down. The volume of smoke rolling heavily up, pushing onward in dense, heavy columns and then dispersing in delicate mist-rings, was like the first flame of passion or ambition pouring itself in as dense and unsubstantial masses from some young heart. Jack's thoughts, however, were not occupied in such sinister reflections as he glanced idly towards the river, and then, after a last lingering look at the home of his childhood and youth, strode rapidly away.

Eleanor, who was always an early riser, had spent over an hour among the plants before her mother came down-stairs. They sat idly rocking, and chatting as idly, in their accustomed corner of the veranda for a few moments till the breakfast-bell sounded. As Jack had not yet made his appearance, the neat little maid-of-all-work was sent to rap on his door. A quarter of an hour passed and still there was no sign of the delinquent.

"Dear me," said Mrs. Marshall with an indulgent smile, "how that boy sleeps! Do you mind running up, Eleanor, and waking him? He will be very late at the bank, in spite of his early hours last night."

When Eleanor had departed to do her bidding, the mother occupied herself in rearranging the table, giving it a daintier and more tempting air, the smile still lingering about her lips. In five minutes Eleanor returned. Out of her face all the joyous unconcern that had made one glad to look upon her had flown. With heavy, dragging steps she came to her mother and silently drew her to her heart, as if she would shield her from the blow falling swiftly upon her.

"What is it, child?" asked the mother in alarm. "Is anything wrong with Jack?"

"Mother, dearest little mother," and the girl's voice broke into sobs, "be brave! oh, try to be brave!"

"What is it, Eleanor?"

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The daughter put into her hands Jack's letter. Mrs. Marshall sank into a chair and read the letter through without a word, though the paper shook in her tremulous hands. When she finished it she looked piteously into Eleanor's face. The agony in her look was keener than it had been when she stood beside her husband's coffin. Silently she handed Eleanor the letter. Every word breathed affection and was animated by youth's unreasoning hope, unreasoning despair and impatience. He could not wait, he said, for the slow chances of promotion. He felt that he must go out into the world and wrestle with fortune in a broader field. His plans were very vague. He might go to Nicaragua, where some fellows he knew were doing famously. He might try the West or go mining in Alaska. He would trust in Providence, and luck, and his own sense and courage to obtain an opening somewhere once he had got out of Burton. He begged his mother and Eleanor to forgive him, and to share his confidence that what he was doing would be best for them all in the long run. For the present he would not write, as he thought it would save them worry to know nothing of the hard tug he might have to go through before getting a firm grip of success. He bade them remember the fortunes that pluck and hard work had won for many a young man before him, and assured them they would hear from him as soon as he was definitely settled with a winning prospect before him. In the meanwhile no news was good news, and his present necessities were more than covered by the hundred dollars of savings he had taken with him. It was a warm-hearted, impetuous sort of letter, but it had the thoughtless cruelty of the affection that seeks first itself.

Eleanor, too, was silent when she finished reading. The necessity of concentrating all her energies for the endurance of this terrible blow was forced rigorously upon her. Up and down the room her mother was nervously pacing, wringing her hands and moaning faintly, "My boy! my boy!"

III.

Days that compel a readjustment of life under altered and sadder conditions drag their hours and moments very slowly into weeks, the weeks into months less slowly, and the months into years with a certain steadiness of pace that is neither slow nor rapid. For Mrs. Marshall and Eleanor, Jack's absence had become the accustomed pain which is borne without outward

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complaint or comment. Since his departure no word had been received from him. Neither good nor ill news of the wanderer had found its way back to Burton. Sometimes Mrs. Marshall persuaded herself that he was dead, and would spend many a sleepless night moaning in dry-eyed agony. On stormy nights she would wander about the house in the anguish of terror conjured up by her vivid imaginings of Jack as a homeless, penniless wanderer. It was only when Eleanor's strong arms were around her that she felt relief from the dreadful fears that besieged her soul. Curiously enough, when she dreamed of the absent one, it was as a happy little child she saw him. "What dreams may come" was a possibility that gave her sleeping hours more charm than the waking ones, for only then did the aching consciousness of her loss leave her, and husband and son were given back to her.

In the first bitterness of their grief Philip had been a great comfort to mother and daughter. It was the sweetest of consolations for Eleanor to realize that whatever befell her, his heart shared and softened her sorrow. He had made strenuous efforts to obtain information concerning Jack, in the hope of inducing him to return. All his exertions were in vain. His voluntary departure had left as few traces behind it as any of the mysterious disappearances our newspapers are so fond of recording.

A month after Jack's departure Philip came one evening with a very melancholy face, and, throwing himself into a chair, said moodily: "What a sarcastic truth it is that 'everything comes to him who knows how to wait'! To-day Jack would have got his promotion. I have been offered the assistant cashiership of a new bank in Boston, in which some old friends of my father's are the principal stockholders. It's a splendid rise for me, and would mean that Jack would step into the place I vacate if he had only waited."

His listeners sighed and for a moment did not think to congratulate him on his own good fortune, although the congratulations were only more hearty for their tardiness. In spite of the cordiality of her words, Eleanor felt that fortune, by turning her scale in Philip's favor, had indeed been hard to her. Life without Jack was difficult, without Philip it was inconceivable. Her thought seemed to be her lover's also, for Philip continued: "My good luck seems more than luck now when I want, as far as I can, to take the place of a son to you, my dear Mrs. Marshall. My position will allow us to marry at

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once, and will be amply sufficient to permit me to offer you an unpretentious but comfortable home. In any case, even had Jack remained at home, I could never have had the cruelty to ask Eleanor to live at any distance from her mother. It is perhaps better that circumstances should help our desire to stay together and give me Eleanor's mother for mine as well."

Mrs. Marshall's face quivered with emotion. She clasped his hand silently, and, when she had sufficiently recovered herself, said quietly: "I thank you, dear Philip, for your thoughtfulness, and I have no dread in giving Eleanor to you; but what you propose is impossible. Until my son returns I can never leave this house. Whatever day or hour he may come his home and his mother must be ready to receive him. When Eleanor goes to Boston with you I shall remain here. I am not yet too old to support myself by my own hands."

In an instant her daughter's arms were around her. "And do you think, little mother, that I would leave you? No, Philip must go alone, and we will wait till Jack returns."

In vain the mother unselfishly urged her daughter to think first of her own happiness, and to remember that her duty now lay nearest to Philip. In vain Philip argued his plea for a joint household. Both mother and daughter stood firm. Mrs. Marshall would not leave her home till Jack returned, or until, at least, some communication had been established with him, and Eleanor absolutely declined to leave her mother alone, maintaining that it was the right and duty of her hands to earn bread for both.

"What could you do, mother?" she insisted; "teach school or take boarders?—the two alternatives of most women's schemes of self-support. As for the second course, you would never make a success of it. As for the first, it would be too hard for you, even were you sure of getting an appointment or if I were permitted to resign in your favor. To be sure there are plenty of women book-keepers, stenographers, type-writers nowadays, but you were not educated with a view to the acquirement of those specialties, nor are you precisely the sort of woman who would be at home in the atmosphere of most offices. You are just a dear, sweet, gracious woman, wise and clever in a woman's way, and in all things a treasure of a little mother."

So the argument ended, and in a few weeks Philip went alone to settle in his new home. For the two women left alone the glowing summer became enveloped in the drab atmosphere of their own thoughts. The most interesting figure to them was

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the gray-coated postman, whose comings and goings brought continually renewed hope and disappointment for the letter that never came, renewed life and courage for Eleanor with the long heart-pourings that came to her almost daily from Philip. In September she resumed her school-work. A gulf of time, deeper and darker than many years, lay between the pause and the resumption of her teaching. She put forward all the force of her nature to bridge it over. In every fibre of her being she was grateful for the work that took her out of herself, her loneliness and anxiety. There is truth in John Boyle O'Reilly's saying, "A man's strength is in his sympathies." It is also true, as Eleanor began to discover in these first hard weeks, that happiness lies in the daily, helpful, rightful exercise of one's sympathies. With the passing of the months her interest in her pupils quickened, her influence became deeper, her capacity for usefulness enlarged.

Several times during the year Philip spent a brief but happy day with her—a day that was welcomed and remembered by her, as the housed invalid welcomes and remembers the days of sunshine that break the monotony of many weeks of cloud and rain. With such chance bits of comfort, in constant and healthy occupation, with the friction of friendly intercourse amongst their small circle of acquaintances; above all, with the daily anointment of the oil of gladness in the loving converse of soul to soul, did time push onward, month upon month and year upon year, for mother and daughter. One revenge he had taken. He had torn the last gleam of youth from the face under the widow's cap. Mrs. Marshall's hair had become perfectly white, and innumerable faint lines were traced, almost imperceptibly, on brow and cheek. The patient sweetness of her smile remained, and about her face there was still a sort of delicate beauty from which only the bloom of youth and health had vanished. Always fragile and lacking in vitality, she had become frailer and more easily fatigued, while never suffering from any definite ailment. Eleanor's loving care surrounded her mother with every possible attention, but, as the nearest and dearest is always the last to perceive the failing vigor, she did not realize how feeble was her mother's hold on health. Eleanor herself gave little sign of the wearing effect of constant and monotonous labor. Almost five years had passed since Jack's departure, and in all that time her teaching had been uninterrupted except by the winter's brief holidays and the summer's long vacations. A week in the country or at the

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sea-side was the only out-of-town diversion they ever experienced. Invariably Mrs. Marshall returned from these holiday trips in a state of feverish anxiety. Who could tell but the wanderer might be awaiting their return? The collapse from high-wrought nervousness to the inevitable disappointment drew so heavily on her scanty fund of vigor that the summer jaunt never proved the rejuvenation it promised. It was always after the reaction following such excitement that the two women realized most acutely the pause in their lives that had been unbroken since the summer day when Jack strode away from his home. Many women have known such a waiting, unpunctuated life, but not many have endured it with the quiet courage, the ready cheerfulness of these two. The bubbling joyousness that once characterized Eleanor had given place to a self-contained dignity. Her auburn hair no longer clustered in short curls about her head, but was drawn back, as smoothly as its crispness would permit, in a knot at her neck. Her complexion was paler, her expression more resolute.

Among her friends opinions were divided as to whether Eleanor Marshall had lost her beauty entirely or was even handsomer than she had been as a young girl. Philip, with that unqualified frankness which a man adopts after marriage or after his engagement has been of such long standing that he feels it has given him most of the privileges of matrimony without any of its obligations, often told her that she was greatly changed. The first time he made this speech to her it was a knife in her heart. When he had gone she took herself to task for the pain he had given her, and, in the woman's way, adjusted her nature anew to the change in her lover's. She could not deny that there was a change. It is true Philip still came to Burton whenever he had a day or two of leisure, but nowadays his talk was woven of threads of humor, chit-chat of the day, political and social gossip; it was no longer cloth-of-gold. His letters still came, but the weekly budget of news he sent now was very different from the daily rhapsodies Eleanor had once received. His devotion had become an amiable friendship—an unceremonious, agreeable comradeship. For a man or woman from love to friendship is a much longer step than from friendship to love. Eleanor ignored this as she ignored many things, contenting herself with the altered atmosphere of Philip's affection as humbly and as sorrowfully as the disciples contented themselves with earth after Thabor. The question of marriage was mutually ignored. Several times Philip had impatiently broached it; but

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as affairs still rested as at the first discussion, the same conclusion, greatly to his displeasure, was always reached. Jack's name was seldom now mentioned before him, as it always aroused a sarcastic comment and an angry scowl. At first Mrs. Marshall tried to persuade Eleanor to yield to his entreaties and allow the marriage to take place, insisting on her own willingness and ability to remain in Burton alone; but Eleanor's firm refusal finally caused the subject to drop. Occasionally the mother's heart was agitated with fear for her daughter's future. She too noticed the change in Philip, but as Eleanor seemed unconscious of it, she comforted herself with the hope that she was mistaken, and reminded herself of his constant kindness to both of them, his many proofs of devotion to Eleanor. All women are born hero-worshippers, demanding the right to give their whole intense admiration to the men belonging to them. Father, brother, lover, husband—each has frankincense offered before him. Women demand the god-like in their men, and if it does not exist, their belief in it lives to the end; and so a woman's lack of logic saves her many a heart-pang.

Suddenly Philip's letters ceased entirely, and for a month Eleanor heard nothing from him. In spite of the generous excuses she made for him, her uneasiness grew upon her. She lulled it to rest with the magic word "to-morrow," and the firm belief that, unless she received news of his illness, her birthday would bring him, or at least his affectionate greetings, to her. It was a day that Philip nearly always spent in Burton, and Eleanor had come to look forward to it as the one day in the year that brought a return of his old devotion.

The first of August dawned upon her twenty-seventh birthday. She dressed herself with more than ordinary care, and ran lightly down the stairs and out to the veranda. For half an hour she walked up and down with quick, impatient steps. The few hours that would elapse before he came seemed interminable. Well, there would be word of him in a few moments. For years, before she sat down to breakfast the morning of her birthday, a huge box of white carnations, her favorite flower, was handed her. To-day—but it was not yet breakfast-time! In a quarter of an hour, or less, Mrs. Marshall's feeble step sounded, and she approached her daughter with outstretched arms and congratulations, accompanying a little gift, too fervent to be audible. They went into breakfast almost immediately, but the florist, who had heretofore been entrusted by Philip with the secret of the carnations, had not yet sent her flowers. She

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anathematized his stupid laziness as she poured the coffee and talked gaily to her mother. It was long since she had felt herself in such a state of pleasant excitement. The postman's ring sounded and she went to the door. An invitation, a bill, a trivial note from a chance acquaintance were all that he handed her. She felt relieved. Philip's letter was always welcome, but doubly welcome would be Philip himself. In two hours he would surely come. The first hour flew, the second dragged, the last minutes almost stood still altogether; but he had not come when the lagging moments had gone on their way at last. Till noon she still hoped, though a great dread had taken the place of her morning's exuberance. To her mother she said nothing of her disappointment or her fears. The mother's pained eyes had noticed the absence of Philip's gift and letter as well as the non-appearance of Philip himself, but she held her peace, still hopeful that what seemed ill might be well, and upheld by the American mother's belief in her daughter's ability to manage her own affairs. The afternoon post brought Eleanor a Boston newspaper, addressed in a strange handwriting, containing a marked paragraph in the society news. Three times the girl read the paragraph before she grasped its meaning. It was an account of a fashionable wedding which had taken place on the 29th of July. The bride was Miss Harriet Porter, the beautiful and accomplished daughter, and only child, of a representative and very wealthy Bostonian. The groom was Mr. Philip Osborne, a gentleman well known and well liked for his cleverness, his varied culture, and his many sterling personal qualities.

The paper fell from Eleanor's hands, and for a few seconds everything swam before her eyes. Only one thought framed itself in her mind, which she repeated over and over. "The 29th! And my last thought that night was 'in two days I shall see him again!'"

Then her eyes fell on the paper again and a sudden sense of shame overcame her for herself and for him—for herself, that she should have loved a man whose heart was another's—yes, she remembered now that months ago he had spoken to her, somewhat hesitatingly, "of a Boston friend, a Miss Porter, who reminded him much of Eleanor except that she had not so much sweetness but more fascination." Yes, those were his very words, the man for whom she felt now such a burning shame in her keen sense of his unworthiness. "Faith is the soul of love," she told herself proudly, as her soul rose within her and branded him traitor and coward. Could he not have asked honorably

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for a dismissal from the chains that galled him? Did he not realize that her keenest wish was for his happiness? No, she discerned at last, his temperament was too dissimilar, of a texture too light, to let him comprehend any of the depths of her nature. Not yet did she thank God for her release, but the blow that crushed her happiness brought her grace to dissever the real from the unreal—Philip Osborne the actual man from Philip Osborne her idealized hero.

Mechanically she picked up the paper and went upstairs to her mother's room. Mrs. Marshall was taking her afternoon nap, and looked so peaceful and so fragile as she slept that Eleanor reconsidered her decision. Why give her mother this additional grief? Why need she know anything of Philip's defection, at least for a while, till the wound was less raw? With Eleanor to resolve was to do. She softly left her mother's room, and going to her own, locked the door and prepared to spend an hour in kindling a fire in her grate for which the Boston paper furnished the first fuel. Then she brought out the packets of Philip's letters which were neatly stowed away in her desk. She resisted the impulse to read these chronicles of a dead love, principally because she could not get rid of the horror that possessed her at the thought of having received love-letters from the man who was now another woman's husband. One by one she threw the letters into the blaze and watched them burn into cinders. The charred ashes in her grate represented to her the promise and the failure of her life, the incineration of all her past memories and hopes and desires, the resolution to live henceforth in to-day, and for to-day only. One smiles as one chronicles such a resolve; for, if we all lived up to it, what saints and what sages we would be!

IV.

One afternoon in early September a gentleman of thirty or thereabout, tall and rather distinguished-looking, rang Mrs. Marshall's door-bell. A trim little maid responded to his ring and answered his query as to whether Mrs. Marshall still lived there in the affirmative. In response to his further inquiry if the ladies were at home, she said: "Miss Eleanor won't be home for an hour yet, and Mrs. Marshall is just recovering from a severe cold and is not able to see visitors."

"That is very unfortunate," said the gentleman; "I am particularly desirous of seeing Mrs. Marshall to-day. Will you give

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her my card, and ask if she will allow me to wait till Miss Marshall comes in if she is unable to see me herself?"

The little maid ushered him into the drawing-room. He looked curiously about him. How familiar and yet how strange everything seemed! Furniture and carpet were a little more worn and faded, and new rugs and draperies, inexpensive but bright and fresh-looking, hid the old defects. Everything in the room still showed the deft touch of fastidious women's fingers. Charles Otto smiled as he looked about him. He forgot that six years had passed since the last time he had sat waiting for Eleanor in this room. Then, as now, he felt that the room was filled with the aroma of her presence. Then—but he shrugged his shoulders and sighed. "Why should a man be perpetually reliving the hour of pain he has tried for years to forget?" he asked himself for the hundredth time, and endeavored to concentrate his thoughts entirely upon the present. The sound of a feeble step descending the stairs came to his assistance. In a moment Mrs. Marshall appeared in the door-way. Mr. Otto rose to his feet, but for an instant neither spoke. Then the simultaneous exclamation came from each: "Mrs. Marshall!" "Charles Otto!" and they cordially shook hands.

"It is very good of you to see me. I was told that you have been indisposed, and, I fear, you are not yet quite well. You are paler and thinner, I think, than when I saw you last."

"And older and graver, you may add, Charlie. I have no hesitation in acknowledging, even to myself, how terribly I have aged in the last five years."

"My dear Mrs. Marshall, are you going to compel me to enforce the various truths upon you which you used to scorn as compliments?" was the gentleman's gallant response, while his thoughts echoed the truth of her words. She had, indeed, grown very old and feeble. He felt genuinely concerned as he looked at her.

"You have said nothing of the change you must notice in me," he continued. "Six years of knocking about the world alter a fellow more than a dozen years of quiet home-life. The circumstances under which I left home, as you are aware, took a good deal of the zest of life away from me, and I have been under the further disadvantage of having my ambition bound and disabled by the weight of my pockets. When love is taken out of a man's life and an inherited fortune put in, there's not much incentive to exertion left him. But I have no right to complain of my lot. Life has run pretty smoothly for me, and I have tried

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to make the most, in my own way, of the days as they drift. Besides, suffering is the key to many interests and many sympathies that, otherwise, are never unlocked to us. How is Eleanor?" he ended abruptly.

"She is always in perfect health, and her vigor is like her temper, unalterably even. She never spends an idle moment, and her interest in her teaching never flags. Nevertheless, it is a constant grief to me that her life should be spent in such a treadmill. Are there many such daughters as Eleanor, do you think?"

There was a moment's pause before the listener said earnestly: "You know what I thought of Eleanor, Mrs. Marshall, and I assure you my feeling will never change. Is she happy?"

"She is always cheerful. Happy? Scarcely. You know that circumstances have postponed her marriage indefinitely, and that our anxiety about Jack has never lessened. Since he left us, five years ago, we have heard nothing. We do not know whether he is living or dead."

Her voice and her face were shadowed by the pathos that always fell upon them when she spoke of her son. Mr. Otto rose impetuously and, taking her hand in his, gave it a sympathetic pressure. "Mrs. Marshall," said he, "I was, as you know, Jack's best friend, and I have always, since I heard of his unfortunate departure from home, reproached myself with my absence from Burton at that time. I felt that I might have done something to prevent so mistaken a step, though I am probably exaggerating the extent of my influence over him in so thinking. At any rate, for this reason and many others, I am more pleased than I can say to be the bearer of news to you of Jack."

Her face grew deadly pale and her whole body trembled as if in an ague. Her eyes, glittering with excitement, were fastened upon his face as if her whole soul were merged in his words.

"It is good news," he continued. "Jack is well and, at last, on the road to fortune. In all probability he will soon be with you again. I ran across him on Broadway the other day, and we had dinner together and a fine talk over old times, and, of course, we unwound our adventures since for each other's benefit. I'm not going to spoil Jack's story by telling you everything he told me. I'll leave the details to him, and give you the summary that things have not been altogether rose-colored for him

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since the day he set out to make himself 'master of his fate.' Life was a hard battle, with sickness and accident and false friends all leagued against him. More than once, he said, he was on the point of throwing up the fight and acknowledging himself a failure. But the misery of having accomplished nothing to prove his affection for you, helped him, he says, to stick it out. 'Jack's pluck' was an adage at school, you know. Well, the long and the short of it is, that failure after failure, unsuccessful ranching, unsuccessful mining, unsuccessful everything, in one part of the world after another, finally ended in a stroke of luck, I have forgotten just how and where, and Jack found himself in New York with the chance of a lifetime before him in the unexpected opportunity of buying a tract of land near Yonkers. It was a wonderful bargain and he is now at the head of a land company there. I tried to persuade him to come on to Burton with me, but he did not dare run the risk of leaving his affairs in an unsettled condition. A land boom, you know, is of too cyclonic a nature to be dallied with. In a few months he expects that the entire tract, which has been cut up into building lots, of course, will be sold out, and that his share of the profits will be a cool hundred thousand. He absolutely declined either to come or write till his success had become a surety. He is working night and day, and living in a state of the wildest excitement, at the prospect of making a little fortune for his mother. It is beautiful to hear him speak of you and Eleanor, although I told him it was difficult to reconcile his behavior with his affection. But he seems to have a logic of his own and to live accordingly."

It was not in response to these last sentences that Mrs. Marshall murmured a fervent "Thank God!" Indeed she scarcely heard his last words. The sense of relief she experienced was so intense that she felt as if her whole being had gone through a series of Delsartean relaxations. She sat perfectly quiescent for a while, realizing, bit by bit, the good news she had heard. When she looked up her eyes were suffused with tears. "How am I to thank you, Charlie, for the happiness you have given me?" she asked tremulously.

"Dear Mrs. Marshall, am I not the one to be grateful for the happiness I have had in bringing good news to you? But I am not going to inflict any more of my company upon you just now. You need a good rest after the excitement of this talk. I am craving a sight of Eleanor, but I sha'n't remain to-day, if I may come again soon."

A gracious invitation to come at any time was extended and

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accepted, and then, after a warm hand-shake, Mr. Otto departed. Biting the end of his cigar reflectively, he strolled leisurely homeward, his thoughts still in the widow's little drawing-room. He passed a telegraph office and stood irresolute for a moment; then, with a muttered, "By Jove! I think I will," entered, and, calling for a blank, wrote a message. He read it over, hesitated for a few seconds, and finally tore it across and left the office. He had concluded to write to Jack Marshall instead of sending him the abrupt message that, if he wished to see his mother alive, he must come at once. Charles Otto was a very thoughtful man, and it seemed to him a wanton cruelty to needlessly alarm the son whose work was already a sufficient drain on his health, and whose misfortunes made amends for his youthful thoughtlessness. A letter would explain all so much more clearly and satisfactorily. Cause for alarm there certainly was. The change in Mrs. Marshall's appearance was not to be accounted for on the plea of time or anxiety alone. Her health must be in a very precarious condition. He would write to Jack immediately. Now, immediately is a very elastic word, and Charles Otto's good intentions did not succeed in getting themselves carried into effect before the evening of the next day.

One letter, however, had been written to Jack at once. As soon as Mrs. Marshall and Eleanor had had a long and happy talk over their visitor and his wonderful news, the mother sat down to write to her boy. Hour after hour she wrote, pouring out all the tenderness of her soul, all the repressed love of five long years, upon the wanderer. At last her pen paused in its nervous course and she folded the letter, remembering with a pang that she had forgotten to ask Charles Otto for her son's address. But he would come in a day or two, so it did not matter. She could well afford to be patient for days when she had learned to be patient for years.

When she had finished writing she felt completely exhausted in every nerve and fibre. Eleanor's strong arms undressed her and put her tenderly to bed. Anxiety for her mother's health had begun to prey on Eleanor lately. Day and night it was a weight at her heart, vague and ominous. Although it seemed to her she had grown familiar with the book of sorrow, she found it difficult to con this new lesson—the cruelty of illness when poverty is bound to it. To count one's scanty earnings for every-day necessaries when the beloved of one's heart is in need of every luxury, is indeed to feel the curse and not the blessedness of poverty.

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To-night Mrs. Marshall was strangely restless. Eleanor held her in her arms, the magnetism of her touch controlling the quivering nerves and soothing them to sleep. Before she slept she said, in the reflective tone of one who is solving a difficult problem: "Eleanor, what a different thing it is—a daughter's love and a son's. Jack was a good boy always, and never gave me a moment's trouble till he went out into the world—to win a fortune for me, while you stayed at home and gave me your life. That's the difference—he loved me and you lived for me. But, please God, it will all come right in the end, and you will be a happy wife yet."

The mother closed her eyes and soon fell asleep without noticing the involuntary shiver that ran through her daughter's frame at her last words. Her sleep was not of long duration. About five the next morning Eleanor was awakened by her mother's coughing, and fearing she had taken a fresh cold rose at once and prepared the simple cough-mixture which was considered an infallible remedy by mother and daughter. When she went to her, Eleanor was appalled at the change in her mother. She was in a raging fever, coughed incessantly, and breathed with such difficulty that Eleanor feared she would suffocate before her eyes. Her faith in the home-made cough-mixture failed Eleanor at this crisis. She rushed for the little servant, and, shaking her out of her heavy slumbers, despatched her for the doctor, who came in a very short time, pronounced the patient suffering from a severe attack of bronchitis, and was grave and non-committal over her condition. After leaving a prescription and giving Eleanor, who was utterly unversed in the duties of a trained nurse, minute directions in regard to the giving of the medicine and general care of the patient, he departed, promising to call again in a few hours. For the next two days his visits were frequent and regular, but he gave Eleanor no encouragement. During the greater part of the time Mrs. Marshall was quite unconscious. On the morning of the second day, during one of the doctor's visits, Mr. Otto called and for a brief moment held Eleanor's hand in his. She was preoccupied and worn after a sleepless night, and the constant agony of anxiety she had been enduring for the past two days. But as Charles Otto took her hand he felt all his old-time love and admiration for her coursing through him in a more overwhelming current. She was genuinely glad to see him and greeted him with all possible friendliness. He was deeply grieved to hear of Mrs. Marshall's illness and announced that

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he would telegraph at once to Jack, inwardly regretting the unlucky impulse that had prevented his doing so two days before.

In the evening the doctor confirmed the dreadful fear that had from the beginning hung over her. He told her, with much genuine sympathy in his voice, that her mother might live till morning and might even live through the next day. Beyond that he could give her no hope.

"Stunned by the blow," is a phrase we use carelessly, unthinking what a merciful compensation of nature it conveys; for if the moments when we realize with full intensity the tragic element of life were very frequent, the keenness of the agony would be more than our human frames could bear. So Eleanor lived through the night watching the flame of life in her mother grow fainter and weaker with every hour. Her thoughts struggled to free themselves from the weight that pressed them down. Over and over again her passionate prayers broke from her lips, until the whole room seemed athrob with the intensity of her petitions. At last the morning came, and the cruel sunlight broke through the windows and gleamed mockingly upon the agony within.

Suddenly, as Eleanor bent over her, Mrs. Marshall opened her eyes and listened intently. "Don't you hear his step?" she whispered. "Go and bring him to me!"

Her manner was authoritative. Eleanor, bewildered but afraid of agitating her, went down the stairs and opened the door. As she looked out she caught sight of the figure of a man coming towards the house. He looked worn and anxious and prematurely aged, but in his walk there was the indescribable something that marks the man who has won success from fortune. Eleanor trembled in every limb. There was no power in her to come forward and meet the stranger, but she made no resistance when he sprang wildly towards her and took her in his arms. There was much love and pity in her heart, but no exultation that Jack had at last returned.

Together they entered the sick-room. The mother was again lying with closed eyes in the stupor of unconsciousness. Not quicker nor slower beat the flicker of life in her when Jack stooped over her and his tears fell upon her face.

MARIE LOUISE SANDROCK.

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WHY I BECAME A CATHOLIC.

I WAS born and educated in an atmosphere of Protestantism, but without any fixed or definite beliefs. My friends and associates were Protestants, and I had few if any acquaintances among Catholics. Correct principles of honor and morality were instilled into my mind in my early training, but it was years after I attained to manhood before the necessity for any distinct religious beliefs first impressed me.

While I was not imbued with any bitter prejudices, yet all my impressions went strongly against the Catholic Church, for I had accepted without examination the common Protestant objections to its dogmas and policies, though the beauty and dignity of its ritual and ceremonials excited my admiration.

The importance of seriously examining the subject of religion candidly and impartially occurred to me from time to time, until finally I determined to investigate the whole subject with all the candor and earnestness that I possessed.

I had been trained as a lawyer to analytical and logical methods of thought and investigation, and I proposed to use these methods in this as I would in the examination of any other subject, rejecting all prejudices and preconceived impressions, and resolved to follow with all possible fidelity the logic of my inquiry.

I believed in the existence of God in a general way, but the evidences of his existence were not clear or distinct to my mind. I remember that Paley's works on the *Evidences of Christianity* and his *Natural Theology* were disappointing to me, and instead of proving the case rather threw a shadow of uncertainty about it. The theory of design in nature proved clearly enough that there is some all-pervading intelligence presiding over and governing matter, but it did not prove to my mind that there is a personal God with moral attributes. I could not see the reflection of such a God in the face of the physical world. Finally I set myself to the task of solving the problem in my own way, and I now purpose to reproduce faithfully my methods and process of reasoning.

These questions presented themselves at the outset: Is there a God? Has man a soul? Was there a divine revelation? Was there an Incarnation? Without a moral law coming from a supreme being, what is the value of the quality that we term

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morality? Is the divine truth one and indivisible? Who holds it, and who is authorized to teach it? In a word, is there a visible true church established by Almighty God, or are there hundreds of true churches all divinely commissioned and each proclaiming a different creed?

It is idle to suppose that these things can be accepted on faith alone; for those who earnestly and honestly ask these questions a rational and satisfactory answer must be given. I did not demand or expect that exact quality of reasoning that produces mathematical certainty or demonstration, but another philosophical method that would bring, if possible, certitude to the mind of the reasonableness of the scheme that was to be accepted; such a degree of probability as would form the basis of action in the most important temporal concerns.

I began with the inquiry: "Is there such a force or quality or essence in our nature as a conscience, and has the thing that all men call morality a positive and an actual existence." These two ideas blended themselves very closely together in my mind.

No man denies to himself the essential quality or attribute of his nature that impels him to moral action. Sceptics and religionists alike speak of morality and conscience. How did these things come into existence? Did man create a conscience for himself, or did it come by evolution? Why did he create it, or why did generations of men evolve it?

Why should man have created out of his imagination a conscience to torture him for many of his actions which are purely natural in themselves, and for his most secret thoughts. And having felt its sting, why should he persist in retaining it? If he created it, why does he not annihilate it. If it is simply an idea he should have the intelligence to perceive that it is without real force, and should emancipate himself from this artificial and self-imposed bondage. I could not deny or ignore the existence of my conscience as a distinct part of myself. Nor could I deny the existence of morality. The question was, To what source do they owe their origin, and upon what authority do the laws of morality repose for their sanction?

These questions came at once into view: What is life in its entire fulness? what is its end? and has it any fixed and positive value? Suppose that it extends no further than death and ends in oblivion, is it worth having? The answer is clear and undeniable that to some it is sweet, to many it is bitter, to some it is bright and beautiful, and to others it is a sorrowful and heavy burden. It would follow that to many it has a real value, and

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to many it has no value at all. And this would depend not upon the conduct but upon the environment of each individual. And for each individual there would be a different answer. But to a serious and honest mind resolutely bent upon a reasonable solution of the problem these answers are unworthy of acceptance. Life should be worth living to all men, and its ultimate goal should be within the reach of all men. But if it begins and ends in this world, and there is no accountability hereafter, what meaning can there be in such terms as virtue, honesty, morality, right, and wrong. If these qualities have any positive existence, there must be a moral law defining right moral action, intrinsically capable of enforcement, and which *meri motu* imposes itself as a force upon the conscience. If there can be sin and impurity of thought it is obvious that this moral law must be self-enforcing.

Can such a moral order have been created and these laws prescribed by society, upon a sociological theory that shuts out of view at once everything but the life of this world? And can it be possible that obedience to laws thus enacted constitutes the ultimate object and end of life?

Is the true aim of life the happiness of the individual? If so, then I know that all the moral philosophies ever formulated by the human mind are utterly incapable of making men happy. Excluding from the problem all idea of an existence in a future state, it must be evident to the commonest understanding that this life has no positive value; that happiness is attainable by many, and unattainable by others without any fault of their own, and finally that success and failure, prosperity and adversity, are distributed without the slightest reference to the private morality of the individual.

The thought presented itself to my mind with great distinctness and force that there must be a broader and higher view of life, and a solution that would place its aim and end within the reach of all men.

There is a generally accepted belief that happiness of some sort is the chief object of life, and we are to struggle for that happiness by conforming our conduct to certain lines of action defined by the laws of morality. From these premises it should follow that conformity to these rules of conduct would result in the happiness of the individual, but such is not the case so far as this present life is concerned. On the contrary, if this world alone is considered, the violation of some of the laws of morality, in the estimation of many, contribute to the enjoyment of life. Again, all men speak familiarly of the

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duties and obligations of life. But the question then arose, What power created these obligations and defined these duties?

Have the laws of morality only a human origin? Have they been enacted by one set of men calling themselves virtuous, and imposed upon other men who enjoy life more keenly by not being virtuous? If so, it is quite clear that the moral code is purely conventional, and without any positive moral qualities whatever, and that morality thus resolves itself into the science of government. Or, in other words, everything becomes a purely human conception of the particular lines of conduct which are supposed to contribute most largely to the well-being of society. But this brings into view only the horizon of this life.

The impossibility of imagining a moral law without a moral law-maker, the singularity of the notion that one set of men can make a law of moral conduct binding on the conscience of all men, and that there can be no higher source for the laws of morality, forces the mind logically to the acceptance of one or the other of two alternatives. We must reject absolutely the idea that there is such a thing as a moral law possessing positive and fixed qualities, or we must believe that there is a supernatural law-maker, or, in a word, that there is a personal God. There is no *via media*.

I could not accept the first of these alternatives, and the whole inquiry resolved itself into the question of the reasonableness of the existence of a divine moral law. The existence of a moral nature, a conscience, and a soul bound to accountability to some superior power involved the idea necessarily of a divine law. A law must be prescribed by a superior power and must be capable of enforcement. Without these essentials it may be some sort of a precept, but it cannot be a law.

I perceived a marvellously wonderful and complex physical world, presided over and governed by physical laws having no human origin. And when I accepted the belief that there is a moral life and a moral order, the conclusion followed irresistibly that this was presided over by moral laws, having their source in a supreme moral being, who must be the perfection of all truth and morality. And, moreover, as his laws are the perfection of all laws, and involve every essential quality in the adaptation of means to ends, and as there can be no obedience to an unknown law, the conclusion became inevitable that this divine law has been revealed.

I reflected that none of the various religions proceed on the theory of a special and direct divine revelation to each individual

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soul. On the contrary, they all insist upon the widely different theory of a general revelation entrusted to human agencies for its dissemination and perpetuation. This opened the questions, When was it revealed and to whom was it confided?

I did not closely examine the claims of Judaism, Mohammedanism, or any of the various forms of paganism, as the enlightened world is rapidly rejecting all of these, and limiting its inquiry to the truth of Christianity. And thus at once the claims of Protestantism and Catholicity came into view, and the whole question was narrowed to the inquiry in respect to which one of these two great divisions of Christians holds the whole truth and nothing but the truth.

I perceived that there are fundamental differences in the theory and principles upon which each rested. They are not in harmonious relations, but essentially antagonistic. Protestantism charges the Catholic Church with teaching false and superstitious doctrines. While the latter declares that no body of Protestants accepts the whole truth. To my mind the proposition is undeniable, or self-evident, that the divine truth is one and indivisible, and can make no compromise with error. So the whole question came at once to the issue between Catholicity and Protestantism.

One stands for the theory of individual and private judgment, the other for church authority. One asserts the proposition that each individual is to construe the Bible for himself, and select or formulate his own creed; the other declares that when Almighty God revealed his law he entrusted it to his church with the authority to teach and interpret it. One regards the entire aggregation of all the various Christian bodies as constituting the Church of God. The other claims for itself the prerogative of divine authority, and in its unity of doctrine and creed that it is the visible Church of Almighty God. Protestantism declares that the Bible is the only true guide, and from its pages each individual is to work out his creed. In a word, this logically and necessarily implies that he can construe these laws correctly, and formulate a creed which will hold the truth and exclude all errors.

I set myself to the task of analyzing this fundamental characteristic of Protestantism. It seemed at the first view, and upon careful consideration, out of harmony—indeed, at variance with every theory of human laws and government.

The entire conception of the human mind attributes to a government of law and order these essential and fundamental

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attributes; it must be one and undivided, its policies must be harmonious, it should assert supreme authority, it should construe its own laws, and aim at absolute exactness and uniformity in their interpretation. Moreover, it must provide for the perpetuity of its own existence by regular and orderly succession.

In the entire experience of mankind I could perceive nothing which furnishes a parallel, an analogy, or a sanction for the Protestant conception of the administration of the laws of God and the moral order of the universe. The operation of its fundamental principle has produced the greatest variety of creeds, and a multiplicity of churches. It is the principle of the indefinite divisibility of the truth.

Logically, according to the Protestant principle, there is no reason why each individual should not have his own peculiar creed, differing in some of its shadings from all other creeds. There could then be no organizations in the sense of visible spiritual communions. The idea of the certainty, as well as the value, of the unity of the truth is at once lost, unless this Protestant answer is accepted, that while the different Protestant denominations differ in many particulars, yet they all concur in what it terms the essential truths of Christianity. What are the essentials? And what authority is to give the answer? The authority should be infallible to warrant the soundness of the judgment pronounced. But no Protestant church claims infallibility. And all together they cannot possess a power which no single one of them possesses.

I perceived that the different Protestant communions do not, in fact, concur in what constitute the essentials. There is nowhere to be found an authoritative declaration concurred in by the entire body of Protestants, and against which there is no dissent, defining a creed which contains the truths essential to be believed, and an enumeration of the truths not necessary to be believed. If Protestantism could secure unification upon a creed defining the essential truths, there would then be presented the question whether this unified Protestantism or Catholicity represented the true church. But all the efforts of Protestantism in this direction have failed.

In this multiplicity of creeds how was I to decide? I perceived that Protestantism did not logically have its origin in the Reformation. It was simply a new expression of dissent from the Catholic Church, which had existed in various phases from the earliest days. Arianism, for example, was not as ex-

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tensive as Protestantism, though it was a wide-spread and formidable dissent from the doctrine of the co-equality of the Father and the Son. And hundreds of other dissents and protests appeared from time to time. Protestantism was of larger dimensions and spread more rapidly than any of its predecessors, but it does not differ from them in its essential principle of the right of private judgment and in its rejection of church authority.

The question presented to my mind at this point was, why the church established by Almighty God needed reforming? And the answer that Protestantism gave was that errors had crept into its doctrines and teachings. But I could not perceive how errors could find their way into the teachings of a divinely established church. Was it divinely established originally, with authority from Almighty God to teach his law? Did the apostles have this authority, and what of the commission of their immediate successors?

Catholics and Protestants alike agree that Almighty God revealed his laws, commanded his apostles to teach all nations, and made the covenant that he would be with them to the consummation of the world. This presented two distinct conclusions: first, that this Divine Institution, thus created, was to live as long as the world; and second, as it held the Divine commission to teach the law of God, it must teach infallibly the truth to the end of time. In these two essentials lay its whole value to humanity. It was to exist, not for one generation but for all generations, and it was to be infallibly true, not for one generation but for all generations.

If it really ended in collapse and failure at the Reformation, then I could not believe in its divine creation, because I could not reconcile these two events. It was simply impossible for me to comprehend the idea that the work of Almighty God could be reconstructed and reformed except by a new revelation.

The apostles were divinely inspired, and the church, as it existed in the days of the apostles, must have been a visible church; in a word, a distinct and visible organization, with divine authority to teach the truth. It was as incomprehensible that this authority should be withdrawn as that this church should cease to exist. If it taught errors, and so became corrupt, so that it forfeited its commission, then indeed the Christian religion must have come to an end.

The logic of Protestantism is self-destructive. If true, it destroys utterly the claims of Catholicity to be a true religion; but

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unfortunately it fails at the same time to establish the authority or to prove the claims of Protestantism.

The inquiry narrowed itself to the alternative of accepting the Catholic Church as the true church of Almighty God. To my mind it was this or nothing—Catholicity or Agnosticism. I reflected that the whole subject of religion should require the same methods of reasoning, combined with the same quality of faith, that are applied to the important temporal concerns of life. When forced to come to some conclusion, we act upon the best evidence attainable, and mixed with our reason there is a certain element of faith. We never stop and refuse to act, where action is demanded or is important, because we cannot have mathematical demonstration. Using these methods I began the inquiry into the doctrines and faith of the Catholic Church.

I should not omit to state in this connection that the controlling idea with me was, that the only logical mode of inquiry has first to decide whether Almighty God had established a visible church, and then endeavor to accept its teachings on faith, instead of taking the opposite course of making out a creed to suit my private judgment and then selecting a church to fit my creed. Intellectually I was convinced of the divine authority of the Catholic Church long before I had the faith to accept its doctrines. In all that preceded this point I had used my reason, and upon the theory of the strongest probabilities and the best and highest attainable evidence I believed that there is a personal God, a revealed religion, a visible church invested with divine authority, and from these premises the conclusion was irresistible that the Catholic Church is the visible church of Almighty God.

It was now apparent that faith in things that I could not fully comprehend must enter largely into the work of finishing the task.

My reason had convinced me that there was a divine revelation, and my faith must accept the mysteries of this revelation as true. Upon investigation I perceived that many of the objections to the doctrines of the Catholic Church rested upon misconceptions in respect to their true character. And I also perceived that some of its dogmas were incomprehensible, and apparently contradicted by our senses; for example, the doctrine of the Holy Eucharist.

But here again I reflected that the whole Christian scheme of salvation, as understood by Protestants as well as Catholics, rests largely upon miracles, and accordingly makes great demands

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upon our faith. Protestants and Catholics alike agree in the doctrine of the Incarnation, and believe in the divinity of our Lord, and yet this belief is contrary to the experience of the human race, is truly miraculous, and must be accepted by faith alone.

I recognized a striking analogy between the doctrine of the Real Presence in the Holy Eucharist and the divinity of our Lord. And the idea impressed me with overwhelming force that every Protestant argument against the Catholic dogma of the Real Presence could be logically and consistently urged against the divinity of our Lord. According to the evidence of the human senses, our Lord was a man made of the same flesh and blood as other men; eating, sleeping, getting weary and resting as other men, born of a human mother. He claimed to be God, and to be co-equal with Almighty God himself. Wrapped up in all the seeming and appearance of a man, there was the Real Presence of God.

All the apparent evidences of the senses, the entire experience of the world, were to weigh nothing in the scale, and Protestantism demanded that I should believe that this man was a God. And yet the same authority demanded that I should follow implicitly the apparent evidence of my senses, and for that reason reject the Real Presence in the Holy Eucharist. To all the senses it seems to be bread, and therefore it is only bread. Our Lord was to the human senses, and according to the experience of mankind, only a man; and yet these evidences and tests were to be discarded, and this most extraordinary and wonderful of miracles accepted on faith alone, as above and beyond these human senses and this human experience.

Nothing, absolutely nothing, in the whole scheme of Christianity requires a more implicit faith than the story of the Incarnation. After this it is idle to argue that the Catholic doctrine of the Holy Eucharist must be rejected on the ground that it is apparently contradicted by our senses. As for that matter, the doctrine of the Trinity, of the Real Presence, of the Incarnation, and of the Atonement of our Lord are incomprehensible intellectually. Philosophically and accurately considered they are not positively contradicted by our senses, but they are beyond the senses, and they all fall within the same category. The evidences of each are the same, and rest upon the word of God and the testimony of the church. The same witness that proclaimed the Incarnation and the Blessed Trinity, declared the doctrine of the Real Presence in the Holy Euchar-

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ist. If, therefore, the objection of incomprehensibility can be urged successfully against one of them, it must prevail logically against all of them.

To my mind the conclusion became clear that revealed truth must be one and indivisible, and therefore the impossibility of accepting part and rejecting any other part of this truth.

The dominating logic that pressed me to the final acceptance of the Catholic faith was the profound conviction that there must be a visible church as an essential part of Christianity, that the Catholic Church was established by Almighty God with infallible authority to teach the divine truth, and that an institution thus established and commissioned could not teach a false doctrine.

FRANK JOHNSTON.

Jackson, Miss.

LEO XIII.

TWIN burdens of imprisonment and years
Upon his trembling form have left their trace;
The foe's sharp malice in his saintly face
Has cut deep sluices for his bitter tears;
Dethroned and captive, bent with anxious fears,
His foes would crush him with one last disgrace,
The Kingdom's Keys with pilgrim's staff replace,
And stone the weeping fugitive with jeers.
Then they with fleets and myriads of swords
(Such is their thought) would suffer no return.
One weak, old man against these ruthless hordes!
Lo! through the night old Moscow's ruins burn,
Canossa's tower a refuge still affords,
And tear-dimmed eyes Lepanto's decks discern.

FRANCIS LAVELLE.

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THE THIRD ARCHBISHOP OF WESTMINSTER.

THE proverb which assures us that "the unexpected always happens" has, happily, not been borne out in the appointment of a new Archbishop of Westminster. In this instance it is the event which was most generally anticipated that has actually come to pass. For many years, and at a time when the late Cardinal Manning's hold upon life showed least signs of relaxing, the then Bishop of Salford was regarded by almost universal consent as the heir presumptive to the archiepiscopal throne; and though, when at length the melancholy moment arrived for filling up the vacancy, the claims of more than one perfectly eligible candidate were put forward, there was never at any time any very real doubt as to the one upon whom the choice would ultimately fall. Certainly at the present moment there is no dearth of wise and zealous ecclesiastics in the English hierarchy who might worthily hold the helm, but Dr. Vaughan seemed to many to be in an especial manner marked out for the post, and this widespread consensus of opinion has now been confirmed by the convincing approval of the Holy Father.

It would be unreasonable to deny that the task of the new archbishop, which would be, under any circumstances, an onerous and exacting one, is rendered in the present case doubly difficult by the fact that he has to succeed a man of so striking and commanding a personality as the late cardinal. It is a fortunate circumstance, therefore, that Archbishop Vaughan comes to rule over his new flock with independent and long-established claims of his own upon their consideration and regard. Indeed, it is a fact which is in itself well worthy of note, that the three successive occupants of the throne of the archdiocese should have such perfectly distinct, as well as such undeniable, titles to the great position which they have, in turn, been called upon to fill. Each of them has assumed the reins of government under a totally different condition of affairs, and there has been in each case—so, at least, it would appear to us—a happy appropriateness in the man selected for the purpose. Of the relative claims to greatness of Cardinal Wiseman and Cardinal Manning we do not feel called upon to speak, any more than we feel that we have the power to prophesy whether the new archbishop will surpass, or whether he will fall short of, the splendid traditions of his predecessors. All we wish now to point out is that, while there

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is ample room for drawing parallels between the three archbishops, the difference of the circumstances which surround each case almost wholly precludes the possibility of making comparisons. This difference, we believe, will be visible at a glance. Cardinal Wiseman had to do violence, as it were, to the deep-rooted prejudices of Englishmen, and, though an Englishman himself, he was generally regarded by the great mass of his countrymen as the emissary of a foreign power. Unreasonable though this view may appear in the light of the present day, the fact, nevertheless, remains, and it furnishes some proof of the bigotry which he had to combat. The establishment of the hierarchy was much in the nature of a surgical operation. It was the violent remedy which alone could bring about a better order of things; yet for the time being it only stirred up fever and irritation. Protestant England resented what it termed the "Papal aggression," and, though it at length became partially pacified, it could never wholly reconcile itself to the great cardinal who had forced the Catholic hierarchy unwillingly upon the country. The appointment of Cardinal Manning, therefore, came at a singularly opportune moment. The vigorous policy of his predecessor had been accomplished; England had been reclaimed by the church and parcelled out into sees, each under the rule of a separate bishop. The time had now come for reconciling the great mass of the people with the ancient faith, and what instrument surely was more fitted for the accomplishment of such a task than the man whom the Protestants still, with a kind of resentful affection, regarded as one of themselves? Cardinal Manning exhibited in its most forcible manner the undying vitality of the church, and the irresistible power which she still possesses of carrying conviction even to the minds of her most intellectual antagonists. In a word, he represented not so much the glorious traditions of the past—though to these he always loyally subscribed—as the great promise of the future, for he was, like Newman, the representative, *par excellence*, of that powerful phalanx of converts which is one of the mainstays of modern English Catholicism. It is in this particular respect that we may regard Archbishop Vaughan as an especially appropriate successor to the late cardinal. It seems fitting that the see which has been so long presided over by one of the most distinguished examples of the returning faith of England, should now be governed by one of the descendants of those old English families who never once faltered in their fidelity. Time enough has elapsed under the beneficent rule of Cardinal Manning to have allayed the fears and attracted the sympathies of the English people, and the moment would now

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seem to be ripe for giving them some visible and living reminder that the Catholic faith is not only a powerful modern institution, but that it is also the faith of their forefathers. This, it is to be hoped, will prove to be one salutary effect of Dr. Vaughan's appointment.

It is, of course, needless to state here what is, indeed, little better than a truism, that mere length of pedigree counts for little in the eye of the church, for the church in the present day knows no other title to preferment than that of personal merit. Nevertheless, it cannot be otherwise than an interesting and pleasing circumstance when individual worth and ancient lineage are so remarkably combined in one person as they are in the case of the new archbishop. The family of the Vaughans traces its ancestry back to the Herbert, Count of Vermandois, who landed in England with the Conqueror, who married one of that monarch's granddaughters, and who acted as chamberlain to William Rufus. From this historic beginning the family can be traced in a direct line, through Herbert, Lord of Gwarindee (in the time of Edward III.), down to its chief living representative, Herbert, Archbishop of Westminster. Throughout its history it has remained steadfast to the Catholic cause, and has suffered much in consequence. It even cast in its lot with the final and desperate struggle for the Catholic succession in the last century, and one of its members was attainted for treason for participation in the futile battle of Culloden. Dr. Vaughan thus forms a link between the Roman Church in England of the pre-Reformation and the post-Reformation periods, and is a striking proof of the unbroken continuity of English Catholicism. The name of Vaughan is derived from the Welsh associations of the family, the word Vychan, or the Younger, which was affixed to the name of one of its early members, having been eventually corrupted into the now familiar patronymic. The mottoes of the family, of which there were two, are both particularly appropriate, the Welsh one being *Duw a digon* (God suffices), and the Latin one, which gives rise to the crest of a child's head encircled by a serpent, being *Simplices sicut pueri, sagaces sicut serpentes.* The ancient traditions of the Vaughans, which are thus inseparably bound up with the Catholic faith, have been consistently followed by the later representatives of the family. This is sufficiently indicated by the fact that the late Colonel Vaughan, Dr. Vaughan's father, had among his six brothers and sisters three who were priests—one being the present Bishop of Plymouth—and two who were nuns; while among his thirteen children he numbered two archbishops (the late Archbishop of

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Sydney and the present Archbishop of Westminster), two religious (Father Bernard Vaughan, S.J., and Father Jerome, founder of St. Benedict's, Fort Augustus), two secular priests, and four nuns. Seldom, it is safe to assert, has the grace of a religious vocation been so abundantly bestowed upon the members of one family, and still more rarely, we may add, has the call been met by so spontaneous and generous a response. There is much that might be written that would be of deep interest concerning the life and labors of other members of the family, but on the present occasion we must confine ourselves to a brief survey of the career and the achievements of its leading and most distinguished representative.

The Most Rev. Herbert Alfred Vaughan, Archbishop of Westminster and Metropolitan of England, is the eldest son of Colonel John Francis Vaughan, of Courtfield, in Herefordshire, by his first wife, Eliza Louisa, daughter of the late Mr. John Rolls, of the Hendre, County Monmouth. He was born at Gloucester on April 15, 1832, and was educated at Downside and Stonyhurst Colleges in England, and subsequently at Buegelette, on the continent of Europe. Putting aside his early inclination to follow in his father's footsteps by joining the army, he determined to devote his life to the service of God, and with a view to preparing himself for the priesthood he, in December of 1851, at the age of nineteen, became a student at the *Accademia dei nobili Ecclesiastici* at Rome. It was just at this time that Father Henry Edward Manning, then newly ordained a priest of the Catholic Church, which he had entered but a few months previously, also became a member of the Roman Accademia, and there the two English students—the one still on the very threshold of life, the other already in his prime—passed some years together in profound theological studies. It was a happy omen that the two future archbishops should have been thus early associated, and it is a still more gratifying fact that the bond of association and sympathy which they then formed was never loosened, but grew closer and stronger as years went by. Their training and antecedents could not well have been more dissimilar; their religious and political traditions stood out in the boldest contrast; yet, as all roads are said to lead to Rome, so all Catholics are certain at last of finding themselves within a common centre of unity; and thus, in spite of differences of birth and education, in spite of diversities of political predilection, there was always a remarkable union of thought and intention between the Cardinal and Bishop Vaughan.

In his twenty-third year—namely, on October 28, 1854—Dr.

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Vaughan was ordained priest by a Franciscan bishop at Lucca, and returning shortly afterwards to England, he was at once appointed vice-president of St. Edmund's College, in Hertfordshire. As an early instance of the close connection which always existed between Cardinal Manning and Dr. Vaughan, to which we have just alluded, it may be mentioned that it was with the latter's co-operation that Dr. Manning founded the Congregation of the Oblates of St. Charles at Bayswater—a community to which Dr. Vaughan has ever since belonged, and of which he now becomes, by right of his position, the head. The future archbishop's connection with St. Edmund's College continued until 1862, but prior to that year he had, on his recovery from a severe illness, paid his second visit to Rome, and in the early part of 1863 he visited Spain. During this time he had, while in England, taken up his abode with the Bayswater community, then presided over by Dr. Manning. His residence here, however, was only transitory, for he was now on the point of embarking upon that wider and more exacting field of labor which forms by far the most interesting and memorable episode in his life, and furnishes him, at the same time, with a certain passport to the grateful consideration of the Catholic people of America.

For many years Father Vaughan had been inspired with an intense zeal for heathen missionary work, and the more immediate object on which he had set his heart was the establishment of a heathen missionary college in England. The terrible and indubitable fact that, in this the nineteenth century of the Christian era, the saving truths of the Gospel were as yet unknown to the great majority of mankind, had not merely fired his imagination, but it had also awakened within him a practical project for doing something to remove the evil. England's duty, in particular, to the vast numbers of her heathen subjects had impressed itself forcibly upon his mind, and he felt that the time had surely arrived when England should become the organized and permanent centre of an ever-expanding missionary crusade. In an eloquent, if somewhat reproachful appeal, issued in 1868, he said:

"A pressing and peculiar responsibility, arising out of our national position in the world, lies pleading at the door of our conscience. The wail of utter misery and spiritual death is ascending from 200,000,000 of human beings who are subject to our national power and influence; it pierces to the very heart. During the day of this their miserable life they toil and enrich us with their wealth. Their gold and silver, their silks and tis-

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sues, their gems and spices are scattered up and down our country; they feed and adorn our earthly life. But what effort do we make in return to speed to them the blessings of eternal life? And yet these blessings were poured out upon us gratuitously; they were brought to us from afar, when we neither prized nor sought them. Are we not bound to plant in other lands the seed of life which has been generously sown in ours? 'Freely you have received, freely give.' Or are *we* the ultimate term of the Gospel dispensation? Has a blight of selfishness fallen upon our young life and centred our thoughts inward upon ourselves? Have our Catholic hearts become stunted and straitened within the narrow limits of our four seas? Or are we under some fatal ban of exclusion from the apostolic life of the church amid the unevangelized nations of the world? No, none of this. We are a minority and with many needs, true: so was the early Church of Palestine; so was the Church of Rome; so was the early Church in Ireland and in England; yet no sooner had they begun to live than they began to hasten abroad to diffuse their life."

From the time of his ordination to the priesthood Father Vaughan had sought to impress these views upon his superiors, but from the outset he encountered nothing but discouragement. Every one, naturally, sympathized with the great object upon which he wished to embark, but it was pointed out—and not without reason—that the spiritual needs of England herself, at that moment, were all-engrossing; that the coffers of the church were but meagrely filled, while on every side there was evidence of a lamentable scarcity of priests. In this state of things such a project as the one he proposed was declared to be impracticable, or at any rate premature, and Father Vaughan was compelled for a time to yield to this decision. But he did not remain passive for long. About the time of the termination of his connection with St. Edmund's he submitted his scheme, "with some hesitation," as he has himself declared, to the consideration of Cardinal Wiseman, and, to his no small surprise, remembering his previous experiences, he found that it was welcomed by the cardinal with enthusiastic approval. The cordiality of this reception was presently explained, and it then appeared that the undertaking of a foreign missionary college in England so far from being, as might have been supposed, a gratuitous addition to the cardinal's many cares, came upon him almost as the providential fulfilment of a duty which he had long since laid upon his conscience. The circumstances related by Cardinal Wiseman to Father Vaughan, at that interview, were in some respects remarkable. It seemed that many years before, when the cardinal, then rector of the English College in Rome,

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was on the eve of receiving episcopal consecration, he was troubled in his mind by a variety of doubts and anxieties respecting the momentous task that lay before him, and, as a help and consolation in his difficulties, he sought the counsel of the saintly Padre Palotti, founder of the Society of Pious Missions, who afterwards received the title of "Venerable Servant of God." The padre, on hearing what his friend had to say, assured him in the most earnest words that he would never be free from his anxieties until a foreign missionary college was established in England. This declaration took the cardinal completely by surprise, for the subject had not previously occurred to him, but from that moment the resolve to have such a seminary started was fixed in his mind. On entering upon his great work in England, however, he found that a number of more urgent and imperative duties demanded his attention, and as time went on the prospect of the missionary establishment grew more and more remote. Still he possessed his soul in patience, feeling confident that the man who might be destined for this great work would in due time be forthcoming. When, therefore, Father Vaughan laid his scheme unasked before him, it was not surprising that Cardinal Wiseman looked upon him as the very man for whom he had waited to bring about the fulfilment of his hopes.

With Cardinal Wiseman's influential co-operation one great difficulty in the way of the missionary project was removed. But others still remained to be faced, and the most important of these was the necessity for funds. The resources of English Catholics were already sufficiently drained by the fact that they were just then beginning again, with labor and self-denial, to re-establish in some comprehensive and organized form those flourishing institutions of which they had been so violently despoiled at the time of the Protestant usurpation. Father Vaughan, consequently, had to turn his gaze to a more distant, yet a more certain prospect. The benefits which he proposed to confer were no restricted or insular benefits; and he, therefore, failed to see why his appeal for help should be in any degree less broad and expansive. As the result of these reflections he started alone, in the latter part of 1863, on a begging expedition through South America, armed with the most convincing credentials in the shape of the blessing of Pius IX. and the good word and "God-speed" of all the English bishops. In such an expedition as he had undertaken it was not to be supposed that he would find all plain sailing. He met, as was only to have been expected, with many rebuffs and vicissitudes, but he met

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also with much kindness and encouragement. Passing through Panama in the course of his travels, he found the people there stricken down by a deadly disease and deprived, by the harsh edict of the new constitution, of the ministrations of their pastors. Moved by the cruel exigencies of the case, he halted on his journey and, risking the dangers both of infection and imprisonment, attended zealously to the spiritual needs of the sick and dying. The former scourge he escaped, but he soon fell a victim to the latter. He was arrested and sent to prison for a breach of the laws, but after a short incarceration was allowed to continue his tour. While in America he visited California, Peru, Chili, and Brazil, and in the course of two years collected a sum of about sixty thousand dollars. In 1865 Cardinal Wiseman died and Archbishop Manning, on succeeding him, summoned Father Vaughan back to England. He had by this time, however, raised sufficient funds to make, at all events, a beginning, and on his return to London he began forthwith to seek for a suitable spot on which to start his college. Such a spot presented itself at Mill Hill, an elevated locality situated about ten miles outside the metropolis, and Father Vaughan at once opened negotiations with a view to securing a house and forty-five acres of land which were advertised for sale. But the negotiations, which opened propitiously, suddenly threatened to collapse. The vender became acquainted with the object for which the property was required, and, possessing, presumably, strong anti-Catholic prejudices, resolutely declared that the house should never be used for a Catholic purpose. At this critical juncture Father Vaughan adopted a course which is strikingly characteristic of the simple faith that is in him—a faith that has borne as conspicuous a part in the success of his various undertakings as have his undoubted shrewdness and business qualities. Entrusting the matter in an especial way to the powerful mediation of St. Joseph, he was speedily rewarded by receiving a letter from the hitherto inexorable, .but now mysteriously mollified, vender informing him that he might have "Holcomb House" on his own terms. In this transaction Father Vaughan may be truly said to have fulfilled both the spirit and the letter of his family motto, *Simplices sicut pueri, sagaces sicut serpentes.*

On March 1, 1866, the missionary work was fairly launched, Father Vaughan on that day entering "Holcomb House," thenceforth called "St. Joseph's College of the Sacred Heart," with one student and one servant. The beginning was small, but the work was great; and from the first the institution began to grow. Innumerable embarrassments had, of necessity, to be

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faced owing to the continued lack of funds, but these were in every case courageously met and successfully overcome. With the steady increase in the number of students, the college soon outgrew its early home, and, as the result of incessant exertions on the part of its founder, the first stone of the present building was laid by Archbishop Manning on the feast of Sts. Peter and Paul, 1869. The new college was entered on the first of March, 1871, and in the October of the same year the Propaganda granted the institution its first mission—that, namely, to the negroes of America. Four students were ready to start, and, in response to the request of the late Archbishop of Baltimore, who was then at the point of death, Father Vaughan decided to accompany them to the United States. The American archbishop, who declared that he had rallied on hearing of their coming, welcomed the missionaries with open arms, and just lived long enough to see all the arrangements for the mission successfully carried into effect. After the inaugural ceremony at Baltimore Father Vaughan travelled for some months through the Southern States in quest of stations for future missions, and in June, 1872, he returned to Mill Hill. Two months later Bishop Turner, of Salford, died, and on September 27 Father Vaughan was appointed to the vacant bishopric. From that time forth his life was to be cast in widely different places; his first duty was no longer to the scattered heathen nations of the world, but to the teeming Catholic population of one of England's greatest manufacturing districts. Nevertheless, his heart was always with the work of his Missionary College—his head was ever the most potent influence in its councils. In 1875 he once more conducted a band of missionaries abroad, having in the previous year taken part in the Papal coronation of the statue of St. Joseph at Mill Hill—a privilege conferred by special brief from the Pontiff—and in 1884 he accomplished an important development of his scheme by the opening of St. Peter's School at Freshfield, Lancashire, as a preparatory institution for St. Joseph's College. The work of the college has now been going on for twenty-seven years—its silver jubilee having been celebrated in 1891—and it has in that time achieved a record which is in every way remarkable. It has already established missions in America, in Borneo, in the Punjaub, in Kaffiristan, in Cashmere, and among the Maoris in New Zealand, and to these various stations it has sent forth upwards of eighty zealous missionary priests. It has three vicars-apostolic—namely, in New Zealand, Cashmere, and Borneo.

This one immense work would, of itself, have been more than

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sufficient to render Archbishop Vaughan's career a memorable one; but since his appointment to the see of Salford he has embarked upon and completed a number of other undertakings, less far-reaching, perhaps, in their immediate intention, but scarcely less important. On the feast of Sts. Simon and Jude, 1872—the anniversary of his ordination—Bishop Vaughan was consecrated in St. John's Cathedral, Salford, by Archbishop Manning, and at the very outset of his new life he gave a striking proof of the unselfish spirit which animated him. Canon Kershaw, a member of the diocesan chapter, called his attention to the insufficiency of the bishop's *mensa*, remarking that the Bishop of Salford was less well provided for in this respect than the bishop of any other diocese in England, and suggesting that, without any intervention on the bishop's own part, an appeal should be made for materially increasing his resources. With this delicate suggestion Dr. Vaughan gracefully declined to comply, urging as his reason for so doing that the diocese was at that moment suffering from a want which "took a long precedence of every other want, and by the side of which the episcopal *mensa* sank almost to the level of a personal question"—that want being a more certain means of promoting the apostolic training of those who were aspiring to the priesthood. As the result of this characteristic correspondence the bishop at once set about establishing a seminary of pastoral theology in his diocese—a work which he carried to a successful issue with surprising rapidity. Another project which immediately engaged his attention was the founding of a Catholic commercial college in Manchester. The English, he declared, were a commercial people, and there was no reason why the Catholic Church should not supply as highly efficient a commercial education in Manchester as she did a liberal and classical education elsewhere. "She is fully equal to the task," he added; "she is a friend to commerce and industry, and to all the honorable pursuits of man." Profiting by the practical experience he had gained in the great seaports and cities of America, he, in 1877, founded on a thoroughly business-like basis the Commercial College of St. Bede, and nine years later he enlarged the scope of the undertaking by starting a branch establishment on the Rhine for the better cultivation of the French and German languages. Early in his episcopal career he took up a prominent position as a temperance advocate, and under his auspices was started the "Salford Diocesan Crusade against Intemperance," which within two years had a membership of ten thousand persons. In 1885 a new evil forced itself upon his attention—an evil which had

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already come under the keen eye of Cardinal Manning in London—that, namely, of the "insidious and active proselytism" whereby thousands of Catholic children were being robbed of their faith. As the result of the investigations of a special board of inquiry it was shown that the district of Manchester and Salford was "honeycombed by proselytizing agencies." "I believe it to be no exaggeration to say," the bishop declared, "that Catholic children are lost to the faith by thousands every year in Great Britain, through agencies and societies professedly philanthropic and neutral, but secretly animated by an anti-Catholic proselytizing spirit." To combat this grave evil the Salford Protection and Rescue Society was started in 1886, and in the course of a little over five years it has brought about a very material improvement in the condition of affairs.

In the midst of all these multifarious and engrossing labors Dr. Vaughan has not permitted his attention to be in any way diverted from the more immediate concerns of his diocese, where his help has been constantly enlisted in the establishment of parochial churches and schools. He has, moreover, long enjoyed a very high reputation as a preacher, and there is about his published discourses and pastorals that forcible and incisive eloquence which always commands attention. He has not had leisure to devote himself as much to literary work as could have been wished, but he has written a number of practical religious books for the people, and he has for many years been well known in the literary and journalistic world as the proprietor of two prominent organs of English Catholic opinion—namely, the *Tablet* and the *Dublin Review*. His views upon some questions of current politics, and notably on the question of Home Rule for Ireland, are undoubtedly not those of a very large portion of his co-religionists—and the same remark with a difference was equally applicable to his great predecessor—but there is, perhaps, no more remarkable evidence of the real union that exists among Catholics all the world over than the fact that upon all purely political questions they can "agree to differ." Dr. Vaughan has on many occasions given expression to the peculiar veneration which he entertains for the Irish race, but perhaps never more forcibly than in a sermon preached in the church of the Irish Franciscans at Rome on St. Patrick's Day, 1873. According to the brief report telegraphed by a Roman correspondent at the time, Dr. Vaughan contended that the Irish people had been set apart by Providence to do the missionary work of the church, and that they had received special gifts and favors for this purpose.

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"In the ancient world such a mission had been given to the Jews, who appeared a very humble and insignificant race compared with the great empires with which they were surrounded. They appeared in a state of bondage and oppression when suffering from the Egyptian yoke; but their very bondage and oppression formed the most important part of their spiritual training. In the course of time the truths entrusted to them until Christianity spread the lessons at first taught only to Abraham became diffused over the whole world. Fourteen hundred years ago a similar mission was given to St. Patrick, and one was now only beginning to see the real extent and character of the labors of Ireland—the apostolic nation. St. Patrick had taught Ireland; Ireland had taught England and Scotland, Germany and France; and the great apostolic work of the chosen nation was still in prosecution before the eyes of all mankind in the crowded cities of the British Empire, in the United States, Canada, Australia—everywhere. God had specially given to the Irish the three theological virtues of faith, hope, and charity; and, to enable them more effectually to perform their missionary works in spreading these virtues to the most distant lands, he had likewise especially blessed the Irish population with the two great gifts of poverty and chastity. It had not been to a comparatively great and powerful nation that the duty was entrusted of keeping alive religious truths in the ancient world when it was imposed upon the Jews; and in like manner in the modern world oppression, wretchedness, and their consequent poverty were the blessed means by which the Irish were fitted for their sublime task of regenerating and purifying all the nations of the earth."

In recording the achievements of the new archbishop's full and busy life, so far as it has yet gone, is it too much to anticipate that he will be able to accomplish a corresponding amount of good work in the future? His archiepiscopal career has opened with a most auspicious demonstration, for it is not often that it is permitted to a man to experience simultaneously, and in so marked a manner, the double tribute of sorrow and rejoicing which has recently been paid to Dr. Vaughan. His loss has been genuinely regretted by his old flock at Salford, and his advent has been cordially welcomed by his former diocese, to which he now returns as its pastor. He has assuredly the good wishes of all English-speaking Catholics, and, notwithstanding the brilliant records of his immediate predecessors, it will be surprising indeed if the light which has shone forth so brightly in his past career does not diffuse itself even more widely by being raised to a higher and more commanding elevation.

HENRY CHARLES KENT.

Kensington, London, Eng.

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THE "DOUBTFUL," OR PSEUDO-SHAKESPEAREAN PLAYS.

[CONCLUDED.]

II.

HAVING devoted so much space to the methods of Shakespeare as an adapter of plays (a most important branch of a playwright's duties), as shown in the re-writing of the old "Troublesome Raigne" of 1591, I will pass for the present the old "Famous Victories" of 1598, merely remarking that the magnificent play (which I have already spoken of as a quarry of information as to the *morale* and *personnel* of a volunteer English army in Tudor times, such as no historian or sociologist ever could have written or ever can write again) was Shakespeare's own matchless product out of the crude, formless, and lifeless old piece, which is so childish, trivial, and utterly incompetent that "Gammer Gurton's Needle" is a masterpiece of dramatic force by the side of it! And it is to be noted that this re-writing, or adaptation, of old plays is to be carefully distinguished from what, in a former number of this magazine, I have called "The Growth and Vicissitudes of a Shakespearean Play";* the former being the dramatist's own personal work, while the latter is the resultant of the stage life of the plays for which the theatre of Shakespeare's date, and not Shakespeare himself, was responsible.

As I propose, at the close of this paper, to offer a suggestion as to a possible comparative estimate of the circumstantial value of these "Doubtful" Plays in compiling Shakespearean statistics, I will now ask the reader's indulgence while briefly noting the facts of record as to the appearance in print or on the Stationers' Registers of other plays entitled in the above list:

THE ARRAIGNMENT OF PARIS. This play, Thomas Nash, in his preface to Robert Green's "Arcadia," says was written by George Peele. The belief or report that it was written by Shakespeare can be directly traced to the gratuitous statement that it was "by William Shakespeare" on the title-page of an edition thereof, brought out in London in 1660 by the booksellers, Francis Kirkman and Winstanley, who knew nothing, and probably cared nothing, about the truth of the matter, so they covered themselves on their expenses in the publication.

* THE CATHOLIC WORLD, October, 1888.

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THE MERRY DEVIL OF EDMONTON. This play was first found, bound with eight others, in a volume formerly belonging to King Charles II., which afterwards came into the possession of David Garrick. The word "Shakespeare" was stamped on the back of this volume (probably because one of the plays so bound in was the "Love's Labours Lost"). This is all there is of evidence, external to the play itself, of a Shakespeare authorship. But Kirkman, the bookseller above named, affixed Shakespeare's name to the play, this bookbinder's evidence being good enough for his purposes. Thomas Coxeter, the antiquary (1747), assigns this play to Drayton. It was entered by Huntard and Archer (publishers) on the Stationers' Register, April 5, 1608, as by "T. B."

THE LONDON PRODIGAL. The only edition of this play was printed in quarto in London in 1605, with Shakespeare's name in full upon the title-page.

THE PURITAN, OR THE WIDOW OF WATLING STREET. This play was entered on the Stationers' Register, August 6, 1601, and was printed in that year as by "W. S." It has been conjectured that those letters may have stood for Wentworth Smith, a play-writer connected with Henslowe's company, who (according to Henslowe's Diary) wrote fourteen plays for The Lord Admiral's Servants, between April, 1601, and March, 1603.

THE HISTORY OF KING STEPHEN. The *name* of this play is all that we have. It occurs in a list of plays "by Will Shakespeare" entered on the Stationers' Registers by Humphrey Moseley, June 29, 1660. This Humphrey Moseley was, in the latter part of 1645, the leading bookseller and printer of dramatic literature in London. His sign was "The Prince's Arms in Paules Churchyard," and here he issued Milton's first volume, "Poems, both English and Latin, by John Milton," in the year above mentioned, stating in the preface, "The Stationer to the Reader," that he issued the book not for "any private respect of gain," but for "the love I have to our own language that hath made me diligent to collect and set forth such pieces, both in Prose and Verse, as may renew the wonted Honor and Esteem of our English Tongue." Possibly it was in this laudable endeavor that he became responsible for the bogus Shakespeare plays mentioned in this list.

THE LIFE AND DEATH OF THE LORD CROMWELL. The foundation of the claim of this play to a Shakespearean authorship lies in the following entry in the Stationers' Register, viz.: "11th August, 1602, a booke called y^e^ Lyfe and Deathe of

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ye Lorde Cromwell, as yt was lately acted by the Lord Chamberleyn his servants." It was printed in the same year—1602—without any author's name on the title-page. But as Shakespeare's company—or the company with which he is known to have been connected—was named "The Lord Chamberlain's Servants," the accrediting the play to him is sufficiently accounted for.

THE TWO NOBLE KINSMEN. The title-page of this play in its first quarto is as follows:

THE TWO NOBLE KINSMEN.
Presented at the Blackfriers
by the Kings Maiesties Seruants
with great applause:
Written by the memorable Worthies
of their time:
Mr. John Fletcher, and
Mr. William Shakespeare } Gent.
Printed at *London* by *Tho. Cotes*, for *Iohn Waterson:*
and are to be sold at the signe of the *Crowne*
in *Pauls* Church-yard, 1634.

In the second edition (1679) of Beaumont and Fletcher this play was one of seventeen new plays, which were added to the contents of the first edition. The quarto, above entitled, was printed carelessly from a prompter's copy, and several MS. notes from that copy went in with the text. From these it appears that the name of the actor who took the part of the messenger was *Curtis*, the same as that of the actor who was Petruccio's house-servant in "The Taming of the Shrew." These facts and the name of the publisher, Cotes, who issued, as we have seen,* some of the genuine Shakespeare plays, point Shakespeareward somewhat more strongly than in any of the preceding pieces in our list so far.

THE BIRTH OF MERLIN. The title-page of the first quarto reads:

"The Birth of Merlin; or, The Child hath found his Father: As it hath been several times Acted with great applause. Written by William Shakespeare and William Rowley. Printed by Tho. Johnson for Francis Kirkman and Henry Marsh, and are to be sold at the Prince's Arms in Chancery Lane. 1622."

THE HISTORY OF CARDENIO. "The History of Cardenio, by Mr. Fletcher and Shakespeare," was entered on the Stationers' Books by Humphrey Moseley—September 9, 1635. The play itself does not appear to be extant, but during the year 1613 the company known as "The King's Servants" several times

* THE CATHOLIC WORLD, November, 1890. Art. "Shakespeare's Publishers."

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acted a play mentioned in one entry in the Stanhope accounts (MS. Rawl. A. 239) as "Cardenno" and in another as "Cardenna."

THE DOUBLE FALSEHOOD. In 1728 Lewis Theobald, the editor of Shakespeare, printed a play of this name, of which he says he possessed the original MS., which was "of above sixty years' standing, in the handwriting of Mr. Downes, the famous old prompter, and, as I am credibly informed, was early in the possession of the celebrated Mr. Betterton and by him designed to have been ushered into the world, and that it was written by Shakespeare at the time of his (Shakespeare's) retirement from the stage." Further than this Mr. Theobald sayeth not, except that his "credible" informant was "a noble person who supplied me with one of my copies."

THE SECOND MAIDEN'S TRAGEDY. In the Lansdowne collection in the British Museum there is a manuscript play of this name. It appears to have been licensed for representation in London in 1611. It is anonymous, but somebody wrote upon it "by George Chapman," and somebody else erased this name clumsily, and wrote over the erasure "William Shakespeare."

A WARNING FOR FAIR WOMEN. The (London) *Athenæum* of February 15, 1879, prints a letter from Mr. J. Payne Collier —then in his ninetieth year—announcing that, after sixty years of uncertainty, he had finally decided from internal evidence that this play, printed anonymously in 1599, and which records the history of a murder occurring, according to Holinshed, in 1593, was by Shakespeare, or that in its composition he was importantly concerned. "I suspected it at thirty, and now at ninety I am convinced of it," were Mr. Collier's own words. So far as I know, no Shakespearean scholar ever concurred with Mr. Collier. George Wilkes, in his clever but popular work, "Shakespeare from an American Point of View,"* restates Mr. Collier's proposition with some apparent inclination to accept it.

SIR JOHN OLDCASTLE. This play was printed in quarto by Thomas Pavier, whom we have already met as a well-known dealer in Shakespeare quartos†, in 1600, with Shakespeare's name in full on the title-page. But in Henslowe's Diary, in entries of October, November, and December, 1599, the authors of the play are expressly stated to be Munday, Drayton, Wilson, and Hathaway. From a subsequent publication of this play by Pavier, however, Shakespeare's name was removed.

FAIR EM, THE MILLER'S DAUGHTER. This play was one of

* See THE CATHOLIC WORLD, June, 1887, note to p. 348. † Id., 1891.

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those contained in the volume above described as belonging to Charles II., and ultimately to Garrick, and ascribed by the unidentified bookbinder to Shakespeare. The comedy was first printed in 1631, and there is a record of its having been acted by the company known as Lord Strange's Servants.

DUKE HUMPHREY. Among the manuscripts said to have been destroyed by "Dr. Warburton's careless servant" of famous memory was a play of this name, which, we have the good doctor's word for it, was "attributed to Shakespeare." And in the list of plays entered on the Stationers' Books by Humphrey Moseley, June 29, 1660 (see "The History of King Stephen," *supra*), is the following: "Duke Humphrey, a tragedy by Will. Shakspeare."

LOCRINE. "The Lamentable Tragedie of Locrine, the eldest son of King Brutus," was entered in the books of the Stationers' Company, July 20, 1594, and printed in quarto by Thomas Creede, in 1595, "As newly set foorthe, overseene and corrected by W. S." It is a patriotic play, and Dr. Ulrici judiciously observes that the pompous verse in which it is generally written sounds like the play of "Pyrrhus," which Hamlet asks the leader of the actors to recite for him. It would appear to be from the above statement, "as newly, etc.," that it was a much older play than either the above entry or date would make it.

ARDEN OF FEVERSHAM. Entered anonymously in the Stationers' Books, April 3, 1592, and first published in that year. It was again entered and published in 1599 and 1633, showing it to have been a popular play. In 1770 a bookseller of Feversham, Edward Jacob, issued a reprint of it, stating generously on its title-page that it was "by William Shakespeare."

MUCEDORUS. Another of the plays bound together in the King-Charles-Garrick volume, assigned by the book-binder to Shakespeare. Its earliest edition is anonymous, and appeared in 1598.

KING EDWARD THE THIRD. It is uncertain when this play was first assigned to Shakespeare. It begins to appear in old booksellers' catalogues under that name at about 1660. It is a fine old play, and Shakespeare need not have been ashamed to have written it, as it rings with patriotism and pride of native land. It was certainly popular, being repeatedly entered for publication on the Stationers' Books from 1595 to 1625, but always without any author's name.

A YORKSHIRE TRAGEDY. This play was entered on the Stationers' Register, May 2, 1608, with the uncompromising state-

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ment that it was "*Written by William Shakespeare.*" It was published by Thomas Pavier in 1608 and 1619, with that statement made point blank on the title-page, with the further information that it was "played (together with three other small pieces) by the King's Players"—that is, by Shakespeare's company. Pavier, as has been seen,* was a printer of Shakespeare quartos, and altogether this is about as direct evidence as could have been given by anybody.

EURIALUS AND LUCRETIA. A play of this name was entered on the Stationers' Register, August 21, 1583, to one Robert Scott, also mentioned in the Register in connection with "Hamlet" and some other plays in 1630.

GEORGE A GREENE. Of this play Dr. Halliwell-Phillipps has the following note: "This comedy was acted in December, 1593, by the players of the Earl of Sussex's company, who produced 'Titus Andronicus' the following month. It was entered at Stationers' Hall in 1595, but the earliest known edition bears the date of 1599. The statement that there was an early tradition assigning this play to Shakespeare is a pure invention, and, according to an early manuscript note in a copy of the first edition, the great dramatist is himself a witness to its having been composed by some other writer."

IPHIS AND IANTHE. In the list of plays above mentioned entered in the Stationers' Registers, by Humphrey Moseley, June 29, 1660, was this title described as "A Comedy by Will. Shakespeare."

HENRY THE FIRST AND HENRY THE SECOND. Of this play Dr. Halliwell-Phillipps says:

"In 1653 Moseley entered 'Henry the First and Henry the Second, by Shakespeare and Davenport,' on the Registers of the Stationers' Company. Henry the First, 'by Will. Shakespear and Rob. Davenport,' is on the list of the manuscript plays said to have been destroyed by Warburton's servant about the year 1730, so that the two plays seem to have been registered under the above titles; and Sir Henry Herbert, in 1624, licensed 'for the King's Company the "Historye of Henry the First," written by Davenport.' Whether Moseley intended to assert that each drama was the joint composition of Shakespeare and Davenport, or that the one first named in the entry was written by the former and the other by the latter, is a matter of uncertainty as well as one of no consequence. A drama called 'Harey the Firste Life and Deth' was produced by the Lord Admiral's Company in May, 1597, and another on the events of the same reign was written by Drayton and others in the following year."

* THE CATHOLIC WORLD, November, 1890.

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LORRINO and ODRASTES are plays mentioned in Winstanley's *Lives of the Poets*, 1637, p. 132, in a list of Shakespeare's dramatic works, but there is no other data at hand for judging as to whether they were or not. Winstanley does not say whether he ever saw those plays; nor would he have been competent to judge whether or no they were Shakespeare's.

The reader has now all the evidence before him, and can assess the probabilities from it quite as well as can the speculative critics. As to internal evidence, drawn from a reading of the productions themselves, I have always contended that there was no standard of opinion, and that every reader had a right to judge for himself. What reminds one of Shakespeare might appear rubbish to another; and what another of us would call rubbish, still another of us might recognize as Shakespeare; and if he did, it would be a hopeless task to labor with him for a contrary opinion. All of us do not read Shakespeare in the same mood, or admire the same passages. But all of us estimate whatever we admire most in him as "Shakespeare," and bend our requirements to that standard: *that* is, our "Shakespeare." Nor must it be supposed that, in the above list, there are not numerically a great many fine and eloquent passages of superior literary flavor and of master-workmanship from a literary point of view. "Arden of Feversham," "The Yorkshire Tragedy," "The Two Noble Kinsmen," and others are fine pieces. Curiously, however, the play which, according to the above *résumé*, has the very least evidence to connect it with Shakespeare, was the one of them all which enjoyed the greatest public favor and was the oftenest printed, and so whose authorship would be the most likely to be inquired into, but to which Shakespeare's great name never was attached. This play, the "Edward the Third," has more (whole scenes, indeed) of what most of us would call Shakespeare's work (or work likest to his), than any of the others. On the other hand, the play which, according to the above *résumé*, possesses the most emphatic record-testimony of a Shakespearean authorship—"The Yorkshire Tragedy"—is never included, even by editors who accept both "The Two Noble Kinsmen" and the "Edward the Third" into the canon, and so the contradiction rules or misrules, like a very Lord of Misrule himself, among the critico-commentators and the commentative critics! Again, "The Merry Devil of Edmonton" and "The Birth of Merlin" (excluded) are exceptionally clever and entertaining, and the "London Prodigal" and "The Puritan Widow"

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(included) are exceptionally stupid; and so it goes. It is therefore, I submit, the safer plan to adhere to a simple statement of the external record, and to award to each student his perfect right to assess the internal evidences as he may be moved to estimate them. Mere familiarity with Shakespeare in history will not always give weight to a critical opinion as to the text. As mentioned above, Mr. J. Payne Collier, after almost seventy years of Shakespearean study, deliberately pronounced "A Warning for Fair Women" to be Shakespeare's work; a proposition not one of his fellow-critics, before or since, ever troubled himself for a moment to discuss!

There are, however, two suggestions which I deem it worth while to make as to these "Doubtful Plays" from a circumstantial point of view alone. And with them I will draw this paper to a close.

FIRST: Sir William D'Avenant, godson and putative son of Shakespeare, lived and died devoted to the memory and the fame of his great namesake. Through the Decadence—the interregnum; the dreary days when the rampant Puritans were making England barren, and doing their best to drive art and letters, both sacred and profane, from the face of the earth—he alone—so far as we have a record—kept the name of Shakespeare green. When the days of the Restoration again made England endurable, he restored Shakespeare to the stage, revising and restocking the plays, as a concession necessary to keep them alive at all in the face of that "refined age," as Pepys and Evelyn called it. But he worked always with reverence (however, in our present moods, the re-stocking looks like sacrilege). John Dryden, the connecting link in English literature between Elizabethism and the moderns, was taught his Shakespeare by D'Avenant, and, as he himself tells us, was soon himself a worshiper. It is an error to suppose that these men adapted Shakespeare to the tastes of their time because they supposed themselves greater than Shakespeare. As well say that Pope translated Homer because he thought his long bastard-hexameters superior to the onomatopœia of the Father of Poetry! Shakespeare was to be translated to meet the taste of the ladies and gentlemen of whose doings Pepys and Evelyn kept diaries, or else to lie moribund. And D'Avenant deserves grateful remembrance for ever for bringing back to the English stage, which has never surrendered them since, the dramatic works that once held the stage of which William Shakespeare himself was proprietor and manager.

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Now, D'Avenant lived until 1668, Dryden until 1700. Both of them were alive when, in 1663–4, Philip Chetwynde, a bookseller in London, brought out the Third Folio. Chetwynde appears to be but a name in the catalogue (at least there are no records of him or his acquaintances that I have been able to discover). But it is certain that both D'Avenant and Dryden were friends and intimates of Henry Herringman, a famous London publisher, who brought out many, if not most, of Dryden's poems; who, many a time and oft, is recorded to have come to Dryden's financial relief, and whose bookstore was a sort of club for Dryden and his fellow wits and literary workmen. And this Herringman in 1685, when Dryden was alive and at his elbow, issued the Fourth Folio of Shakespeare's "complete" works. Both the Third and the Fourth Folios were edited from the Second Folio of 1632 as far as the text went. But each added the seven other plays, viz., "Pericles," and (from the above list of thirty plays we have just examined) the following six: "The London Prodigal," "The History of Thomas, Lord Cromwell," "Sir John Oldcastle," "Lord Cobham," "The Puritan Widow: A Yorkshire Tragedy," "Locrine." Is it not impossible to suppose that these two folios were issued without the knowledge of—even if they were not edited and prepared for the press by—Sir William D'Avenant, who was by common consent the guardian of Shakespeare's memory, to say nothing of Dryden, who wrote of Shakespeare's work "Within that circle none durst walk but he"? What, then, are we to think? Were the seven last above-named plays selected as Shakespeare's out of the list of thirty, by D'Avenant and Dryden, or were they selected by two booksellers who, although intimate with those poets and concurring in their judgment in everything else, in the most important literary question they were ever called upon to decide moved entirely upon their own responsibilities and took no counsel of the two poets whatever?

The question is relieved a little as to the "Pericles" by the fact that Dryden *does* appear to have been called upon—or to have thought it necessary—to express some opinion as to the authorship of that play, and to apologize for its inferiority to the general of the Master's workmanship.

In his prologue to D'Avenant's *Circe* he wrote:

> "Shakespeare's own muse his *Pericles* first bore,
> *The Prince of Tyre* was older than the *Moore*.
> 'Tis miracle to see a first good play—
> All Hawthorne's do not bloom on Cristmas day" [*sic*].

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I regard Dryden's opinion, as expressed in these lines, as of far less importance than the fact that he thought it necessary, or took occasion, to express any opinion at all. Let us sum up the situation: 1. Sir William D'Avenant, putative son of Shakespeare, calls Dryden's attention to Shakespeare's works, and (as Dryden testifies) taught him to admire them. 2. Two publishers, intimate friends of Dryden and of D'Avenant, publish as Shakespeare's seven plays which two prior publishing houses had rejected as not Shakespeare's. 3. Dryden writes a prologue to a work of D'Avenant's, in the course of which he justifies the publisher in assigning one of these plays to Shakespeare. Does it not appear self-evident that D'Avenant and Dryden must have had something to do with the insertion in the third and fourth folios of the seven Doubtful Plays? (I pass Dryden's statement as to the chronology of the "Pericles," as quite as valuable or worthless as a modern chronology, by Fleary or Furnivall or Dowden—that is to say, as mere guess-work). But how about the six other plays, "The London Prodigal," the "Thomas, Lord Cromwell," "The Puritan Widow," "The Yorkshire Tragedy," the "Locrine"? which were selected to go into the folios at the same date and on the same occasion? (All of these are manifestly inferior in every way to the "Pericles" by common consent of the non-critical as well as of the most critical of readers; but let that pass.) Did D'Avenant and Dryden, worshippers of Shakespeare in an age when his worshippers were few, tacitly permit these also to go in among his collected works? (or seeing them put in, abstain from protest, even if their intimate friend, the publisher, failed to consult the two recognized literary authorities—not to say despots, of the day?) Let us look at the dates and the record of these plays, and see if any presumption or quasi-presumption of authority would have influenced them. "The London Prodigal" had, as we have seen above, been printed in quarto in 1605 with Shakespeare's name in full, uncompromisingly, and not concealed by an initial or abbreviations, upon the title-page. The "Thomas, Lord Cromwell," had been printed three years earlier, in 1602, and, although no author's name appeared on the title-page, it was there announced that the play was printed "As y^{t} was lately acted by the Lord Chamberlaine his Servants" (the company with which Shakespeare was connected; for which he wrote: and which possessed the "Richard the Second," "Richard the Third," "The Merchant of Venice," the "Midsummer Night's Dream," "The Merry Wives of Windsor," the second "Henry the Fourth," the "Henry the Fifth," and the "Much Ado about Nothing" in its repertoire). Two years earlier still, the

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"Thomas, Lord Cromwell," had appeared, in 1600, printed by Thomas Pavier (the printer who had issued the quartos of the first and second "Henry VI." and the "Titus Andronicus"), and, as in the case of "The London Prodigal," with Shakespeare's name in full on the title-page. (As to this, however, as stated above, the Henslowe entry, giving the play to other dramatists by name, should, by our own rules, reasonably control.) It was not impossible that the fact of the removal of Shakespeare's name from subsequent editions of the play should have been overlooked, for until Malone's time we search in vain for any evidence of circumstantial assessment of Shakespeare evidences (and this Henslowe Diary was only unearthed by Malone about a century later than Dryden's date). "The Puritan, or the Widow of Watling Street," was issued in 1601, the title-page stating that it was "written by W. S." "The Yorkshire Tragedy" was (again by Thomas Pavier) issued in 1609 and 1619 with the point-blank statement, both on the title-page and on the 1608 Stationers' entry: "written by William Shakespeare" and "played by the King's Players" (who presented the "Pericles," the "Lear," and the "Othello." I am proceeding on the supposition that the company mentioned as "His Maiesties Seruants" was the same as "The King's Players"). The "Locrine" was even earlier than any of the foregoing, having been issued by Thomas Creede (who printed the "Henry V.," "The Merry Wives," and the "Romeo and Juliet"), he having entered it of record on the Stationers' books July 20, 1594, and when printed declared on its title-page that it was "*newly set foorthe, overseene and corrected by W. S.*"

The facts appear to be self-evident, therefore, that these seven newly included plays were admitted simply because the prior quarto title-pages had assigned them to either "William Shakespeare," or to his company of actors, or to "W. S.," and that "W. S." was understood by the booksellers (and that Dryden and D'Avenant had no information to the contrary) to stand for the name of the great dramatist. And it seems to me, on this simple showing (made in good faith and before the day of rival critics who quarrelled over each other's competency, and devoted themselves to exhibiting each other's follies), that the reasonable conclusion must be that Dryden and D'Avenant *were* consulted, and proceeded, in their zeal, on the principle that it was better to include too much than too little, and that (and I respectfully submit that these two poets were quite as competent to form an opinion, and to give what Mr. Best calls "opinion evidence," as we are to-day) they were of opinion that a man who wrote "Hamlet" was not utterly incapable of having

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written lesser work if he had seen fit to do so. At any rate, here is a good working hypothesis, and it at once marshals authorities to its aid whose testimony has quite as much probative force as the guess-work or "say so" of the æsthetic critics of two hundred years later on.

In this view, of course, the fact that Dryden saw fit to apologize for the "Pericles," and not for the other six plays, can be urged under the probate rule of the Latin lawyers: *Inclusio unius est exclusio alterius*, a powerful argument always as to testamentary devises or questions arising between matters or things of equal affinity. But, while we cannot always look for the lawyer's instinct in the zeal of the literary expert or *virtuoso*, I am rather inclined to believe that D'Avenant or Dryden could perceive, quite as clearly as we do to-day, the difference between the "Hamlet" and the "Titus Andronicus"; or between the "Othello" and the "Two Gentlemen of Verona."

Will Shakespearean critics ever admit a reasonable doubt; or an operation, in their field, of the doctrine of causation or of chances? If Shakespeare had been directed to cease libelling Sir John Oldcastle, why should, or might, he not have written a play called "Sir John Oldcastle," to emphasize the public denial he instructed his actor to earnestly make in the epilogue to the "Second Henry IV." that he had harbored any such intention? And if his heart were not in the work, is it so very strange that his work in the latter play was purely perfunctory, and so fell below his actual standard of composition? Or, once more, if Shakespeare wrote historical plays upon the reigns of the Henrys IV., V., VI., and VIII., why should he have not have written plays on the reigns of Henry I. and II.? I do not, for my own part, believe that he ever did, but while there is just the faintest statement that he did—however improbable—there is actually no evidence at all, nor a *soupçon* of it, that he did not!

In conclusion, I can only hope that my efforts in these papers in THE CATHOLIC WORLD to examine facts as I am able to find them, independently of my personal admiration for the splendid and despotic genius of the dramatist who was "not of an age but for all time," and who was not only "soul of the age" but "the applause, delight, and wonder of THE STAGE" (and so must have catered to the audiences who sat before his stage and paid their shillings in to support it), will not be considered supererogative in the time to come, when æsthetic criticism shall survive only in the Catalogue of Curiosities of Shakespearean Commentary!

APPLETON MORGAN.

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AT THE CHURCH DOOR.

I.—NOONTIDE.

HERE is the open portal, whereby Peace
Doth woo thee to her most secure retreat;
Without, the noise and groaning of the street,
In the fierce strife for wealth and wealth's increase,
Surges like baleful thunder, nor doth cease
While morn to night and night to morn repeat
The dreams of wild ambition, and the fleet,
Strong tide flows onward, giving no release.
But enter thou; a soft encircling gloom
With slender sprays of jewelled light abloom,
Mellow with incense and the breath of prayer;
And in the mystic glory of His shrine,
One, Holiest, who with welcoming hands divine
Doth wait, to free thy soul from sin and care.

II.—SURSUM CORDA!

Falls on the kneeling multitude a sweet
And sudden hush, as if with one accord
Their eyes beheld the Presence of the Lord,
And bowed in gracious hòmage at His feet.
Before the shrine the veil of incense rolls;
Enraptured voices, rising high and higher,
With one long burst of love and joy aspire,
In breathless longing of uplifted souls.
O blissful ecstasy! Most precious gift!
That thus can free from all the bonds that pull
The wingèd spirit backward to the clod;
And through the mist of earthly cloud uplift
This moment of rapt silence, beautiful
With holy fear, and holier love of God.

MARY ELIZABETH BLAKE.

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A MOTHER'S SACRIFICE.

FROM THE RUSSIAN.

NASTA, the letter-carrier, had never ceased to weep over the loss of her little Wasylek. One day the pope of Tersow, meeting her on the high-road as she was going her rounds from the town of Smolnica to the villages, stopped and, wishing to console her, said: "Why do you continue to grieve in this manner, Nasta? You may be assured that your little boy is now among the cherubim in heaven."

The cherubim! Never in her life had Nasta heard of such beings, and the words of the friendly priest, far from affording her any comfort, only seemed to trouble and agitate her. It was a year ago that her darling Wasylek had died, a year ago that the poor, shabby little coffin was carried to the cemetery by a kindly neighbor amid a blinding snow-storm, carefully sheltered beneath his sheepskin cloak.

For a whole week the poor woman thought over what the pope* had said to her, but the words conveyed no meaning to her mind. The next Sunday, however, it happened that as she was passing a Latin church which was on her daily route she thought she would go in. She was just in time for the sermon. The preacher spoke of the majesty of God, of the armies of heaven, of the legions of angels, of the seraphim and cherubim standing around the throne of the Most High. Nasta listened as if spell-bound, and eagerly drank in all he said. It seemed to her as if she were listening to one who had lately seen her lost boy and knew all about him.

When she left the church her head was full of the wonders of which she had been hearing, and as she went on her way to the village of Spas she strove to treasure up in her memory the words of the preacher, repeating them over and over to herself like the prayers of the Rosary. But the thread of her intelligence was too weak to retain them; one by one the ideas slipped away and were lost, like the beads of a necklace when the string has broken. One expression alone remained impressed on her memory: *the armies of heaven!*

* This name is given to the secular clergy of the Russian Church, of which the czar is the supreme head. The Latin, or uniate, priests, still in union with Rome, are in Poland few in number, and are regarded with jealousy and dislike by the parochial clergy.

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This idea was a new one to the ignorant peasant-woman, and by no means a welcome one. Then God, too, who was the King of heaven, had an army like the Emperor of Russia, and in that army Wasylek had taken service in the capacity of a cherubim. Now, Nasta knew a good deal about military life; she had often heard letters from soldiers read aloud, and they were invariably in the same strain: always begging for money, always complaining of the captain's harshness or of the brutality of the corporal. The remembrance of this caused her great concern. Until then she had simply mourned for the loss of her only child; now anxiety on his behalf was added to her grief. If the poor little fellow were really enrolled in the ranks of the celestial militia, one of two things must be true: either he was ill-treated, and it was his mother's duty to exert herself to protect him; or he was unhappy, and she must do something to cheer and help him. The thought that the child, who was now beyond the reach of all earthly sufferings, might perhaps be enduring still worse torments in the unseen world to which he had gone, filled the poor mother's heart with anguish.

If she had dared, how gladly would she have at once turned back and gone to the Latin priest in his presbytery, and asked him what the army of heaven really was, and what were the nine choirs of angels of which he had spoken. A clergyman would know all about such matters, and who knows, might he not perchance even be able to inform her into what choir, or rather what battalion, Wasylek had entered? But how should a poor woman like her take the liberty of questioning a priest, and a Latin priest too? Besides, she was already late, she would be behind her time in reaching Spas, and M. Krzespel, the inspector of the imperial domains, would be getting very impatient at not having his papers.

Nasta was the walking post between the village of Spas and the post-office at Smolnica. It was her business to deliver the letters first to the inspector, then to the Jews who kept the public-houses, and the small proprietors in the neighboring hamlets who could not fetch their own letters, and lastly, in summer-time, to the visitors who came thither for the benefit of the mountain air. Her husband had been the postman of the district, and on his death, ten years before, Nasta had been allowed to take his place.

She had not married young, and scarcely two years after the birth of her little boy her husband had died suddenly. All that he bequeathed to her was a cottage whose roof was fast

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crumbling into decay, a barren strip of garden ground through which ran a stream, shaded at its source by a pear-tree of such antiquity that no one could remember having seen any fruit on its boughs. Nasta's duty consisted in walking to and from the post-office every day with the letters. For this she was paid two florins a month—about five francs! She used to start at day-break, for it took her two hours to walk there and two to come back; for the remainder of the day she worked in the fields. In summer-time her task was comparatively easy, and she could easily get back by midday; but in winter, in the long, hard frosts, it was indeed toilsome work, since the post was often delayed by the weather, and at times she had to wade through deep snow-drifts, for on that side of the Carpathian Mountains the winters are very severe. But as long as her child was alive what did Nasta care for hard work and biting cold?

One day an epidemic broke out among the village children. It attacked their throats, and in two days proved fatal. Soon there were as many newly made mounds in the churchyard of Busowiska, where Nasta lived, as there had been children of twelve years old or thereabouts at that time. Just a year before our story opens, when Nasta, coming back from her daily round one morning, reached the foot of the mountain where she was accustomed to see Wasylek, who took care of the sheep of a neighboring farmer, waiting for her, the child was nowhere to be perceived. A horrible apprehension seized upon her; she ran like one demented to her cottage. There she found Wasylek, wrapped in his father's old sheepskin, lying on the ground beside the earthenware stove, his round eyes fixed on the ceiling in a stupefied stare. Alas! the next day but one those eyes were closed for ever. Until that fatal hour Nasta had envied no one, she had been as happy as a queen; her dark, dilapidated cottage was to her a palatial residence, the old pear-tree a smiling orchard, the murmur of the brook the sweetest melody; but from the moment when Wasylek was laid in his narrow churchyard bed all the sunshine faded out of the poor woman's life. Her cabin appeared desolate, her orchard a sterile plot of ground, while the babble of the stream became a strain of such woful sadness that many a time, as she listened to it in the stillness of the night, she thought she really must divert it from its course, that she might no longer hear its mournful plaint. Everything wore an altered aspect in her eyes; even her daily walk to the post seemed to have become lengthened in distance in an unaccountable manner, and the road looked

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dull and dreary, although it was enlivened by many carriages and briskas containing travellers from far and near.

Formerly, in happier times, when she neared home after delivering the letters in some outlying hamlet up among the mountains, she used to descry a little figure crouching among the furze-bushes, hardly distinguishable at a distance from the stones and rocks around him. And then this little figure would be seen flitting among the bushes and over the greensward, or lost to sight for a moment between tall sheaves of corn, to reappear suddenly at the bend of the road. Poor Wasylek! With his huge, unshapely straw hat, his jacket of coarse hempen cloth, caught together in front and fastened with a bit of stick, and his whip three times as big as himself in his hand, he looked uncommonly like the scarecrows set up in a wheat-field to keep the birds from the corn. But the queer little mannikin had two bright black eyes that gleamed under the rim of his battered hat, and very dear he was to the poor letter-carrier, who when she caught sight of him used to stop and open her bag, from the depths of which she never failed to produce some toothsome cake or crisp biscuit. But now, alas! though spring was spreading its verdant covering over the earth, there was no little gray figure awaiting her by the road-side, or running over the freshly ploughed fields. Alas, indeed, the earth, the inexorable earth, had swallowed him up and held him fast locked in her prison-house!

However, from the time that the idea that her darling boy was enrolled among the cherubim in Paradise had sunk into the mind of the bereaved mother, she no longer felt lonely. As she went on her daily rounds one thought constantly pursued her like a spectre, and life was no more a dreary, hopeless blank. If only she could acquaint herself with what her child was doing up there in the choirs of the heavenly host! But how was she to learn this? How was she to span the gulf that separated him from her? For some time this idea engrossed her mind so completely that she could think of nothing else. Being naturally diffident and slow of speech, she was reluctant to make her difficulties known to others and seek information from them. One day, however, she plucked up courage to begin to speak on the subject to the organist of the Latin church.

"What can I do to prevent my poor little Wasylek feeling himself a desolate orphan up in heaven?" she inquired in a mysterious whisper. The organist, who considered himself a great authority on theological matters, looked at her with an air

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of supreme commiseration, and, after a moment's reflection, answered: "Wasylek will only cease to be an orphan in heaven when you die."

Nasta was completely silenced by this unexpected answer. When she died! But who knows how long it may be before one dies, and must the poor child wait in misery all that time? Perhaps Honorius, the man at the Monastery of St. Basil, who had grown gray in the service of the monks, would be able to give her some wise counsel. She resolved, therefore, to watch for him on this road when he was driving back from market through the forest.

Honorius was a taciturn man, and he let her tell her tale without interruption. When she had done, he fixed his eyes for a minute on the leathern bag strapped across his chest, then slowly taking his pipe from his lips, and pointing upward with his long, lean finger, he replied in a grave tone, not unmingled with irony: "What would you have? If only some clever person would invent a postal service between earth and heaven!"

Satisfied with this laconic answer, he replaced his pipe in his mouth and closed his lips, as if to say nothing more was to be got out of him that day. "If only there could be a post to heaven!" Nasta repeated to herself, as she watched him disappear beneath the archway of verdant pines. "But unfortunately there is not any!"

At Busowiska there was no Catholic church, nor even a *cerkiew* of the Greek Church, the one that existed there having been burnt down several years previously to the time of which we are speaking, and never rebuilt. The inhabitants were consequently, as is the case in many villages of the Carpathian Mountains, destitute of all religious teaching. This accounts for the benighted condition of Nasta's mind, and her strange ignorance of sacred things. On great festivals the people were in the habit of going to the church of Tersow, the nearest parish. Nasta was accustomed to go there once a year, on Good Friday, to adore the holy images, and to get her Easter eggs and cakes blessed. Since the death of her child she had not been at all. What was the good of getting her cakes blessed when there was nobody at home to eat them? And as to prayer! since her affliction the unhappy woman had had less than ever recourse to prayer.

But now that a fresh direction had been given to her thoughts she felt the need of religion, and resolved to go again to church. There would certainly be a sermon, and who could tell whether the priest might not say something on the sub-

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ject of the cherubim and the angels, about which she had heard on a previous occasion?

This time, however, there was not a word about the armies of heaven. The preacher spoke of prayer; how omnipotent it was, how it afforded consolation and strength to the afflicted and suffering souls, how by it a communication was opened with heaven, so that it might be termed a kind of *post* between earth and the unseen world. Of the first part of the sermon Nasta comprehended little. She sat and listened, heaving a deep sigh and striking her breast now and again, after the manner of the Russian peasant, who believes the word preached would be of no profit to him without such exterior demonstrations. But when the last words fell on her ear she was startled and aroused. She ceased to strike her breast, and fixed her eyes on the preacher, anxious not to lose a word. So there really was a post between earth and heaven! Honorius had been quite mistaken when he said there was no such thing. But in order to make use of this means of communication one must know how to pray, and Nasta was sadly conscious of her own ignorance in this respect. If she could get through the *Pater* it was as much as she could do; as for the *Credo*, she could go no further than the first sentence. Besides, she reasoned to herself, in this one prayer that she knew by heart there was not a word that could apply to Wasylek; so of what use could it be? If a prayer was to be compared to a letter, one must make it very clear to whom it was addressed, just as if a letter was to be delivered the direction must be clearly written on the outside. Now, Nasta could not pray any more than she could write. She must find some one to do it for her. Now, at Busowiska, if a poor man wanted to write to his son in the army, he went into the town to a public scribe, whose business it was to write letters for those who could not write for themselves. Of course the writer was paid for his trouble, but that was not all; one had to go to the post-office and get a stamp to put on the letter, otherwise it would be no use. Then, too, there ought to be a remittance enclosed to make the letter of any value. She knew that the man Dimitry had even sold his goat in order to send money to his son, who was a soldier. Another of her neighbors had pledged her coral necklace for the sake of sending a few florins to a boy who was serving in Hungary, far away beyond the mountains. She must not imagine, Nasta told herself, that she could get what she wanted for nothing. She was poor enough, Heaven knows! but that could not be helped, and in this world nothing can be got without paying a price for

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it. For some time Nasta went about with her head bent down, her brows knitted as if she were endeavoring to solve some abtruse problem. In fact, just then her ideas were not very clear; people and things were oddly jumbled together in her brain: the celestial cherubim, Honorius the convent servant, the priest of Tersow, the post to heaven, the public scribe, and Dimitry's goat. And yet through the darkness of her unenlightened and untaught mind a ray of divine light was slowly struggling. Little by little, through the maze of her own singular process of thought, she arrived at two conclusions. First she learnt to master her grief, and then, with the marvellous intuition of maternal love, she discerned that most sublime of Christian truths, the necessity of sacrifice. Whatever it might cost her, she must make some sacrifice for Wasylek—the sacrifice of something indispensable, something purchased by the hardships of her daily life; by hunger and thirst, sleepless nights, toilsome journeys beneath a burning sun, in cutting wind and biting frost. Some alchemy must be found whereby these privations, these vigils, this sweat of hers, nay her very lifeblood, should be transmuted into that thing most valuable and most difficult to procure—money! What was so precious in her eyes as money, slowly and painfully coined out of the toils, the sweat of the peasant? Nasta knew by experience how indispensable money is. How often had she seen the tears, the misery, the despair, occasioned by the want of this miserable pelf! There was a man in an adjacent village who had met with a series of misfortunes; his son had been taken by the conscription, his wife had died shortly after, his crops had failed; these and other troubles he had borne with tolerable equanimity, but when his savings were stolen, the small hoard he had amassed so laboriously to satisfy the claims of the money-lender, the poor man had shut the door of his cabin and hung himself in despair. Yes, everything was hard in this life, but to earn money was the hardest of all.

The result of Nasta's reflections was the practical conclusion that in order to do anything she must have money, and a considerable sum too. But her idea of a considerable sum was extremely vague. What would constitute a considerable sum? Perhaps when one could begin to count, not with copper coins or paper money, but with shining gold pieces. She would spare and save to the utmost of her power, and surely in time she would have enough.

A new epoch now commenced for Nasta. The world wore a brighter aspect; and if her mind had not altogether regained its former serenity, at any rate she now had a definite pur-

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pose in view, to save money! Hitherto no one could have accused her of avarice, but now at the sight of a few coins a hungry look came into her eyes, and when she could clutch a few dirty bits of copper in her horny hand, it seemed as if the gates of Paradise were opening to her. So sparingly did she live that she actually managed to keep intact the few francs which were paid her each month. She denied herself salt, the sole condiment of the peasant, and lived on dry bread and boiled potatoes, her only beverage being the water from her own spring, since milk was a luxury which must henceforth be dispensed with. No sooner did she return from her daily journey than she went to work in the fields of a neighboring farmer, laboring like a horse to earn a scanty meal, never complaining so long as she could meet with employment. So great was her anxiety to obtain money in every possible way that one day she was caught by old Marina, a professional beggar, in the act of soliciting alms from the passers-by on the high-road. That was too bad; such impudence could not be allowed, that she, an employee of the state, should have the effrontery to stand there in open daylight and take the bread out of the mouths of honest beggars! Amid a torrent of abuse the old woman hobbled after Nasta as fast as her failing breath and her infirmities would permit, prepared, could she overtake her, to deal her a sound blow with her crutch. But Nasta quickly made off without a word, and as soon as she was out of the old cripple's sight resumed her mendicant character.

After several months had elapsed she bethought herself that it was time to consider what should be done with her hoard. In the interval she had made inquiries as to the customary way of testifying affection for and remembrance of the dead. She had been told this was done by reciting prayers, having Masses said, and giving alms on their behalf.

It is a good work to give alms to the poor, the priest had said to her. Alms to the poor! Pray, who in all Busowiska was so poor as herself? Certainly not the old beggar-woman who had threatened to beat her with her crutch; but even if Nasta were to give all her earnings to Marina, who would be the gainer? Why Marina, of course, not Wasylek; and Nasta wanted Wasylek, and Wasylek alone, to have the benefit of every penny.

A Mass would certainly be far more profitable, but then what a very short time a Mass lasted. No sooner had the priest gone up to the altar than it was over. Nasta must really continue to find some means of praying continually for her child. She remembered that a wealthy lady in the vicinity, whose

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children had all died one after the other, had built a chapel in honor of the Mother of God, and not long after a son had been born to her, a fine, healthy child, who was growing up as sturdy as a young oak. In consequence of having erected this chapel the lady had acquired the title of foundress, *fondatorka* of the parish. Nasta pronounced this word with an accent of respect not unmingled with envy. Would to God that she could have become a *fondatorka* for her little Wasylek's sake! Of course a chapel was quite out of the question, but might she not erect a statue? That would be the very thing she wanted; something that would pray night and day for Wasylek, which would itself be a continual prayer. Moreover, no one would pass by it without paying it some token of respect, without making the sign of the cross, or sending up to heaven some supplication, and all that would be so much the more for Wasylek. What a harvest might thus be gained!

Delighted with her idea, Nasta began to make a minute inspection of all the statues and sacred images situated on the high-road. Here a lofty cross stretched its arms to heaven; there, within a tiny shrine, the feeble flame of a lamp flickered before a holy picture. Further on an imposing figure of St. Nicholas, clad in pontifical vestments, met the eye; or of St. John Nepomucen, wearing a white cotta and black biretta. What struck her most was a life-sized figure of St. Michael, arrayed in helmet and cuirass, proudly contemplating a formidable dragon writhing at his feet. This statue was an object of great veneration in all the country round, and certainly it had the chief claim on Nasta's devotion, for had not the sacristan told her that the glorious archangel was the captain of the heavenly hosts? Undoubtedly, therefore, it was with him that Wasylek had to do. How delightful it would be if she could only erect a statue like this at the foot of the mountain by the wayside, where in happier days her beloved child used to be waiting to greet her! But the difficulty was to find out where statues were manufactured. Nasta had never heard of one of her neighbors getting anything of the sort, nor did she remember having seen such wares exposed for sale at any fair or market. An unexpected turn of events enabled her to obtain the desired information.

II.

The reason why the parish of Busowiska was so much neglected was because, as has been said, several years previously the church had been burned down, and, despite the repeated admonitions addressed to them by the government, the village com-

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monalty, not knowing how to raise the necessary funds, had taken no steps for its reconstruction. Besides, they argued, what object was there in doing so? They might just as well go to the next parish to perform their devotions. And once, when the mayor did make a stir about the matter, he was quickly overruled and silenced by the votes of his colleagues. In fact, the good people thought themselves quite secure until one day, when the local board was sitting, who should suddenly appear on the scene but the archdeacon of the diocese, accompanied by the pope of Tersow and his sacristan.

The archdeacon began by upbraiding the peasants for their negligence in tolerating such a disgraceful state of things. It was a shame to the village, he said, and to the diocese, and a mortal sin on the consciences of all of them. The bishop was so angry with the people that he declared Busowiska to be the most godless parish under his charge, and predicted that if they persevered in their obstinacy they would become like the barren fig-tree of the Gospel, which bore no fruit, and was only fit to be cut down and cast into the fire.

The village magnates listened in blank silence to this address, and the mention of the barren fig-tree impressed them forcibly. In the preceding year as many as ten fires had broken out on different homesteads in the parish, and again that year there had already been four. Perhaps this was a judgment upon them. After all there was a great deal of truth in what the archdeacon said.

Scarcely was this short allocution ended when a rumbling was heard on the pavement outside, and, amid a cloud of dust, M. Krzespel, the government inspector, alighted from his yellow cabriolet in all the dignity of his official cap and gold-laced coat. The peasants made way for him with deferential respect, and he began at once to harangue them in the loud, commanding tone he assumed on important occasions.

"Yes, yes," he said, "I fully concur in everything that the venerable archdeacon has been saying about the church. In fact the matter is quite settled; the deeds are drawn up and officially stamped and signed. There is no getting out of it now; the community is bound to rebuild the *cerkiew* whether they like it or no. I, the imperial inspector, have come in person to announce this to you!" Then, finding his hearers, who were all aghast at these tidings, uttered no word of protest, he added in a somewhat less imperious manner that his majesty the emperor had graciously given permission for the wood required for the building to be cut in the imperial forests. There was, therefore, no time to be lost—a commission must be appointed to arrange

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about the work at once. The discomfited village authorities glanced furtively at one another. They all felt that further resistance was impossible. The order was drawn up, signed and sealed. The bishop, the archdeacon, the inspector all said it must be done, and done it must be. But what had most influence with them was the assurance that the emperor would provide the material for the structure. "Well, well," they said resignedly, "we will rebuild it."

Before many days had passed the inhabitants of Busowiska, were not only completely reconciled to the idea, but took all the credit of it to themselves, boasting of the alacrity with which they had spontaneously agreed to make the sacrifice, and incur the expense of rebuilding the *cerkiew* for the public good. Some braggarts even went so far as to say that it must be constructed of solid bricks, that the cupola must be surmounted by a gilded cross, and that the services of a first-rate artist must be secured for the decoration of the interior.

All that sounded well, but the offer of the inspector to furnish the wood reduced the fine talk to sober sense. The church was to be of wood, but at any rate the best builder that could be found must be commissioned to build it. This gave rise to fresh discussions. Some proposed a local celebrity, who had erected a church at no great distance: others wanted a man whose name was more widely known. Finally all agreed that Klymasko, an architect of some note, was the man most suitable to be entrusted with the work. Had not engravings of the beautiful temples he had erected appeared from time to time in the illustrated journals? Besides, one of Klymasko's peculiarities was that he always preferred to construct his churches of wood rather than of brick. He used to conceive the designs for them out in the forest, lying on his back on the mossy ground in the shade of the pines. What material, he would say, so fitting for a temple to the Most High as the trees of the forest, which breathe an atmosphere of recollection and of prayer, in whose branches the whispering wind and the song of the birds proclaim the power and greatness of God? Better far than walls of mud raised by the hand of man. Undoubtedly, Klymasko was the man they wanted; and a deputation was forthwith appointed who should go without delay to the great man, and request him to erect in the village of Busowiska a *cerkiew* of elegant design and ample dimensions.

Klymasko at first made some difficulties about accepting the commission on account of his age and infirmities, but he ended by yielding to the entreaties of the villagers; and a few days

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later he came in person to inspect the site of the former church. He was a little, old man, with finely cut features and a long, white moustache. In his clear blue eyes there lurked a mischievous twinkle, while his snow-white hair, falling onto his shoulders from beneath the large felt hat worn by the mountaineers of those parts, gave him somewhat of a patriarchal aspect. He first examined the plot of ground where the old church had stood, and expressed his approval of it. It was a level space surrounded by lime-trees, and from its height it dominated the whole village. Then he took his measurements carefully with line and rule, planting little stakes at regular intervals in the ground. He laid strict injunctions on the villagers that no one was to interfere with these and gave a few directions as to the preparation of the wood. This done he tossed off the glass of brandy offered him by the mayor, and took his leave.

After these preliminaries had been arranged, the people of Busowiska considered the enterprise fairly begun. The mysterious little stakes were regarded with solemn veneration, and most of the inhabitants came at least once a day to inspect them. Soon, however, the work was commenced in earnest. The blows of the axe and the grinding of the saw were heard beneath the branches of the lime-trees, mingled with the rough voices of the carters unloading the huge trunks from their wagons.

Nasta, her mind still engrossed with her fixed idea, often hung about the spot. It occurred to her that she could easily learn from the workmen what she desired so much to know. She began in a roundabout way by inquiring timidly: "Isn't it very hard work to plane those great beams?" The men answered with another question, after the manner of the Slavs:

"That is so; but how should it be otherwise than hard?"

Nasta took courage to continue: "But to shape stone, is not that still harder work?"

"Of course it is; what a question to ask!"

Gradually she contrived to worm out of the men the information she wanted. She learnt that there were masons who worked in stone, some of whom fashioned fine statues like those she had seen, and that the nearest sculptor resided in the town of Stambor, a long distance from Busowiska. Having elicited these facts, Nasta resolved to act with promptitude. The very next day, on her return from the post-office, she would walk to Stambor. True, she would have twenty-one kilometres to cover on the way there, and the same to come back; but no matter: if she could not return before sunset, she would come by night. The next day happened to be Thursday too, the

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market-day at Stambor, so the people from the villages would be driving in to make their purchases, and surely some one or other would give her a lift on the way. Nasta had never been in Stambor—in fact, she had never been in any very large town: thus on arriving there she was greatly impressed by its magnificence. How different it was from anything she had ever seen! How spacious the market-place was, and how beautifully paved with flag-stones! And on one side of the great square there was a town-hall with an imposing clock-tower, and over the clock there was a golden stag that glittered in the sun and turned with every breath of wind! And, greatest wonder of all, every time the hour struck a watchman came out of the tower, and blew his horn towards each of the four points of the compass. But what Nasta admired most was the handsome church, with white walls and a red roof, and the rows of beautiful shops under the arcade, where everything might be bought for which heart could wish.

Nasta did not linger among these novel sights, but inquired her way to the stonemason's yard. It was quite out of the town, and as she went thither she felt no slight trepidation. However, she summoned up all her courage and presence of mind, and, on reaching the door, she entered boldly. Two men were at work in the yard; they wore long aprons and were almost as white as millers. They were engaged in chiselling two great blocks of stone, and at every blow of the hammer a shower of chips fell all around them. Now, Nasta had dressed herself in her best for the occasion; she had tied a clean white 'kerchief over her head, a string of beads round her neck, and her Sunday apron round her waist, yet the men actually took her for a beggar, and in no gentle terms bade her begone!

She was not going to be so easily baffled. Now that she was once there, it behooved her to stand her ground bravely and show no sign of timidity. She therefore began in a low, steady voice, as if she were reciting a prayer, to explain the object of her coming. She came, she said, to procure a statue, because some one had told her that there were sculptors at Stambor who carved statues, and she wanted one of stone, hard stone, of a man's height, with wings and a plume of feathers. Yes, with two wings, and a helmet with a crest, and a sword at his side, like the one at Staromiasta—they must surely know it; it stood on the highway near the toll-gate, not far from the cottage where the cobbler lived. He was an archangel, named Michael, and stood under a little shrine, but the roof was falling to pieces and wanted repairing.

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The masons had stopped their work, and stared in bewildered amazement at the intruder, who thus rambled on about a cobbler named Michael who lived in a shrine near the toll-gate!

"What Michael is she talking about?" asked the foreman, coming forward. "Have we an order from any one of that name?"

He made Nasta repeat her story, and at last got an inkling of her meaning. "A statue of the Archangel Michael, you mean, like the one at Staromiasta? Yes, yes, I understand. And for whom is it wanted?"

"It is I who want it," Nasta faltered.

"It is for yourself? Are you, then, the *fondatorka?*"

The faint color suffused the thin cheeks of the letter-carrier, and a feeling of indescribable gratification filled her heart. "Yes, it is for me," she repeated.

"Have you the money to pay for it?"

Nasta nodded in sign of assent.

"Are you aware how much such a figure of St. Michael would cost?"

"No, I am not," she replied.

"Do you want a pedestal, too?"

Nasta had not the slightest idea what a pedestal was, but she would not betray her ignorance. "A pedestal, too," she rejoined unflinchingly.

"It would cost at least a hundred florins."

A hundred florins! A sudden darkness fell before Nasta's eyes, and strange noises sounded in her ears. Her head grew dizzy, and she experienced the awful sensation of one who, at the cost of infinite pain and toil, has scaled an inaccessible height, and feels the ground giving way beneath his feet.

Poor Nasta! In a moment she fell from the ideal height of her cherished dream—the dream which but a few minutes before had seemed so near realization. Down she fell on to the pitiless stones of the weary road her aching feet had unremittingly trodden for so many years. And alas! at the same time all hope vanished of acquiring the glorious title of *fondatorka!*

A hundred florins! The idea of such an enormous amount had never entered her head. She had never even attempted to reckon so high, for never had any but the most trifling sums passed through her hands. She stood dumbfounded, transfixed to the ground in the presence of the stonemasons, not knowing what to do next. Suddenly she resolved to have recourse to flight, as the best means of escaping from the embarrassing situation. Before the men could recover from their surprise she turned on her

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heel, crossed the threshold, and ran off down the road as fast as her feet could carry her. On and on she ran, like a hunted hare, until she reached the toll-gate, where she sunk breathless and exhausted on the roadside.

Who can tell the thoughts that passed through her mind in the course of her headlong flight? Was it as much the revelation of her own impotency as a bitter sense of humiliation that wounded her so keenly?

Side by side with the laudable desire of sacrifice, that spontaneous and pure offspring of maternal solicitude, pride, the inherent vice of human nature, had insidiously taken possession of her soul. Actuated at the outset simply by the wish to benefit her child, she had gradually been attracted by the dazzling prospect of herself becoming a *fondatorka*. Now the anticipated glory had vanished like smoke, and left nothing but the sorrow of a disconsolate and crestfallen mother.

But when the first sharp pang of disappointment had subsided, Nasta settled down by degrees into the stolid, resigned, apathetic indifference that characterizes the Slavonian peasant, and is the result of the dogged resistance of the race to foreign dominion. She had been foolish and proud, and now she was punished for it. How could a miserable, poverty-stricken creature like her, who earned a scanty pittance in the sweat of her brow, dream of aspiring to imitate a great and wealthy lady! She had certainly quite forgotten who and what she was.

After a while, however, a new project began to take shape in Nasta's brain. She could not have a statue, since the price asked for it was so exorbitant, but she would have a picture. What an excellent idea! A painting could not be expensive, for what was wanted for it? Only a square of canvas and a few colors. She might have a painting of the Blessed Virgin, for instance, and the picture could be nailed upon the old ash-tree by the wayside at the foot of the hill just on the very spot where Wasylek used to feed his sheep and watch for her coming. A couple of boards would make a roof over it, to preserve it from being spoilt by the rain. Only this time she must take good care to inquire beforehand about the price, and when she had made quite sure, go to the painter without hesitation or diffidence, and, above all, without pride.

A. M. Clarke.

Stindon, Arundel, Eng.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

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AMERICAN CATHOLICS AND THE ROMAN QUESTION.*

AMERICAN Catholics have always been loyal and devoted to the Holy See. Nor have they ever felt that this devotion in any way interfered with their patriotism, or that any degree of even enthusiastic devotion to the republic founded by Washington was incompatible with a supreme devotion to that Catholic commonwealth which was founded by the Lord upon the Rock of Peter. The spiritual supremacy of the See and the Successor of Peter has always been fully recognized, and exercised without any resistance in this portion of the Catholic Church. The great act of supreme teaching authority by which Pius IX. defined the Immaculate Conception was received with acclamation by all our bishops, clergy, and faithful people. In like manner, the definition of Papal infallibility by the Vatican Council was received with unhesitating faith and without a murmur of dissent. The encyclicals of the popes have been always received with docile respect and obedience by the American clergy and laity. Moreover, when the violent and unjust invasion of Rome deprived the Sovereign Pontiff of his temporal principality, the deepest sympathy was felt for him, and an equal indignation against the sacrilegious despoilers of the Roman sanctuary. These sentiments have been confirmed and strengthened by subsequent events. They have been manifested in various ways up to the present time. And now, it is assuredly the common desire of the whole Catholic body in the United States to support in whatever way is right and practicable, by all the moral influence it may possess and be able to exercise, the efforts of the Roman Pontiff and of the loyal adherents to his sacred cause in Europe, to put an end to his present intolerable position under the usurped dominion by which he is oppressed.

The sympathy of American Catholics with the Pope on account of the spoliation of his temporal sovereignty, and their indignation against the usurpers and all those who have positively aided or negatively connived at their unjust invasion, is derived from their religious loyalty to the Pope as the Vicar of Christ

* *American Catholics and the Roman Question.* By Monsignor Joseph Schroeder, D.D., Ph.D., Professor of Dogmatic Theology in the Catholic University of America. New York: Benziger Brothers.

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and the successor of St. Peter, as its principal source. Political considerations, important as they are, are secondary, in the estimation of Catholics, especially of Americans, who are so far removed from European affairs and interests. It is because the free and unhindered exercise of his supreme spiritual, pastoral office demands the perfect liberty and independence of the Pope, that Catholics cannot endure his being subject to any political sovereignty, either of a king or a republic. The question is therefore a religious one. Moreover, as the freedom and independence of the Pope requires for its sufficient security and stability that he should possess a temporal principality, his right to the peaceful and undisturbed enjoyment of the political dominion justly acquired by the Roman Church is drawn into the religious sphere.

It follows, also, from the religious nature and relations of the whole question of the temporal power, that the Pope is the supreme judge of the right, the necessity, and the expediency of asserting, maintaining, and defending the temporal sovereignty of the Roman pontiff, and of rescuing it from the usurpation of an unjust invader.

Consequently, all Catholics are bound to accept, to follow, and so far as possible by lawful means to support and second the efforts made to bring into actual execution, the judgment of the Sovereign Pontiff in this matter. His judgment is, by itself alone, supreme and decisive. But it is also sustained by the concurrent judgment of the entire Catholic episcopate, which has, with and under its head, judicial authority. The wisest and most learned of the clergy and the laity, theologians, statesmen, publicists, men fully competent to understand all the reasons of the case, and the whole mass of the faithful, whose Catholic sense and conscience are unerring in their spiritual instinct, concur with all the moral weight of their consent, with the authoritative decisions of the Holy See.

Securus judicat orbis terrarum. The whole Catholic world cries out that the highest interests of the faith and the church are involved in the Roman Question, and are imperilled by the usurpation of the sovereignty over the capital city of Christendom. Many enlightened and impartial non-Catholics condemn this usurpation and admit that the demand of Catholics for the independence of their chief priest and spiritual ruler is just. The enemies of the Catholic religion and the bitter foes of Christianity perceive clearly that the final subversion of the temporal sovereignty of the Pope would be most dangerous to his

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spiritual supremacy, and the destruction of a great bulwark of the Christian religion. The question of Roman sovereignty is eminently a religious question of the highest moment, concerning Europe and all Christendom, the whole world indeed, whose destinies and future welfare are dependent on Christianity and Christian civilization.

Christianity is essentially Catholic, and Catholicity is essentially Papal. For Christ founded the church upon the Rock of Peter, who survives in his successors. The inheritors of the supremacy of St. Peter are his successors in the Roman episcopate. Dr. Schroeder very properly, therefore, makes a preliminary argument in proof of the indissoluble connection between the Papacy and the Roman episcopate. It is surprising that any Catholic writer could ever have treated this connection as accidental and of purely ecclesiastical institution. Rome was the See of Peter, in which the chair of Peter was placed. The Roman Church was made by St. Peter, in virtue of the supreme power vested in him by Jesus Christ, the centre of Catholic unity, the primatial see of Christendom, the "Mother and Mistress of Churches." It is the "Apostolic See." The true church of Christ is the "Holy, Catholic, Apostolic, *Roman* Church," which is extended in all the bishoprics subject to her jurisdiction, throughout the world. All these are parts of the universal church, subsist in unity, and are Catholic, by virtue of their communion with the Roman Church. The Bishop of Rome succeeds to St. Peter, inherits his chair and episcopate, and in virtue of this succession, alone and *ipso facto*, is endowed with all the powers and prerogatives of the sovereign pontificate and spiritual supremacy in the Catholic Church. The Papal Question, which is a question of life and death for Catholicity and Christianity, is, therefore, necessarily and perpetually a "Roman Question." The Pope must always have Rome as his episcopal see, and sit in its chair, in order to possess the "Apostolic See of Peter," and to sit in the "chair of Peter." Consequently, he ought always to reside in Rome. Residence in any other city is exile. The exile of the Popes to Avignon, although to a great extent voluntary, was abnormal, violent, disastrous, and so fraught with evil and peril, that only the almighty power of Divine Providence prevented the gates of hell from prevailing against the church by subverting its foundation, the Rock of Peter. If the Pope were obliged by the persecution of his enemies to leave Rome and seek an asylum elsewhere, such a calamity must be endured with resignation to

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the will of God. But to propose a measure of this sort as a voluntary cession to the usurpers of sovereignty in Rome, and a solution of the Roman Question, is utterly unworthy of any loyal Catholic, and altogether futile. The same may be said of a proposition that the Pope should content himself with the possession of the Vatican, under the protection of the European powers. These are suggestions of impatience and discouragement. In like manner, when recourse is had to a passive abandonment of the whole affair into the hands of Divine Providence, on the plea that God has many ways of providing for the liberty and independence of the Pope, without restoring to him his just and legitimate sovereignty in Rome, we suspect the existence of more pusillanimity than genuine faith and confidence in God. We are reminded of the behavior of the Moslem soldiers at Kars, during the famine, who sat down apathetically with folded hands, saying: "Allah will send us pilau." We must, indeed, place all our reliance on Divine Providence, and we cannot foresee how the Lord will bring about his own final triumph and the triumph of the church on earth. For this very reason, it is not for us to make conjectures about future changes in political constitutions, in the social order, in the relations between church and state, which may alter the attitude of the Holy See toward governments and peoples and introduce a new, profoundly different era in ecclesiastical and civil history.

The disturbed, unsettled state of the world, the tremulous condition of the intellectual, moral, political, and social earth under our feet, the anxieties and forebodings which agitate the minds of men respecting what is to come, make a great temptation to indulge in these conjectural forecasts. Some try to interpret the prophecies of Holy Scripture. Some have searched after private revelations and prophecies, in a more or less credulous disposition. The signs of the time have been curiously and eagerly scanned by many, in the hope of gaining an outlook into the future. Speculations are rife, and are as various as the temperaments, the intellectual habits, and all the biasing influences which act upon the opinions, the judgments, and the horoscopic views of individuals and classes.

Some take a very gloomy view, which in certain instances appears to afford a sombre delight, like the panorama of a fearful battle, the appearance of the ocean in tempest, or the sight of a volcanic eruption. The signs of the times are interpreted to indicate universal degeneracy, the triumph of impiety and all wickedness, an age of the persecution of Christians, the coming

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of Antichrist, and the near end of the world in the flames of the Last Judgment. Of course, if the line of the popes is nearly completed, the destruction of Rome, and probably of Paris and London also, impending, and a worse period than that of Diocletian close at hand, with the general conflagration of the world closely following, it is hardly worth while to trouble ourselves about the Roman Question.

There are those, however, who look for a descent of our Lord upon the earth, not to destroy it, but to purify and regenerate mankind, and to inaugurate his personal reign in a temporal kingdom which will last for a thousand years, or perhaps, as one very devout Catholic gentleman whom the writer met some years ago in Europe conjectured, for 365,000 years. If we take this view of what is coming, we may cheerfully wait for the settlement of the Roman Question by the Lord in person. Not many Catholics, however, indulge in these anticipations of a millennial reign of Christ on the earth. Nor have we reason to believe that the expectation of the near reign of Antichrist is common at the present time.

The greater number of those who endeavor to forecast the future keep on the lower level of rational philosophy. They observe the trend of events and seek in causes which are at work the germs and principles of future resulting effects such as may be expected to follow in the natural order of sequence. Some are given to foreboding evil days for religion and civilization. Others expect a happy, progressive movement, and have brightly colored visions of an era to come better than any the world has ever seen.

Quite often, the passing away of monarchical and aristocratic institutions and the universal prevalence of democracy are regarded as unavoidable results of present tendencies and world-currents in the flowing stream of human history. If this prospect is regarded with hope and pleasure, there is no fixed limit to the ideal perfection which can be imagined as destined to be reduced to actuality in the future Christian fraternity of republics, living in amity and constituting one world-wide Christian commonwealth. Let us suppose all nations and all men united in faith, all laws and administrations conformed to the maxims of the Gospel, one Christian fold under one shepherd, no more wars among nations, no more conflicts between church and state, and we have, in our imagination, constructed a true kingdom of Christ on the earth. In such an ideal condition of human society, the Vicar of Christ might exercise fully all the

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power and influence of his spiritual supremacy without needing to be encumbered with the lower cares of political government. To adopt the beautiful expression of St. Ignatius of Antioch, he would then, literally, be "presiding in the Love."

When this ideal condition is realized, it will be evident that God has always been leading the church and humanity to this happy consummation. Until then, the utmost which can be reasonably hoped for, is an approximation of the actual to the ideal. It is not unreasonable to hope that a reign of Christ on the earth, which will be the most complete fulfilment of the prophecies which is destined to take place in and through the church militant, is approaching. It is not unreasonable to anticipate extensive and profound modifications of political and social order, which will give a new face to Christian civilization, equalize and ameliorate the conditions of the struggle for well-being in all classes. Leaving aside all radicals and fanatical enemies of the venerable institutions and customs of the past, it is certain that there is a prevalent and increasing belief among sensible and well-principled men, that the democratic element is destined to become more predominant and universal in politics and sociology as the march of events goes on in its irresistible progress. Probably, some of this sort of men look forward to a transformation of all the empires and kingdoms of the civilized world into republics, and the abolition of hereditary monarchy and aristocracy. It is not surprising that such persons should regard the preservation of one kingdom in and around Rome, and one king, the pope, as a solecism. Hence their inclination to find some way of accommodation, by which, in the preservation of a new order of things in Christendom, the liberty of the pope and the church may be secured by other means than the possession of a papal principality.

This may appear to be a plausible view, but it is wholly unpractical. It is mere theory, and has for its unsubstantial foundation a collection of uncertainties. No statesman or philosopher can foresee the political future of Europe. There is a general expectation that a European war is coming. If such a war actually breaks out, who can foretell its final issues? Who can foresee what the changes and transformations may be which the future may bring forth? When this future becomes the present, statesmen will know how to reconstruct the policy of the nations, and to guide the course of public affairs in a manner suitable to the altered conditions of the civilized world. And the popes of that time will know how to solve the prob-

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lem of adjusting the relations of the Church and the Holy See to the governments and peoples existing in that new age.

But, meanwhile, it is folly to think of regulating the policy of the present according to a preconceived and perhaps fallacious theory of a future and altered condition of affairs. It would be folly for the government of the United States to desist from building up a navy and providing for the coast-defences, in the expectation that wars are going to cease, and all disputes of nations are to be settled in the coming age by peaceful, amicable arbitration. It is equally foolish to attempt to persuade the Holy Father to make a cession of his rights to the Italian usurper, to give up the contest he has been valiantly maintaining, and content himself with the Vatican palace under Italian or European guarantees of liberty in the exercise of his pontifical supremacy. The Pope is the judge in this case. Dr. Schroeder has amply shown that Pius IX. and Leo XIII. have continuously and emphatically proclaimed to the Catholic world the necessity and obligation of insisting on the restoration to the Sovereign Pontiff of his temporal principality.

American Catholics are docile and obedient to the voice of their supreme judge and ruler, and we, therefore, take for granted that they will conform their judgments to his in respect to the Roman Question, and will respond to his exhortation to give him their moral support in his intrepid contention for the rights of the Holy See.

The attitude of American Catholics toward the contention of the Sovereign Pontiff has a special interest and importance from the circumstance that we are citizens of a free republic, and are not dominated or biased by prejudices or sympathies which are anti-democratic. We are aloof from the dynastic conflicts and political complications of Europe. It is as a religious question that the Roman Question interests us. Our maxim is: *The welfare of the people is the supreme law.* The welfare of the entire Catholic people of the world is involved in the solution of this question, their highest welfare—that is, their religious welfare. As we are convinced that the highest religious interests of all mankind are bound up with those of the Catholic Church, we must say, that the welfare of the world is involved in the Roman Question. The moral, political, and social welfare of the nations depends on religion—on the universal domination of Christianity. Rome is the central seat of Christianity, and of genuine Christian civilization. The well-being of the Roman Church and the Papacy is involved in the present, press-

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ing, and burning Roman Question. And as all the highest interests of mankind depend on this well-being, the solution of the question, the application of the maxim: *The welfare of the people is the supreme law:* ought to be made in view of this universal good of the Catholic Church, of Christendom, and of the world.

The case is sometimes put in such a way as to represent the political interests of the Italian kingdom and the Roman people as having an exclusive right to be considered. These interests, elevated to the rank of rights, are placed in opposition to the claims of the Pope to sovereignty in Rome. And, it is further argued, that these claims cannot be advocated and defended by Americans, without coming into collision with American ideas and principles.

It becomes, therefore, important to refute this contention, and to prove that American Catholics can give their unreserved and hearty support to the side of the Pope, without in any way compromising those principles which may justly and properly be called American.

This is the principal thesis and motive of Dr. Schroeder's pamphlet, and he has elucidated the topic admirably, as if he had been "to the manor born."

It is first of all requisite to get a clear idea of what are American principles. We are not to take all notions which may be in vogue among the people, advanced by political orators, uttered by writers in newspapers, or even proposed by writers of reviews and books, as entitled to claim this rank. American principles are those which lie at the basis of our institutions and laws, which may be said to be incorporated with our republic, and which have been the guiding maxims of our best statesmen and legislators from the beginning. We are to look for their exposition to the writings of our standard jurists, publicists, and moral philosophers, among whom the illustrious Dr. Brownson, an ornament of the church and the republic during the last half-century, from whom Dr. Schroeder has frequently quoted in his pamphlet, holds a distinguished place. The fundamental principle by which we must all be guided, in order to be loyal American citizens, is the legitimacy, authority, and divine sanction of our republican constitution. This is sufficient for essential patriotism, loyalty, and fidelity in the fulfilment of all civic duties to our own country. Beyond this, every one is free—and the enjoyment of this freedom is a part of that liberty which is recognized and protected by our laws—to form his own theories

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and opinions concerning civil government and the various forms of state constitutions. Yet, it is an almost necessary consequence of the love of country which naturally grows up in the bosoms of all who are born and bred here, or who have voluntarily sought a new home among us, that an American citizen should regard our republican constitution as not merely lawful and essentially good, but as being, for us, the best and, indeed, the only possible form of political society. The very common and general sentiment is, that it is, in itself, the best and most perfect form. And many think it would be desirable, and may eventually become practicable, to establish similar constitutions in all civilized nations. A Catholic may hold all this without any detriment to faith or the most loyal devotion to the authority of the church and its supreme head.

It is very commonly held, and especially insisted on by those whose political theories are democratic, that it is a principle of natural law that all government derives its authority directly and immediately from the people. This opinion, also, a Catholic is free to hold. In fact, this is the doctrine taught by many standard Catholic authorities in the science of ethics. It is called the doctrine of the sovereignty of the people, which most modern states have received into their public law, and which in our republic is the basis of all civic obligation.

Now, the inference which certain persons draw from this doctrine of popular sovereignty, and apply to the case under consideration, is: that the people of Italy, and in particular of Rome, have a right to determine for themselves what their government shall be, a right to make Rome the capital of a united Italian kingdom.

This is not a necessary inference from the principle of popular sovereignty rightly understood. This sovereignty cannot be attributed to any and every collection of men who may call themselves the people; but to a political body of people possessing a rightful autonomy. Moreover, a Christian who holds that the authority of government is immediately, in the first instance, conferred by the people, must also hold that the authority is derived mediately from God, and possesses a divine sanction. This is more worthy to be called an American principle than any lower doctrine of anarchists, atheists, or fanatics, who have no claim to be regarded as representatives of the Christian people of our republic.

The legitimate political order is sacred; obedience to just laws and rightful authority is an obligation in conscience, rebellion

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and resistance are sins against God. The individuals who have taken part in the original constitution of the state and the conferring of authority upon its government, are, therefore, singly and collectively bound by their own acts, and are capable of binding their posterity. They are not owners of a capricious, lawless, irresponsible dominion, to be exercised at will, but trustees of a certain valuable investment, acting by a power delegated by God, to whom they are responsible. All compacts and vested rights, all common and individual interests, must be respected. The order established must be permanent and durable. The notion, therefore, of a popular sovereignty remaining in the multitude, and independent of the constitutional government, is totally false and destructive of all law and order. It is, moreover, utterly un-American. Dr. Brownson has well and truly said: "The notion which has latterly gained some vogue, that there persists always a sovereign people back of the government or constitution or organic people, competent to alter, change, modify, or overturn the existing government at will, is purely revolutionary, fatal to all stable government, to all political authority, to the peace and order of society, and to all security for liberty, either public or private" (*Works*, vol. xviii. p. 451).

The government of the United States, supported by the majority of the States of the Union and of the people, engaged in a war, to maintain the inviolable unity of the nation against the seceding, confederated States, and obtained a decisive victory. All who believe that the victorious side was in the right, must recognize the principle which triumphed to be the genuine, American principle. All those who hold to the idea of State sovereignty, must recognize the same principle, only substituting the obligation of loyalty to the State for that of loyalty to the United States.

It is no American principle that a republican constitution is the only one which is legitimate and inviolable by unjust invasion or rebellion. The legitimate government of the Roman State was the papal monarchy. Its overthrow was not an act of popular sovereignty emanating from either the Roman or the Italian people. The Italian kingdom was established by conquest. It is not a question of conflicting claims of right between the Pope as sovereign of Rome and the people of Rome or Italy. It is a question between the Pope and the Italian king and monarchy. The cause of the Italian occupation of Rome cannot be defended on the plea of the right of the people to change their government, but only on the plea that

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the welfare of the people of Italy and Rome, as the supreme law, justified the armed invasion and conquest of the city, in order to make it the capital of the new kingdom. No other reason can be adduced to show that the Pope ought to cede his rights to Humbert.

The plea is false. It has become so evident that the attempt to make Rome the capital of an Italian kingdom has turned out to be a disastrous *fiasco*, that there is no need to prove what is so generally admitted. If we accept the unification of Italy as an accomplished fact, which ought to remain as a permanent condition, for the good of Italy and Europe; still, there is no advantage to be gained for either Rome or Italy by the continued occupation of the city. On the contrary, it is a great disadvantage, and the supreme law of the *salus populi* demands the restoration of the Papal sovereignty. Besides all this, the political welfare of Europe and the preservation of the equilibrium of the powers require it.

In addition to all this, the Roman domain has been given and consecrated to God and the church, and the donation is irrevocable. The spoliation of the Pope was not only an unjust, but also a sacrilegious robbery, like the desecration of a church. Rome is the precinct of the cathedral and palace of the popes. It belongs to the whole Catholic Church, which has been outraged, robbed and despoiled, by the seizure of the domain belonging to its supreme see and bishop.

In the application of the maxim, *Salus populi suprema lex*, the *salus populi* has a wider extent than Rome and Italy, and embraces the whole Catholic commonwealth.

Therefore, even though the separation of the Roman domain from the Italian kingdom involved some temporal disadvantage, which it does not, the welfare of the Catholic people of the world, and even the political welfare of the European nations, would require that local and particular interests should give way to the more universal rights.

Dr. Schroeder points out the analogy which exists, in this regard, between Rome and Washington. The supreme authority of the President and Congress in the District of Columbia is not derived from a cession made by its inhabitants, nor could it be taken away by an exercise of the right of popular sovereignty on their part. We are disfranchised for the advantage of the great commonwealth of the United States. There is no American principle, therefore, which is compromised by American Catholics who deny to the people of Rome a right to de-

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termine the government under which they choose to live. In point of fact, it is not by the Roman or Italian people that the Pope has been deprived of his throne and the Sardinian king installed in his place. The only right on which the usurpation rests, is the right of force.

The Catholics of the United States are not in any way acting inconsistently with American principles in sustaining heartily the cause of the Pope in unison with their European brethren. Many of us are sons of the American Revolution. We will not admit, for an instant, that we are one whit behind our ancestors, who in battle and in council aided in founding and consolidating this republic, in loyalty and patriotism. Neither are we willing to be surpassed in loyalty and devotion to the Holy See and our Sovereign Pontiff, Leo XIII., by any other Catholics in the world.

In conclusion, we recommend to the attentive perusal of our fellow-Catholics and our other fellow-citizens who love justice and hate iniquity, the pamphlet of Dr. Schroeder in which the Roman Question is so fully and ably discussed.

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THE OLD WORLD SEEN FROM THE NEW.

AT the moment when the British government is about to introduce compulsory education into Ireland it is interesting to learn the opinions of teachers who have had experience of its results in England. At the meeting of the National Union of Teachers recently held at Leeds, the president, who has been a teacher for many years in a Board school, and who is now a candidate for Parliament as the special representative of the elementary teachers of the country, declared that, on the whole, compulsory attendance had been a failure; that the attendance could hardly be worse if there were no pretence at compulsion at all. This was shown by the fact that, whereas 4,800,000 children should be in attendance at school every day, not more than 3,700,000 were actually there. Children were wilfully absent for fifteen months at a stretch; perfectly healthy children began school four years after the age which the law required; there were many sturdy children of thirteen who had never attended school at all. Various methods were suggested in order to secure the more exact fulfilment of the legal requirements; but from cases which from time to time come before the courts, it would appear that the circumstances of the parents are often such that it is impossible for them to obey the law. In fact, its enforcement involves hardships so great that magistrates dismiss the guilty parties with merely nominal fines.

A deeply felt grievance of the teachers is the system of government inspection, and the manner in which it is carried out. They complain that inspection, as at present conducted, implies distrust of the teachers; and while recognizing the need of moderation, regulation, and control, half the regulations and at least half the inspectors serve only, they maintain, to harass and hamper the teachers in their work. The system of examination according to the present methods is declared to be fatal to zeal in teaching, fatal to joy in learning, fatal to that inventive spirit of experiment and amendment which alone can bring about improvement in educational methods and ideals. The inspectors are not taken from the ranks of experienced teachers; they are generally university men new to the work. If inspectors exist for the purpose of guarding against the incapacity of teachers, is

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it not even more necessary to guard against the incapacity of inspectors? Accordingly, the chief reason why complaints are made of the instruction given in the schools is declared to be the appointment by the Education Department of the wrong type of inspector. Without doubt, if the door were absolutely closed against the elementary teachers, so that none of them, even the most capable, can rise to an inspectorship, there would be a just ground of complaint; but we cannot help thinking that on the whole the cause of elementary education must gain by being controlled by men who have had the advantage of passing through one of the great English universities. Any change which would lead to their being supplanted would be detrimental to the best interests of scholars and teachers alike.

The value of the evidence which is being collected by the Royal Commission on Labor, appointed in pursuance of act of Parliament, and by various other committees, depends, of course, upon the witnesses being able to state facts without fear of suffering pains and penalties should such testimony be distasteful (as it naturally must be) to the parties guilty of grinding the faces of the poor. One of the witnesses before the Committee on the Hours of Labor of Railway Servants revealed certain features of the management of the Cambrian Railway which the manager and the directors of that company strongly objected to being brought to the knowledge of the public. They accordingly proceeded to render the position of this obnoxious witness as burdensome as possible in order to force him to retire, and on his not taking this very broad hint, in the end dismissed him from the service. The matter, however, did not end here. Committees of Parliament share the privileges of Parliament, and one of these privileges is that no one shall be made to suffer for the evidence which he is called upon to give. Accordingly the committee, having satisfied itself of the truth of the allegation, reported the matter to Parliament.

Now, all who are guilty of a breach of the privileges of Parliament render themselves liable to various penalties, the lightest of which is an admonition, the more severe a reprimand, the severest of all indefinite imprisonment in the Clock Tower. In this case the offenders escaped with the lightest of these punishments. The directors of the railway company (one of whom was a member of Parliament) and its manager were summoned

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to the bar of the House, heard in their own defence, and, in consideration of their humble apology, allowed to depart after having received an admonition from the mouth of the Speaker. This will, it is to be hoped, prove a salutary warning to other employers. It is worthy of mention that, although more than thirty railway servants gave evidence before the committee, and scores of others gave information to the secretaries of their societies as to the long hours which they worked, not more than four made any complaint of improper action on the part of the directors or managers of the companies, and of these four three were found not to be proved. Moreover, the effort to restrict the perfect freedom of witnesses is said not to be confined to the employers. A case is now under investigation by the committee in which some members of the union to which one of the witnesses belonged tried to dismiss him from his office as secretary on account of their displeasure with the evidence which he gave before the committee. Should this be proved it is held that it also would be a breach of privilege, and the capitalists would have the satisfaction of seeing the leaders of their opponents placed in the same humiliating position as the directors of the railway lately occupied. Students of the labor question will rejoice at the infliction of penalties upon every one, whether capitalist or working-man, who tries to prevent the bringing to light the facts in a case on trial.

It is impossible any longer to resist the evidence which proves that the tendency of trade in Great Britain is in the wrong direction. The returns show that there has been a diminution of exports for the first three months of 1892 as compared with the same period of 1890 of 7½ per cent. With the United States this diminution amounts to 10 per cent., so that the McKinley tariff has caused a loss of 2½ per cent. The usual results have been experienced in the labor world—strikes have diminished in number. There is, however, one exception—the strike of the Durham miners; nor would we deny that other causes, such as the growing feeling in favor of arbitration and conciliation, have contributed to the same result. Almost all the satisfaction which springs from this diminution in the number of strikes is, however, destroyed by the ruinous effects of the strike in Durham upon every one concerned—upon the miners themselves, the coal-owners, the dependent traders and manufacturers, and thousands of helpless women and children. This has proved one of the greatest disasters that has been ex-

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perienced for many years. From the beginning, too, the struggle was seen to be hopeless. Why, then, was it begun? The real reason seems to be that the men were without a competent adviser—an adviser who should not only know the facts of the case, but have the courage to tell the real truth. Those who acted as leaders, seeing the natural reluctance of the men to submit to a reduction of wages, and wishing above all things to retain their own positions as the nominal heads, humored the predominant inclinations and have led or been led to ruin. The methods adopted by the strikers alienated public sympathy—itself an indispensable element of success. The necessity of wise, fearless, and independent guidance is illustrated by what has just taken place in the adjoining county of Northumberland. Here the miners proposed to strike for an increase of wages. The leaders in this case were of a different calibre; they told the men plainly that the state of trade did not justify such a demand, and that it could not be granted, and they were able by this plain speaking and by the confidence which was felt in them to prevent the threatened action. It was at once to his sympathy and to his fearlessness that the influence and power of Cardinal Manning were due.

In his Budget speech Mr. Goschen gave some interesting and even surprising facts as to the profits of manufacturing and coal-mining in Great Britain compared with those of other trades and professions. The income-tax enables the government to learn with a fair degree of accuracy the incomes of the various classes of British citizens. From the returns it appears that the total profits of the cotton lords are less than those made by the medical profession. The profits of the legal profession are greater than those of all the coal-owners in the United Kingdom. Again, if the totals of the profits of all the productive and manufacturing industries are taken, they amount only to half of the profits which fall under the head of distribution and transport. In other words, the profits made by those who distribute and transport the articles when they are made is twice as great as the profits of the manufacturer and producer of the articles. Another noteworthy feature of the Budget is the immense sum which is paid to employees in the way of salaries—£50,000,000—as well as the fact that, although profits may diminish for the employers, this amount remains unchanged. This does not apply to the wages of the working-men, however. As no income of less than £150 is liable to the tax, these returns

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throw no light upon the stability or amount of the wages of the most numerous class of the community.

The aims and the methods of French working-men are frequently considered to be unpractical and visionary. The manner in which the Possibilist labor party are organizing their eleventh congress, to be held next June, exempts this body, at all events, from every criticism of such a character. In fact, the scheme is a model of well-directed action to a definite end. One subject for discussion has been selected with reference to which immediate legislation is possible. That subject is hygiene, and it is sub-divided into three sections—the hygiene of the workman's food supply, the sanitation of the workshop and factory, and the hygiene of the workman's home. As these are all technical subjects involving difficult problems requiring special knowledge for their right solution, an appeal was made to the leading representatives of sanitary science in France to give the workmen who are to take part in the congress an opportunity of instructing themselves in these subjects. A cordial response was made to this appeal. Six of the greatest authorities in France are to give as many lectures on the different branches of the science in its special application to the lives and the work of artisans. Visits are also to be paid to the sewers, the sewer-farms, the disinfecting apparatus, model dwellings, the municipal laboratory, etc. After six weeks spent in these preliminary studies the congress will assemble, and no one will venture to say that the resolutions which it may pass are likely to be the utterances of thoughtless and uninstructed men. It would be well if the same pains were taken to arrive at right decisions in more important matters; in that case the sufferings entailed by recent strikes would have been averted.

A question which has been long before the public is the trade in opium carried on by the British government in India. The reform of this trade forms one of the many objects which those persons who are laudably striving to better the condition of mankind are earnestly striving to accomplish. Hitherto the efforts directed to this end have met with but small success. Last year, however, a resolution was carried in the House of Commons declaring that the system by which the Indian opium revenue is raised is morally indefensible, and urging upon the Indian government that they should cease to grant licenses for the cultivation of the poppy, except to supply the legitimate

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demand for medical purposes. Although this declaration of the House had not the force of a law, it was a significant indication of the opinion of the public with reference to the trade, and it has had the effect of leading the authorities in India to take measures to discourage the sale, and not to foster it for the sake of the revenue. It is in its effect on the revenue that the practical difficulty lies. No less than twenty-five millions of dollars accrue annually to the government from the trade in opium as at present conducted, and it is a matter of the greatest difficulty to find a way to supply the deficiency which would be caused by its abandonment. The taxes in India, too, are already so heavy that it would be next to impossible to impose new ones. Is the zeal of the reformers in England great enough to make them willing to take this burden upon themselves—to tax themselves in order to supply the deficiency? If this is the case, they are more worthy of praise than many reformers who are willing enough indeed to have wrongs righted, but at other people's expense.

The resolution passed by the Canadian House of Commons, by which the Dominion is pledged to reduce the duties now levied on British manufactured goods as soon as the Imperial Parliament "admits Canadian products to the British market on terms more favorable than it grants to foreign products," has given the greatest possible encouragement to the advocates of a protective policy for Great Britain and her colonies. Even the *Times*, which is wont to treat free trade as an article of faith, the denial of which is deserving of everything which may exist in the way of economical condemnation, admits that, should the Australian colonies and the Cape Colony concur in urging upon the mother country similar proposals, a case will have been made out for taking the matter into serious practical consideration. Meanwhile the United Empire Trade League, which was formed about a year ago for the purpose of promoting this policy, is steadily growing. The first report states that it has now 5,120 members, included among whom are the premiers of Cape Colony, Queensland, and Newfoundland, many other leading colonial statesmen, and three hundred members of the colonial and imperial legislatures. At the last meeting of the National Union of Conservative Associations in Great Britain a resolution in support of the aims of the league was passed. There is no doubt that a strong feeling is gradually being formed in favor of a modification of the free-trade policy of Cobden and John

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Bright, and that the Canadian resolution will give the movement a great stimulus.

The successor of Cardinal Manning in the see of Westminster is in full sympathy with the social policy (if we may so speak) which has been the glory and praise of his predecessor. In fact, he has been, during the last years of the cardinal's life, his active coadjutor, and even substitute in this work, having come from Salford to visit different institutions in the East End of London in which experiments were being made for the amelioration of the lot of the poor. The various institutions of the Salvation Army were included in this list. And now that it is proposed to raise a memorial to the cardinal, it has been decided that it shall take the form of an institution for the benefit of the poor. A refuge is to be built in the East End and endowed with sufficient funds. This refuge is to be for the homeless poor of whatever nationality or creed, and is to be under Catholic management. As the archbishop said, such a memorial is better fitted to do honor to the work of the cardinal than a beautiful cathedral, or a handsome but useless mausoleum, and he has promised that he will give to its furtherance his utmost care and attention, and all the industry and zeal he can command. And so the cardinal's greatest work will be continued.

A very comprehensive and intelligible view of illegitimacy in Europe has been given to the public by a distinguished American physician, Dr. Alfred Leffingwell, of the Sanitorium, Dansville, N. Y. (Scribners). The fruits of unlawful sexual union, as made known by statistics, are carefully collated as to race, country, climate, education, and religion, and the learned author has given us the result of his studies in a small volume, full of suggestive facts, and of inferences of all the greater value because flowing from a well-balanced mind entirely competent by education and scientific observation to the task in hand.

What interests us most is, of course, Dr. Leffingwell's view of the influence of religion on the prevalence of guilty union between men and women. His studies of the relative conditions of Catholic and non-Catholic peoples in this regard are very instructive, making in favor of the former. One thing, it seems to us, is lacking: a more intimate knowledge of the condition of the people of Bavaria and Austria. Although the author holds the reader mainly to the races in the British Islands, he yet

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brings in the condition of the European peoples in general in regard to children born out of wedlock, and this brings out a bad showing for Bavaria and Austria. But multitudes of children noted in the government statistics of Bavaria as illegitimate are born of married parents—married in God's sight; for the laws of Bavaria have placed such impediments in the way of marriage as to force its citizens back on their rights as Christian men and women. Of Austria it may be said that large portions of its people are but nominally Catholics or Christians of any sort, and this is especially true of the city of Vienna.

A fair comparison can be made between prosperous Protestant Scotland and pauperized Catholic Ireland, for in both countries the marriage laws are practically the same, and the social conditions are all in favor of Scotland. Yet in every thousand children born in Scotland seventy-nine are bastards, and but twenty-eight in Ireland, and this has been the relative numbers for a century back. But, moreover, it is from the Protestant districts of Ulster that Ireland suffers her disgrace, comparatively light though it be, there being, for example, nearly ten times as many illegitimate births in the Protestant County Down as in the Catholic County Mayo. Of course it is not meant that Protestantism positively fosters vice, or that vice is never found in black congestion upon a body of believers in the true faith. But this is certain: Catholicity tends to reach down and up and everywhere among its adherents and to purify the lives of all, whereas Protestantism tends to throw off the weak and the wayward into a class by themselves without God in the world and without hope, holding together in *permanent* virtue only those who are naturally virtuous anyway.

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TALK ABOUT NEW BOOKS.

MRS. NEEDELL'S novel* is so interesting and well written that it will doubtless gain the attention and success to which it is on many counts entitled. It is very queer in spots, however, as a rapid condensation of its story may go to show. The hero, when introduced to the reader, has been studying for priest's orders at St. Sulpice, and although family circumstances have occurred which make it seem obligatory on him to consider whether he ought not to return to the world, he is still firm in his vocation. He has desired from childhood to be not merely a priest but a missionary among pagans. The death of a cousin leaves him the only heir of a long-descended and wealthy family of English Catholics, and his uncle has summoned him to take up the duty of continuing the line. Philip remains beyond persuasion. His vocation is dear to him, and neither wealth nor domestic life holds out any lure to which he is susceptible. The only thing he can be induced to promise his uncle is that he will leave the decision of his case to the Archbishop of Paris; and even this he yields only because he feels morally certain that the decision will be in his favor. But the prelate and Philip's uncle are old friends. Philip has not yet been admitted to minor orders. When, on his return to the seminary, he is summoned to meet the archbishop, it is to learn that the latter, after careful consideration of the matter, has reached the conclusion that the young man's sphere of duty lies outside the church. He reminds Philip of the

"claims his uncle has upon his duty, and of the social obligations which lay upon him, and which were recognized by the church herself, to perpetuate a family which maintained the true faith in the midst of an inimical nation. 'Not,' he added, dropping the tone of the ecclesiastic for that of the man of the world, 'that it is necessary to make a religious duty of a foregone conclusion. Love is as much a law of nature as is growth, and, without flattery, you are entitled to expect the best that it can give. Tell my good friend, Sir Giles Methuen, that I shall hold myself at his disposal at any time to pronounce the nuptial benediction.'"

Philip's accession to fortune had been coincident with the

* *The Story of Philip Methuen.* By Mrs. J. H. Needell. New York: D. Appleton & Co. Authorized edition.

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mortal illness of an old friend, Lewis Trevelyan, "a disciple of Schopenhauer," who burdens the young man with the care of his daughter. Anna is a beautiful girl of fifteen, inoculated by her father with unbelief, wretchedly trained in other directions by mere peasants, selfish and passionate to a degree, and penniless. Trevelyan's only sister, whom he had irrevocably offended in their youth, is the wife of the Anglican parson in the village where the Methuen estate is situated, and Philip confides the girl to her aunt's protection, a protection which is grudgingly extended, and only in consideration of the very liberal payment made by the young guardian. Mrs. Sylvestre, a bigoted Protestant, and ignorant that the sums paid for Anna's care and training come from Methuen, is unwilling that any intercourse shall be maintained between the families, lest the blight of Catholicity might somehow fall upon her children. She has reckoned without her host, however, in proposing to dispose of Anna according to her own notions. Though the girl has no feeling stronger than self-love, yet her love for Philip, cherished from early childhood, and sanctioned, as she believes, by his acceptance of the charge laid on him by her dying father, is not so much the rival of that sentiment as identical with it.

Philip, meanwhile, presently finds himself in love with one of his neighbors, Honor Aylmer, an heiress of the neighborhood, who is engaged to her cousin, Adrian Earle. Desiring to withdraw from this dangerous situation, he accepts an offered post as secretary to a Catholic diplomatist, Lord Sainsbury, and goes with him to India, where he remains three years. We emphasize the fact of Lord Sainsbury's belief, and the stress laid upon it by the author, because it throws up into curious relief one of the queer spots we have already referred to in her novel. She set out, apparently, to draw the character of a high-minded, strong-principled, absolutely faithful Catholic, living a model life under exceptional difficulties; and she has in many respects succeeded. Our point is simply that these difficulties were not only self-created, but such as no typical Catholic man, let alone a Catholic with a religious vocation, would have allowed to entangle him. Philip's remark to Lord Sainsbury, that unless the latter's faith were the same as his own, "I should not now have the honor of listening to Lord Sainsbury's conditions of service," looks singularly like "straining at a gnat" when uttered by a man who is presently found engaging himself to a Protestant young lady as the preliminary step toward keeping up an ancient Catholic family! On his return from India Philip finds

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Honor Aylmer's engagement broken, and he proposes marriage. He is accepted, and for a very brief space the course of true love runs smooth. Honor has every virtue, and a feeling for Philip which so exactly matches his own that the question of differences of faith never occurs to either as matter for discussion. And yet Mrs. Needell's hero is not only the most fervent of Catholics, but Honor alone has reconciled him to the thought of abandoning the work of preaching the faith to heathens!

At this point, Anna Trevelyan comes on the scene again. Though nettled and hurt by Philip's lack of attention to her, she believes herself engaged to him and does not suspect his love for Honor. She is reckless and passionate, and finding that Philip has gone back to London on one occasion without having visited her at the rectory, she follows him to the city, and contrives by a lie to get access to his lodgings. After spending the night in a room given her by his landlady, she astounds Philip by entering his quarters at breakfast next morning and informing him that she thinks it is time their engagement should be terminated by marriage. Before he has quite succeeded in comprehending her meaning, his room is further invaded by Rector Sylvestre and his wife, who have pursued the runaway to London. They too demand that he shall marry Anna, and at once, in order to save her reputation. Philip is at first very manly and decided in his refusal. He has never thought of marrying her, he says, and is in nowise responsible for her delusion. But, on Mrs. Sylvestre's threat to abandon the girl in London, he weakens, and agrees to marry her in three days' time. He uses the interval to announce the news to Honor, with whom his engagement had not yet been made public, and taking up his burden as the husband of a woman whom he does not and cannot love, goes through what might fairly deserve the title of purgatory, which Mrs. Needell gives it, if it had not been entered into with such flagrant and wilful injustice. There was not only no heroism in such an act as Philip performed in marrying Anna, but there was absolute weakness so far as it concerned himself, and shame and dishonor where it touched the girl to whom he had been solemnly betrothed. Mrs. Needell, who has painted her hero so submissive to the voice of authority when it withdrew him from his vocation; so scrupulously faithful to a marriage vow made only from his lips outward, should have considered also the binding force of a promise of marriage, spontaneously given and never forfeited. The very stuff itself of heroism is lacking in a soul which could volunta-

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rily put both its vocation to the higher love and its call to the highest purely human love at the mercy of such an exterior solicitation or command. But, these exceptions apart, the story of Philip Methuen is certainly entertaining, and at times almost painfully interesting. Mrs. Needell has exceptional skill as a narrator.

There may be room for doubt as to whether poetry is Mr. Lathrop's most notable gift as a writer, but no one will be likely to deny that he possesses it in an eminent degree who reads some of the charming verses included in the present collection.* Although his technique is not, as a rule, on a level with his conception and feeling, which are exceptionally delicate and true, yet such poems as "Breakers," "Incantation," "A Rune of the Rain," "Bride Brook," "A Christening" are felicitous both in melody of phrase and in power of suggestion and description. We quote in full the verses called "A Flown Soul," which seem to us to show Mr. Lathrop at his best, both as man and poet. They commemorate the death of an infant son:

"Come not again! I dwell with you
Above the realm of frost and dew,
Of pain and fire, and growth to death.
I dwell with you where never breath
Is drawn, but fragrance vital flows
From life to life, even as a rose
Unseen pours sweetness through each vein
And from the air distils again.
You are my rose unseen; we live
Where each to other joy may give
In ways untold, by means unknown
And secret as the magnet-stone.

"For which of us, indeed, is dead?
No more I lean to kiss your head—
The gold-red hair so thick upon it;
Joy feels no more the touch that won it
When o'er my brow your pearl-cool palm
In tenderness so childish, calm,
Crept softly, once. Yet, see, my arm
Is strong, and still my blood runs warm.
I still can work, and think, and weep.
But all this show of life I keep
Is but the shadow of your shine,
Flicker of your fire, husk of your vine;

**Dreams and Days.* Poems by George Parsons Lathrop. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

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Therefore, you are not dead, nor I
Who hear your laughter's minstrelsy.
Among the stars your feet are set;
Your little feet are dancing yet
Their rhythmic beat, as when on earth.
So swift, so slight are death and birth.

"Come not again, dear child. If thou
By any chance couldst break that vow
Of silence at thy last hour made;
If to this grim life unafraid
Thou couldst return, and melt the frost
Wherein thy bright limbs' power was lost;
Still would I whisper—since so fair
This silent comradeship we share—
Yes, whisper, 'mid the unbidden rain
Of tears: 'Come not, come not again!'"

Considered merely as a piece of literary workmanship, Miss Du Bois' third novel, *Columbus and Beatriz*,* has many merits, among them the first and most indispensable one of being interesting. Yet even if the theory on which it is constructed were to be accepted as well-founded, one would not be far wrong in saying that the reputation of Columbus would not be greatly enhanced by it. The author anticipates this objection in her preface, where she says that she does not write in the hope of vindicating Columbus, but in that of doing some tardy justice to the memory of Beatriz Enriquez. The motive is a good one, but the question involved is, as we hardly need say, almost beyond the reach of controversy. The gravest authorities, from Las Casas down, take the other view, and support it with a weight of evidence not lightly to be overthrown. We should like to see Miss Du Bois at work in a field wholly her own, unhampered by the stubborn weeds of evil-smelling facts, and free to sow those seeds of fancy and imagination which her present story plainly shows her to possess.

It is pleasant to be able to recommend such stories as those of Marion Brunowe,† now when the premium season is fairly at the doors. The author is a young aspirant for literary honors with good promise of success. *The Sealed Packet* is for and largely about girls. There is plot enough to create interest and sym-

* *Columbus and Beatriz.* A novel. By Constance Goddard Du Bois. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co.

† *The Sealed Packet. The Ghost at our School, and other Stories.* By Marion J. Brunowe. *Flora MacAlpin: Mary Stuart.* By Mrs. Maxwell-Scott. Philadelphia: H. L. Kilner & Co.

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pathy for the young heroine, Nita Perry. The interest and charm of the story, however, lie chiefly in the naturalness with which girl-character, school-life, its intercourse, trials and triumphs, the influence of good teachers and pleasant homes, are set forth. The narrative is bright and varied, rising to considerable power in certain scenes, as in Ida's rescue, the death of Miss Bell, and Nita's failure before the temptation of forbidden, dangerous reading. The characters are well drawn and interesting, and the tone healthy and elevating. We congratulate the new-comer on her first serious venture, and hope she may have many more "sealed packets" as interesting and readable when opened as this.

The second book contains a collection of short tales from the pen of Miss Brunowe previously told to, and well received by, the younger readers of the *Ave Maria*. The two volumes, accompanied by one containing some semi-historical sketches concerning Mary, Queen of Scots, and her times, from the pen of Mrs. Maxwell-Scott, are from the publishing house of H. L. Kilner, and do credit to it.

The contents of a volume of short stories by Mrs. Burton Harrison* may be described as uniformly light and pleasant in handling and motive, but not in anywise important. They comprise, besides the tale which gives the book its name, six brief sketches, entitled "A Thorn in his Cushion"; "Mr. Clendenning Piper"; "Jenny, the Débutante"; "Wife's Love"; "A Harp Unstrung"; and "A Suit Decided." The latter is perhaps the pleasantest of the collection, Mr. Cyrus K. McCunn being a pretty fair American of his class. Apparently, they have all been published already in various magazines.

A name that no confirmed novel-reader can afford to pass by who has a nice appreciation of flavors and distinctions in his chosen literary diet, is that of Maarten Maartens. So far as we know his stories their scenes are laid chiefly in Holland, and his characters are mainly Dutch, but he uses English as if it were his native tongue. The one at hand† is very simple in plot and construction, and the "taste" whereof there is question is merely that of a mayonnaise salad-dressing. Far be it from the present writer to depreciate the importance of that taste in its own time and place. It is by no means out of place as a peg (if that be not an excessively stiff term of comparison, even when the other is that stiff but not too stiff matter, a mayonnaise) on which to hang a story so full of quaint humor, kindly

* *A Daughter of the South.* By Mrs. Burton Harrison. New York: Cassell Publishing Co.

† *A Question of Taste.* By Maarten Maartens. New York: Lovell, Coryell & Co.

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satire, gently malicious affection for human nature as this one. Joris and Joris's mother, Mevrouw Middelstum, are as pleasant in their modest fashion as the old maid and her scape-grace but kind-hearted nephew in Maartens' much more elaborate and powerful tale, recently noticed in this place, "An Old Maid's Love." The charming sentiment which sometimes binds the old and young of opposite sexes together when they are near akin seems a favorite one with this author, and he manages it delightfully. The narrow-minded and deep-hearted woman who can pour out upon her own flesh and blood a stream of affection all the more intense because it is forced through so strait a channel, and who turns a rough side to most other things the world contains, is a figure that, doubtless for some personal reason, has an attraction for him. The comedy of Joris's experience arises from the coddling to which he has been accustomed by such a mother. Mostly through sheer affection, but in part also from an unacknowledged fear of a possible daughter-in-law, she has made herself the queen of cooks, and habituated her son's palate to a discrimination in flavors of which he never becomes fully conscious until after her death has put him at the mercy of servant maids and restaurant kitchens. Joris is still young enough for a man to lie behind the epicure in him, nevertheless, as he proves when he offers himself to the girl he loves just after she has demonstrated her insufficiency as a cook by putting sugar in the mayonnaise to be served with lobster. The story brims with quaint humor, but the reader who enjoys it fully may possibly require a mental palate somewhat epicurean, either by nature or by training; he must, at all events, prefer quality to quantity, suggestion to substance.

The clever author of *Some Emotions and a Moral* has produced another booklet,* included, like its predecessor, in the handy "Unknown" library. It is cynical, well-written, unmoral though not actively immoral, brilliant and epigrammatic in a fashion that is frequently suggestive of the manner of George Meredith. It is so brief that an hour would suffice to finish it, and fortunately, since, once taken up, it will not easily be laid down until its last page is reached. But while no one would be the better for reading it, there are susceptible persons with an analytic and brooding sort of mind who might be distinctly the worse for doing so. On the other hand, a tolerably large majority of those who devote much time to novel-reading would be likely to find it almost wholly devoid of interest.

* *The Sinner's Comedy.* By John Oliver Hobbes. New York: Cassell Publishing Co.

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Such readers, for example, as take pleasure in tales of murder, mystery, the exploits of wondrous detectives and other ingenious unravellers of ingeniously ravelled-up plots—a long and wide class be it remembered, at the head of which one may reckon Bismarck if he chooses, remembering the "Blood and Iron Man's" alleged passion for Émile Gaboriau, and at the extreme foot the present writer, who has just been finding real entertainment in a novel by Mr. Hudson, called *On the Rack.** Mr. Hudson is improving in his style and his methods. His mysterious murder is very well managed, and his amateur detective, Tom Bryan of the New York *Sol*, has a *naïve* freshness about him, as of a reporter miraculously unspotted by the contagion of the world (how hardly one avoided the scandal of italics!). In his hero and heroine Mr. Hudson has painted a manly man and a womanly woman, and his murder trial permits itself to be read with amused interest.

From the same publishers comes a volume containing two of Edmond About's shorter stories, *The Mother of a Marquise* and the *Aunt's Stratagem*. They are amusing, and seem to have been carefully translated by Mrs. Kingsbury.

The thoughtful of both sexes may find food for thought in Mrs. Clifford's recently published volume, *Love Letters of a Worldly Woman*.† The author is, we believe, the widow of the late William Kingdon Clifford, somewhat widely known both as an agnostic and a mathematician. It was doubtless his eminence in science and not in nescience which induced the British government to pension his widow after Professor Clifford's early death. The clever book she has just brought out displays her as a well-equipped and scientific explorer of that debatable land occupied by the hearts of women who think as well as feel. Mrs. Clifford, we observe, describes even women of this sort as feeling first and thinking afterwards, and, moreover, as neglecting to think at all until some severe prick or goad in the sensitive part has communicated its invitation to the reflective side of their feminine complexity. But in this respect, perhaps, they do not differ so widely from their brothers who feel as well as think. All round the board we have our "green and salad days," and they pretty generally come before the roast, instead of between it and dessert.

Mrs. Clifford's book is composed of three sets of letters, en-

* *On the Rack*. By William C. Hudson. New York: Cassell Publishing Co.

† *Love Letters of a Worldly Woman*. By Mrs. W. K. Clifford. New York: Harper & Brothers.

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tirely distinct from each other. It is the middle one which gives the volume its name, although it is itself misnamed. These are not the "love letters of a worldly woman," but letters addressed by one to a less worldly person of her own sex, descriptive of a youthful infatuation with the wrong man. They are undoubtedly clever, but, though more exciting and told with greater fulness of detail, they form the least unusual portion of the book. It is always "the wrong man" with whom the women studied by Mrs. Clifford are concerned. He turns up first invariably; as, for that matter, there is excellent reason for believing that he does under all circumstances, and not those alone which environ the passion commonly described as love. Moreover, he never surrenders his ground to the right man, the new man, without a mortal struggle. In two of the encounters hinted at rather than described by Mrs. Clifford, he is beaten off the field without his rightful successor making any visible appearance. In the case of the "worldly woman," too, he vanishes, but apparently of his own accord; and that is a state of things which may always be interpreted as meaning that he, or that invisible bad influence he represents, is fully aware that the stake he has been playing for is virtually won, though there be no outward semblance of it. The most satisfactory of these sketches is the last one, "On the Wane," and it is also the most amusing in the complete turning of tables which goes on between the lovers, between Gwen deserted by Jim and Gwen deserting Jim, and both times in charming simplicity and real truth to one of the best types of feminine human nature. Mrs. Clifford is a genuine accession to the class of feminine psychologists.

Mr. Thomas Hardy has written no story comparable to his last* in intensity, pathos, and power. Yet he has written more good stories than most men now writing in the English tongue. The sordid tragedy of his heroine's existence, the misery, the hopelessness, the terror, the pity of it, pursue the reader like the memory of a bad dream. One does not indeed wholly accept the author's classification of her; one objects that while this mother of an illegitimate child, this murderer on whom the gallows executes human justice, might yet have been a pure woman had that been all, she forfeits the title when at the last she sells her honor, though it were to put bread in the mouth of her mother. But in that which first made shipwreck

* *Tess of the D'Urbervilles: A Pure Woman Faithfully Presented.* By Thomas Hardy. New York: Harper & Brothers.

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of her life she was as little a sinner as that other injured innocent, Clarissa Harlowe.

Mr. Hardy, who knows both his trade and his limitations very well, has chosen rural life for the setting of his scene, and filled his stage for the most part with laboring people. Tess the poultry-keeper, the dairy-maid, the field-hand, is the lineal descendant of an old Anglo-Norman family, tumbled into utter decay and almost extinction. She is fair to look upon, and as honest and pure and innocent as she is fair. Yet fate and circumstances make her the prey of a brutal violator, whom, when conscious, she has always repelled, and whom she departs from when her innocence has arrived at full knowledge of the shame put upon her. So, at least, Mr. Hardy wishes his readers to understand. He would have done well in her interest had he left her to trudge homeward alone after her discovery, and omitted the scene with Alec D'Urberville on the roadside; the thing aimed at and attained in this scene, which we take to be the presentation of the fact that the scoundrel who violated her had won neither late love nor liking from her, could have been indicated quite as faithfully and with less risk to a character whom Mr. Hardy has succeeded in making so real a personality that it is she, and not altogether her delineator, whom one criticises.

Tess's baby is born, baptized by her in its last extremity, but buried in unconsecrated ground. It is rural England Mr. Hardy is describing, and it is superstition and love, not faith, which move Tess to administer the sacrament herself when her father refuses to allow her to call in the parson. Then she goes away to a dairy-farm, the life on which is described as no one but Mr. Hardy can describe it, and there she meets, loves, and is honestly loved by a man above her in station, Angel Clare, the agnostic son of a Calvinistic Anglican parson, who is learning to farm preparatory to seeking his fortune in Australia. Her love, which she does not resist, and his love, which she tries to fly from because she feels herself hopelessly degraded and unworthy of an honest man's affection, end, almost despite herself, in marriage. Try as she will, and she has tried many times, to tell him her story, she never gains courage to do so until, on the evening of their marriage, he confesses to her the only stain on his own purity. Her confession, which would have been made in any case, follows it, with the result of setting them apart at once. Angel cannot forgive her what was neither sin nor crime; he judged, says Mr. Hardy, not from his heart or his convictions, but from his conventions, and putting

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her away, he goes to Brazil. He provides for her maintenance, and there lurks in his heart, though it never comes to his lips, the thought that at some time he may send for her and bury their mutual shame in exile.

Misfortune pursues Tess, however. The money given to her is absorbed by the necessities of her family, and she goes back to hard labor, loving her husband with a miserable intensity, and accepting his treatment of her as nothing but her due. This period of her life is described with a harrowing cruelty of detail. Then she meets Alec D'Urberville again, transformed from a libertine into a Calvinistic revivalist, and ranting with great effect in a wayside barn. He catches sight of her in the midst of his sermon, and is strangely moved. He follows her, tries to convert her, begs her pardon for his sins against her, and offers her marriage. Pardon he can obtain, for Tess is great-hearted, but love for him is as impossible as ever to her; moreover, she is already a wife, although a deserted one. And as to conversion, it happens that Angel has upset most of her traditional beliefs, and that her memory has retained with absolute fidelity some arguments against Christianity "which might possibly have been paralleled," says Mr. Hardy, "in the *Dictionnaire Philosophique*." It is a curious stroke, and one of whose entire bearings Mr. Hardy seems to us not wholly aware, though he is plainly so to some of them, to make the repetition of these arguments by Tess the hinge on which revolves the door which finally shuts her out from happiness. Had Alec retained his new faith and continued to tremble at death, judgment, and hell, her road would have led in the end to the reconciliation which her husband's heart has begun to crave as keenly as her own. But Alec, emancipated from Calvinism, is Alec the ruffian. And so, by ways that go from one unmerited hardship to another, Tess is brought at last to the point where, to save her mother and little brothers and sisters from dire poverty, she consents to live with the man who presses the point that she has once belonged to him and never to any other; that her husband has deserted and will never reclaim her, and that no one but himself can or will take care of her family. Then Angel returns and she drives him away. But when Alec taunts her as she is bemoaning the pity of her fate, she stabs him, and before the deed is discovered, runs away to her husband, who has not yet got far from her door. Then the reader follows them through a week of heart-breaking life together, as they vainly try to reach the coast and escape the pursuit of justice.

It is a terrible story—one of those in which pity predomi-

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nates every other sentiment, the circumstances being skilfully arranged in such a way that nothing but the religion which has made a martyr to wifely purity of many another woman, as outraged as Tess, could have availed to make the issue other than such as Mr. Hardy has painted. And of religion of any sort he has taken care to eliminate the motives. Novelists, as is getting more evident every day, consider that they must bind themselves flat to earth and recognize the natural only, if they are to attain great popular successes. Such a tragedy as that of Tess, at all events, could have been wrought in no other way. On the whole, it is an unwholesome story, which, if according to nature, is depraved nature. It had better never have been written, and when read leaves a bad taste in the mouth, and nausea in the stomach.

I.—IN THE CATACOMBS OF ROME.*

During the past fifty years the Roman catacombs have furnished many evidences of early Christian art, yet no class of antiquities has given the zealous searchers more genuine pleasure than the few fragmentary "documents" in sarcophagus, gilded glass, and fresco of which Dr. Shahan makes mention in the richly bound volume from the press of John Murphy & Co. Not alone are they valuable on account of their antiquity, but more so from the fact that they bring forth silent and eloquent testimony of the veneration of the Blessed Mother of God by the early Christians. Fleeing from the cruel tyrants of the third and preceding centuries, these heroes of the faith deposited their witness of Catholic truth in enduring form; and as, through generations following, our fathers in the Christian religion adorned with pious skill these burial places of their martyred ancestors and brethren, it is very appropriate that their work as it is brought to light adds testimony to their love for her who bears the title Queen of Martyrs.

The book before us is an enlarged reproduction of a lecture on church history delivered by the author at the Catholic University of America. It contains reliable results of modern study on the archæological evidences of the faith of the early Christians, and the fragments which form the subjects of illustration add to the already conclusive proof that veneration of Mary is no modern invention. The author by no means pretends that he has exhausted these rich sources of information as to early Christian belief; but he presents a series

* *The Blessed Virgin in the Catacombs.* By Rev. Thomas J. Shahan, D.D., Professor of Church History in the Catholic University of America. Baltimore: John Murphy & Co.

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of monuments from the first to the fifth century which successfully demonstrate his point, and, as he says, "show that the cultus of the Blessed Virgin is not a late and artificial, but an early, natural, and organic development of Christianity." In these days of multitudinous books an author must needs have an interesting subject and a pleasing style if he expects to reap a harvest in cash. Dr. Shahan has both. Any reader may be interested in this beautiful volume, so well written, so beautifully illustrated. And all who recognize the continuity of Christ's work on earth will find here an argument of a peculiarly powerful kind in favor of the Catholic claim.

2.—D'HULST'S LIFE OF JUST DE BRETENIÈRES.*

This is the first volume of St. Joseph's Missionary Library. Its purpose, as declared by its editor, is to stimulate the missionary vocation among our American youth. The commission of the Catholic Church, *Go, teach all nations*, makes her essentially aggressive. Hers it is to conquer and hers it has ever been to conquer. While her aggressiveness must be along the lines pointed out and led up to by the Spirit of God, yet that same Divine Breath "breatheth where he listeth"; and this characteristic the Holy Ghost most perfectly manifested in our Lord's life. Poor and humble from his youth up, the leper-like and rejected, the sorrow-laden and the crucified, he yet went about overcoming men's minds and conquering their souls. Similar traits are the missioner's, who, walking in his Master's footsteps, goes far away from his home, people, and race in order to assist the progressive development of the kingdom of Christ.

No greater delusion can be thought of than for any one to believe that "we have enough to do at home"; or that it is enough "to look after the heathen at our doors"; or again, "our own parishes need all our care, the people who are now Catholics must be kept up to their duties, the children have to be brought up thoroughly conversant with their religion," etc. True, all these duties and many more like them are imperative. But, while they should be done, the other works of charity—above all, the conversion of those races which are yet unevangelized—must not be omitted.

We remember hearing it said of a clergyman that if he had been an Apostle, he would have died in Jerusalem. Alas! if

* *A Martyr of our own Times* (Rev. Just de Bretenières). From the French of Rev. Monsignor D'Hulst. Edited by Very Rev. John R. Slattery, Rector of St. Joseph's Seminary, Baltimore. New York, Cincinnati, and Chicago: Benziger Brothers.

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Patrick had stayed in Lerins, chanting in its choir the praises of God, what would have become of our pagan ancestors?

This little work, *A Martyr of our own Times*, reminds us, moreover, of the mission to which its editor, Father Slattery, belongs. The eight millions of negroes in our country are a true missionary field. Dealing with them is in very many ways more difficult work than laboring among the Eastern pagans. The unholy race prejudice; the painful apathy of Catholics, both within and without the sanctuary and cloister; the unsparing exertions of Protestants, and the fact that the South is almost entirely and bitterly Protestant, conspire to render the negro missions very difficult. Hardly will the bloody crown of the martyr be the lot of the negro missionaries, but their martyrdom will be that of the daily cross. They will taste rather of Gethsemani, they will learn what it was to be the fool of Herod's court, they will feel the scourging, the preference of the Barabbas. And only after long years of the way of sorrows will they, if God grant them perseverance, find Calvary.

The reader will not wonder if we say that this book should be read by our Catholic mothers. The great school, the first divinely established school, is the home; there the mother must implant the virtues which are needed to make saints. What a saintly mother our martyr had! The author thus relates: His was "the austere simplicity of a family wholly regulated by the spirit of Christianity. It was one of those blessed, holy homes where the parents withdraw from the world, in a measure, the better to devote themselves to their children's education; where everything, occupation, residence, intercourse, is regulated solely with a view to this work; where religion enlightens the conscience and conscience reigns over all (p. 19)."

May Father Slattery's prayer, that the missionary spirit shall grow up and develop among our youths, boys and girls, be answered; and may this little work receive a wide reading, and the apostolate a healthy increase in vocations!

3.—COLUMBUS AND THE NEW WORLD.*

The work might, perhaps, be more appropriately entitled "The History of American Geography." *The Discovery of America*, however, suits just now the author and the publishers better.

Whoever desires to learn how the islands and the continent of America came gradually to be known to the white man, with-

* *Discovery of America.* In two volumes. By John Fiske. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

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out wading through voluminous Spanish, Italian, Portuguese, and French works, may read with profit and pleasure Fiske's two volumes. They are written in a cursive and pleasant style, free from the ponderous rhetoric or the obscure conciseness of many other historical works. It has become fashionable with a class of writers on American history to heap abuse on Columbus and the Spaniard on account of the cruelties inflicted on the natives by individual adventurers or early colonizers—all of which is absent in Fiske's book. He knows how to think and how to speak as his historical personages did really think and speak—*i.e.*, he knows how to judge and appreciate their characters according to the philosophical, moral, and religious standard of the century in which they lived.

When Fiske studies thoroughly an historical fact he generally proves a good critic. But in his book are to be found indications of hasty preparation. After reading that Harrisse's *Christophe Colomb* "is a work of immense research, absolutely indispensable to every student of the subject" (*Discovery of America*, volume i. page 341), we have a right to suppose that Fiske studied Harrisse from cover to cover. But he evidently did not, or he would never have written, at page 349 of his first volume, that "In this opinion" (that Columbus was born either at Quinto or Terrarossa) "the most indefatigable modern investigator, Harrisse, agrees with Las Casas." For Harrisse plainly says in a note at page 403 of the second volume of his *Christophe Colomb* that "*dans l'état actuel de la question, on doit admettre que le découvreur du Nouveau Monde naquit dans l'enceinte même de la ville de Gènes.*" Neither has Fiske any evidence to prove the assertion that "between 1448 and 1451 Domenico" (the father of Columbus) ". . . moved into the city of Genoa."

We may readily subscribe to the magnificent eulogy of Las Casas, found in the second volume and ending at page 482, but we must take exception to the assertion that he was "one of the most faithful historians of that or any other age" (vol. i. page 334). The "protector of the Indians" made it the object of his noble life to defend their rights and to protect them from the oppression and cruelty of the Castilians. That this predominant idea of the good Bishop of Chiapa beguiled him often into gross exaggerations of the crimes of the Spaniards is now admitted by competent critics on both sides of the Atlantic.

The reader should also beware of the author's "crotchet." He is an evolutionist with a vengeance and a blind worshipper

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of modern *scientism*. Fiske has no doubt that the red man has been the lord of the American forest for hundreds of thousands of years and that the theory of the unity of the human race is "absurd." Many of the author's deductions from geology and philology, which he gives us as history in his first volume, will be received by many a reader with a good-sized *grano salis*. It is to be hoped that that part of his work will not, on account of the ever-shifting and changing of scientific theories, cause the whole work to be relegated to the shelves of "eccentric literature." For in the two volumes before us there is much that is really good. On the whole, the main object of the work was attained. The story of the "Discovery of America" is well told. But Fiske will do well to let philosophizing or moralizing alone.

He ends his work by explaining how Spain lost and England acquired her supremacy over the seas, and this seems to be intended as the moral of his book. Spain's adherence to the old faith and the Inquisition caused her downfall. England's Protestantism gave her freedom of thought and made her the foremost nation of the world. To say that such reasoning is quite antiquated seems sufficient.

If a few lines of the first page, and the last, be left out in future editions, which we think will be made of this work, we think that Fiske's *Discovery of America* will be improved.

4.—NEW VOLUME ON LACORDAIRE.*

The compiler and translator of this volume, whose name is not given to the public, has shown excellent judgment in the selection of passages. Apart from his fame as a pulpit orator, Lacordaire is also one of the greatest modern thinkers. He studied Christian principles with a view to the needs of his own age and his own people. His loyalty to the teaching of St. Thomas Aquinas was more conspicuous in his utterances than the unreasoning adhesion to effete monarchies which prevailed in many Catholic circles of France.

Lacordaire fully appreciated the value of intellectual labor for the church. He says: "The literary man is consecrated; and if the ministry of souls demands a sacrifice of self, the ministry of thought, when one is worthy of it, exacts also austerities. Poverty is the inevitable companion of the literary man who has resolved to sell his pen neither to gold nor power, and poverty is sweet only to the solitary man who lives in the immortality of his conscience."

* *Thoughts and Teachings of Lacordaire.* Translated. Dublin: M. H. Gill & Son.

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THE COLUMBIAN READING UNION.

ALL COMMUNICATIONS RELATING TO READING CIRCLES, LISTS OF BOOKS, ETC., SHOULD BE ADDRESSED TO THE COLUMBIAN READING UNION, 415 WEST FIFTY-NINTH STREET, NEW YORK CITY.

THE Catholic Fortnightly Reading Circle of Buffalo, N. Y., was organized November 7, 1889, for the purpose of fostering serious study in Catholic literature according to the plans proposed by the Columbian Reading Union. At the beginning considerable attention was devoted to leading topics treated by eminent writers in the standard magazines. Many of the subjects selected by the advisory board for discussion among the members were furnished by articles in THE CATHOLIC WORLD, the *American Catholic Quarterly Review*, the *Month*, and the *Lyceum*. The salient points of many leading articles were developed in this way, and the members gathered the best thoughts of noted writers on current literature.

The following outline of topics shows the scope of the work undertaken for 1891-2:

Quotations from Spalding's *Education and the Higher Life*—Introduction to the history of the middle ages—The invasion and conversion of the barbarians (395–604).

Quotations from Ozanam's *Little Flowers of St. Francis*—Foundation of the temporal power of the popes—Mohammedanism.

Quotations from Orestes A. Brownson's *Popular Literature*—The Church and Christian civilization—Invasions in the ninth and tenth centuries.

Quotations from Abbé Roux's *Meditations of a Parish Priest* and Madame Swetchine's writings (Airelles)—Battle of Hastings—Church and feudalism.

Quotations from Father Hecker's *Aspirations of Nature*—Character Sketch, *Pope St. Gregory VII.*—History of the feud between the Guelphs and Ghibellines.

Quotations from Calderon's *Dramas*—History of two famous orders of knights, the Templars and the Hospitallers—History and description of the Holy Sepulchre.

Quotations from Newman's *Idea of a University*—Heroes of the Crusades—Discussion: Did the Crusades result in any good to the church or civilization?

Quotations from F. von Schlegel's *Æsthetic and Miscellaneous Essays*—Distinguished women of the middle ages—Character sketch, *The Cid.*

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Quotations from Pope Leo XIII.'s encyclicals—Thomas à Becket—Discussion: Results of the Norman invasion.

Quotations from Kegan Paul's *Faith and Unfaith*—The beginning of English misrule in Ireland, and the origin of the Irish "Land Question"—The literature of Ireland: Early Irish schools.

Quotations from Aubrey de Vere's *Essays*—Genghis Khan compared with the three great barbaric leaders of the fifth century—St. Thomas Aquinas.

Quotations from Thomas à Kempis—Meaning of the "Holy Grail"—Origin of the Inquisition.

Quotations from T. E. Bridgett's *Life and Writings of Sir Thomas More*—Education and literature in the eleventh and twelfth centuries—Famous Italian poets.

Quotations from Boyle O'Reilly's poems and speeches—Origin and results of the Hundred Years' War—Career of Wycliffe.

Quotations from Shakspere—Life of St. Dominic—Fra Angelico.

* * *

From one of the pupils of the Superior Course at the Holy Angels' Academy, Buffalo, N. Y., we have secured this interesting account of a pleasant visit:

"The quiet school routine at the academy was agreeably interrupted last Wednesday by a visit from Father McMillan, of New York, accompanied by Father Mullaney, of Syracuse. The ladies of the Academy Alumnæ Association and Fortnightly Reading Circle were also present, and the delightful home-like talk to which we were treated by both gentlemen will be recorded in the annals of "'92" as one of the brightest events of the year.

"Although quite impromptu, Father McMillan's words on Catholic authors were perfectly adapted to the seekers after literature of the present day. His aim is to diffuse good literature; to introduce to the public, and especially to young people, good Catholic authors—safe companions for a rainy day who possess that happy faculty of being at once both agreeable and instructive. We trust his words have not been lost; that the seed has fallen on good soil, and that Buffalo society will reap an abundant harvest therefrom. He complimented the Alumnæ Association and the Fortnightly Reading Circle on the good work they had done, and wished them success in their future undertakings.

"Father Mullaney spoke of the good that might be done by establishing a Catholic literary school where Catholics could meet during the summer, and thus obtain valuable knowledge both by study and lectures. The ladies and pupils then had the honor of individual introductions to the reverend fathers and many kind words were exchanged. The reception lasted till

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about six o'clock, when Fathers McMillan and Mullaney took their leave, thus bringing to a close a visit which will live long in the minds of the members of the Alumnæ, the Reading Circle, and the present pupils of Holy Angels' Academy.

* * *

The *Le Couteulx Leader*, of Buffalo, in a notice of Father McMillan's lecture for the library endowment fund of the Catholic Institute, especially commends his suggestions regarding reading matter for boys. A person officially appointed should be found in every public library to kindly direct the young in choosing their books, so that they may get the best, not the worst.

"Father McMillan observed that all readers are interested in the personality of authors; and incidentally he mentioned how impossible it had been to obtain more than the scantiest information concerning a modern writer who has given us at least one immortal book—Miles Gerald Keon, author of *Dion and the Sibyls*. That he was a profound student of the classics and of classical times, that he was appointed by the British government to the position of librarian in an important locality; that Bulwer was greatly indebted to him for material used in *The Last Days of Pompeii;* that he was colonial secretary for Bermuda; that he wrote another story, entitled *Harding, the Money-Spinner*, and dedicated his *Dion* to Bulwer, are the only facts in his career which it seems most diligent inquiry, up to the present time, has been able to learn."

* * * *

Mr. William E. Foster, librarian of the Providence Public Library, has made very satisfactory arrangements to assist the reading of school children under the intelligent guidance of their teachers. By his personal efforts he has supplied abundant facilities for topical reading and study. He believes that a librarian should be concerned with the needs of individual readers, and should study units, as well as take note of groups or classes of readers. We are pleased to notice in his report that he has endeavored to co-operate with the plans of Catholic Reading Circles. He makes mention of the Columbian Reading Union as an aid "in the development of some very encouraging lines of study and reading."

* * *

From a friend at Rochester, N. Y., we learn that representatives of the several Catholic Reading Circles of that city, among them the Rochester Catholic Reading Circle and the Cardinal Newman Reading Circle, and the Catholic Literary, met at Cathedral Hall for the purpose of organizing a central committee

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which should have charge of the combined interests of the societies represented. The meeting resulted in the election of these officers: President, W. A. Marakle; First Vice-President, Mrs. James Fee; Second Vice-President, Miss Emily Joyce; Third Vice-President, Miss E. Cunningham; Corresponding Secretary, Miss Gaffney; Recording Secretary, Mrs. K. J. Dowling; Treasurer, Dr. James H. Finnessy. This central board will arrange for a course of lectures and entertainments, and will have the interests and affairs of the various Catholic Reading Circles generally in hand.

* * *

Cathedral Hall was the scene of a very pretty book social when the donation to the library took place under the auspices of the Rochester Catholic Reading Circle. After a chorus composed of members of the society sang the "Wedding March," by August Soderman, the titles of books and names of authors represented in the costumes of those present were guessed and prizes awarded, which afforded much interest and amusement, as some were very cleverly represented. A table prepared by a member of the society on which were religious symbols intended to represent a book was unique. While refreshments were being served vocal and instrumental solos were rendered, which ended a very pleasant evening. About one hundred and fifty books were donated.

* * *

The Alumnæ of the Normal College, New York City, recently held a social reunion. Mr. Charles Dudley Warner gave them a talk on education as applied to women. He explained at length the system of the Paris schools, where women had every opportunity granted the sterner sex, and in many ways he seemed to consider their system superior to ours. There the classics and the higher mathematics are dispensed with, and hence more time can be given to the study of their own language and studies which will be of a more practical benefit to them in their life's work. Here, Mr. Warner contended, women were taught everything, whether they had a natural tendency for certain lines of study or not. He was particularly severe on the indiscriminate teaching of music. No woman thought she had had her education completely rounded out until she could play a few tunes on the piano. One girl out of ten had some talent for music, and the other nine should leave it alone. This indiscriminate piano-playing was good for the piano-makers, but

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peculiarly hard on the populace at large. Speaking of the text-book Mr. Warner said that the more the living teacher took the place of the text-book the better it would be for the student. He spoke of the good a teacher could do by strengthening the character of the pupil by his or her own influence, a result which can in no way be gleaned from a text-book. "The principal associate you will have all your life," he said, "is yourself." Then he showed how necessary it was on this account to make yourself companionable and worth while associating with.

* * *

In connection with the allusion to Shakspere's religious belief mentioned in this department last month, the Columbian Reading Union has received from Mr. John Malone a letter indicating the line of his special researches. He has kindly submitted a copy of his unpublished notes bearing on the domestic life and ancestry of the ablest writer in the Elizabethan era of English literature. The Columbian Reading Union will gladly receive any additional evidence to aid Mr. Malone in his laudable undertaking. He is of opinion that much valuable material can be gathered by students in England from a careful inspection of the legal documents and papers compiled for the old Catholic families of Warwickshire. Perhaps some of the learned members of the St. Anselm Society would assist in this investigation.

* * *

The number of summer schools is increasing every year in the United States. Besides the one at Lake Chautauqua, in Western New York there is to be a summer university at Bay View, Michigan, from July 12 to August 10. The fifteenth annual session of the Martha's Vineyard Institute will open on July 11. At Harvard and Cornell the university buildings will be utilized for summer courses of lectures, especially intended to aid teachers. Other schools for profitable work during vacation will be held at Glens Falls, N. Y., near Lake George; Plymouth, Mass.; Deerfield, Mass.; and at Exeter, N. H.

The *Catholic Reading Circle Review* for May contains letters from Archbishop Janssens, Bishop Messmer, Principal George E. Hardy, and Principal J. H. Haaren in favor of beginning the summer educational assembly for Catholics. Bishop Messmer says: "Most of our schools and colleges are conducted by religious orders. There is no difficulty in the Brothers taking part in this Catholic Chautauqua. But what about our good

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Sisters? . . . If the matter is properly arranged I believe many bishops would be only too glad to give the Sisters full permission for such a summer vacation."

* * *

The magnificent library of the Catholic Club, 120 West Fifty-ninth Street, New York City, was a fitting place for the preliminary meeting held May 11 and 12, in furtherance of the project for a Catholic Summer Assembly. By a happy thought which came as a welcome solution of a difficulty, the name Carrollton was suggested for the new organization as a fitting honor to the illustrious Catholic signer of the Declaration of Independence. This name will serve as a reminder of the honorable defence of American institutions made at great personal risk by Charles Carroll of Carrollton. His example as a Catholic and a patriot is deserving of permanent recognition.

Among those who attended the meeting at the Catholic Club were: Revs. J. F. Loughlin, D.D.; Morgan M. Sheedy; F. P. Siegfried; Thomas Joynt; M. J. Lavelle; Joseph H. McMahon; John F. Mullaney; P. A. Halpin, S.J.; John Talbot Smith; Thomas McMillan; T. J. Conaty, D.D.; and Brother Azarias. Representatives of the laity were: Professor John P. Brophy; Principal J. H. Haaren; Principal George E. Hardy; Mr. Warren E. Mosher; Mr. William J. Moran; Mrs. A. T. Toomey; Miss Byrne; Miss Toomey, and others. Nearly every phase of educational work among Catholics was well represented. A plan of organization was discussed at great length, and a provisional constitution adopted, which declares that the object of the Summer Assembly is "to foster intellectual culture in harmony with true Christian faith, by means of lectures and special courses on university extension lines, in literature, science, and art, conducted by competent instructors." In arranging the details of this programme due allowance must be given to healthful recreation and profitable entertainment. Under the provisional constitution, the Rev. Morgan M. Sheedy, of Pittsburgh, Pa., was elected president; the Rev. P. A. Halpin, S.J., of New York, first vice-president; Principal J. H. Haaren, of Brooklyn, N. Y., second vice-president; Mrs. A. T. Toomey, of Washington, D. C., third vice-president; Mr. Warren E. Mosher, of Youngstown, Ohio, secretary and treasurer. The president selected the heads of the standing committees as follows: the Rev. Thomas McMillan, chairman of general council; the Rev. Joseph H. McMahon, chairman of course of instruction; Principal George E. Hardy,

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chairman of committee on entertainment; and Mr. William J. Moran, chairman of committee of arrangements.

Our space will not permit a detailed account of the journey to the Thousand Islands by the invitation of Messrs. Butterfield and Folger, representing the New York Central Railroad and the St. Lawrence Steamboat Company. The Right Rev. Henry Gabriels, D.D., Bishop of Ogdensburg, and many other distinguished members of the clergy and laity, joined the committee appointed to report on sites on the trip from New York to Cape Vincent. Representatives from Albany, Rochester, Syracuse, Buffalo, Watertown, and Ogdensburg gave assurances of their profound interest in the movement to establish the Catholic Summer Assembly. After making a visit to Point Pleasant, New Jersey, the committee decided to postpone the inspection of places, and especially the consideration of the offer made by Dr. Webb of a site in the Adirondacks, and reported unanimously in favor of New London, Conn., for the present season. Though the time for preparation is limited, it is hoped that the first session of the assembly may be continued for three weeks, beginning July 30. Tickets for the season will cost five dollars. The course of lectures will be of particular value to teachers, and of general interest to all intelligent Catholics. The subjects to be treated by eminent specialists are history, literature, ethics, political economy, science, and revealed religion. A miscellaneous course will also be added on topics yet to be determined.

The Columbian Reading Union will gladly procure for its members and others any additional information. Now that the long-discussed project has taken definite shape, we hope that the first session of the Catholic Summer Assembly will bring together a chosen band of earnest minds sincerely devoted to intellectual advancement.

M. C. M.

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WITH THE PUBLISHER.

SUMMER is near at hand, or rather it should be if the calendar be accepted as a guide, and with its coming there is a tendency to lessen energy all along the line of ordinary human activity. The great exception to this state of things will be found this summer in the political world, and from all the portents it is safe to say that the country will witness the display of far more than the usual upheaval that attends the Presidential elections. Up from the craters of the two great conventions what candidates will come? From the storm of ballots next November which party will emerge the victor? These will be the main questions of interest to every one during the coming months. The pros and cons of candidate and party will be the great staple for conversation.

And it is but right that such should be the case. At the same time the Publisher begs to be remembered, and he knows, as his readers know, that the issues of political life do not and will not entirely engross attention. Politics will claim and obtain a very large share, but other interests cannot be neglected, and the Publisher puts in advance a plea for remembrance and a hope that his "homilies," as they have been called, will bear good fruit and abiding fruit during the coming summer.

Don't forget THE CATHOLIC WORLD during the summer; above all, don't forget the missionary agency it is, the missionary agency you can make it among those you meet. This can be realized during the summer in ways that never come to you otherwise. The acquaintance you make during your vacation often presents chances for the work of the Apostolate of the Press. You can do much in making the magazine known, you can do more in making an acquaintance see why he should read it. There are several millions of Catholics in this country. There are hundreds of thousands of them who do not know of the existence of THE CATHOLIC WORLD. There are thousands who could read it and who ought to read it, but they have not yet been told the reasons why they ought to read it.

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That's just where you can do effectual work. You can talk to such a man when he comes in your way, and you can talk with the persuasive power that is every man's inheritance if he has a belief in the good he has gained from the magazine, and has the zeal which the possession of that good ought to give him. That there are many men who have this sincere belief in the good that the magazine can accomplish, the Publisher is rejoiced to know. Here is a sample letter selected from his mail during the past month :

"REVEREND DEAR SIR : It pleases me to say that THE CATHOLIC WORLD has given me excellent satisfaction. Its tone is in touch with the best thought of the age, and is at the same time thoroughly Catholic, thus showing that true progress and true Catholicism are not enemies, but, on the contrary, are cordial friends, moving hand in hand.

"Very respectfully,

———— ————

You share the sentiments of the writer and the many others who have written letters similar in spirit. But let your acquaintances know your estimate of the magazine; tell them what you think of it; discuss its pages, lend your copy to your chance acquaintance at the sea-side or the mountains, and you will sow seed that will bear fruit in a larger and yet larger circle of readers and greater improvements in the magazine itself; for the Publisher's motto is "The farthest point of the progress of to-day is but the starting-point of to-morrow."

An author well known to our readers, and one on whom God has recently bestowed the grace of clearly seeing and embracing the Truth, Mr. George Parsons Lathrop, has just issued, through the Scribners, a volume of poems entitled *Dreams and Days*. Mr. Lathrop has spent some time in collecting his poems, and his book makes a substantial volume. In one way its variety is even more noteworthy than its substance, but no one can turn its leaves without appreciating the genuineness of its author's title to be called a poet, however much readers may differ as to the rank he holds as such. In the wide range of subjects he touches—from Starlight to Thanksgiving Turkey, from New York to the Golden Gate—everything reveals the touch of him whose expression naturally turns to the poetic, and whose literary

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equipment and capacity endow his pen with refinement in form as in finish.

It gave the Publisher much pleasure—and he knows his readers will share it with him—to note in a recent issue of the *Academy* the very generous and well-deserved praise accorded to Miss Katharine Tynan's latest books, a volume of *Ballads and Lyrics* and the Life of Mother Xaveria Fallon. The praise is valuable coming from a journal of the highest standing in the English literary world, and not usually inclined to look with favor upon Catholic work. The praise, too, is valuable in its discrimination and as showing the marked advance Miss Tynan has made on her earlier work, so that "she has already by her verse won herself a place in English literature." This is high praise and these are bold words to find in a journal so exacting in its demands and so high in its standards; is higher even that the high praise which calls her book of verse, because "of its delicacy, beauty, and insight, a classic of its kind," the kind being religious verse. Some of the verse has already appeared in these pages and there are few of our readers, we venture to say, who will not echo this praise.

Harper & Brothers announce *The Kansas Conflict*, by Charles Robinson, the famous war governor of Kansas. Aside from its interest as an independent narrative, the work will be a valuable companion and supplement to Eli Thayer's *The Kansas Crusade*, published two or three years ago, and the two together will be the most important contribution yet made or likely to be made to the history of the memorable struggle between slavery and freedom in 1855–8.

From the same house is issued an elegant edition in two volumes of the *Letters of Dr. Samuel Johnson*, collected and edited by Dr. George Birkbeck Hill. Although not including any of the letters contained in Boswell's *Life*, this is the most complete collection yet made, and shows, as no other publication has done, how admirable Dr. Johnson was in his correspondence. The work is a fitting companion to the superb edition of *Boswell's Life of Johnson*, edited by Dr. Hill, and recently published by the same house.

A new book by Mr. J. Fitzgerald Molloy has just been issued by Ward & Downey, London. It is entitled *The Faiths of the Peoples*, and its contents embrace brief studies of the various Protestants sects as well as papers on the Catholic Church and the monastic orders in England.

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The Recollections of Marshal Macdonald, Duke of Tarentum, the general "who, though he never won an important battle, was a brave and experienced officer; who was upright and loyal and truthful to a fault," have been translated from the French edition of Camille Rousset by S. L. Simeon and published by Bentley & Son, London.

The Catholic Publication Society Co. has just published:

Lectures on Slavery and Serfdom in Europe. By Very Rev. Canon Brownlow.

The Catholic Church in England and Wales during the last two Centuries. By Thomas Murphy. Preface by Lord Braye. (With map.)

True Wayside Tales. Fourth Series. By Lady Herbert.

Catholic England in Modern Times. By Rev. John Morris, S.J.

The same company has in press and in preparation:

History of the Church in England from the Beginning of the Christian Era to the Accession of Henry VIII. By Mary H. Allies.

The Poetical Works of J. C. Heywood. Second revised edition in two volumes, containing "Herodias," "Antonius," "Salome," and "Sforza."

Temporal Mission of the Holy Ghost. By Cardinal Manning. Fourth edition (the last work revised by the Cardinal).

BOOKS RECEIVED.

THE SACK OF SOLLIER. By George Teeling. Dublin: Sealy, Bryers & Walker.

THE SEMINARIAN'S MANUAL FOR VACATION. By a Priest of the Congregation of St. Sulpice. Translated from the French. Second revised edition. Baltimore: McCauley & Kilner.

CATHOLIC TRUTH CONFERENCE PAPERS. Read at the annual Conferences at Manchester, Birmingham, and London, England. Three volumes. London, S. E.: 18 West Square.

THE BRIC-A-BRAC DEALER. Translated from the French. New York, Cincinnati, and Chicago: Benziger Bros.

HER FATHER'S RIGHT HAND, and NANNIE'S HEROISM. New York, Cincinnati, and Chicago: Benziger Bros.

NATIONAL SONGS OF IRELAND. Edited by M. J. Murphy. Cincinnati: The John Church Co.

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HINTS FOR LANGUAGE LESSONS AND PLANS FOR GRAMMAR LESSONS. A hand-book for teachers. By John A. McCabe, M.A., LL.D., principal Ottawa (Can.) Normal School. Boston: Ginn & Co.

POLITICAL ECONOMY. By Charles S. Devas, examiner in political economy at the Royal University of Ireland. (Manuals of Catholic Philosophy.) New York, Cincinnati, and Chicago: Benziger Bros.

MY WATER CURE: As tested through more than thirty years. By Sebastian Kniepp, parish priest of Worishofen (Bavaria). Translated from the thirtieth German edition. New York, Cincinnati, and Chicago: Benziger Bros.

VISITS TO THE MOST HOLY SACRAMENT OF THE ALTAR. Translated from the German of Very Rev. Maurice Klostermann, O.S.F., by Rev. Aug. McGlory, O.S.F. St. Louis, Mo.: B. Herder.

HIERARCHY OF THE ROMAN CATHOLIC CHURCH IN THE U. S. Edited by Maurice Francis Egan, LL.D. Parts 6 to 10 (inclusive). Philadelphia: George Barrie.

LETTERS OF ST. ALPHONSUS DE LIGUORI. Translated from the Italian. The Centenary Edition. (Vol. II., Part 1, General Correspondence.) Edited by Rev. Eugene Grimm, C.SS.R. New York: Benziger Bros.

MANIFESTATION OF CONSCIENCE. Confessions and Communions in Religious Communities. Translated from the French of Rev. Pie de Langogne, O.M.Cap. New York, Cincinnati, and Chicago: Benziger Bros.

THE EVOLUTION OF CHRISTIANITY. By Lyman Abbott. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

THE AUGUSTINIAN MANUAL. Comprising a practical Prayer-book and a book of instruction for the members of the Archconfraternity of the Cincture of SS. Augustine and Monica. American edition. New York and Cincinnati: Fr. Pustet & Co.

WHITHER GOEST THOU? OR, WAS FATHER MATHEW RIGHT? Notes on Intemperance, Scientific and Moral. By Rev. J. C. MacErlain. (Fourth Edition.) Brooklyn, N. Y.: The Author.

PAMPHLETS RECEIVED.

THE SCHOOL QUESTION. Discussed by leading thinkers of the clergy and laity, among whom are Right Rev. Monsignor Farley, V.G.; Hon. Morgan J. O'Brien, Gen. James R. O'Beirne, and others. New York: Columbus Press.

THE DECREE QUEMADMODUM. With explanations. By Rev. A. Sabetti, S.J., Professor of Moral Theology at Woodstock College, Md. Baltimore: John Murphy & Co.

CATHOLIC EDUCATIONAL EXHIBIT. World's Columbian Exposition, Chicago, 1893. Circular of Information and Directions. Chicago: Donohue & Henneberry.

DANTE AND BEATRICE. An essay in interpretation. By Lewis F. Mott, M.S. New York: William R. Jenkins.

THE REAL PRESENCE. By Rev. C. F. Smarius, S.J. Pamphlet No. 17. St. Paul, Minn.: The Catholic Truth Society of America.

REASON AND CATHOLICITY. A course of Lenten Conferences by Rev. Dr. Dillon, of Bloomington, Ill. New York: D. & J. Sadlier & Co.

AGNOSTICISM, NEW THEOLOGY, AND OLD THEOLOGY; on the Natural and the Supernatural. By Rev. Jos. Selinger, D.D., professor of dogmatic theology at St. Francis' Seminary. Milwaukee: Hoffmann Brothers Co.

THE APOLOGY FOR STATE OMNIPOTENCE. "Education: To Whom does it Belong?" by Rev. Dr. Bouquillon, examined by the Right Rev. J. De Concilio.

ST. VINCENT'S HOSPITAL (of the City of New York). Forty-second Annual Report, 1891. West Chester, N. Y.: Boys' Protectory Print.

EXTRAVAGANCE, WASTE, AND FAILURE OF INDIAN EDUCATION. A review of the progress in civilizing and instructing the habitants of the reservations. By C. C. Painter. Philadelphia: Indian Rights Association.

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THE

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THE CATHOLIC CHURCH AND THE INDIANS.

BEFORE the coming of the white man the Indian roamed at will over this vast continent, lord of all he surveyed. How different his condition to-day! He finds himself stripped of his vast possessions, and confined within the limits of reservations some of which are not larger than a single township. The Indian has not, however, tamely submitted to the encroachments of the white man. He has waged relentless war on his despoilers, disputing with them for every foot of territory. We blame him for this and call him a blood-thirsty savage. But let us put ourselves in his place. Suppose that we were the original inhabitants of this land, and that a superior race coming from distant countries dispossessed us by force of numbers, took our best lands and forced us farther into the wilderness, and that when we objected to their encroachments they paid no attention; that their government made treaties with us, but rarely kept them; that from year to year we saw our condition becoming worse and worse, till finally we came to regard ourselves doomed to extermination. Would we not in such an hypothesis fight our aggressors with all the energy of despair? That is simply what the aborigines have been doing all along; and can we blame them for it? Indeed, the blackest pages in the history of our country are the records of our dealings with the Indians. What wonder that the majority of them have remained pagan till this day. What respect could they have for Christianity, when men calling themselves Christians robbed them of their lands? Still there have been some redeeming features in our treatment of the red man. In this brief sketch we shall no-

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tice what the government, and what the church, is doing to improve his condition.

General Grant recognized in a very practical way that the Indians had grievances to be redressed and rights to be respected. His so-called *peace policy* was an honest effort to deal fairly with the Indians. It was only partially successful owing, to a great extent, to the fact that the spoils system still dominated the Indian Bureau. Political services, and not personal fitness, have been the qualifications sought for by both parties in their appointments to office in the Indian Department. Still, there has been a most decided improvement in the government's treatment of its wards, as the Indians are called, during the last twenty years; much progress has been made especially in their education and civilization.

EDUCATION.

According to the recent census we have 249,273 Indians, showing a slight decrease during the decade just elapsed. The last official report gives the number of children attending the government and contract schools at 17,926, the cost to the government for the year being nearly two million dollars. The reservation boarding-schools, similar to those inaugurated by the Jesuit missionaries, have produced the best results. They train most of the Indian children attending school. The government schools are purely secular institutions; no religion is supposed to be taught in them. But as a matter of fact the teachers, who are almost all Protestants, do what they can to influence their pupils in favor of their respective denominations. The contract-schools, on the other hand, are professedly religious. They aim expressly at Christianizing as well as civilizing the Indian. Many years ago the Interior Department encouraged the religious bodies to co-operate in the education of the Indians, and Catholic missionaries, aided by the generosity of the Drexel family, established a large number of schools among the different tribes. The Protestant denominations also availed themselves of the government's proffer of aid, and built as many schools as they could. The government entered into an agreement with the managers of these institutions to pay a certain sum yearly for each child educated by them. They gave a full equivalent for the amounts received, giving general satisfaction to the government. Secretary Vilas gives the cost of maintaining children in the government boarding-schools as one hundred and thirty-three dollars each, and in the contract-schools as

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ninety-five dollars. The reason of this difference is that the religious bodies have their own funds wherewith to build schools and support teachers, whereas in strictly public institutions the government has to provide for everything.

The mission, or contract-schools, as they are called, have had difficulties to contend with, mainly owing to the opinion in some quarters that the entire system was un-American and tended to the union of church and state. Jealousy of the church has had, doubtless, much to do with this hostility to the contract-schools, for the most of them are Catholic. Of the sum-total of $570,218 expended on contract-schools in the year 1891, Catholics received $363,349. Of course there is a perfectly good reason why they should receive this large amount—namely, that they keep up a larger number of schools than all the others combined. But it is made to appear as if undue favor had been shown to Catholics, and as an unfair discrimination against Protestants. All this was brought out so well in the Mohonk Conference of last year that we cannot refrain from quoting some remarks bearing on the subject:

Rev. J. M. King, of New York, secretary of the League for the Protection of American Institutions, thought it time that Commissioner Morgan should call a halt, seeing that Roman Catholics were receiving two-thirds of the funds. "Better do away with the contract-schools entirely. Give the Indian the public-school. Let the government do its own work of education, and trust to the churches for the Christianization of the Indian. This will be for the best interest of the Indian, and of the American principle of entire separation of church and state."

Rev. Dr. Foster, of Boston, was of the same mind, though he thought it unwise to do away with the contract system at once. "How can we Protestants," said he, "be satisfied if the Catholics get seventy per cent. of the government money? The Catholics, indeed, have money to erect schools. A certain excellent lady has given it to them; and their teachers are unsalaried. But we feel that it is unjust that they should receive such a large share of the funds." Much more was said by others in the same strain.

Then arose General Armstrong, of the Hampton Indian school. He considered that the best thing for the Indian was a practical Christian education. "The government is giving him a practical education very generally. The government school is more or less Christian according to the ever-changing manage-

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ment. The only permanent force in Indian education is the churches, working through the contract-schools. At the bottom of this trouble is the Roman Catholic question. I think the Catholic work is a great gain for the Indian. Industrially it is as good as any; often superior. The Catholic Church, as a moral and religious power, is at its best among the Indians. From the first it has made a noble record of heroism, and done most valuable work for the red man; but of the seventeen thousand in school only three thousand five hundred are under direct Catholic influence. The rest are mostly under Protestant influence. This is the case in the government schools generally. Our action should not be destructive, but progressive and constructive. Improve all along the line. Let us press forward and do what we can for the twenty thousand children out of school."

Another speaker thought the contract system had worked well. "It will come to an end by limitation when the Indians become civilized. The civilization hitherto attained has been due to religion more than to anything else."

Rev. Dr. Mitchell thought the real question was not whether the churches needed the help of the government in this work, but whether the government can afford to dispense with the help of the churches. "Certainly there is nothing in the history of the government schools to show that such schools, swayed by political influence, and by no means pervaded by religion, can lift up the Indian. For the elevation of those pagan tribes the government needs all the help the churches can give. It is easy to say: 'Let the government look after the secular training and the missionaries after the religion of the Indian.' That is the method followed in the States for the civilized races. Yes, but it is not practicable among the Indians. In the States the child has a Christian home to go to where he is surrounded by good influences, but the Indian child leaves the school to go to a home of barbarism. To cut off the religious teaching which the missionaries are able to give in the school is to cut off the means of doing the most effective work. After having visited many important reservations, and studied the schools of every grade and kind, I have no hesitation in saying that the contract-schools are the most useful of all."

Professor Morse said: "We are making too much of this fear of union of church and state. Some two thousand years ago the Celt and Teuton were in very much the same condition as the Indian to-day. It was the union of church and state that Christianized and civilized them. There is no satisfactory solu-

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tion of the Indian question except through the hearty co-operation of the Christian people of this country; and there is no better way to bring about this co-operation than through contract-schools."

The reader has perceived that the great volume of testimony was in favor of the contract-schools. Still there is no guarantee of permanence for them. True, Secretary Noble is favorably disposed towards them. So is President Harrison, who declared in his last message to Congress "that the co-operation between the government and the mission-schools, which has wrought so much good, should be cordially and impartially maintained." Notwithstanding all this the system seems to us to rest upon a foundation of sand, inasmuch as it depends on politicians and politics, and these are as changeable as the winds.

CIVILIZATION.

For a long time past the government has been endeavoring by various means to civilize its Indian wards. But its efforts have met with many failures, owing to the defective means employed. It was thought that by placing the Indians on reservations in the midst of a white population they would soon acquire civilized habits. But it has been found from experience that such contact only demoralized the Indians. The class of whites found on the frontier have not been good models to copy after. The Indians learned from them many of the vices and but few of the virtues of civilization.

The experiment of book-learning was also tried. The schoolmaster was sent out to enlighten the rising generation. He did all that was expected of him, teaching reading, writing, and spelling, often, however, in a tongue utterly unknown to many of his pupils. His mission failed to accomplish satisfactory results. The evil influence of the wigwam more than neutralized the good done by the day-school. Thousands of Indian youths of both sexes were sent every year to training-schools, such as those at Carlisle, Hampton, and Albuquerque, in the hope that on their return home they would be the teachers of their respective tribes in the arts and manners of civilized life. This plan has by no means been an unqualified success. Educated Indians, when left to shift for themselves, fare as the vegetables of our gardens when remanded to the freedom of nature. They soon become wild again.

The reservation boarding-schools have met with much better

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success, especially those under the control of the church. They educate the whole man—the head, the heart, and the hand. While the head is trained to reason and is stored with knowledge, the heart is being trained to the practice of virtue, and the hands to honest work. This is the only education that can ever effect the Christian civilization of the red man. Our government will be guilty of an enormous blunder the day it discards the contract-schools and commits itself to a purely secular education for its wards. We may then expect to see the Indians become civilized pagans. The results of a godless education are apparent enough already among many tribes. Indian free-thinkers, with a smattering of education, are everywhere to be found who scoff at Christianity as a relic of the past.

The government is doing much for the material advancement of the Indians. It has been engaged for several years past in dividing the reservations into separate farms, each member of the tribe getting a plot of one hundred and sixty acres. Over sixteen thousand have already received their allotments in severalty, are released from the tribal relation and have become citizens. The work progresses slowly, and not without many hardships to the Indians concerned. They are mostly without any experience of farming, and also without farming implements. If the government would only supplement the allotments of land with a grant of farming utensils, and the employment for a few years of practical farmers to teach them, the condition of the Indians would be greatly improved. Last year they cultivated 288,613 acres of land, mostly in the Indian Territory. Three-fourths of the Indians support themselves, and are no burden to the government except in the matter of schools.

About 60,000 are still depending on the government for rations. During the past year the following articles were furnished them: Flour, 8,456,000 pounds; beef, 36,000,000 pounds; bacon, 900,000 pounds; beans and corn, 368,400 pounds; coffee, 487,000 pounds; tea, 9,000 pounds; granulated sugar, 952,000 pounds; the amount of blankets and clothing is not specified. We do not quote these items to show the liberality of the government—for it is bound to do all this by treaty stipulations for lands ceded by the Indians—but rather to call attention to a policy that is vicious and degrading. Far better to expend this money in a way that would make the Indians self-sustaining and independent. It is true the government aims at this in its allotment plan. Perhaps the system of supplying rations is to be only a temporary evil after all.

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The following extract from a recent work, as instructive as it is entertaining, bears directly on this question:

"General Crook believed that the Indian should be made self-supporting, not by preaching to him the merits of labor and the grandeur of toiling in the sun, but by making him see that every drop of honest sweat meant a penny in his pocket. It was idle to expect that the Indian should understand how to work intelligently in the very beginning; he represented centuries of one kind of life, and the Caucasian the slow evolution of centuries under different conditions and in directions diametrically opposite. . . . The American Indian, born free as the eagle, would not tolerate restraint, would not brook injustice; therefore, the restraint imposed must be manifestly for his benefit, and the government to which he would subject himself must be eminently one of kindness, mercy, and absolute justice, without necessarily degenerating into weakness. . . . At the date of the reduction of the Apaches the success of the government schools was not clearly established, so that the subject of Indian instruction was not then discussed except theoretically. General Crook was always a firm believer in the education of the American Indian; not in the education of a handful of boys and girls sent to remote localities, and there inoculated with new ideas and deprived of the old ones upon which they would have to depend for getting a livelihood, but in the education of the younger generation as a generation. Had the people of the United States taken the younger generation of Sioux and Cheyennes in 1866, and educated them in accordance with the terms of the treaty, there would not have been any trouble since. The children should not be torn from the parents, to whom they are a joy and a consolation just as truly as children are to white parents; they should be educated within the limits of the reservation, so that the old folks from time to time could get to see them and note their progress. . . . The notion that the American Indian will not work is a fallacious one; he will work, just as the white man will, when it is to his advantage to do so. The adobes in the military post of Fort Wingate, New Mexico, were all made by Navajo Indians, the brothers of the Apaches. The same tribe did no small amount of work on the grading of the Atlantic and Pacific Railroad where it passes across their country." (*On the Border with Crook*, by Captain John G. Bourke, U.S.A., *Scribner's*, pp. 226 et seq.)

WHAT THE CHURCH IS DOING.

We give below a tabulated statement showing the present condition of our Indian mission work. If it is not as full and accurate as it should be the missionaries themselves are to blame, inasmuch as they do not take much pains to keep the Catholic public informed in regard to their labors:

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DIOCESES.	INDIAN POPULATION	CATHOLIC INDIANS.	CHURCHES.	PRIESTS.	BAPTISMS. CHILDREN	BAPTISMS. ADULTS.	SCHOOLS.	PUPILS.	SISTERHOODS.
Arizona,	——	450	1	—	——	—	1	50	
Brownsville,	45,000	45,000	—	—	——	—	—	——	
Cheyenne,	3,000	75	1	3	——	—	1	90	Bl. Sacrament.
Duluth,	8,304	2,100	—	—	——	—	—	140	Benedictine.
Fort Wayne,	66	66	—	2	——	16	—	70	
Grand Rapids,	3,500	2,500	7	4	5	85	3	212	Franciscan. Dominican. Notre Dame.
Green Bay,	3,637	1,300	4	2	53	26	1	177	St. Joseph. Franciscan.
La Crosse,	——	1,650	8	3	152	20	5	248	Franciscan.
Helena,	12,000	6,000	—	13	——	—	6	1,000	Ursuline.
Idaho,	2,200	1,200	3	3	——	—	3	130	Providence.
Indian Territory,	——	3,000	4	4	45	—	5	250	Mercy. Franciscan.
Los Angeles,	——	4,000	—	—	——	—	—	350	
Marquette,	4,500	2,500	4	3	82	—	5	120	St. Joseph.
Natchez,	——	300	2	1	24	20	2	75	Mercy.
Nesqually,	17,000	6,000	13	6	——	—	8	260	Providence. Franciscan.
Oregon City,	4,000	1,500	3	5	90	23	4	159	Franciscan. Benedictine.
Portland,	1,000	1,000	3	4	40	—	3	174	Mercy.
San Francisco,	15,000	1,000	4	—	10	10	4	200	Franciscan.
Santa Fé,	28,000	18,000	17	3	314	14	12	558	Loretto.
Sioux Falls,	25,571	5,350	8	12	373	252	12	946	Franciscan. Benedictine.
Vancouver's Island,	35,000	3,700	13	—	400	40	7	150	
Winona,	——	——	—	—	——	—	1	50	
St. Augustine,	——	110	—	—	——	—	—	150	
Totals,	207,778	106,801	95	68	1,588	506	83	5,559	

This vast mission field, spread over twenty-four dioceses, is worked by the religious orders, chiefly the Jesuits and Benedictines, and by secular priests. The number of missionaries is lamentably small, and this is almost our only drawback. The Indians are everywhere showing a greater desire than ever before to become Christians. Among the various tribes there are two elements, the progressive and the pagan. The progressive party, which far outnumbers the pagan, is in favor of taking everything good that the white man has to offer, including his religion. The church has already a firm footing among many of the tribes. With more men and means she could readily extend her work among the pagan members of those same tribes, and also establish new missions among tribes yet unevangelized. The Black-gown is ever welcome by pagans as well as by Christians. They all recognize him as a disinterested and faithful friend. He has but little difficulty, therefore, in winning converts to the faith. With the aid of the female religious communities, now happily found on nearly all our mis-

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sion fields, the missionary is able to lay solid foundations. The sisters' activity is confined to the children, whom they mould and form into devout Christian women and useful members of society. They do their work thoroughly, leaving nothing to be desired. Christian doctrine holds the first place in their teaching; then, in addition to reading and writing, the girls are taught housekeeping in its various branches, whilst the boys are exercised in out-of-door employments. Indeed, the work of the devoted sisters cannot be too highly praised. By their kind and gentle manners they win the confidence and affection of both parents and children, making themselves all to all in order to gain all to Christ. Would to God that vocations to the missionary sisterhoods were more plentiful! Then we might hope for a larger harvest of souls.

In the heroic age of the Indian missions the church had the field all to herself. This is not the case to-day. The different sects employ a large force of both ministers and teachers, many of whom are native Indians. They are supported by such associations as the Native Missionary Society, the American Missionary Association, the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel, the Ladies' Home Missionary Society, etc., etc. They have far more laborers in the field than we have, and there is no doubt but that they are making considerable headway in gaining those simple people to their various forms of religious belief. Owing to the want of official statistics and to the vagueness of their missionary reports, it is impossible to give the number of their converts.

If they confined themselves to the pagan Indians we would have no reason to complain. But they seem to pay special attention to the perversion of the Catholics—as, for instance, in New Mexico and Arizona. Many Catholic Indians, who for the want of missionaries get but little attention, are in great danger of losing the faith in this way. This is indeed deplorable; but we should rather lay the blame upon ourselves, and resolve to put forth greater efforts for the future. If we neglect the Indians now they will soon be absorbed into the various sects, with no prospect of ever becoming Catholics. The salvation of hundreds of thousands of souls is, in a manner, placed in our hands. Unborn millions appeal to our zeal. Shall the Indian and his descendants down to the last generation be numbered among the faithful children of the church? That will depend on what we Catholics in our day and generation are going to do for him.

D. MANLEY.

Epiphany Apostolic College, Baltimore, Md.

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REMINISCENCES OF EDGAR P. WADHAMS, FIRST BISHOP OF OGDENSBURG.

II.

1841–1844.

I HAVE now so far drawn on my personal reminiscences of Bishop Wadhams as to present to the reader a general and, as I trust, a characteristic sketch of the man, such as nature and divine grace conspired to make him. It is, if I have succeeded in my design, a picture which may serve as frontispiece to what follows. I propose now to go over the same general ground again, and by producing letters which have come into my hands, chiefly such letters as he had himself treasured up from his correspondents, to show him in such light as the eyes of friendship saw him, more especially during that momentous transition time which led him and so many other converts, both in England and in the United States, into the bosom of the Holy Catholic Church.

One of the earliest of these letters is from James Lloyd Breck, a young friend of Wadhams in sympathy, like himself, with Newman, Carey, and others. Breck was at Nashotah, in Wisconsin. His letter is dated "October 21, 1842." The Nashotah mission was a somewhat romantic attempt to found an Episcopal monastery in the Northwest. Breck was the "superior" or "prior." Besides the superior, the *community* at this time consisted of one assured member, the Rev. William Adams, who was at the head of the school department, while Breck labored on the mission as evangelist. The number of scholars in this school is not stated in the letter, but, as the writer assures us, "the foundation of a permanent church school, in all respects adapted to the most Catholic principles," had been laid. A seminary was also embraced in this institution, and thus far had a nest-egg consisting of one seminarian. The size of the institute at this time may be estimated from the dimensions of the building, which measured thirteen feet by seventeen feet. It consisted of one room only, which served as kitchen, study, sleeping apartment, etc., for the whole community. Two vocations for this monastery had not turned out well. A young clergyman, the son of an Episcopal bishop, had felt

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obliged to absent himself too frequently, for too long periods, from the cloister. Another difficulty was that he had engaged himself to be married. The other applicant had been found too scrupulous. Breck and Adams were only deacons as yet, and the applicant, who was in priest's orders, considered it as not canonical or rubrical to have a private communion service for their benefit. The household had, in consequence, soon been reduced to the slender community already stated. In his letter the reverend superior earnestly urges Wadhams to come and join them.

"If," he writes, "dear Wadhams, you conclude to come, remember we receive you on the ground of our first principles, which are: (1) so long as connected with this institution to remain unmarried; (2) to yield implicit and full obedience to all the rules and regulations of the body; (3) community of goods so long as community of purpose; (4) teaching on the staunch Catholic principles; (5) preaching from place to place on circuits—route, mode, etc., to be determined by the bishop or by one authorized by him. We sincerely hope that you will find it your duty to join us. . . . I learn from Brother Adams that he has just written to our dear Brother Carey. How greatly we long after him, as a companion in our labors!"

A letter from this Brother Adams to Wadhams, directed, like that from Breck, to the General Seminary in Twentieth Street, New York City, is dated "December 6, 1841." He begins by giving at some length a description of the country surrounding this new monastery; its beauty, its productions, and the character of its inhabitants. These latter he praises far above their neighbors of Illinois, Michigan, and Kentucky. "Nowhere have I seen any specimen of that vile animal that is called 'loafer' among them. . . . They have none of the Eastern prejudices against the church; they will listen to any sermon respectfully and with attention; not in the yawning, spitting, pick-tooth, boots-upon-the-bench sort of style and attitude in which your Kentuckian graces the house of God, but calmly and respectfully; and yet, mark you, my brother, a sermon, however strong it may be, or however pointed, will have as little effect upon these men as boiling water flung in the face of a marble statue. Sermons can make no impression."

The writer then proposes his remedy for this difficulty, which lies in an example of penance and self-mortification united to a "Catholic" churchmanship. He then urges his friend Wadhams as follows:

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"Dear brother, if you can in almost every way deny yourself, can be content to remain unmarried for an indefinite period, to live on the coarsest food, to deny yourself the pleasure of cultivated society; then come to Wisconsin. . . . Whether you do come or no, in the name of God, and if you would not fall into many a perilous pit, begin a systematic course of self-denial, fasting upon the stationary days of the church. This is the only thing that will save a man from the legal spirit on the one side, and the luscious and animal spirit of religionism on the other. If you want direction on this point, Carey will give it you. The spirit you see in him (what a spirit it is!) is the offspring of this practice."

Not long after his letter Adams visited our theological seminary in Twentieth Street; and many of us gathered around him, listening eagerly to his description of Nashotah, which seemed to us like a holy shrine set up amid the prairies, the nucleus of another Citeaux, with Breck for a St. Bernard. It must have increased very much from this small beginning. Nearly twenty years later two students from that institute visited me when I was officiating as parish priest in St. Peter's Church, Troy. They were tired of the kind of Catholicism they found at Nashotah, sincere though it was, and were resolved to become true Catholics. One, named McCurry, attached himself as priest to the diocese of Albany and was assigned to St. John's Church, in that city. The other is Father Henry L. Robinson, now rector at Chicopee, in the diocese of Springfield, Mass.*

Whether Wadhams felt any inclination for this attempt at monastic life in Nashotah, I cannot say. Some others did—myself among the number. I endeavored, but without success, to persuade my father to transfer me to it from the seminary in New York. He took time to consider, and consulted Dr. Horatio Potter, then in charge of St. Peter's Church, Albany, but afterwards Bishop of New York. The answer was unfavorable, Nashotah being represented as a nest where Catholic Protestants might be fledged into Catholics of the Roman type. My father gained still stronger impressions of danger from a Presbyterian clergyman, the famous Dr. Cox, formerly of Brooklyn. When asked what he thought of Puseyism, his answer was given in his own characteristic language: "Puseyism, sir, is the quintessence of the blackness of the darkness of the dark ages squirted into the nineteenth century." The doctor had some

* Nashotah is now, as I am informed, a flourishing seminary, receiving students from various parts of the United States. How far it has retained the spirit of its founders is a point upon which the writer lacks information.

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reason to speak in strong language. Puseyism had invaded his own household. He is said to have uttered his grief upon a public occasion in the following manner: "Hear, O Heavens! and give ear, O earth! I have nourished and brought up children, and they have turned Episcopalians!"

I introduce next a precious letter from Arthur Carey, written after Wadhams had taken deacon's orders and was settled in Essex County. It was directed to Ticonderoga. Carey was looked upon at the seminary, both by professors and students, and by a host of others outside, as a sort of Saint Aloysius. His was, indeed, a beautiful and lovable character, and only a man like Wadhams could have secured and cemented a friendship so strong as that which existed between these two pure and fervent souls. We give the letter, therefore, as a memorial of both:

"NEW YORK, October 23d, '43.

"DEAREST WADHAMS: Do you recollect how happy I used to be when you tapped at my room door at the seminary, and I said 'Come in!' and in you came; and how I used to jump up to receive you, and how we used almost to hug each other; and how we sang together, and, horrible to tell, looked over the breviary together, and talked and laughed together; and how you abused my *pope*, on the door, and how I took his part, and how we discussed all the affairs of the church so wisely, and then adjourned and took a nice long walk, and so on. And now it is all over, and we are parted, and you are doing I know not what, and I am all alone in my room, writing to you, and feeling funny, queer, strange, a kind of blue feeling—do you know what I mean? I hope not, for it is very far indeed from pleasant; and yet I seem to wish you might occasionally feel blue, so as to sympathize with me, and to make you think over past times, that are gone for ever, and are never coming back again. Think of that: Never coming back again! No, never! I have a good deal, or at least a little, news to tell you, but it seems so natural to run on in this old-fashioned, loose way that I hardly like to stop it. Does it remind you of old times? Does it make you think of those times, when you used to visit me and eat brown bread and sit before the fire? Or, are you now too parsonical for these seminary reminiscences? It is cruel even to hint that you have got above those times, when I know perfectly well that you have not, and that you will not in a hurry—I mean that you *never* will. Will you ever? Will you ever, Wadhams? Ah, why do not you answer? Why do not you say, 'No, never!' and pacify me? Why do not you speak? But, poor me! it is not your fault; you can't speak to me when you are so far away, can you? If you could you would; would not you? Wouldn't you try and make me laugh now, and cheer me up a bit, if you were here? Yes, to be sure

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you would, like a good fellow as you are, ain't you? This is something like the way we used to run on together, I think; but I must stop it now and begin to be serious. And to begin, I must beg ten thousand pardons for forgetting so shamefully to leave the *Critic* for you to take with you. I have been thinking ever since that I would send it by post, but my brother tells me it would cost you *a dollar* in postage. Tell me what I am to do, and it shall immediately be attended to. If you tell me to send this one by post, I shall conclude you will wish me to continue and send them all the same way; unless you say to the contrary. Pardon me for my carelessness. And now about myself. I am engaged as Dr. Seabury's assistant. His vestry renewed their call immediately after the convention, and as the bishop urged me strongly to accept it, I have done so for six months. The salary is five hundred dollars per annum—quite enough to support me, but no more. I am lodging at *101 Charlton Street*, quite near the church. I preach on Sunday afternoons, and open the church for Wednesday and Friday services, morning and evening, and saints' day services. I was afraid to begin with daily services, and the doctor thought better not at present. He says I may do anything I please, and he will never interfere with me, but always support me, which is pleasant, at all events. Dr. Sherwood, of Hyde Park, gave me a book (which I must lend you, as soon as I see you) by old Dr. Smith, of Connecticut. It is very interesting indeed. Its title is *Primitive Psalmody*, and he maintains that chanting is the only canonical ecclesiastical music; that metre psalm-singing is an abomination, and that metre hymns are only to be tolerated. He is very warm, quite eloquent, and rather learned; he is extremely severe on the Puritans and Calvinist party, and wonderfully polite and reverential toward the Church of Rome. He was himself a very good musician. He was a Scotchman, and came over with Bishop Seabury. Dr. Sherwood was his pupil, and he is a churchman of the very highest grade, and an admirer of the O. [Oxford] Tracts and the *British Critic*, of which he is a 'constant reader.' Please direct to me, at my lodgings, when you write, and this you must *soon* and *frequently* do, and I will endeavor, as I can, to answer you. Isn't Bishop McIlvaine cutting some strange capers? He will do mischief yet, before he stops; it is impossible to say what he may not do, if he once makes up his mind to it; but I doubt whether he carries any great weight out of his own diocese. The laity and clergy cannot really do much harm in our church, because they can never carry anything against the bishops; I suppose the bishops can always carry their own dioceses; but, on the other hand, the bishops may do almost any amount of harm, if they be once opposed to each other. Our diocesan organization enables each bishop to separate his own diocese, in effect, from all others; and so we may place ourselves in a position of relative schism, and eventually break up our general convention. McMaster is now sitting by my side; he has just come down

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from the seminary, and is now reading to me out of the October number of the *British Critic.* He sends his best love to you.

"Yours ever, in all brotherly love,

"A. CAREY."

The active religious zeal fermenting in the minds of the more fervent students at the General Seminary, and looking forward to future work, extended itself in two directions. There was much interest in foreign missions. Some took a special interest in China and the Eastern countries of Asia. Others were more interested in Bishop Southgate's efforts to establish an unity between Anglicanism and the ancient schismatic Greek churches. Not that these students looked upon the Eastern churches as schismatic, for that would have placed themselves in the same category; but there was a feeling that the nearer Anglicans, with their "apostolical succession," could be made to harmonize with the various Greek churches, the more appearance of real unity they would present in the face of that great church whose centre was at Rome, but whose circumference encloses all nations and all ages.

A missionary society was existing at the seminary and was in a flourishing state. There was a class of students, however, in whose minds there was a strong yearning for what in the Catholic Church is called "the religious life"; meaning not merely a general aspiration towards Christian perfection, but embracing those special means to this end which consist in a mingling of community life with a seclusion from the world. It is hard, nevertheless, for an earnest American mind, however much it may long for internal purification and sanctification, to divest itself of the thought of active work for others, and therefore, in the mind of Wadhams and men of his own type, the highest ideal of a Christian ministry naturally took the form of a community of missionaries bound to poverty, chastity, and obedience. The institute at Nashotah was an honest and earnest attempt at this; and no wonder that so many eyes at the New York seminary were fixed upon that land of lakes and prairies. New York State, however, had its wilderness in the North Woods, of which Essex County formed a part. There, immediately upon his ordination, was stationed Edgar P. Wadhams. There he was already doing missionary work, with a heart yearning after perfection. This pointed him out as a natural centre round whom others might gather. What has just been said will make the following letter seem both natural and intelli-

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gible. Henry McVickar, the writer, had been a fellow-seminarian with Wadhams, was a classmate of my own, was familiar and in active sympathy with both. Let me also say of him here, briefly but emphatically, that he was a most fervent soul of rare endowments, and a Christian gentleman of the most perfect type.

His letter to Wadhams, directed to Ticonderoga from Chelsea, bears the date of August 30, 1844. It must be understood that "Chelsea" was then the name for that part of New York City in which is situated the General Seminary, at the corner of Ninth Avenue and Twentieth Street. The letter was, therefore, written in McVickar's room at the seminary. After some previous matter, which for brevity's sake I omit, he launched into the subject which was uppermost in his mind, in the following words:

"Walworth and myself have been plotting against your freedom all the morning, and as I don't feel easy I propose to confess the whole truth to you—which is this, that we propose offering our assistance in transforming you into a monk, *Frater* or *Pater*, whichever may seem best.

"Mr. Dyer's death (what a blow it must have been to you! I can well feel) has opened the Essex County mission so that it may be put upon a new and better footing (I speak under correction). You may remember some conversation we had together before you left here, in which you expressed the opinion that you might find one or two young men, desirous of preparing for the ministry, who would live with you and form the nucleus of such an institution as Nashotah. I wish to remind you of the idea you then brought out. I confess it struck me very much at the time, and has been a hope next my heart ever since.

"Can anything be done to realize it? Are you inclined to it? Will Judge B—— back you? If so, let me know; when it will be needed I will provide some more backing. In the meantime I can offer you a coadjutor after your own warm heart—Walworth, . . . who finds himself unable on account of his eyes to proceed with the seminary course. . . . Inclination would lead him to Breck, but in compliance with his father's wishes he gives that up, and he now looks to your quarter. He could *lay-read and teach*, with a moderate use of his eyes. . . . I have seen some late letters from Breck, by which he appears to be prospering. Although he is the only clergyman, he has among his students some five lay-readers, and thus supplies twelve or thirteen stations every Sunday, and finds his efficiency far greater than he could have expected.

"Walworth proposes to come and see you in September—say the fourteenth; meanwhile he will be here; and we should like to hear from you in the interval."

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. It seems very probable that even at this early date Wadhams' mind had been visited by strong misgivings as to the character of the church to which he was attached—whether he could safely trust himself in it as being in any true sense a branch of the church of Christ. There is a passage in this letter which evidently shows that McVickar believed him to be troubled with misgivings of this kind. The passage refers to some previous letter of Wadhams:

"I fear your rainy sky in Essex makes you low-spirited. . . . I had intended to urge you to give up the idea of the possibility of your leaving the *mother who begot you to God*, but I cannot bring myself to believe that you will ever leave an altar on which lies the body of our Lord while life is in you.

"Whatever is true we have a right to believe and act upon, but always with prudence, tempering truth with mercy, 'Jesus with Mary.'

"It was very kind of you to write, and I shall long to hear from you again. I beg the benefit of your prayers at the 'offering of the Salutary Host,' and remain,

"Yours most sincerely,

"HENRY MCVICKAR."

Shortly after the above letter Wadhams came down to New York, and upon his return to his mission took me with him. On our way north we visited McMaster, at Hyde Park, and the Rev. Mr. Wheaton, at Poughkeepsie. McMaster was full of advanced ideas and disposed to rally us both as slow-coaches. When driving one day from Hyde Park to Poughkeepsie, as we passed an Episcopal church McMaster called out suddenly: "What are you taking your hat off to, Wadhams? To that old meeting-house? There's nothing inside of that but a communion table, where the vestrymen put their hats. Wait till you come to a real church with a real altar and a sacrifice."

We did not find Mr. Wheaton at home, but visited the church in which he then officiated as assistant. While standing outside the chancel our advanced friend said: "There are four sacraments administered in this church, if any at all." "Baptism, the Lord's Supper, and Confirmation," said Wadhams; "that makes three; but what is the fourth?" "Why, Penance," said McMaster. "Do you see that chair inside the railing? That's where Wheaton sat when I made my confession to him. It was something new for him and he didn't want to do it, but I insisted upon it; and didn't I frighten the life out of him!" Years afterwards

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it was a pleasure to meet Dr. Wheaton when he had become a Catholic.

Wadhams and I proceeded from thence to Ticonderoga, the trip from Troy to Whitehall being made on the canal. After a few weeks I was obliged to return to New York to consult my oculist. From there McVickar and I addressed a joint letter, or rather two letters on the same sheet, to our friend at Ticonderoga. Mine runs as follows:

"DEAR FATHER EDGAR: If this epistle should be too brief charge my eyes with the offence. I don't know where to direct it to, but trust it will find you at Ti. I will be ready to come back to Wadhams Mills just as soon as you wish me. . . . Please write me immediately. . . . Say what books you would have me purchase. McV—— has just given me a check for $50 for tools, books, etc. I shall purchase all the Lives of Saints, breviaries, and two or three manuals of devotion; what more would you like in the way of books or else? Can the cooking-stove, shovel and tongs, beds, bedding, etc., be obtained best in Essex Co.? Shall I bring writing paper, etc.? We are, I think, all three ready (*i.e.*, willing) for action. May God and Our Lady prosper us! My love to Judge B——, etc. . . .

"Yours faithfully for ever,

"CLA. W."

This is McVickar's letter:

"November 6, 1844.

"MY DEAR WADHAMS: Walworth's return last Saturday gave me the greatest satisfaction. I had missed his sympathy more than I could have suspected I should, and I can appreciate better than before the comfort you will be to one another this winter.

"Any plans you shall adopt I shall subscribe as the best, only I would have you consider this winter as one of trial, and on that account perhaps, as well as others, we should practise the doctrine of reserve; consider the mighty game we are playing, and how sure we ought to be of our moves before we make them; but in all these matters you are a far better judge than I am, and I am ashamed (if it were not an evidence of the interest I take) of my self-sufficiency.

"I hear that they want to call McMaster to Fishkill, if the bishop will ordain him; but the bishop is so full of his own matters (having been presented for trial for immoral conduct) that he cannot bestow much thought upon Mac, who has had a severe trial. Our turns may not be very far distant.

"The *Lives of the English Saints* I am delighted with, and would not part with them upon any consideration.

"Could you not manage to pick up some orphan child this winter belonging to no one (the younger the better), over whom you might exercise complete control? They are the stuff we must in a great measure depend upon. As my letter is made

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up of patches, I will end it by an extract [from] Ward's book which may point out the course 'the Apostolicals' in England would advise: 'However, the one method that carries God's blessing with it of reforming a bad system is first of all to load the existing framework with all possible good, if it will bear it well; if not, God himself has solved for us the question, and the system breaks down with no direct agency of ours' (p. 368).

"Your promised letter I shall expect with great anxiety, and I shall feel authorized hereafter to apply to you for guidance in any difficulties into which I may fall, and shall ever remain, with the sincerest love, Yours truly,

"HENRY MCVICKAR."

All the earnestness and hopefulness with which we three aspirants after monasticism set to work to realize our vision is to be seen in our purchase of breviaries and other books for prayer and pious reading, and of tools for manual labor, for we believed, with Saint Bernard and his Cistercians, that good monks must labor as well as pray. That hope was very high in our hearts may be seen from the fact that Wadhams and McVickar made their wills to secure a sort of endowment for the institute. I, who had no other property but myself, either in possession or in prospect, had only myself to bequeath, and I did it with a will. We had even fixed upon a name for our "Clairvaux," which was to be called St. Mary's, and our minds were sometimes occupied in designing cloisters. I have no personal recollection of McMaster as included in our proposed community. It would seem, however, from the following letter (written in 1844, and mailed from Hyde Park, N. Y.) that he had offered himself to Wadhams for some kind of a combination which was to be cemented by vows:

"IN FESTO O SAPIENTIA, Dec. 16.

"MY DEAR WADHAMS: I would have written to you long ago, but I was determined you should keep your word and write first, as in duty bound. I am delighted to hear how well you are coming on; things seem to be nearer what you would wish than you could have hoped a few months ago. I am sorry you did not write a week earlier than you did, for then I would have had time to make this letter twice as long as it will be now. However, if you answer it soon, I will write a longer one soon after the holidays. I spend next week in town, and am full of business in the meanwhile. I have had two letters from England, within the month; one from Dalgairns, the other from Oakeley. Both are very kind and interesting. Oakeley cannot immediately go on with St. Bernard; his intimate friend and coadjutor, who was to have assisted him, has *crossed* and is gone. O—— says he has no intention of following him at present. He

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thinks the step (which was taken without consulting friends) was owing to morbid excitement of mind and peculiar circumstances. He means as soon as he can to resume his labors on St. Bernard. Dalgairns is full of the state of parties consequent on the recent election of V. Chancellor, and, like Oakeley, writes in bad spirits. The breach is irreparable between the thorough-paced ones and the Hook party, and this seems to discourage them. Ward's book they speak of in the highest terms. Of course an attempt is being made by some in authority to get hold of him and punish him, but this is not likely to succeed. He is coming out in a new edition in two volumes, enlarged from the first. Of the lives of the saints, St. Augustine is by Oakeley; Sts. Wolstan and William, by Mr. Church (a fellow of Oriel, and follower of Mr. Newman, author of the articles on St. Anselm in the *B. Critic*); Sts. Paulinus, Bega, etc., constituting No. VI., is by F. W. Faber, the poet. I am rejoiced to see him so true a man; he *talks* harder than any one of them, and I think from several things that he has recovered very much from his self-conceit, which used so to spoil his writings. Dalgairns leads me to infer that he himself is the author of St. Stephen and St. Gilbert, being Nos. I. and VII.; finally some of the shorter of the *Legends of the Hermit Saints* are by Newman. Have you all these? I see No. VIII. announced, and volume vi. of the *Plain Sermons.*

"You ask very kindly about my own affairs. I know little about them *externally.* That Fishkill business is all nonsense; they would not think of me. To tell the truth I am very careless about taking orders. I believe a furious storm is gathering, and will very soon drive us to Rome. The only possible alternative is the breaking up of our communion between different dioceses. Whether that could save us, considering the reckless character of the Whitting-*hamites*—or, as I am disposed henceforth to call them, the "Hamites," as if from the father of Canaan the accursed—whether such a division can save us, is, I say, very doubtful. I think our present tack is a deep love for our church—of course for her poor remnant of Catholicism, which remnant we as dutiful sons will strive to preserve and increase. I think we may well *express* ourselves strongly both in the way of affection for her, and of deep consciousness that she has forfeited almost everything, and may very shortly forfeit the rest, which we are striving to prevent. I think, however, that it is most likely when we openly avow belief in the unity of the church as consisting in communion with St. Peter's chair, and in communion of saints as implying, or rather including, invocation of them, that they will stop their ears and hurl us out. I shall have a good deal to say to you when I return from the city. I am going to urge Seabury, furiously, to advance his colors, and take a bold stand in the *Churchman.* I wrote him a week ago a letter that I dare say has frightened him a little, and I mean to frighten him still more. If we stay, as we want to, in our church, we stay to work and to *talk,* not to be quiet.

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And this must and shall be allowed us; and so I told him. (By the way, he spoke very highly of you a few weeks ago when I was in town, and expressed regret that he never could get hold of you.) I must thank you for offering me a retreat at St. Mary's. There was nothing to keep me from joining you in the spring, so far as I am concerned; but it will not do to make schemes. I feel that hitherto I have done nothing to fit myself for what may be in store for us. My wretched want of humility has spoiled me in everything, and now, if now indeed, gives me everything to do yet. If I am ordained in the spring, which may be, cannot you come down? I speak only on conjecture, but there are several who will be likely to urge it. I have gone every length with Mr. Wheaton, and he goes with us heartily. Oh, if his wife was only in a convent! He is very religious and earnest, I assure you, in spite of his wife. When have you heard from Shepherd? Wadhams, I want to see a common rule adopted by us, whether living together or not, to be observed strictly. It must be general, but include regular canonical hours, celibacy by vow, and obedience to the superior of the 'order,' if we may so call it. Let it not surprise you when I say I am free to take these vows. Don't say so to any one. I cannot explain farther. To these, of course, confession must be added—oh! how I long to see it established with us, for my own sake. Platt wrote me lately from Rochester, and expressed a great wish to see you. He finds it hard work with those nasty High-Churchmen. I wish he was in this diocese. So say I of every one that is right-minded: Concentrate first, and go forth thence.

"Thank you for *Spooner's Sermon;* there are good things in it, but he is crochety and out of joint. He deals harder with others than with himself, I fancy, or he would be more religious in his tone. Have you seen *Questions for Self-Examination*, republished in Albany, under auspices of Williams & Potter, of Albany?

"I am glad Walworth is contented. Remember me kindly to him. I tried to see him when in town, but could not find him. Write me very soon, and a long letter. The details of your doings interested me much. Believe me ever most sincerely

"Yours, etc.,

"B. B. J. MCMASTER."

The Oxford Movement, so called, was now fast coming to a crisis, both in England and in America. In June, 1844, William George Ward, of Balliol College, Oxford, published his celebrated *Ideal of a Christian Church.* This *Ideal* was so plainly contrary to the actual Anglican Church, so radically different, in truth, that it produced a general horror in the minds of average churchmen, and no small dismay in the ranks even of Tractarians. To borrow a simile of Dr. Newman, the result was like that produced by "Sindbad the Sailor" and his companions when

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they kindled a cooking-fire on the back of a barren little island. The experiment changed the island into a whale. The sluggish animal first shivered, then threw his tail high up in the air and relieved himself speedily both of the coals and the cooks. In Oxford a prosecution was soon initiated to condemn Ward and deprive him of his degrees. Affairs at the Twentieth Street seminary drew on towards a crisis at the same time. The American whale also woke up and prepared to dive, and the first that fell into the water were certain Catholicizing seminarians, who happened to be where the coals were hottest. The hard-fisted old Knickerbocker bishop, who was president of the seminary and had hitherto been their protector, had come into disgrace and was unable to give any efficient help. The High-Church bishops of the "Catholic" kind were made feeble through fear, and those of the Low-Church grew correspondingly bold and clamorous. What followed at the seminary is sufficiently developed in a letter from McVickar to Wadhams, dated at the seminary, December 31, 1844. The first few lines of the letter we omit. They refer to architectural plans for the new "St. Mary's" at Wadhams Mills.

" . . . An affair in which Walworth is interested, and of which, if report says true, he has already heard of from his bishop, is keeping the seminary in hot water." (This was a mistake so far as to any communication between Bishop De Lancey and myself.) "The history is this. About two weeks ago Mr. Ogilby sent for Watson (m. class) and told him that he had been informed that there was an organized party in and out of the seminary, including clergy, for Romanizing the church. Donnelly, Taylor, Watson, Platt, Walworth, and myself belonged to it. He questioned Watson on his views, and W—— acknowledged that he used prayers to the saints and considered the Church of England schismatical. As soon as we heard it, we (Donnelly, Taylor, and myself) called on Mr. O—— and asked him what he had heard against us and who had informed him. He refused to answer, and asked us to answer some of his questions, which we refused to do, and he reported us all to our bishops. D—— and I had seen Bishop O——, who says he is satisfied; but the faculty have taken it up, and I am to appear before them on the 7th *proximo* on the charge of recommending Romish books, and also on the charge of believing in the papal supremacy. The information comes through P——, whom I think Walworth knew, and who has used the basest deception to get information. Whatever happens it will make no difference in my remaining in the P. E. Church. We call ourselves Catholic. I may, therefore, hold all Catholic truths, which I am determined to do.

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"Whicher is here, and gives out that he is sent for by his bishop. I think that Platt may be down also.

"A letter has lately appeared by Mr. Oakeley giving his reasons to a Roman Catholic for remaining in the Church of England. It is said to be a very thorough thing. The reports of Mr. Newman's having gone to the Church of Rome are all false. Mr. Forbes is getting on astonishingly well, and Dr. Seabury's sermons are noble in doctrine and power; but Mr. Wheaton of Po'keepsie, under Mr. McMaster's guidance, is becoming the staunchest priest in the church. So we have no reason to despair, and if we did not meet with trouble we should want one mark of holding the true faith. Remember me kindly to Walworth, etc."

C. A. WALWORTH.

St. Mary's Church, Albany, N. Y.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

SURSUM CORDA!

WHENCE comes this peace? In truth it doth surpass
Man's understanding—who can tell me whence?
Wretched I was and weak, and went to Mass
In such dismay as unbelief will bring
A thing of iron with a heart of brass.
But even as I knelt a peace immense
Flooded my soul—a voice began to sing
'Asperges me' and then I shall be clean.
O sprinkle me with hyssop! if you can
Thereby make white again as Wayland snow
Drifted in orchards this worn spirit of mine;
And I will come again, thou white-robed man,
And through the mist of many things divine
Shall at thy *Sursum corda!* leap from woe.

T. W. PARSONS.

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SOME THOUGHTS UPON IRISH MINSTRELS AND MINSTRELSY.

WHILE all important phases of Irish history have been written up in standard works, and rendered familiar to members of the race, comparatively little is known of the men who swayed the emotions of our ancestors—emotions of love, valor, patriotism, and wit—and gave them reflection in their songs, some of which have been transmitted to posterity, though in fragmentary shape, as the heritage of a people now found in every corner of the habitable globe. "Give me the making of a people's ballads, and I care not who makes their laws." Thus runs the familiar proverb. How admirably this expresses the potency of a nation's folk-song!

Moore, while he resurrected Irish national music, and served it up in a modern dress—though the purely nationalistic and local color of ancient Irish music was to an extent lost in his adaptations—contributed little, if anything, to rescue the personalities of the bards from oblivion. He paid comparatively little attention also to the origin of the various airs, yet he was always ready to dispute the claims of Scottish and English writers regarding some of the melodies set to his words whenever they conflicted with his sense of patriotism. Moore, however, was familiar with the efforts of Bunting, Holden, and other scholars of his time, and interested in a general way in the subject; but he never set himself up as an authority on the history of Irish airs beyond satisfying himself that they were Irish.

With the exception of Carolan, whose "Coulin" throbs with the impulse and blood of the Celtic heart, not one Irish scholar in a hundred is acquainted with the names of the other famous bards whose genius fired the souls of our ancestors in the past centuries; and yet there were such men as Gerald O'Daly, the author of "Aileen Aroon"—which our kinsmen, the Scotch, appropriated in the version "Robin Adair"—a famous seventeenth century bard of whom several English writers speak in glowing language. O'Daly spent many years in Spain, where he gave performances before distinguished people; but love of home asserted itself, and he finally returned to end his days among his people, which he was enabled to do thanks to the interest of one of the Butlers. Spenser speaks of him as a man of patriar-

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chal appearance, with a strange combination of passion and tenderness in his nature. O'Daly was an uncompromising hater, albeit a man of infinite tenderness, for no inducements or threats could get him to sing for the representatives of the English king. I fancy that he was far from being an intolerant or ignorant hater, however. He did not hate the English because they were English, but because they were invaders and usurpers, and he never could "awaken the sounds of his harp to strains of hypocrisy," as he always said in explanation of his unswerving course. "Aileen Aroon" is the only identified relic of his muse handed down, but it serves to show us the plaintive and tender side of his disposition far more eloquently than words could, while it is not devoid of fine passion too, even though it be the passion of tenderness and sorrow. I do not wonder that the Scotch protest so vigorously against yielding up the credit of such an exquisite melody to their cousins.

Rody Dall O'Cahan, whom Sir Walter Scott makes the teacher of Annot Lyle, was an earlier bard than O'Daly, and better known throughout Ireland. Tradition credits him with the air now set to "Let Erin Remember the Days of Old," by Moore, but the belief finds no verification. Spenser also heard O'Cahan with pleasure. The author of the "Faerie Queene" was a man of such exquisite refinement, sensibility, and fine sense of perception in all things forming or pertaining to art, that his praise must be prized at a high value. And for Irish music and bards he had nothing but respect. So eulogistic are his references to the subject throughout his writings, that one may brush aside with contempt the paltry and prejudiced criticisms of the numerous other English writers who are often quoted in order to show that ancient Irish music was of an aboriginal order, and lacking in all those characteristics which appeal to the educated and refined intellect.

Meanwhile, it is an admitted and incontrovertible fact that the Irish school of music was famous in the early centuries. If the ancient Irish did not possess a system of notation they were not behind the world, since notation was developed only within a comparatively recent period. That they maintained a school of applied theory in composition is, however, beyond question, for ancient instruments in preservation prove it, apart from the melodies bequeathed us. John of Salisbury, writing in the twelfth century, says of the Irish: "The attention of these people to musical instruments I find worthy of commendation, in which their skill is beyond comparison superior to that of any

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nation I have seen." Bromton and Giraldus Cambrensis, of the same century, in or about, testify to this opinion. Fuller also says: "Yea, we might well think that all the concerts of Christendom in this war" (meaning the Crusade conducted by Godfrey of Bouillon) "would have made no music if the Irish harp had been wanting." Fordun of the thirteenth century, Clynn of the period following him, and Polydore Virgil, Vincent Galilei, Bacon, and Standihurst, among others, speak with equal warmth of the Irish as a musical people. In that connection and for national reasons it is to be regretted that no relics are left in the form of musical manuscripts similar to the beautiful illuminated manuscripts and examples of Celtic skill in carving and metal work which many writers, including Mr. Charles De Kay, of the *Century Magazine*, have exemplified and extolled.

Another celebrated harper was Myles O'Reilly, born at Killincarra, County Cavan, in 1635. O'Reilly had a warlike muse, and is probably the author of "The Moreen," to which the "Minstrel Boy" is wedded. John and Henry Scott were equally famed, contemporaneous with the latter. About 1640, at Cloonmahoon, County Sligo, were born Thomas and William O'Conallan—or Conallon, as they are best known—two other bards, one of whom, Thomas, followed the fortunes of Sarsfield. Thomas Conallon, the more popular, died in Edinburgh, where he had settled.

Cornelius Lyons, the teacher and patron of Eochlin Kane, was famous throughout Leinster and Ulster when O'Conallon came into existence. Little is known of his life or history beyond the tradition of his fame and genius. Of Kane, his favorite pupil, however, it is known that he travelled on the Continent extensively, giving exhibitions of his skill. These were confined chiefly to the expatriated Irish and the Jacobin Scotch, who fled after the Charles Stuart rebellion. It is also known that the Pretender was very fond of Kane, who followed his fortunes with a devotion worthy of a better man and cause.

O'Carolan, or "Carolan," as he is popularly known, was the most recent of the great bards, and the most famous during the period in which he lived, owing largely to the fact that he was singular, having few contemporaries. This relic of an ancient race or sept, whose peculiar genius lent a romance and light to Irish history throughout all its varying phases of struggle and sorrow, was born at Newtown, County Meath—not very far from the birthplace of John Boyle O'Reilly—in the year 1670. Some,

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however, claim that he was born at Hobber, Westmeath. He was descended from an old family in that county, so his histotorians tell us, after whom Carolanstown is named. Much of his education was due to a wealthy lady of the old school, Madame MacDermot Roe, who at an early period noted his natural bent of character. At sixteen he lost his sight from small-pox—a misfortune which was not without its compensations, too, for he was consequently thrown more into the society of his own thoughts, while compelled to adopt some means of living suitable to his unfortunate condition. His kind patroness, however, took him in hand at this critical period, had him instructed in music, and taught the Irish language, which he only knew to converse in, without being able to write or talk it according to grammatical law. And it was she also who, when O'Carolan was twenty years old, and in great demand in the homes of the well-to-do classes and gentry, supplied him with a horse and a body servant to take care of him in his journeyings to and fro. Many anecdotes are told of the bard, and many curious and somewhat conflicting tales are related of his talents for improvising music and lyrics to fit every occasion and every sentiment. Among his gifts was a species of occult or psychical power, which is demonstrated to-day in the strange performances of mind-readers, clairvoyants, hypnotists, and persons of that order. Carolan manifested this faculty on many occasions in connection with his vocation. Of course, many readers will smile at the absurdity of these alleged manifestations of what is supernatural only because we cannot gauge them by accepted rules of phenomena; meanwhile, certain it is that O'Carolan is credited with doing curious things—things which we find reflected in the traditions and superstitions of our ancestors in many directions. For instance, we have fairy and ghostly traditions, with which are mixed stories of the "fairy man" or "fairy woman," or some such person gifted with alleged supernatural powers, which even a firm devotion to religion and a reverence for its teachings could not efface from the popular mind. Annexed is a remarkable tale of O'Carolan, and well verified too. The bard was the honored guest of the Brett family during a visit to Longford, and in order to express his gratitude for their kindness, and in particular to pay tribute to the charms and graciousness of Miss Brett, he attempted in his usual way to improvise a song. Running his fingers over his harp with confidence, O'Carolan's mood quickly changed to surprise and disappointment. In vain did he attempt to open the flood-gates of

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his inspiration; again and again did he try to find words and sounds to express his feelings. His face grew clouded with surprise and sorrow. Attempting to laugh it off, he tried again and again. At last he flung his harp away and burst into tears. His friends crowded around asking him what was the matter, but the bard could not explain. He bade his attendant saddle his horse, and prepared to go. Finally, he requested that Miss Brett would leave the apartment, and then he declared that not a string in his harp but vibrated with a melancholy sound. "I fear," he cried, with tears running down his cheeks, "that she is not long for this world. Nay," he added, "she will not live a twelvemonth." Within twelve months Miss Brett was dead. It has been remarked that the great bard was a fine conversationalist, and remarkable for the philosophic faculty which he possessed; a rather curious concomitant of his type of genius. That faculty rarely belongs to the mediocre class of poet or musician, and when it appears in a poet it marks the presence of the highest order of endowment.

Carolan, meanwhile, cannot be set down as a poet or musician in the accepted sense; he was merely a bard—a species of minstrel now extinct in all lands—who expressed his emotions offhand at the dictates of imagery and inspiration. This faculty was meanwhile favored peculiarly by the Gaelic tongue. O'Carolan's improvisations, according to eminent authorities, were colored with a gravity and sincerity which reflected the character and mentality of the man. Once, in referring to his loss of sight, he said to Swift: "My eyes have been merely transplanted into my ears." So extraordinarily sensitive was he to impressions that it is said that he recognized Miss Cruise, his first love, after a parting of twelve years, without having heard the sound of her voice, by accidentally touching her hand while crossing Lough Dearg in a boat. The result was a burst of tears. Lover's song, "True Love can ne'er Forget," is founded upon this touching incident. O'Carolan died at Aldersford House, March 25, 1748, after a short illness, having survived his wife only five years. The time of his death he also frequently foretold, so tradition has it. He left an only son, who subsequently taught the Irish harp in London. The latter published a collection of his father's compositions by subscription, but they were badly edited. Carolan had a most fertile and prolific muse, but the essence and cream of his inspirations passed away into the mysterious source whence they came. A few gleams of his genius, however, have been imprisoned in the meshes of the

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musician's scroll—if the simile is deemed acceptable—and transmitted to us. O'Carolan was buried near the family tomb of the MacDermot Roes. For many years the grave remained unmarked and unidentified, until Lady Luisa Tenison, an ardent admirer of his genius, had it enclosed and distinguished by an inscription.

The fame of O'Carolan was not limited to Ireland or England, but extended into France, Germany, Austria, and Italy. Beethoven, the greatest of all the masters, when arranging his collection of Irish airs, remarked in a letter to Mr. George Thompson, of Edinburgh, that O'Carolan would have made his country famous had he been educated in musical art under continental masters. Goldsmith, who heard Carolan in his boyhood, also remarked: "His songs may be compared to Pindar; they bear the same flight of imagination." It is true that the bard never attempted any constructive musical works, and cannot be rightly set down in any category except that assigned to his order of genius; but then as a professional book-taster or "reader" in a publishing house can judge of *quality* and style from a few pages or even sentences of writing, so a musician and composer like Beethoven could estimate Carolan from the few fragmentary relics of his muse bequeathed to us. Lady Morgan, who wrote the "Wild Irish Girl," and herself the composer of the familiar old song "Kate Kearney," bequeathed one hundred pounds to the sculptor Hogan for the purpose of executing a bas-relief of Carolan's head in marble. This has been placed in St. Patrick's Cathedral, Dublin, where it occupies a prominent position.

Denis Hempson, one of the best-known contemporaries of Carolan, was born in 1695, twenty-five years later. He is said to have excelled Carolan as an executant. Of a wild and impulsive nature, he used to fire the hearts of his listeners with impassioned lays of his country's ancient glory, her struggles and hopes. To Celtic hearts Hempson appealed with peculiar effect. When the news of Charles Edward's invasion of Scotland reached Hempson, he bade his friends good-by and immediately started off to offer his services. Like those periodical lights that come out of the gloom of history to shed gleams of hope in Irish hearts—for instance, the appearance of James II. as a friend of Ireland; later on Napoleon, in the *rôle* of Irish liberator; then the '48 movement throughout Europe, through which Irish patriots hoped to accomplish the freedom of their country—the efforts of the Pretender, as he is called, awoke the slumbering spirit of national freedom throughout Ireland.

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Had his first efforts been propitious the Irish would have flocked to his banner, but after a brief series of minor successes he collapsed at Culloden. Hempson was so disappointed over the result of the struggle that he returned home, and for years refused to touch his harp. He fled in sorrow, after Culloden, and was among the first to bring news of the disaster to Ireland. A rival harper named Blaney, of the itinerant order, a roving, careless fellow, given to pot-house and shebeen exhibitions of his skill rather than to performances in the homes of the gentry, who were the chief supporters of Irish music—strange as it may seem—wrote a comic song upon Hempson's departure and speedy return from the seat of rebellion, which set the latter wild with anger. Blaney and Hempson, however, became great friends in time, and in after years travelled very much together, the latter having elevated Blaney somewhat through his association and patronage. Like the majority of the bards, no examples of Hempson's genius remain, though some probably exist among the mass of unidentified melodies to which Moore set his words. Other well-known bards of the last century were: Charles Byrne, born in 1712; Dominic Mungan, 1755; Thaddeus Elliott, 1725; Owen Keenan, 1725; Arthur O'Neill, Charles Fanning, 1736; and James Duncan, who died very rich, according to that earnest and sympathetic exponent and historian of Irish minstrelsy, Sir R. P. Stewart, of Dublin.

"Savourneen Deelish," that exquisite gem of Irish melody to which Moore set his poem "'Tis Gone and For Ever," has been frequently attributed to O'Neill, but not with certainty. The song, "Savourneen Deelish, Eileen Oge," is, however, a composition produced toward the beginning of this century; the original subject which inspired the air is not known. O'Carroll, a noted Irish singer, it was who suggested the setting of the air to the words of "Savourneen Deelish," which the younger Colman composed. The latter was the son of Colman, who wrote the "Jealous Wife" and other dramatic works. Colman senior was of Irish origin, like the majority of his contemporaries in the domain of English drama of the period. He is best known as the translator of Terence. "Colman the Younger," as he always signed himself out of respect for his father's genius, and in order to distinguish himself from his sire, introduced "Savourneen Deelish" into his musical drama, "The Surrender of Calais," at the Haymarket, where it met with much success. Thomas Campbell made it still more dear to Celtic hearts by wedding his poem "The Exile of Erin" to its sympathetic and patheti-

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cally impassioned strains. Campbell wrote the latter in his early days while in Germany, and the "Exile" referred to was Antony McCann, a scholar and patriot who fled from his native country in '98 with a price upon his head. Regarding O'Neill's authorship of the original air, I merely give the statement for what it is worth. O'Neill was also credited with the production of the melody of "Lochaber no More," that peculiarly pathetic and sad Scottish song. "Lochaber" has such an effect upon Highlanders away from home that the British military bands are forbidden to play it. The origin of the air created considerable discussion in past years, but Samuel Lover made out a good case in favor of Tom Conallon, though O'Neill and Myles O'Reilly were said to be the authors by other Irish authorities, while the Scotch maintained that it was the production of a Scotchman. Samuel Lover found it in a collection of airs in the British Museum dated 1676, where it was entitled "The Irish Tune." It was also discovered in a manuscript book of airs for the *viola de gamba* written in 1683, and here it was entitled "King James' March into Dublin." "Lochaber" appeared in 1724. The composer of the words was Allan Ramsay, father of the painter of that name. Owing to the fact that O'Neill was not born until past the latter date, he obviously could not have been the composer of that melody. Bunting gives the author as Mylès O'Reilly, but he knew nothing of the manuscript found by Lover.

Writers, Scotch and English, have frequently asserted that the Irish harp was a crude instrument of small compass, and incapable of any but commonplace effects. That is, however, wholly disproved by harps in preservation. A noted instrument in Trinity College, Dublin, known as the harp of Brian Boru (Sir R. P. Stewart and other authorities have contradicted this claim to antiquity), contained thirty strings of a good length. It shows that ancient Irish makers of harps had a good knowledge of acoustics, and when in playable order it must have been an excellent instrument. Another harp, said to have been the property of Robin Adair, an Irish chieftain, was preserved some time since at Holybrooke in Wicklow. This contained thirty-seven strings. The finest example, however, is the Dallway harp, which has fifty-two strings.

That Ireland was famous for its school of harp music in the past centuries is emphasized by the fact that the harp, the national instrument, was given a place on the currency of Henry VIII., while it was also attached to some state papers A.D. 1567.

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Meanwhile, the government made systematic efforts to stamp out everything savoring of nationalism in Ireland, and bards were made the subject of special persecution. Yet it is noteworthy that, though willing to wipe out every form of antagonism to the plan of Anglo-Saxonizing the Irish, the descendants of the English settlers became frequently the warm patrons of the bards. It was owing to this tolerance that they found support at all. William's accession to power brought German and Austrian musicians into England, and these flocked to Ireland, where as teachers and executants of the clavichord and harpsichord, and later the pianoforte, they gradually took the place of Irish harpists, with results easy of calculation.

Though Ireland had lost her harp school long before the end of the last century, it is some pleasure to know that it was in Dublin the modern harp received the most significant improvement, namely, the pedal action. Sebastian Erard, of Paris, is credited with the invention of the pedal system in its improved form, but while searching up the records of the British Patent Office about three years ago (those granted for improvements in musical instruments), I had occasion to examine the patents of William Southwell, of Dublin, the inventor of the upright piano, and there found that he had anticipated Erard several years in that direction. Correspondence which took place later between the writer and one of his grandsons living in Philadelphia elicited many curious and interesting facts about Southwell, whose inventions Haydn examined and commended. Southwell, who was famous in Dublin during the Parliament days, is buried in Glasnevin Cemetery.

Various attempts were made in the last century to establish the Irish harp school in popularity. The "conventions of bards" held at Bruree, County Limerick, in 1730 and 1750, under the leadership of Rev. Charles Bunworth, an enthusiastic lover of Irish national music, himself a fine harpist, were among the most notable of the earlier efforts. James Dongan, a grandnephew of the first governor of New York—as I have been informed—a very rich Irish gentleman, who lived largely on the Continent, was another generous patron of his country's music. He it was who organized the convention of harpers held at Granard, in County Longford, in 1781, and also bore the brunt of the expenses incurred.

With the partial establishment of Ireland's legislative independence came an historic development of national feeling throughout the country, which found its expression in the revival

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of her industries, arts, and literature, a condition which the union of 1800 effectively checked, to refer to a well-known fact of history. This expansion of national feeling was emphasized by the systematic effort made to resurrect Irish music in 1792. In that year there was an assemblage of harpers in Belfast for the purpose of re-establishing the harp as the national instrument. Representative harpers were present from all the provinces, one of them being a former pupil of Carolan. The session lasted a week. One outcome of the convention was the employment of Edward Bunting to record the traditions of the various melodies, to compare notes with the harpers present, and other incidental offices, with a view of publishing the results in a volume. This appeared in 1796, and met with a cordial reception from scholars throughout Scotland, Wales, and Ireland. Bunting thereupon devoted himself to the subject of the history of Irish music and bards with considerable enthusiasm and zeal. Consequently a second volume appeared in 1809, and a third in 1840. Bunting's labors deserve the warmest and broadest thanks of the race, though his works lack some essentials which are found in Petrie's volume published in 1855. Petrie's work was inscribed volume i., indicating that its author intended to follow it up with another, but for some reason it never appeared, though eagerly looked for by readers of his first book. I venture to think that with modern printing facilities and through the aid of the art of photo-engraving it would repay some publisher in this country to reprint these works in a cheap form. They would make an indispensable addition to the library of every Irish scholar.

Goldsmith was the first to remark that Scotland could not have produced those plaintive and expressive airs which are claimed by that country, owing to the absence of any popular instrument of a refined character such as the harp. The Scotch pipes are clearly not adapted to the expression, or likely to assist the production, of very refined and pathetic inspirations, and philosophers have contended that it is impossible to imagine national music without national instruments *suited to its quality* and character. One can, of course, readily see the congruity of a Highland piper playing "Blue Bonnets over the Border," the "March of the Cameron Men," or tunes of that order, for which the Scottish pipes are peculiarly adapted, but the very thought of one of these artists attempting to perform "John Anderson, my Joe," "Robin Adair," "Auld Lang Syne," or "Ye Banks and Braes" is a manifest incongruity. I once heard a

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Scottish piper essay such a task—a good piper he was, too—and the impression on the writer was one of indescribable sorrow.

"Ye Banks and Braes" and other Scottish songs of a modern origin were produced through the aid of the harpsichord. Many fictitious stories are in circulation concerning the air, but Burns, in one of his letters to George Thompson on the subject of Scottish music, describes how it was composed. Its author was one James Miller. Miller and a Mr. Clarke happened to be discussing Irish and Scottish music. The first-named expressing a wish to be able to compose an original air with a distinctive Scottish or Irish flavor, Clarke jokingly advised him to keep to the black keys of the harpsichord, adding that with the exercise of a little ingenuity he could manufacture one. Miller took the suggestion seriously, tried the plan, and the result was "Ye Banks and Braes," to which Burns wrote his beautiful words. The majority of ancient "Scottish melodies," as they are said to be, were, however, composed in times when keyboard instruments were either unknown or in use in few households, and it is manifestly absurd to attribute them to such an accessory as the pipes. The abstract conclusion, which arguments and facts warrant, is that it was in Ireland that nearly all these airs, particularly those of a refined and pathetic character, originated.

In a line with the strange fact that it is chiefly to authors and investigators with cognomens not always distinctively Irish we owe whatever has been written and conserved concerning the history of Irish music and Irish bards. I must remark that it is to a Scotchman, George Thompson, of Edinburgh, whose name occurs frequently in Burns's posthumous correspondence and elsewhere, we owe the connection of Beethoven and other masters with Irish music. He it was who engaged Beethoven to arrange some Scottish melodies while in England, and at the same time, recognizing the kinship of Irish music and having wide sympathies, he enlisted the services of the great master in the cause of the latter. The first of Beethoven's collections was made up of sixteen airs—arranged with variations for violin or flute—for the piano (op. 105, 107) and three melodies, namely, "The Last Rose of Summer," "While History's Muse," and "Had We Some Bright Little Isle." The master served them in an idealized form after the style of instrumental music of the order then in vogue, and in doing so sacrificed their best characteristics. It was through this channel that "The Last Rose of Summer" became Germanized. Thus, when the air was introduced into the opera of "Martha," the Germans, who

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had come to regard it as theirs, protested vigorously against the assertion that it had an origin outside of Germany. Beethoven became a great admirer of Irish music subsequently. When he died another collection of twelve Irish airs transcribed for the pianoforte, violin, or 'cello was found among his manuscripts. This was published in 1855 by Artaria & Co., of Vienna, but had only a very small circulation for the reason that it was not placed on sale in Great Britain or Ireland. Yet another collection of twenty-five Irish airs form No. 261 of Breitkopf & Harteb's celebrated edition. Other transcriptions of Irish melodies were issued in No. 259 of the same publishers' catalogues, while No. 262 consists of twenty Irish airs. Haydn also adapted some Irish airs in the form of transcriptions, but the settings are of too florid and elaborate a character to permit of their being popular with amateurs, while professional pianists or other instrumentalists find ample work to select from outside of national music. Mendelssohn also arranged some of Ireland's airs, and had them published in London. Haydn, furthermore, was known to have a deep interest in Irish music and Ireland's history. When he visited Dublin, in 1794, he was spoken of commonly and introduced into Dublin society as a man who derived his name from an Irish ancestor who had settled in Austria. Meanwhile, the name Haydn is quite unknown in Austria or Germany. It belongs to Scotland and Ireland, and was originally McHayden. The great composer frequently signed his manuscripts "Haydn," which shows that the family name once carried an *e*. Mozart was also very much interested in Irish music, of which he had an intimate knowledge. Folk music of all nations interested him deeply, however. He doubtless derived his sympathies and acquaintance with the music of Ireland through Michael Kelly, his close friend, and afterwards his first biographer. Kelly was in the original cast of "Don Giovanni" at its historic production, a fact worthy of special remark.

Kelly, who settled in London after studying music and travelling on the Continent, was born in Mary Street, Dublin, in 1762. He was the father of Miss Kelly, the famous "English" actress, who created such a furor during her visit to this country in the "twenties." He lived in Vienna for many years, where he formed his intimacy with Mozart. He was also a great favorite at the court of the Emperor Joseph II. His appearance at the Drury Lane Theatre in London, in 1787, was a decided success, and his popularity led to the appointment he held

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up to his death in 1826, in connection with that famous house, namely, the post of musical manager and composer. For over forty years he furnished music for nearly all the pieces produced, among them Colman's "Bluebeard." "The Woodpecker," formerly a very popular domestic song in this country, was set to music by Kelly. Moore wrote the words during his travels in America, and it has been irreverently declared that Poe got the embryo inspiration of the "Raven" from that song, plus the effects of a heavy dose of liquor. Kelly was very popular in London, and was a representative Irishman in the large circle of artists, authors, actors, and miscellaneous individuals of Irish birth and blood who upheld the genius and traditions of Ireland in the English capital in those times.

Many interesting incidents could be given, and much written about individuals and works associated with the modern Irish race as it was in Kelly's time, and as it is seen to-day in its diversified aspects at home and throughout the English-speaking world; considerable has been told, but much remains uncovered. In the meantime I think that a history of Irish minstrels and minstrelsy, giving a digest of the costly and rare works already published, together with the many facts elicited by the researches of numerous other more recent scholars, remains to be published. Persons of Irish birth and blood, in America especially, know too little of the dignified, romantic, and picturesque phases of Ireland's history, though too well informed, through outside and prejudiced sources, upon the conventional estimate which prejudice and accumulated falsehood have placed upon their race.

Meanwhile, the vast number of distinctively Irish names associated with the practice and progress of the arts, sciences, laws, literature, government, commerce, and the other accessories of civilized communities at this period in various nations go to prove, that with the removal of traditional restrictions came an eloquent vindication of our ancient race to which the history of Ireland's minstrels and minstrelsy is intimately related. We catch lovely glimpses of Ireland's ancient glories in the pages which Bunting, Petrie, and other faithful scholars compiled. These views of Irish history cannot be found in general records such as those which deal with the multifarious aspects of a nation's origin and history.

DANIEL SPILLANE.

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A MOTHER'S SACRIFICE.

FROM THE RUSSIAN.

(CONCLUDED.)

III.

EVERY summer a considerable number of visitors used to come to Spas for the sake of the mountain air, and to drink the *gentitza*, or sheep's milk. For the most part they were Jews from Lemberg, but now and again there were people of some distinction among the temporary residents in the picturesque village. Now, it happened this year that the arrivals were of a better class than usual, and Nasta, for once, was in luck's way. No one grudged a gratuity to the bearer of letters often anxiously looked for and eagerly welcomed; thus many were the copper coins, not to speak of occasional pieces of silver, that were placed in her outstretched palm. Nasta knew every one of the visitors by sight. Amongst all who came this season two persons specially interested her: a lady of rank—a real countess, the owner of large estates in the neighborhood—and her nephew, a young artist. All the inhabitants of Spas, from M. Krzespel and his family down to the humblest peasant, deemed the presence among them of a lady of such high degree a great honor. Every day the countess's plump, short figure might be seen trotting up and down the mountain paths, leaning on her gold-headed walking-stick, and attended by her companion, a lady no longer young, tall and thin, who was invariably dressed in some shade of gray. The countess did not drink the *gentitza*, and certainly she did not look as if she wanted it, for she was the very personification of health.

The young man, on the contrary, appeared extremely fragile and delicate. He spent almost the whole day out of doors, wandering about alone, or else walking with the countess, though he was scarcely able to keep up with his vigorous and vivacious companion. Nasta, watching him, observed that he was frequently compelled to stop and gasp painfully for breath. Every day he dragged himself with difficulty up the zigzag path that led to the summit of a fir-clad hill, where a summer-house had been erected. At intervals along the path rustic seats were placed,

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and at almost every one of these the poor young man was fain to pause and rest. And when once he got to the top, he remained there so long that Nasta sometimes asked herself if he was going to spend the night there. He sat gazing out on the blue mountains in the distance, drawing on large sheets of paper, reading the books he took up with him; or else he sat motionless, leaning back with his eyes closed, and so melancholy an expression upon his countenance that it went to one's heart to see him. But when the countess made her appearance and sat down by him, somewhat out of breath, and with her merry chatter drew him into conversation, his manner changed, and he would laugh and joke until a violent fit of coughing reduced him to silence. Nasta was sorry for him, for day by day the dark circles round his eyes grew deeper, and his hollow cheeks looked still more sunken. One day, when she went up to the summer-house with a letter for the countess, she heard her speaking very seriously to M. Sigismund. He appeared much agitated, and hid his face in his white, emaciated hands. Nasta handed the letter to the countess, who, glancing at the handwriting, exclaimed eagerly, "There, it is from Vera!" M. Sigismund looked up with an anxious, wistful expression, and made a movement as if he would rise from his seat; then, dropping back, he kept his large eyes, bright with the light of fever, fixed on the letter, as if he expected it would contain something for him. But apparently there was nothing, not even a message; for the countess, after running her eyes over the pages, thrust it impatiently into her pocket, and with a thoughtful, absent air began nervously to trace figures on the sand at her feet with her gold-headed cane.

On another occasion, when Nasta went up with the letters, she found the young artist alone in the summer-house. He was seated at an easel painting something on the canvas before him. Every moment he raised his eyes and looked at the landscape, stretching away from the village at his feet to the distant frontier of Hungary. It was a delightful morning; in the valley below the Dniester, meandering among the meadow-lands, shone in the sun like a silver ribbon, whilst the blue peaks of the Carpathians rose majestically in the background, and in the far distance, so clear was the air, the outline of the Beskides might be discerned, trending away towards the horizon. Nasta, advancing cautiously on tiptoe, standing in the shadow of the pines, saw, to her surprise, on the canvas upon the easel the exact counterpart of the panorama before her: the same blue

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sky, the same verdant hills, the same river winding round the ramparts of Staromiasta, the very groups of firs that marked the familiar homesteads. An involuntary exclamation of wonder and delight escaped her lips. M. Sigismund turned round sharply, and the poor woman, fearing lest she should have displeased him, hastened to deprecate his anger by giving him his letters. He smiled, and thanked her with a nod; then, perceiving that she lingered a moment, he thought she expected something and put his hand into his pocket. But it was not money that she wanted. A sudden thought had flashed into her mind. Here was an opportunity such as she could never hope to meet with again. Throwing herself on her knees before the young man, she kissed his hands and feet, murmuring that she had a great favor to ask of him. Her tongue once loosed, her words flowed apace, and encouraged by M. Sigismund's manner, which betrayed no impatience, she confided to him, without any circumlocution, her desire to procure a picture of Our Lady—a large picture, not painted on paper, but upon a board, so that it could be nailed upon the tree where Wasylek used to meet her. She did not ask it as a gift—God forbid that she should be so bold—no, she would give for it all that she possessed. And as she spoke she put aside her neckerchief and drew out a tiny bag, which she wore round her neck like a scapular, containing her little hoard, and plucked at the strings to open it; but her hands trembled so violently that she only got them into a knot.

The artist motioned to her to desist. "Leave your bag alone, my good woman," he said, "and tell me why you want this picture. Have you made a vow?"

Emboldened by the interest he displayed, Nasta poured out her whole story. She told him of Wasylek's death; what she had heard about the cherubim and the army of heaven; of her wish to obtain a statue of St. Michael, and the disappointing result of her expedition to Stambor. A smile passed over the young man's features as he listened to this strange tale. He thought for a moment, and then said: "I will paint you a Madonna, and it shall cost you nothing; only instead of being painted on a board, and fastened to the ash-tree by the wayside, it shall be painted on a smooth canvas, and you can give it to your village *cerkiew*. Is there not a church in Busowiska?"

Flushed with excitement, Nasta listened without a word. She hesitated what to reply. The proposal was almost too good to be true; and yet, on the other hand, it was hard to give up

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the project she had formed of having her picture exposed on the high-road in the place she had chosen for it. But on reflection her reason told her that it would be folly on her part to make difficulties where so generous an offer was concerned. She answered that a new church was actually in course of erection at Busowiska, that it would soon be finished, and that she could wish for nothing better than to present a holy picture to it. In fact, her neighbors were clubbing together to offer, one a pair of candlesticks, another a chalice or a monstrance, and so on. When she came to think of it, too, a picture such as she wanted would be far more suitably placed in a church than by the wayside, where the rain and sun would spoil it. How much longer it would be preserved! Why, it would be there for years and years when she herself was in her grave. At this thought her heart overflowed with gratitude; she kissed her benefactor's hands again and again, with tears of joy and thankfulness.

M. Sigismund promised that the picture should be taken in hand the very next day. He was only a *dilettante*, who painted for his own amusement, and had never attempted a religious subject; but the idea of painting an altar-piece for a village church up among the mountains took his fancy, and his natural kindness of heart found pleasure in the thought of giving real delight to a poor and lonely woman. Besides it would be an object to work for, and the composition of the picture would be a distraction from the gloomy thoughts that harassed him. Accordingly, he set about it with a passionate energy that he had not displayed for years, throwing himself so completely into his work that he forgot all else, and almost grudged himself the time to take his meals. He could hardly be persuaded to leave the house for a breath of fresh air. The countess, not knowing what whim had taken him, scolded and lectured him by turns on the folly of shutting himself up in-doors, when he had come there for the express purpose of enjoying the warm sun and invigorating breezes. He expressed contrition and promised amendment, but no sooner was she gone out than he took up his brushes again with undiminished zeal and feverish impatience.

The character in which he had chosen to represent the Blessed Virgin was that of a reaper. She was seated on a heap of sheaves, her sickle by her side, apparently resting after a day's labor. The child Jesus, at her feet, was playing with a garland of cornflowers which she was holding out to him with

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a smile. There was an easy grace, an indefinable attraction about this composition which charmed and fascinated the beholder. The Virgin was dressed in the picturesque costume worn by the peasant women of that part of Russian Poland: the chemisette richly embroidered with colors, the bodice trimmed with lace, the bead necklace, the brightly tinted apron; but, contrary to all custom, she had not the muslin 'kerchief which formed the traditional headdress of the Slavs. Her head was bare, its only ornament a thick plait of golden hair. In the background of the picture the thatched roofs of Busowiska and the new church were discernible, while the outline of the gray Carpathians stood out against the azure sky. The only fault that could be found with this Madonna was that her features had more of poetic beauty than the sublime purity that one is accustomed to connect with the Mother of God. The countenance was so human, so appealing, that when once seen it could not easily be forgotten.

The day when Nasta was admitted into the studio, and the finished work was exhibited to her, was a memorable one indeed. It was so much more beautiful than anything she had been able to conceive that she could hardly believe her senses. Was it possible that this lovely countenance, this life-like figure of the Blessed Virgin, was really for her? She was almost beside herself with joy. At last her wish was fulfilled, her long-cherished object attained! By giving this to the church she would be able to perpetuate the name and memory of her child, to seize the mysterious connecting link that would reunite the desolate mother on earth with the lost son who was enrolled in the ranks of the angels. When she realized this gratitude too strong to find expression in words filled Nasta's heart. She burst into tears, and stood speechless, with parted lips and clasped hands, looking alternately at the picture before her and the young man at her side, who had been the means of procuring for her such unspeakable happiness.

Meanwhile the edifice which was being erected under Klymasko's orders was rapidly approaching completion. Already its slender cupolas might be descried from afar sharply defined against the clear blue sky; stout buttresses of solid oak sustained the wooden walls, and skilfully carved pillars supported the pointed arches of the windows. Every one admired the elegance and originality of the design, and the inhabitants of Busowiska, on whom so much pressure had to be brought to bear before they would undertake the construction of their church,

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were now delighted with the success of their enterprise. All the talk of the village was of the magnificent gifts which various individuals had announced their intention of making. One had promised a bell, another an altar, a third some fine candelabra. But these vague promises could not be relied on; it was necessary to know definitely what was to be contributed; a day was therefore fixed on which a meeting should be held in the new building, when, in presence of the authorities, each intending benefactor should give in his name and specify the nature of the offering he was prepared to make.

On the day in question the Pope Tarezanin, the priest of the adjoining parish, accompanied by the inspector in his official dress, came to preside over the meeting. The mayor of the village, too, was there with the sheriff, and the sacristan of Tersow, Sorok, was seated at a table, pen in hand, ready to note down the promised gifts. A crowd of villagers had assembled in the unfinished church, but, strangely enough, it was remarked that those who stood in the foremost ranks were the poorest of all, who certainly could not be expected to offer anything, whereas those who were in affluent circumstances, who had boasted of the liberality they were about to display, kept in the background or held aloof altogether. An ominous silence prevailed; no one came forward. The pope looked up inquiringly, not well pleased at the aspect of affairs; the mayor moved uneasily in his seat; the clerk brandished his pen expectantly; every one seemed embarrassed. At length M. Krzespel's patience was exhausted; he rose up, and, speaking loudly enough to be heard by all present, exclaimed: "What a set of simpletons you are! Do you suppose I have taken the trouble to come here that you may stare at me as if I were a wild beast?"

Stirred up to action by these words, the mayor in his turn sprang to his feet and threw himself into the crowd, as if he would compel the intending benefactors by main force to come forward. Indescribable confusion prevailed; every one began to protest, to excuse himself, to repeat the promises made by others. The wealthiest man in the place, who had been heard over and over again to say he would give a peal of bells to the church, now swore by all his gods that he never intended to give anything more than a hand-bell. Another, who had agreed to present a triptych with gilded doors, now declared he had only spoken of a small statuette. The gorgeous set of vestments which a third had as good as pledged himself to provide shrank to the dimensions of a few yards of linen; and the altar of

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which a fourth was to be the donor was replaced by a couple of wax candles. What was to be done? There was no alternative but to accept the situation; a feeling of disappointment and shame weighed on all who were present. Just as the assembly was about to break up a woman elbowed her way through the crowd. It was Nasta, her haggard features transformed by an unwonted glow of pride and happiness. She advanced to the table, respectfully kissed the pope's hand, made a profound obeisance to the inspector, nodded to the sacristan, and then said in a low voice: "I wish my name put down."

A murmur of surprise, an ironical titter, ran through the crowd; all listened eagerly, pressing forward to see what would happen. Nasta did not note this, as her back was turned to the people; but the satirical smile on the face of the mayor disconcerted her so much that she was on the eve of making a hasty retreat, when Pope Tarezanin came to her help, inquiring kindly: "Well, my good woman, what is it you wish to offer?"

"An altar," was the reply.

An altar! The pope himself could not restrain a smile, as he contemplated the poverty-stricken appearance of the figure before him. "Speak out, my good Nasta," he continued; "do not be afraid, tell me what you really mean. You know the smallest offering from the poor man is more acceptable to God than the most munificent gifts of the rich."

"I wish to give an altar, a complete altar," rejoined Nasta.

"I think you hardly know what you are pledging yourself to," the pope replied. "There are so many things wanted to furnish an altar; there must be an image or picture, a pair of candlesticks, and many things besides."

"I will give a picture," answered Nasta calmly, "a beautiful picture of the Holy Virgin, painted in oils. And as for the other things—there, put my name down." As she spoke she laid upon the table a small, greasy bag, and without waiting to explain herself further, or take any notice of the members of the building committee, she turned round, made her way through the crowd and disappeared. Once outside the door she ran off, followed by the shouts and jeers of the people, who had tried in vain to hold her back, and never stopped until she reached her half-ruined cabin, her neglected orchard, her murmuring brook.

Meanwhile the pope took up the bag and, with ever-increasing wonderment, emptied the contents on to the table. It contained nothing but florins, paper money, dirty, tattered, and

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torn. One by one he unfolded them and began to reckon them up; the longer he went on, the greater was his astonishment and that of the bystanders—5, 10, 15, that was nothing like all; 20, 25, 30; there were still more; 35, 40, 41, that was the last; 41 Austrian florins! The worthy priest could scarcely believe his eyes, and the peasants around stood staring in open-mouthed amazement.

Touched to the heart by this unexpected incident, the priest resolved to turn it to account for the edification of the people. With tears in his eyes, and in tones less steady than usual, he spoke to them of the widow's mite, an offering more pleasing to God than any other, adding that the sacrifice made by this poor woman ought to be an example to all the village, for doubtless that day there was joy in the presence of the angels of God on account of it. This short address was not without effect on the impressionable peasants. Some struck their breasts in compunction, others hung their heads in shame. Then a man stepped up, rather red in the face, twisting his hat awkwardly in his hands, and said that as to the hand-bell he had promised, perhaps it would be more convenient to have one that could be hung in the belfry, for after all it was a full-sized church bell that he had the intention of giving. Another man followed immediately, and in a fussy manner asked the clerk to read out what his name was put down for to prevent any mistake, and when Sorok replied that two tapers stood inscribed on the list, he laughed aloud and said the most important thing was omitted —the altar itself that he meant to offer! After the same fashion almost all the other intending donors came forward to make additions to their respective contributions; thus an hour later, when the Pope Tarezanin was driving home in his briska, his countenance wore a satisfied smile, and he told himself that the meeting which had opened so unpropitiously had terminated far better than he could have hoped.

And what had become of Nasta? When the almost fanatical excitement that had sustained her until then at last gave way, she threw herself down, worn out with fatigue and consumed with hunger, by her desolate hearth, and drawing from among the ashes the bowl of porridge that had been standing there since the morning, devoured its contents with the avidity of a famished animal. The cravings of her appetite satisfied, she drew around her her scanty garments, and laid herself down where the last rays of the setting sun cast a parting gleam, and, closing her eyes, slept the dreamless sleep of the weary and over-wrought.

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Thus terminated the momentous day, the day of Nasta's greatest happiness and triumph, the day when she earned the coveted title of *fondatorka*, the day wherein, if the Pope Tarezanin is to be believed, the angels in heaven rejoiced over the sacrifices she had made.

IV.

Shortly after the altar provided by Nasta's generosity, and fashioned by the skilful hand of a local carver, was set up in a side-chapel of the new building, and the picture of our Lady of the Harvest, handsomely framed, was carefully hung in its place by M. Sigismund's own servant. Placed in a good light it was a conspicuous object in the half-empty church, and the effect it produced was very fine. The whole village flocked to see this picture, of the existence of which they had been kept in ignorance, and all, whether they came from devotion or curiosity, were greatly impressed by its beauty and elegance. But it was with the women especially that the Virgin of the Harvest found favor. Their feminine intuition went straight to the mark. They comprehended that this picture was intended to be, to a certain extent, the apotheosis of their own life of daily toil, and their hearts went out in gratitude to her who had deigned to work and to be weary like them. The men, on the other hand, were less warm in their admiration. The very thing that was so attractive to the women had a contrary effect on the sterner sex. Our Lady of the Harvest was too much like one of themselves to inspire them with the profound veneration and respect wherewith they were accustomed to regard their sacred images. Standing in a group before it, they shook their heads with a dissatisfied air, unable to formulate in words the feelings it evoked. At that moment the painter who had been engaged to decorate the church made his appearance. He was brother-in-law to Sorok, the sacristan of the neighboring parish of Tersow, by whose persuasions the building committee had been induced to give him the commission; but not until two of their number, who considered themselves competent to judge of such matters, had been deputed to inspect some specimens of his talent to be seen in an adjacent town. One of these consisted of an elaborate sign-board suspended over an apothecary's shop; the other a religious picture in a church, supposed to illustrate the parable of the grain of mustard-seed, although the connection between the subject and the execution was not quite apparent. But the vivid colors

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and burnished gold of these gaudy but worthless productions sufficed to convince the ignorant peasants that the painter merited their confidence, and on his arrival at Busowiska he was escorted by the mayor himself to the church. Like most self-educated, pretentious persons, this man, whose name was Kurzanski, was excessively conceited and consequential, and expected every one to treat him with deference. He was fashionably dressed, and behaved to the mayor and the members of the committee in a supercilious, condescending manner. No sooner did he enter the church than the painting over Nasta's altar caught his eye. "What do I see here?" he exclaimed indignantly; "what is this disgraceful thing?" And, heedless of the sanctity of the place, he spat on the ground, according to the Russian mode of expressing scorn and disgust. Sorok, his brother-in-law, who followed him, immediately did the same.

"It is a scandal," the painter went on, addressing the bystanders. "Do you hear? I tell you it is a scandal to have that here; it is no sacred picture. Take it down and throw it out of the church."

"Yes," echoed Sorok emphatically, "it is a scandalous thing —nay more, it is heretical."

The members of the committee looked at one another in consternation.

"See there," some of the men whispered; "did we not say there was something wrong about that picture? Kurzanski saw at once what was amiss: it is heretical. There is no gold or silver about it; it is not like a Madonna."

"It is not a Madonna at all," said one. "Heaven knows what it is," murmured a second. "That comes of Nasta's mysterious ways, and her fine altar," added a third. "We knew it from the first; we were fools not to say so."

Kurzanski, meanwhile, standing in front of the picture, continued to give vent to his feelings by contemptuous shrugs and gestures of scornful pity, when suddenly a woman came forward and, placing herself before him, said reproachfully: "You should know that this picture represents the Blessed Virgin, the holy Mother of God."

The speaker was one Thecla, a woman of good sense and sound judgment, whose education and means entitled her to rank among the aristocracy of the village; she was the only person who would venture to bid defiance to such a man as Kurzanski. "It is the holy Mother of God," she repeated, looking him full in the face.

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"That the Mother of God!" he exclaimed; "that the Blessed Virgin? Never in my life did I see such a one! And what Virgin is it, if you please? I know all the *icons*"; he ran off a list of names: "Our Lady of the Pillar, Our Lady of Ransom, Our Lady of Dolors, etc., etc. Pray what may this be?"

"Our Lady of the Harvest," replied Thecla, unabashed. "What is there to object to in that?"

Kurzanski laughed derisively. "Our Lady a working-woman, a day-laborer? I like that! See the way she is dressed, like any one of you people. She has got a coral necklace and an embroidered bodice, like a mountaineer of Busowiska. Why, the next thing will be to paint Christ in a sheep-skin and felt hat, with an axe in his hand. And you ask what there is to object to? Never in my life did I meet with so ignorant a woman!"

"And never in my life," retorted Thecla, "did I meet with a painter who knew so little about art! Is a mere dabbler in colors like you to decry such a beautiful work as this? What if Our Lady is represented as a peasant, though she is Queen of Heaven? Have I not myself seen his majesty the emperor dressed like any one of his subjects? Besides, when our Blessed Lady was on earth she was a poor woman, just like one of us, and worked for her daily bread. Perhaps you do not know that she used to spin the garments that her Divine Son wore? I advise you to keep your clever remarks to yourself, if you care at all about your reputation."

The illustrious sign-painter felt he had found more than his match, but just as he was opening his mouth to reply a fresh person appeared on the scene. It was the architect Klymasko, who had come over to Busowiska to complete some unfinished details, and take a survey of his work as a whole. His coming was hailed by all parties as a relief. "Here is Klymasko; Providence has sent him at the right moment," they cried. "He understands these things; let him be the judge; he shall decide."

When the old man had been informed of the subject of dispute he stood awhile contemplating the picture in silence. As he gazed a smile began to play about his lips, and he muttered something under his breath. The painter, who was watching him closely, interpreted this smile as a victory for himself. "Well," he asked at length, "did you ever see such a Madonna as that?"

"Such a Madonna as that?" repeated the architect slowly, without withdrawing his eyes from the canvas; "no, I never did

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—never in my whole life." Had Kurzanski been a little less undiscerning he would have perceived that the smile on Klymasko's features was not one of contempt, but of deep feeling; the old man seemed struggling with an emotion which he could hardly repress. Long and fixedly he looked at the picture, and the longer he looked the more it gained on him. Besides, did he not recognize in the background a fac-simile of the new church, his last production, which he had designed and planned and placed under the protection of the Holy Virgin? As he looked, a tear gathered in his eye, and presently rolled down his furrowed cheek. Then he fell on his knees, and touched the ground with his forehead three times, as is the custom on Good Friday when the Cross is adored.

Carried away by the force of example, all present prostrated themselves before the Madonna, in whose favor the scale was now turned. Kurzanski and the sacristan did the best thing they could, which was to slip away unperceived.

On the following day the village maidens brought garlands of flowers to adorn the new altar. Thecla, who had as yet presented nothing to the church, procured from the nearest town two splendid candlesticks of shining metal, fitted with tapers of the whitest wax, while some pious ladies of the vicinity arranged some drapery around the picture, tied with bows of ribbon, and finally contributed a handsome carpet. This done, so elegant was the appearance of the chapel that the villagers agreed among themselves that the proposed artistic decoration would be quite superfluous. Nasta knew not how to contain herself for joy; every free moment she hastened to the church, and knelt motionless at the feet of her Madonna in ecstatic adoration.

One afternoon an equipage stopped at the door of the little church, and from it the countess was seen to alight, followed by her inseparable companion. No sooner did the countess's glance rest on the picture than she started, colored slightly, and, turning to her companion, her eyes flashing with indignation: "Look, Mlle. Pichet," she exclaimed, "just look at that! What, do you not see? It is she—it is Vera!"

The lady addressed, whose apathetic demeanor showed a complete absence of interest in what she saw around her, glanced in the direction of the picture.

"Yes, certainly, countess!" she rejoined; "it is she; there is no doubt about it."

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"No, it cannot be," the impetuous little lady resumed; "my eyes deceive me. Sigismund would never have been so bold!"

However, it was impossible to deny that the features depicted on the canvas before them were those of M. Sigismund's beautiful cousin. The countess recognized the perfect oval of her face, the dark violet eyes, the thick plaits of golden hair, of which she was so vain, wound round her shapely head; it was undoubtedly Vera herself. And yet it was not Vera, for there was something in this portrait which was lacking to the coquettish votary of the world; her beauty was etherealized, spiritualized. The light that gleamed from Vera's eyes was a far more mundane flame than the chaste brilliance of the Virgin's pure orbs; there was little that was akin to the calm, sweet smile that played on Mary's lips in the voluptuous expression of Vera's somewhat sensuous mouth. The grave countenance of the Madonna reflected the serenity of a spotless soul, while Vera's haughty features bespoke the insolence of the fashionable beauty, confident of her charms. No, the countess would not allow that it was Vera: there was the whole world, or rather the whole heaven between the two! So she appealed once more to her companion.

"It cannot be, Mlle. Pichet; most decidedly it is not she!"

"You are right, madame," rejoined the echo; "most assuredly it is not she!"

"And yet," added the elder lady, "I could never bring myself to pray before that picture."

"No, countess, neither could I."

But after all, the countess said to herself, perhaps Sigismund was not to blame if he had invested the Queen of Angels with the features of his earthly love. What harm was there in idealizing and refining her beauty, surrounding it with a celestial halo, the creation of his poetic fancy. All the celebrated Madonnas were not conceived by the artists in moments of rapture, revealed in an ecstatic vision. What matter if Sigismund had really drawn his inspiration from the countenance of the woman he adored? Should she on this account refuse to kneel before this picture, the offspring of his hopeless love, of his sorrowing heart, the last work perhaps he would ever execute? "Come, Mlle. Pichet," she murmured gently, "let us kneel down and say a prayer for him, poor fellow!—and for *her*."

"With all my heart, madame, for him and for her."

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V.

From the day when the partisans of Our Lady of the Harvest had won so memorable a victory, a storm seemed gathering over the village of Busowiska. The enthusiastic admiration which Nasta's picture excited in all true lovers of art exasperated the narrow-minded sign-painter, who could not endure to see homage paid to talent to which he could not but be sensible that his own was vastly inferior. Both he and his brother-in-law, Sorok, the sacristan of Tersow, neglected no means of covertly stirring up the villagers against this production of modern taste, which ran counter to all their ignorant prejudices and preconceived notions of what religious pictures ought to be. Gradually the discontent so carefully fomented spread to the building committee, while among the laboring class the aggrieved painter found ready listeners, since their jealousy was excited by the distinction accruing to that beggar Nasta, as they termed her, on account of her being the donor of the picture. "What does it matter to us," said some of the most opinionated and undiscerning of the committee, "what Klymasko, or Thecla, or any one else thinks about the picture? We do not like it; it is different from what one is accustomed to see in the churches, and bears no resemblance to the famous time-honored Madonnas, nearly black with age, on a gold background, surrounded with *ex votos*."

"I think," said Sorok, "that you are very wrong to tolerate such a painting in your church. It is a sin for which you will have to answer."

"It gives us scandal," interposed another, "and in the interests of the parishioners we should do well to get rid of it."

"Who obliges us to keep it?" demanded a fourth.

The mayor, a man of pacific temperament, here intervened. Of all things he dreaded a public scandal, and he did his best to effect an accommodation. "It would never do to lay hands on a gift that has been approved and accepted by the committee," he said authoritatively; "indeed, I could never give my consent to such a thing. It is a matter for the clergy to decide; let us await their judgment."

This proposal was received with approbation by all present. At the suggestion of Sorok a deputation was sent to the neighboring monastery of St. Basil, to consult an old monk who had been Kurzanski's teacher, and who enjoyed the reputation of being a great master of the Byzantine school. The result of

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this step was, however, only to make matters worse. The aged artist, who could give no opinion respecting a picture which he had never seen, having listened to the description given him, began to discourse sagely about art in general in terms of which his hearers understood nothing. But the impression made on them, owing to the previous bias of their minds, was anything but favorable to the Virgin of the Harvest, and from that moment the fate of the picture was decided. The only question was what should be done with it; some wanted to turn it out of the church, others would be content with nothing less than destroying it altogether.

The unhappy Nasta, alarmed on behalf of her Madonna, had not a single tranquil moment. She went about her work with set teeth, a despairing look on her countenance, and a ferocious gleam in her eyes. It was said that she carried some weapon hidden in her dress, and kept watch all night at the door of the church to safeguard her treasure. When these rumors reached the ears of the mayor, he deemed it advisable to take the precaution of locking up the church and keeping the key in his own possession. Then he sent for Nasta, and assured her that she need fear no violence being done to the picture, and that, should the clergy pronounce against it, not only should it be returned to her, but all the money expended on the altar should be refunded. The poor woman was tranquillized to a great extent by these assurances, but she could not feel quite satisfied as to the safety of the picture. One morning, when she was on her way to Spas, the thought struck her that she would appeal to the kind artist on its behalf. Surely the young man would not refuse to enlist the good offices of the countess, who on her part would use her influence with the inspector, and induce him to give directions to the municipality of Busowiska not to touch the picture. Who could say that he would not even drive over himself, in his official cap and gold-laced coat, to issue his commands, and then all would be well.

While Nasta was consoling herself with these reflections, as she tramped with bare feet along the dusty road, Pope Tarezanin arrived at Busowiska. He was met at the door of the church by the wily sign-painter, who explained in a few words the state of affairs.

Now, the good priest was himself in nowise insensible to the subtle charm of this unconventional painting, and as he looked at the lonely Madonna he resolved to spare no effort to save it from destruction. He had not been many minutes in the church

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before he was surrounded by a crowd of clamorous villagers, calling on him in no very respectful manner to order the removal of the picture. The babel of voices was deafening, and the priest felt that the Madonna would not long be safe among these angry disputants. He saw, too, that in order to pacify them prompt and decided action was necessary. He therefore gave orders to the sacristan to take down the canvas from its place, and having seen it carefully deposited in his *briska*, he whipped up his horses and drove off at a quick pace in the direction of his presbytery.

This unexpected act was regarded in the light of a victory by the iconoclastic faction, and they exulted accordingly. Just as the jubilation reached its height, Thecla, who had been apprized of what was going on, came hurriedly into the church, her countenance all aglow with indignation. When her eyes fell upon the dismantled altar she wrung her hands and uttered a cry of consternation.

"You will have reason to repent what you have done to-day," she exclaimed, snatching from their places the tapers which had been her gift. "God will punish you for it; yes, mark my words, he will surely punish you for it; you have driven away the Blessed Mary, the holy Mother of God!"

These prophetic words, solemnly pronounced, sounded like a knell in the ears of the astonished villagers. They looked at one another in dismay, and even those who had boasted the loudest went home in crestfallen silence.

Meanwhile, Nasta, on reaching Spas, went at once to ask for M. Sigismund. But she was met with the intelligence that on the preceding day he had been found in the summer-house in a state of unconsciousness, and had been carried home looking like a corpse. In fact, he was at first thought to be dying. Later on he had recovered, opened his eyes and tried to speak. In the night, however, he had been taken much worse, so that another doctor was called in, and a messenger dispatched in all haste to Lemberg to summon a physician of eminence. The countess was in deep distress; she had never left his bedside.

These tidings were a great shock to Nasta. She turned as white as a sheet, her head swam, and for a moment she could not collect her senses sufficiently to find her way to the hotel where the young artist was staying. She did not ask herself for what purpose she was going thither; she did not even know whether she would gain admission; she obeyed a sort of instinct like that which impels a faithful dog to seek his master's side.

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She found the house-door standing open and entered without any one saying a word to her. Many people were coming and going, so that she had no difficulty in gaining access to the room adjoining the sick-chamber, where she occasionally caught a glimpse of M. Sigismund lying motionless on a couch, more pale, more hollow-eyed than ever. The countess sat beside him, her countenance disfigured with weeping, her eyes fixed upon his pallid features. Now and again she spoke a few words to him in a caressing manner, but without eliciting any response. At length, bending over him with the air of one who announces welcome news, "Come, Sigismund," she said, "look at me. You must get a little better now. You know we are expecting a visitor to-day—a visitor whom you will be delighted to see."

He turned towards her his large, dark eyes, lustrous with the light of fever, and smiled a strange, sad smile.

"Cannot you guess," she continued, looking at him with a scrutinizing gaze, "who is coming to-night? Cannot you guess whom I mean?"

The sick man heaved a deep sigh, the smile that played about his lips grew sadder still, as he faintly murmured: "You mean Vera. But I am awaiting the coming of another visitor." Then the smile faded away, and he relapsed into apparent lethargy.

At that moment the physician from Lemberg was announced. The countess came forward to meet him and Nasta crept away on tiptoe. She went down-stairs and seated herself on the door-step, where, her head resting on her hands, she gave herself up to her own melancholy thoughts.

She had been there about an hour when the doctor issued from the house, looking very grave, and drove away in his carriage. Not long after a tinkling bell was heard, heralding the approach of the Latin priest, who, arrayed in cassock and cotta, preceded by an acolyte and followed by the sacristan, came to administer the last sacraments to the dying man according to the rites of the Catholic Church.

There was a great deal of stir and bustle in the hotel for a time; then it gradually subsided, and Nasta became aware that the stillness which followed was the stillness of death. Throwing her apron over her head, she remained sitting there in a sort of stupefaction until she was aroused by a hand laid upon her shoulder. Looking up she beheld one of her neighbors from Busowiska, a woman named Frederica, one as poor and lonesome as she herself, but far less ignorant, and held in great esteem for her piety.

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"I am glad to find you here, Nasta," she said, "for now I need look no further for some one to watch with me to-night by the gentleman who is dead. Come along; the countess will pay you well."

Nasta stared at her with an air of bewilderment. She arose mechanically and followed her companion. It was growing dark, and when the two women entered the chamber of death they found that the sacristan was already lighting the wax tapers that stood in tall candlesticks on each side of the couch, while the countess' companion, with a basket in her hand, was placing some freshly-cut roses on the pillow and in the hands of the deceased. Frederica, who was said to know all the prayers in the prayer-book by heart, knelt down at the foot of the bed and commenced reciting her orisons; Nasta, kneeling by her side, listened in admiring attention, marvelling in her ignorance at the length of the prayers and the fluency with which they were uttered. Here and there she caught a familiar word, and repeated it over and over to herself with all the fervor of her heart.

In those still hours of the night, in the solemn presence of death, Nasta learnt how to pray. A sentiment of profound compunction stirred within her soul, and brought the tears to her eyes. Her belief in the unseen world, whither her child, and now her friend, had gone, was strengthened, and the light of true faith dawned upon her untutored intelligence. Thus the long hours passed away; Frederica's lips still moved, but her utterance became broken and indistinct, and the beads she was holding slipped from her fingers. Nasta's head dropped upon her breast, and, overcome with fatigue and emotion, she fell asleep.

Just as the rosy dawn touched the mountain-tops and lit up the heavens a slight noise, like the rustling of wings, startled the two watchers. They sprang to their feet in vague terror, and a cold perspiration broke out over them. For there, close to the head of the bed whereon the young man lay, something moved, something quivered, and in the dim light of the tapers the outline of a figure was plainly discernible. And while the women, paralyzed with fear, stared straight before them with wide-opened eyes, the first soft rays of light stealing into the darkened chamber revealed the fair and gentle countenance of Our Lady of the Harvest! Awe-struck and amazed, in reverent silence they bent their faces to the ground, afraid even to gaze upon what appeared a celestial vision.

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When Frederica at length ventured to look up the figure had disappeared, and the room was flooded with golden light. Thereupon the old woman got up, and, without saying a word to Nasta, quickly took her departure, eager to be the first to communicate to her friends and neighbors at Busowiska the wonderful apparition she had seen, and kneel in homage before the picture of the Madonna.

Nasta did not move until the men came to arrange the catafalque and lay the body in the coffin. Nor did she leave her post when they had finished; she was still kneeling in a corner of the room when the countess and her companion came in to pray beside the dead. Presently a whispered conversation in French passed between the two.

"Where is Vera?" asked the countess, bending towards Mlle. Pichet.

"She left about an hour ago," was the answer.

"What, so soon!" exclaimed the countess, and a frown of displeasure contracted her brow. The younger lady then explained that Mlle. Vera had arrived very late on the preceding night, and had been much distressed on hearing what had happened. She would not be persuaded to go to bed, but at dawn she insisted on going alone to the chamber of death; the sight had so much overcome her that, without so much as opening her travelling bag or waiting until the countess was dressed, she had returned at once to the friends from whom she came, leaving word that she would perhaps come for the funeral. The countess listened with ill-concealed anger. "Gone back to her friends, did you say? Ah, I understand, heartless creature! This is Mme. Lanowski's *fête* and there will be dancing to-night."

VI.

The tidings brought by Frederica created a great sensation in Busowiska. The story of the apparition spread from house to house like wildfire and was everywhere believed, for the narrator bore the character of a truthful and trustworthy woman. Before many hours had passed every one in the place was talking of the singular occurrence. Doubtless, they said, it was as a recompense for having painted the picture in her honor that Our Lady had appeared at the bedside of the artist after his death. But in that case a miracle had taken place, and alas! the picture which had won for him so signal a mark of her favor was gone; they had banished it from their *cerkiew*, they had ban-

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ished the Mother of Christ from their village! Thecla's words now recurred to their memory like the oracular utterances of an inspired sibyl. A sense of guilt weighed upon them, and those who had decried the picture most vehemently contrived to keep out of the way.

Nasta, unaware of what had taken place on the previous day during her absence, trudged slowly homewards, her mind deeply impressed with all that had just occurred. On reaching her cabin she hardly paused a moment, but hastened on to the church to prostrate herself before her beloved picture, now more precious than ever in her eyes. The door was no longer locked; it stood wide open. She flew towards the Chapel of our Lady; the painting was not there! On each side of the altar the muslin drapery hung in strips, the ribbons were torn, the flowers crushed, the candlesticks removed; worst of all, the Madonna, her own Madonna, was gone! Wild with excitement and grief, Nasta rushed from the church uttering inarticulate cries, which soon drew a crowd around her. Thecla came up and, putting her arms around her, endeavored to soothe the poor woman. Her friends were triumphant now. "Yes," they said, "we were right all along. We knew it was a wonderful picture; it was that wretched Kurzanski's jealousy that did all the mischief. Was it not proof enough that so many strangers came all through the summer, from all the country round, to pray before it? And the flowers and offerings they brought, too—did all that mean nothing? Klymasko was right when he bent his head to the ground and venerated it as we venerate the holy *icons*. Every one knows how clever he is, and how many churches he has built to the glory of God. Now the Blessed Virgin has asserted herself and discomfited all her enemies. Perhaps the poor young gentleman had seen her in a vision before he painted the picture. Alas! how foolish they had been to let it go. Who could tell what would be the consequences of their folly?"

Now, there was an old soldier sitting on a fence close by who had listened with a satirical smile to this jeremiad. At its close he stood up, and, taking his pipe from his mouth, addressed the assembly: "What will be the consequences of your conduct, do you ask? Cannot you guess, you simpletons? I can tell you what the consequence will be. The consequence will be that the parish of Tersow will possess a miraculous picture, and you will not. Hundreds will flock from far and near to see it; a plenary indulgence will be granted every year; pilgrimages will be made to it and processions will come, and of all this you will

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not have the benefit. The Pope Tarezanin knew very well what he was about when he carried off that picture; a Madonna like that is a mine of wealth. It makes the fortune of the priest, of the sacristan, of the whole parish. Devout people will bring offerings to the shrine; the concourse of strangers will be the making of the town. That sly fox, Sorok, has outwitted you. He remembered that he was sacristan at Tersow, not at Busowiska. Now that he has your picture in his safe-keeping, he can afford to laugh at you."

These plain, matter-of-fact words produced the desired effect. This practical view of the matter had not presented itself to the minds of the peasants, and the halo of sentiment was quickly dispelled. The most sceptical and indifferent now took a personal interest in the picture. The man who had formerly been sacristan, and who looked forward to filling the same post in the new church, felt that he had been duped—nay more, made the victim of a vile conspiracy, sacrificed to the interests of another. Who of all men would suffer to the extent he would from the loss of the picture, which would have been to him a source of many privileges and much emolument? "If that is so," he said, "we must get it back; we must get back our Madonna."

"Do you not know better than that?" retorted the soldier. "It is easy enough to part with a thing, but not so easy to get it back. The people of Tersow are not the fools we are; they will not give it up."

"We will take it from them," all present exclaimed with one voice. "Come, friends, let us go at once to Tersow!"

"To Tersow!" repeated the women, and even the children re-echoed the cry. "To Tersow!" shouted Nasta, shaking herself free from the hands that sought to detain her and starting off at once in the direction of the town. The crowd, arming themselves with whatever came readiest to hand—sticks, stakes, flails, and even hatchets, followed her in disorder, some impelled by the hope of material advantages, others actuated by religious fervor, but one and all bent on the recovery of Our Lady of the Harvest.

The soldier alone held aloof, deeming it more prudent not to mix himself up in the disturbance he had been the means of exciting. However, as his neighbors were hurrying off, he gave them a few hints as to their strategical movements, bidding them advance upon the presbytery from behind, so as to gain access to the adjoining church without giving the alarm to the inhabitants of the place.

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Just as the party of villagers, bent on the execution of their hostile designs, approached Tersow, which was not many miles from Busowiska, by one road, the Pope Tarezanin, unaware of their coming, drove away by another that led in an opposite direction. He was going to consult his ecclesiastical superiors as to the course to be pursued in regard to the picture; thus he was absent when the enemy appeared under the walls of the presbytery. The door was cautiously opened by Sorok, the sacristan; but when he caught sight of the forces drawn up outside, he hastened to close it again. Before he could accomplish this, however, he was seized and dragged out by two or three stalwart peasants. "We want our Madonna," they shouted in his ears; "give us back our Madonna! Do you hear, you thief? What have you done with it?"

The terrified beadle pointed towards the door of the sacristy, for there in reality the pope had locked up the picture. "Where is the key? Give us the key!" vociferated the crowd. "Let me go," replied the wily Sorok, "and I will fetch you the key immediately." No sooner was he released from the hands that held him in their iron grasp than he sprang over the garden fence, and darted away with the speed of a greyhound. A few men started in pursuit of him; but it was useless, he had completely disappeared from sight. The party of attack wavered, at a loss how to act. At this juncture Nasta, almost maddened by disappointment and the long strain she had undergone, snatched a hatchet from the hand of a bystander and led the way to the sacristy. The others followed her; the door soon yielded to a few vigorous blows, and as it fell the serene and smiling features of Our Lady of the Harvest were revealed to the intruders' view. Involuntarily they fell upon their knees before the picture, in hushed and reverent silence. At the self-same moment, as the people were pressing round the door of the sacristy, the glittering helmets and gleaming bayonets of a band of gendarmes appeared on the road. Sorok in his hasty flight had encountered them on their way towards the town, and had begged them to interfere to prevent the pillage of the church. The sight of an armed force had not in this instance its usual effect of intimidating the peasants; they held their ground firmly, standing in front of the Madonna, whilst the younger men greeted the approaching gendarmes with a volley of stones. Then, taking the picture on their shoulders, all prepared to depart. But the gendarmes, incensed at being assailed with a storm of missiles, endeavored to bar their passage; where-

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upon one of the villagers, losing patience, hurled the hatchet he was carrying at his opponents. The report of a rifle immediately followed, and some one was heard to fall heavily to the ground. It was Nasta who fell, wounded by the gendarme's bullet. At the sight of blood the people of Busowiska attacked the gendarmes with such fury that, being few in number, they were fain to retreat into the presbytery; while the others, finding the road clear, hastily formed into ranks and marched off in the direction of their own village.

Nasta strove to regain her feet, but fell back powerless. Her neighbors raised her in their arms and carried her homewards in the rear of the picture, which was borne aloft like a standard.

Presently one of the party began to intone the hymn, "O Virgin Immaculate"; the rest took it up, and like a triumphal procession they proceeded on their way. Attracted by the sound of the singing the peasants came out of their cottages by the road-side, or ran up from the fields where they were at work, and seeing the band, now orderly and devout, joined their ranks, until hundreds of voices swelled the chorus of joy and praise that echoed along the valley of the Dniester, and rose in solemn strain to the very gates of Heaven.

The procession halted at the door of the new church of Busowiska. But when the men who were carrying the *fondatorka* attempted to place her on her feet, that she too might enter and behold the Madonna replaced upon her altar, she was found to be dead. Poor Nasta! her sacrifice and her sufferings had been accepted; she will grieve over the loss of her little Wasylek no longer.

Our Lady of the Harvest still continues to be an object of veneration in the church of Busowiska. It is hardly necessary to inform the reader that the popular idea that the picture is a miraculous one has never received authentication, nor has the local devotion been sanctioned by the ecclesiastical authorities.

A. M. Clarke.

Stindon, Arundel, Eng.

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THE CATHOLIC SUMMER-SCHOOL.

AN editor of one of our New York journals was pleased to say, recently, that the Catholics who have devised a Summer-School took their idea from the Methodist camp-meeting. The very name "school"—a scholars' name—should have saved the scholarly editor from making a statement that is pardonable only if made with humorous intent. To the pagan Greek we are indebted for that word "school," and by his correct idea we are directly influenced in our new undertaking. "Leisure, rest, ease" were, to the right-minded Greek, not the mere accompaniments of intellectual training, but indeed the prerequisites. Having leisure, intelligent men and women may, nay should, use it to converse about things intellectual, to listen to the teachings of masters of the arts and sciences, to discuss learnedly what is unknown to them, or but imperfectly known;—thus thought and said the reflecting Greek. It is his "school" that Catholics are about to revive; the school of leisure, rest, ease,—the true school of learning.

Some people, it may be, imagine that, only since the first Methodist camp-meeting was held, have Catholics had any ideas worth speaking of. The fact is that, inasmuch as the modern world has any correct ideas about the school and about schooling, it is because Catholics have lovingly, dutifully preserved, and wisely developed, adapted, the Greek tradition. Of this tradition the most splendid development was the mediæval University—as exemplified at Paris in the days of Albert the Great and St. Thomas—where, moved by a passion for learning, men of all ages gathered from all lands, to acquire a knowledge of all that it was possible to know, at the feet of a Master, a Doctor, an Angel of the Schools. Catholics have a double tradition as to the school. They have ideas to give, and freely shall they be given to Baptist, Presbyterian, Methodist. In the Summer-School Catholics purpose re-adapting the Greek and the mediæval schools to the conditions existing in the United States. At New London, vainly will the visitor look for a Catholic camp-meeting, excursion, picnic. Leisurely students and teachers will be there, restfully learning, quietly instructing, conversing at ease, and enjoying in-doors and out-of-doors the pleasure, the

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delight of simple, hearty, and refined association with kindred spirits.

"A school of Philosophy," the Right Rev. Bishop of Ogdensburg called, and justly called our Summer-School, during the recent agreeable trip to the Thousand Islands of the friends of the movement; for to the study of the principles that underlie all science, human and divine, our scholars will devote their leisure. Never was there a time when the knowledge of these principles was more important. Never was there a time when the habit of wrong, illogical thinking was more common. The true principles on which all science must rest, the true method of logical thinking, are to be had from Catholic teachers and from them only. Many creeds men profess. There is but one Faith: the true Faith. We alone have it. Have we this Faith, not merely as a divine gift, but also intelligently, soundly, wholly, as it is and not as we surmise, will, assume? The ethical laws that limit almost every human act, individual and social, have we studied their import and application? The law of nature, the law of God, the law of the Church,—how many of us may reasonably be satisfied with our training in these great and most necessary sciences? Long, weary, uncertain is the road that leads to learning, between rows of books. The spoken word of the scholar will direct us through shorter, surer paths. At the Summer-School those who are seeking competent and safe guides will not be disappointed.

Is the Summer-School to be a school of Philosophy, and nothing more? No, the sciences that deal simply with facts will hold their proper place,—the natural sciences so-called, and the science of history. Literature and the fine arts will be cherished in the old homestead where they were nurtured, and where they have been tended so carefully through the ages. It is to be a school for the "higher education"! Unquestionably—for the higher and the highest education. And a popular school! Yes and no; popular in the sense that it is intended for people who desire, leisurely, to fit themselves for intelligent action by the acquirement of a substantial fund of true principles and of truthful fact—yes; popular in any other sense—no.

Are we ready for such a school? The interest shown in the movement from the first day of its inception would prove our readiness, were proof needed. From the hierarchy, from the religious communities, from the clergy generally, from that large and powerful body, the Catholic lay-teachers in public, private and parochial schools, from our writers, from our Press, a chorus

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of commendation, of encouragement has testified to the timeliness of the movement. The incompleteness of our so-called popular education, teachers soon learn. The reading, the thoughtful man and woman find themselves, early in life, embarrassed by the crowd of questions that press upon them; questions having to do with their calling, with their rights and duties as members of society, as citizens, as parents, as Catholics. Something is wanting, evidently; and the want is a more complete education. How, where is this to be had? Heretofore this question was not easily answered. Now we have an answer for all questioners: At the Summer-School. During two months out of twelve, can one hope to make up all that is requisite? Not all, decidedly; though two months of leisurely study under Catholic Masters, and two months of constant association with earnest, intellectual, educated Catholics will be worth more than a year's schooling under less favorable conditions, and more than several years of solitary and unguided reading.

Were evidence needed of the awakening among Catholics to the deficiencies of the current popular instruction, and of the prevailing desire for a sounder, higher education, we have it in the experience of Rev. P. A. Halpin, S.J. This well-known teacher of philosophy opened a night-course of Ethics, at St. Francis Xavier's College, New York, during the autumn of 1891. Though the course was modestly announced, and though no special efforts were made to attract an audience, a class of two hundred men was quickly formed. Had women their way, a number of the more gifted sex would have been members of the class. So great an interest was excited in moral questions by Father Halpin's lectures that, of their own motion, the men who followed the course organized, before the close of the year, an Ethical Club, which has done and is doing good work. From this experience and from the no less notable development of the Catholic Reading Circles, we have no hesitation in saying that Catholics have been expectantly, anxiously awaiting the "Summer-School."

Lest we may have dismissed too hastily the matter of the Summer-School course, a word as to the plans of its founders may not be amiss. Just now they are confining themselves to one subject,—the School at New London in the coming August; but their scheme provides for an all-the-year course of studies, to be directed through the agency of the Catholic Educational Union. Of the prompt realization of this scheme there can be no doubt. The men who have taken up the work are zealous

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and experienced. They have determined to move slowly, prudently, surely. There will be no halting, no turning back. "Forward" is their motto. United in their aims, prepared for every difficulty, backed by the strongest intellectual forces, our hopes of their prosperity cannot be, will not be disappointed. One great danger they have to fear,—a success too pronounced, at the start.

As the Summer-School will not be a camp-meeting, so it will not be a Syndicate Hotel, or a Land and Improvement Company. The Board of Managers will confine itself to mental speculation. After the work to be done has been thoroughly systematized, after a choice teaching-body has been organized, after the Board has gathered together an earnest, harmonious assembly of men and women; when experience has taught what experience alone can teach, then the Summer-School, we may be assured, will have a fitting, permanent habitation, charmingly located, wisely administered,—true modern "Academy," a scholars' garden. Wait awhile, watching meantime! No halt, we said; neither shall there be a rush, but all patiently, orderly, and well devised and done. Some Catholic writers have patronized the new movement, because, forsooth, it will help to raise the mean of education among Catholics up to a standard assumed to be the norm of American education. Not too positively can it be affirmed that these writers are wholly unacquainted with the conditions existing in the United States. The mean of education among Catholics *is* the norm of American education. The largest body of Christians in the United States, the Catholics are at the same time, man for man and woman for woman, the best educated and the most highly instructed body. How could it be otherwise? Take our Hierarchy, our secular clergy, our religious men and women, and compare their exceptional learning and training with that of all the ministers of all the sects. Read the debates in Assemblies, Presbyteries, clerical convocations of all sorts, follow the farce of Sunday morning and evening sermon;—education! And with this low standard among the teachers, what must be the level of education among the listeners, the flocks! Imagine a Council of the Catholic Hierarchy, a conference of Catholic priests, wherein defect of truth, defect of reason, defect of scholarship, would mark a man as a typical leader! Picture to yourself a Catholic congregation that would insist on being fed on bare husks!

Coming to the higher education, the average among Catholic laymen is superior to that of all the non-Catholic denominations.

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We are apt to lose sight of this fact, because the educated Catholic layman is almost completely shut out from a career that is open to all other men,—the career of a college teacher or professor. Yet the educated Catholic layman is here, active in every other walk, and carrying in his mind a treasury of true principle and fact that men of other creeds have not.

Representing to-day the highest average of American education, Catholics are about to lift that average higher still. Their love of country, their love of truth, their zeal in the cause of education, prompt them to action. Through the Summer-School they hope, they intend to benefit not themselves only, but all their fellow-citizens as well.

To-day there is, practically, no religion in the United States except the Catholic religion. We do not exaggerate; we state a fact patent to all observing men. "The great Protestant religious drama is nearly played out," says the Rev. Alfred Young in his suggestive article on "The Closing Scene," in the June number of THE CATHOLIC WORLD. From Monday to Monday the newspapers report in detail the humorous, the tragic incidents of the closing scene. The details are truthful; we can test them by the figures of census reports and of statistics no less credible. Science, scholarship, philosophy,—give these noble names to the miserable contrivances that can effect only the destruction of Christianity, of all creeds except nihilism! Were it not for the hard cash that has been capitalized in the sects, the professing Presbyterians, Baptists, Methodists would not make an old-time camp-meeting gathering. Without religion society must go to pieces. Anarchy shakes a warning hand—look yonder! Catholics are alive to the situation. They know the inevitable day is at hand; but if society is shaken to its very foundations, if anarchy does come, it will be only after Catholicity has made a brave fight to save America. "The Roman Catholic Church, rich in the reassured inheritance of nineteen centuries, confronts the rising spirit of liberal religion with a serenity and confidence disturbed only by contempt," says a liberal religionist whom Father Young quotes. Serenely, confidently, yes; the Church is ever serene and confident, but she is never contemptuous, she is always sympathetic, always charitable. No means will she miss that may save faith, morality, science, civilization to Americans.

Moved then by a high spirit of patriotism and of religion are the founders of the Catholic Summer-School; and their ideas are far-reaching. In the short time that has elapsed since Mr.

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Warren E. Mosher took the matter in hand, proofs have accumulated of the speedy development of these ideas. For the first time, representatives of the secular clergy, of the religious communities of men, and of the lay teachers, have united in the interest of higher education; and Right Rev. Doctor Messmer's hopeful words make it seem not improbable that the uncloistered teaching-orders of women may be partners in the good work. Through the establishment of the Summer-School, and through the systematized courses of the Educational Union, our Colleges, and indeed all our educational institutions, will be immediately and largely advantaged. Their sphere of usefulness will be widely extended. Their professors will have new opportunities for using acquired stores of knowledge, which may or may not be useful in the class-room. Our learned men, our specialists will be known, as they should be, far and wide; known to grown men and women as well as to youth. Our Catholic teachers in public and private schools will be brought into closer relations with our Colleges, and thus we shall at last have that most imperative demand supplied,—the demand for a school of Catholic pedagogics. How painful it is to run over the current published works on a science which Catholics, century after century, have done so much to build up,—a science of which they alone have the key!

"A school of Philosophy," quoting Right Rev. Doctor Gabriels, we said the Summer-School would be; and thus it will encourage Catholics to ask for, and our Colleges to supply, a more complete course of Philosophy. The Summer-School is to be no less a school of History, awakening a more hearty interest in a science which affords strongest proof of our creed, our claims; strongest defence against lying attack; strongest evidence of the glorious doings, glorious sufferings of Catholics, and of the apostolicity, unity, holiness of the Church. With the new interest in history, we shall have more extended courses of history in our Colleges. The Colleges will act on the Summer-School, and the School will react on them. Thus our various teaching bodies will be unified for special ends, and teachers and scholars will rise together, and grow strong together.

Will there be but a single Summer-School for the United States? Safely we may answer with a negative. Monopolies are unpopular in the United States. A single School would be unwieldy. How locate it so as to avoid little sectional vanities? Then local customs, traditions, conditions are so various. We expect to see a number of Catholic Summer-Schools spring up with-

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in a few years. There are many reasons, however, why they should all be organized after a common plan, differing only in details; and there is every reason why they should work together in harmony, aiding one the other so that everywhere the same great end shall be attained. With a number of them, adapted to local requirements, we would have so many added centres of Catholic thought, Catholic learning, Catholic truth. The good influences that will be exerted from these centres, who can calculate?

There is nothing too great for Catholics to attempt. They have a most ancient tradition of great things done. Here what great things have they not done, materially as well as in the sphere of thought? The material sub-structure is well and truly laid. A new duty presses. On to the sphere of thought! Fed on the manna of heavenly wisdom; freshened, inspired by draughts from the clear spring of Truth—priceless possession!—what should we, what shall we, not do, if our intent be sincere, unselfish? Outside of our churches, our local societies, our religious confraternities, we have been thus far unaccustomed to working in common for purposes looking to the general welfare. Now that we have begun, let us work generously, enthusiastically, all together, with might and main. We are not going out to fight an enemy, it is true; but would you not train, if thereby you were sure you could gather strength to rescue a friend? You would, certainly. Then begin! You are meant to be the saver of many. But train leisurely, restfully, easily,—at the Catholic Summer-School!

JOHN A. MOONEY.

New York City.

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HOME.

In lands o'er sea, with ceaseless toil,
He felled the wood and broke the soil;
In unremitting sweat of brow
He trod the furrow of the plow.
Afar from home and kith and kin,
He gathered golden harvests in,
Grew proud of purse and high estate,
With fortune's smile inebriate.

He clomb the pinnacles of fame
And wrote thereon a noble name;
Till now, in toil grown gray at last,
With hoarded wealth of gold amassed,
One want there was 'mid all his pride—
One craving still unsatisfied.
So to his childhood's home he turned,
For homeward aye his heart had yearned.

He sought his native town: alas!
A stranger in the place he was.
Where'er he went he found a change,
The people all around were strange.
Remembered voices all were stilled,
Their places with new faces filled;
And men returned his kindly glance
With unfamiliar looks, askance.

Like one in dreams he wandered down
Beyond the bridge and past the town,
Till like a vision, faint and dim,
The abbey gray confronted him.
There on the carven stones he read
The *requiescats* of the dead;
Old names half-hidden 'neath the moss
He recognized on slab and cross.

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"Pray for the soul of Jean Baptiste!"
He read athwart the gathering mist
That dimmed his eyes; the legend here
Was "Louis," yonder one "Pierre"—
His boyhood's friends—all gone; and now,
As on his hand he leaned his brow,
Between his fingers trickled clear
Upon the old man's cheek a tear.

Then as he wept there wandered by
A maiden singing merrily.
Whereat quoth he "Dost thou not fear
Alone at eve to wander here?"
"Nay, sir, to gain my home," she said,
"I needs must pass among the dead.
There at the door, by yonder tree,
A loving father waits for me."

And singing still she passed afar,
Beneath the moon and evening star,
Unto her father's home; whereat
The old man mused disconsolate.
"To reach my home I, too, alas!
Beyond the graveyard ground must pass!
Though late, and full of pride and sin,
My Father yet may let me in!"

PATRICK J. COLEMAN.

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CHRISTIAN ANTHROPOLOGY.*

THE natural history of man is one of the most interesting and important branches of physical science, and it is gratifying to know that our Catholic writers are beginning to recognize the great importance of the subject and to devote their attention to it. Our scholars, it must be confessed, have been somewhat tardy in taking hold of the problems raised by the rapid growth of the physical sciences, and have been too long content with defending truth on the old lines, regardless of the new methods of attack.

We have never been wanting, it is true, in men profoundly versed in the natural sciences, and perfectly competent to deal with all the difficulties suggested by them; but the fact cannot be overlooked that many of our modern theologians still rigidly follow the methods of the mediæval schoolmen, and are slow to realize the great change in the intellectual aspect of the age which scientific investigation has wrought. While the truth, as it is in God and his Holy Church, can never vary, and its logical presentation in the works of our great theologians cannot well be improved upon, it must be recognized that new facts have come to light which materially affect the general range of our intellectual vision. Our knowledge of the universe has vastly increased, and there are very many pregnant principles and laws, well known in the world to-day, which even St. Thomas never thought of. The advance in the domain of science has undoubtedly been very great, and the addition to the sum of human knowledge very considerable, and no one can successfully address the intellect of the age who does not take cognizance of all this. Moreover the intellectual tone and temper of the times is scientific, and it must be met on its own ground. It is very necessary to understand, then, that a course of scholastic philosophy or theology, however thorough it may be, will not fit a man to fight the battle for the faith in our day; it must be backed by at least a general acquaintance with scientific subjects to be effective; for certain it is that in the intellectual atmosphere in which we live a mind stored with nothing but mediæval lore would appear empty and ignorant, and would not get a

* *Christian Anthropology.* By Rev. John Thein. New York: Benziger Bros.

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very respectful hearing in any quarter. This is a matter of great moment to all who are preparing to defend revealed truth, and they should concern themselves with it, and come forth equipped from their studies with weapons suitable for the combat. Mediæval armor will not turn a bullet from a Label rifle, nor will the authority of a mediæval philosopher be a secure shield behind which to fight a modern evolutionist.

The value and the necessity of a sound philosophical training cannot, indeed, be over-estimated, but to be really practical and effective it must be supplemented by a general knowledge of science; and the time has come when scientific branches should receive as much attention in our colleges and seminaries as any other department in the curriculum, for their importance can no longer be ignored. Very little practical use can be made of a formal syllogism in every-day life, and very few will be met with who are disposed to discuss *matter* and *form*; but the question of the antiquity of man or the theory of evolution is constantly cropping up, and some answer based on scientific facts and principles must needs be forthcoming.

The defence of the sacred Scriptures is to-day the great task of the Christian apologist, and most of the attacks that are made upon the Bible are based on scientific theories of some kind or other. No doubt the false philosophy of the school of higher-criticism, so-called, is an important factor in this warfare, but even here questions of archæology and philology are relied upon rather than philosophy. Not speculative but positive knowledge is what the age demands, and although scientists themselves deal in the most reckless speculations, and advance a thousand theories for the one fact they establish, they also deal in positive knowledge, and here is the real source of their power and influence. Now, facts can be successfully met only by facts, and hence the need of our becoming acquainted with the assured discoveries and conquests of science, and their general bearing upon the truths of revelation.

It is quite noticeable, too, how rapidly scientific views and teachings are filtering through the masses, and how much the general public are interested in them. The man who reads nothing but the daily or weekly newspaper knows something about the nebular hypothesis and the double stars, and he is curious to know how long the solar system can hold together. The wonders of the universe are no longer fairy tales, but sober facts from which deductions are constantly drawn; and it is vastly important that God and religion be associated with them, and that

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the pulpit as well as the press become their interpreter to the people.

Father Thein's book on Christian Anthropology discusses in a frank and fearless manner some of the vital issues raised by science. He displays a thorough acquaintance with the best and latest results of scientific investigation; his range is wide and his knowledge is accurate, and he is careful to quote some recognized authority for every assertion he makes. He does not call in question a single well-established position or principle of physical science, and yet there is no attempt at compromise anywhere noticeable throughout his work. He is perfectly fair toward his opponents; presents their views in their own words, and meets them on their own ground. He does not, of course, pretend to be a professional scientist, but he does claim to have mastered the general principles of science, and to be familiar with the actual results that have been achieved; and we feel confident that few, if any, of his readers will be inclined to doubt his claim. His knowledge of scientific men and their works and theories is not confined to the English school, but embraces the French and the German as well—it is practically universal and covers the whole field. Father Thein's analysis of the great theory of evolution is most searching and satisfactory, and, though he differs from the majority of scientists, Mr. Mivart included, in the conclusion he draws, we believe the weight of probability is on his side. Evolution, after all, is only a theory—a brilliant and comprehensive theory, no doubt—but there are so many essential links wanting in the chain of evidence that the possibility of its ever passing from the region of theory into the realm of established fact seems slight. It affords a most remarkable illustration of a stupendous *working hypothesis* built up by scientific men on a very slender foundation of fact, and with all the data before us, it is difficult to see how it can be regarded in any other light. It is well known that many able and conservative men amongst us are disposed to accept a modified form of evolution, and like every other creation of the human mind this gigantic theory has also a modicum of truth underlying it, but it has been recklessly exaggerated and extended.

The vexed question of the antiquity of man receives a large share of attention in Father Thein's admirable work. He examines for us the evidences on which geologists base their calculations, and shows that they are far from conclusive. The assertions of scientists as to the age of strata in which the remains

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of man have been found are, in truth, largely gratuitous; there is no certain method of computing the actual time of formation of the different strata, or the actual duration of any particular period. It is quite reasonable to suppose that Nature, in her earlier and more vigorous days, operated more rapidly than in her later days and calmer moods, and to measure the rate of past formations by the present rate of formation is a very arbitrary rule, and certainly it cannot be an infallible one. As to the arguments deduced from the finding of human remains with those of extinct animals, that is open to the very same objection, for it is simply impossible to tell just when these animals became extinct.

The theory of the industrial developments of man from the stone age to the bronze age, and the bronze age to the iron age, and the computations founded upon it, are nothing if not fanciful. It cannot be demonstrated that these ages were consecutive; they may have existed side by side in adjacent territories at the same time. In any case, who can say just how long it took primitive man to advance from the unpolished to the polished implements of the chase, and the exact period that intervened between the flint and the bronze, and the bronze and the iron? We know that the aboriginal inhabitants of this country used stone and metallic weapons simultaneously, and to-day you may find Indians in the far West armed with bows and arrows and Indians armed with Winchester repeating-rifles marching side by side over the mountains. It is perfectly legitimate, of course, to make deductions from all these data; without this there would be no scientific progress; but we insist that all such calculations are only tentative, they are not conclusive, and this is what Father Thein's argument goes to show. He admits that man existed in the quarternary epoch, but he proves that this epoch is by no means as distant as some geologists claim, and that man might have flourished in it without doing any very great violence to Biblical chronology. But for the matter of that there is no real chronology given in the Bible, and a learned Belgian theologian has maintained that as far as the Bible is concerned, man may have existed on this planet anywhere from six to ten thousand years; and science has never demonstrated an antiquity greater than this, though, of course, it has claimed for man an origin indefinitely more remote.

The actual state of the controversy is faithfully reflected in the pages of this book, all the important discoveries pertinent

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to the subject are referred to, and their bearing upon it fully stated; we have here a complete *résumé* of the whole subject, clear, concise, and accurate. Though hardly a part of the natural history of man, the cosmogonies and legendary lore of the different races and peoples are passed in review, and a strong argument for the consanguinity of the human race is deduced from them. This line of argument has not much weight with men of science nowadays; they are disposed to look upon it as antiquated; yet they cannot well deny its force. The evidence for the unity of the race from comparative philology is also regarded as unsatisfactory, though it has done good service in its time.

Father Thein sums up the general results that have been arrived at from anatomy and physiology, and shows that they are altogether favorable to the unity of the species. It has always seemed to us that the projection of creation on one grand, harmonious scale is the strongest possible argument for an infinite Creator, and that similarity in structure simply proves unity of plan. The fact that the same general features pervade the whole organic world is certainly not the result of chance; and if man in his physical organization is found to resemble other creatures, it only affords an additional proof, if indeed any additional proof were needed, that by his body he belongs to the animal creation.

The closing chapters of the book deal with the psychological side of man's nature, and although there is nothing original in the treatment of the subject the proofs of the immortality of the soul are well chosen, and the arguments are driven home with a powerful hand.

On the whole, we do not know of any other work in which the evidences from the Christian stand-point are so well massed, the points so clearly brought out, and the field of controversy so fully covered. It is a book which every student of Catholic philosophy and theology should master. The knowledge it contains is essential for the successful defence of religious truth in our times, and any man who makes himself familiar with its facts and arguments need not fear to face the scientific infidelity of the age. Its perusal will, moreover, tend to excite an interest in scientific studies amongst us, which is much to be desired. We may even be permitted to express the hope that this excellent work of Father Thein's will be the beginning of a Catholic scientific literature in every way worthy of the enlightened zeal of the American Church.

E. B. BRADY.

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AT THE PENSION ROGUET.

PEOPLE who are hopelessly American called it Roguet's Hotel, or the Hotel Roguet. Divers matrons of uncertain age, and very certain avoirdupois, catering to the wants, real and imaginary, of the homeless hordes who spend their lives in "apartments," envious of its superior attractions, actually spoke of it as a boarding-house; but to the cultivated patrons of this very pleasant establishment it was the Pension Roguet, and as the Pension Roguet it figured in the bills which were rendered with surprising accuracy as to little things like gas burned after midnight, friends to dinner, luncheons served in the rooms, cracked or defaced crockery; and an accuracy not so exact when it came to deducting absences and other trifles which might have lightened the scales on the other side. It was described as a strictly first-class family hotel in the advertisements, and if one were well up in metaphysical subtleties and mental reservations, he could say it afforded the comforts of home—of course, with a due regard to the meanings which are attached to a term becoming more and more elastic.

It was an old family mansion, with spacious, high-ceiled rooms, remodeled to afford the greatest good to the greatest number. It cannot be disputed, however, that the good, which translated into thought means the comfort, was often sacrificed to the number. It was substantially built with solid stone walls, on a street which has fallen somewhat from its high estate of wealthy exclusiveness, as even the best of streets have a weakness for doing; but enough of its charm still lingers to keep it semi-fashionable and wholly desirable. The house stands in a large yard, with terraced steps leading to the gate, and in the rear is a grove of sturdy oaks which were old before the city was born.

I had been a widow three years, and was just thirty when I went to the Pension Roguet to spend a winter, simply because my income was too limited to admit of an establishment of my own; but I soon came to be regarded as belonging to the "permanents," and, in spite of intermittent longings for a real home, have remained here five years, with every prospect of staying an equal length of time.

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The Pension Roguet was not so large but that everybody knew of it twenty-four hours after an apartment was vacated, only the smaller ones were called rooms, and speculations as to a successor followed as a matter of course. The interest was greater than usual when the second story east room became vacant in the middle of winter, for it was one of the most choice apartments in the house, and its occupants ranked, according to the great unwritten law of precedence which applied to the Pension Roguet, with the front-room people and those on the parlor floor. It had a bay-window at the side, which commanded a view of the lawn and a perspective of the street, besides the advantage of the sun all day long. Those who imagine that sunshine and fresh air are free, have never lived at the Pension Roguet. Madame made no secret of her desire to get a married couple or two young men for that room, and when the news flashed around that it had been taken, not by two tenants but one, and that one a woman, our surprise was mixed with a curiosity more than usually strong. It was not only a woman, but a very young woman—in fact, a mere girl—it was said. A young lady from Miltonville, so madame told Mrs. Rollins, familiarly known as the "Postal Telegraph," who quickly told everybody else. Mrs. Bradley, who was propriety epitomized, said it was a little singular for a girl to come alone to the Pension Roguet, and shrugged her shoulders in a way which insinuated all sorts of unsayable things. Mrs. Bradley was an actress who did not confine her talents to the stage, either amateur or regular. All the information which Mrs. Rollins could give was that her name was Beatrice Bonner, that she had brought satisfactory references—we smiled at that!—had paid a month's board in advance, and had with her but one medium-sized trunk. Madame either did not know, or else, for reasons of her own, did not choose to tell anything more definite about the young person. Everybody was a person at the Pension Roguet until proofs were afforded which entitled one to be called a gentleman, a young lady, or a charming woman. Of course, none of us blamed our affable hostess for acting upon the discretion which is the better part of valor with Mrs. Rollins, and no one denied that madame was discreet; but we were not a little startled when it transpired that she really did not know any particulars about the tenant of the east room. It was hinted among ourselves that madame had made a mistake. None of us had ever kept a first-class family hotel, or a hotel of any kind, and madame had spent twenty years in the business; but

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that did not prevent us from giving advice as to how it should be done, which was courteously received and never followed.

Miss Bonner did not give any of us an immediate chance to pass upon her attractions, for she dined in her own room on the first evening of her arrival, and either took her breakfast very late or very early, for no one saw her until luncheon the second day. Mrs. Rollins, Mrs. Bradley, Mrs. Horton Campbell, our *littérateur*, and I were seated together at a table discussing realism in fiction, and trying to persuade ourselves that the rice-pudding of our American girlhood was taking on a new and undefinable flavor under the guise of *pouding du riz*, when Miss Bonner came into the room. She paused timidly by the door until Emil, the head waiter, came over rather languidly to show her a seat. Emil knew as well as Mrs. Bradley what was and what was not good form. We all stared at Miss Bonner more pointedly than any of us would have liked to have people stare at us. She was rather *petite*, almost too slender, with Titian hair done up high on her head, a fluffy bang, straight nose, and very pretty dark-blue eyes, which seemed to have an appealing, almost a pathetic, look in them as she glanced around the room with its sea of strange faces. She wore a stylish suit of navy blue, and we decided on the spot that wherever her home might be her clothes were certainly city made. Mrs. Horton Campbell was saying that the reason of the lack of general appreciation for Tolstoï and Tourgeneff was that they wrote too far above the intelligence of the proletarian reader, and that we have here in America not only the conditions for tragedy, but that the conditions generate the facts, and we were all feeling very superior and cultivated; but that did not prevent our taking in the details of Miss Bonner's appearance, or keep us from seeing Bunnie Hines when he came in and took the seat next to the stranger. He was popularly supposed to have another name which he signed in his bank-book and used on ceremonious occasions, but with us it was only a tradition, since none of us had ever happened to be around when the occasion was serious enough to banish "Bunnie." But it was personal knowledge and not mere theories, which are often vague and unsatisfactory, which we had that Bunnie Hines would flirt with anything in petticoats, over sixteen and under sixty, so we were not surprised, but only amused, when he handed Miss Bonner the cream-jug, which sometimes actually did contain *cream*, and said something which we could not hear, accompanied with the

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dazzling smile which, with a blond moustache, constituted the *pièce de résistance* of his fascinations.

Mrs. Parks, who sat at the next table to us, gurgled an inarticulate assent to everything that was said, but Mrs. Campbell did not mind her in the least. Mrs. Parks was the victim of an unrequited attachment for Mrs. Campbell, which dated back to the first month of her residence at the Pension Roguet. She announced one morning that she and Mrs. Campbell ought to be good friends because they were both literary, and that, for her part, she just doted on books. And when Mrs. Campbell, who belonged to a Browning Society and read papers on transcendentalism and the American immortals before the Tuesday Club, discovered that Mrs. Parks read *Bertha's Lovers* and counted the "Duchess" among her favorite writers, the look she bestowed on her literary *confrère* would simply have extinguished a less unextinguishable mortal than Mrs. Parks.

There was only one other person at the table with Miss Bonner, and she came in rather late, some time after Bunnie Hines had evidently made the acquaintance of the young lady. Miss Deets was a spinster from the top-floor hall bedroom, who had practised Christian science unsuccessfully enough to get her name in the papers in connection with a child who died under her care. As a rule we were very liberal in the matter of other people's opinions and prejudices, but after Miss Deets sent Mrs. Parks into hysterics trying to drive away a belief in neuralgia, and had failed to cure Mrs. Bradley's baby of a belief in a fractured ankle, we decided that the religious rights guaranteed by the Constitution could be abused, and quite unanimously drew the line of our toleration at Miss Deets.

We noticed afterwards that Miss Bonner always exchanged greetings with her two companions at table, but seemed to utterly ignore the rest of us. We were willing enough to be made acquainted with her life, prospects, and previous condition of freedom, and if they proved satisfactory to permit her to enjoy our society, but she showed no inclination whatever for that boon. Mrs. Rollins said it was always a bad sign when a woman kept aloof from other women. But it was probably Mrs. Parks's insistance on the romantic which made us all agree finally that there was something really mysterious about Miss Bonner. Mrs. Parks speculated daily as to whether she was a runaway wife, a truant daughter who wanted to go on the stage, an embezzler hiding from justice, an accomplice in some terrible crime of which we might have read in the newspapers in her very

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presence, an heiress seeing the world *incognito*, or a modern Juliet being forced into a loveless marriage which she had run away to escape—in any case she was sure that the girl had run away. My own modest suggestions that perhaps she had come to the city to study stenography, or art, or telegraphy, or to do shopping, or prove her claim to an estate in Europe, or perhaps just for a change of air, were not listened to for a moment. After a fortnight or so I ceased to pay much attention to Miss Bonner or her secrets. I was actively engaged in a newly organized charity—the establishment of training-schools for working-girls—and my time was very much taken up with it; my fourth cousin, with her seven servants and her carriage, had the sublime assurance to say to me: "You have no house and no children to take care of, so you can afford to devote a great deal of time to the schools." Still at various odd moments I was regaled with the tittle-tattle of our charming Pension.

Mrs. Rollins told me that Miss Bonner went out every day for several hours, generally in the morning. Mrs. Parks discovered that twice a week, on Wednesdays and Saturdays, she watched eagerly for the postman, and that she received a letter each time in a large envelope. Mrs. Bradley saw her give a letter to Emil to post one evening when it was raining, and quite by accident—she was coming down the stairs at the same time with Emil—she saw a fragment of the superscription, "Lawrence ——" "Wash——" Her correspondent was evidently a man who lived in Washington. Mrs. Rollins, whose room adjoined Miss Bonner's, told us with the air of imparting a state secret, one morning, that the girl had sobbed all night, adding that she frequently heard her pacing the floor and that her gas generally burned long after midnight. The mystery was deepening. Mrs. Watts hoped that her presence would not have a bad effect on Lucy. I am afraid I smiled in the good woman's face at that. Lucy Watts was a maiden who had long since cut her wisdom teeth, with a very evident desire not to remain Lucy Watts, and in her methods of belleship she had not omitted one jot of the privileges which an independent American girl of the most radical type could claim. In fact, before the advent of Miss Bonner we had vented much virtuous indignation on Lucy Watts, and Lucy Watts's mother.

Mrs. Rollins's announcement sent a great wave of pity surging through my heart, and I silently determined to make some friendly advances to the occupant of the east room. The picture of the girl sobbing out her anguish, friendless and alone, touched

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a chord of pity which, amidst the cares of the world, perhaps vibrates too seldom for our sister women. Who was she, and what was she? and who was Lawrence? and what was she doing at the Pension Roguet? were the questions which no one could answer.

And what was her terrible trouble? Tears were not unusual, for tears are the portion of women, but a grief which surged into audible sobs was certainly no common grief. A chance had not presented itself for me to put my good resolutions into practice when I was startled one evening, on my return from the matinée, by the news that Miss Bonner had gone. She had paid her second month's board in advance only the week before, and her trunk and possessions had been left in the east room; but she herself had flown. She had told madame that she would be away for a couple of weeks, telephoned for a cab, and in it, with a big valise, had taken her departure.

Mrs. Parks was sure that she had eloped with Lawrence.

II.

Lent began rather early that year, and Miss Bonner's unexplained departure on Friday was overshadowed the next week by the penitential sackcloth and ashes. It was considered quite good form at the Pension Roguet to observe Lent, although it was not required by many of the churches represented there. Mrs. Rollins was a Presbyterian, whom some of us suspected had consigned certain ones to regions not Elysian; Mrs. Parks was a Unitarian—some very nice people had joined the Unitarians since Doctor Harris became pastor of Bethany, the most fashionable Unitarian congregation in town; Mrs. Bradley was an Episcopalian as a matter of course, and went to service twice a day with a dainty prayer-book bound in purple, with gold clasps; equally of course, Mrs. Horton Campbell was a Liberalist, altogether beyond the shackle of creeds; madame herself was a Catholic who went to her duties once or twice a year, and to Mass on Sundays when she had time and the weather was pleasant; she never objected to religious discussions if her children were not present, or she could make some excuse for sending them out of the room—and they generally ended amicably enough, without a single change of opinion.

The next installment of the tragedy which we had come to believe had begun under our roof was given quite casually by Mrs. Horton Campbell's husband—he was generally designated in that way—who remarked, over a game of whist, that he had seen

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Miss Bonner down-town the day after she had left the Pension Roguet talking to Bunnie Hines. And so she had entangled Bunnie Hines in her meshes in one short month! Mrs. Parks wanted to know why in the world he had not mentioned so important a matter before. He could not see that there was anything important about so simple a fact as a young lady talking to a young man standing by a florist's window, but Mrs. Bradley said it was of *vital* importance when the young lady was supposed to be out of the city. I feebly put in that perhaps she was visiting friends, but Mrs. Parks declared that during her sojourn at the Pension Roguet she had never had a single caller; so that theory was altogether untenable. It certainly was a mystery, and mysteries are bad form, as Mrs. Bradley would say. When Mrs. Rollins interviewed Bunnie Hines the next morning he seemed even more stupid than usual, and all he could tell was that he had seen and spoken to Miss Bonner for only a minute on the day in question.

Mrs. Parks confided to me a few days later that she had been in Miss Bonner's room whilst the chambermaid was cleaning it, and that she had found two or three bottles, a picture of an awfully handsome man on the dresser, another picture of herself taken in evening dress, a work-basket with some crochet in it, and a statue of the "Virgin." Mrs. Parks was uncompromising in her horror of images, having been raised a Methodist.

Whilst I was shocked at so flagrant a want of honor, I must confess that I listened to her account with interest. To invade a private apartment during the absence of the occupant, and go prying into drawers and baskets, was a deed I should have thought even beyond Mrs. Parks.

Nearly three weeks went by since Miss Bonner's departure and no light had yet been thrown on the mystery. It was one of those soft, bright days which sometimes come in March as a herald of spring, and Mrs. Campbell and I were out in the yard inhaling the balmy freshness of the air, when a carriage drove up, and Miss Bonner was assisted out of it looking simply like death, and tottered up the steps and into the house. By a common impulse we went in, but she was already disappearing at the top of the stairway, leaning on the strong arm of Emil. Madame went hurrying up the stairs a moment afterwards, and came down a half-hour later with a troubled countenance. To our inquiries she said that Miss Bonner had been very ill, and that the exertion of returning had been too much for her strength and she was temporarily overcome, but it was nothing

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serious. Madame's horror of sickness in the house would have prevented her from describing even the small-pox as serious, we knew very well, and I for one thought Miss Bonner was a very sick girl. There was nothing more to be said, although it should not be inferred that we said nothing, and we resigned ourselves to await developments.

It was after ten o'clock that night, and I was already preparing for bed, when madame knocked at my door. It was not often that the gifted mistress of the Pension Roguet took counsel with any of her patrons, and when she did her confidence was both an honor and a responsibility. With the most graceful of apologies for troubling me—the French know so well how to say a thing, and how to stop at exactly the right point—she said that she was alarmed about Miss Bonner, who was feverish and partially delirious; she thought a physician ought to be called, but Doctor Powell's name was marked on her medicine bottles; she had telephoned for him and the message had come back that he was not in. She declared, sinking with a tired expression into a rocking-chair, that she did not know what to do. Madame has a good heart, although twenty years of experience with all sorts of people has put a little crust over some of its softer spots, but anything like real suffering breaks through it as if it had never been. I immediately offered to go down and stay with the girl, well knowing how impossible it was for madame to be in all parts of her house at once—looking after her children, managing her husband, and directing her servants, and nursing Miss Bonner at the same time. I slipped on a house-gown and a pair of old slippers and went down to our patient.

She was slumbering uneasily, tossing about on her pillow and murmuring a word now and then. I was struck with the pictures Mrs. Parks had told me of; her own with a bright, happy expression none of us had ever seen her wear, and the handsome, manly-looking fellow who gazed with a frank directness out of the easel-frame on the bureau. The Blessed Virgin seemed to look down with an all-embracing pity from a shelf in one corner, and a vase with a few withered flowers stood at her feet. I felt, somehow, that a girl who placed flowers before the statue of the Universal Mother could not be a bad girl radically, whatever may have been her temptations or even her sins.

It is such a sad old world after all, and I, with my thirty-five years, had learned some of its sorrows only too well.

I bathed her face in cologne, brushed her hair, and administered a dose of celery compound and some pellets which I al-

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ways keep, but seldom take. The advantage of these homœopathic remedies is that whilst they may do some good, especially if you believe in them strongly enough, they never do any harm.

She closed her eyes again as if unutterably weary, and I seated myself at the side of her bed and began to stroke her forehead and hair with the movement Fred, my poor husband, always liked. He used to say I was a born nurse. Presently she went to sleep again, and I caught the name "Lawrence, Lawrence!" under her breath. I thought, with a little sob rising in my throat, that if only science could find a way of taking out a woman's heart by a surgical operation—the part of it that feels and loves and suffers—what a heritage of pain would be spared so many!

Who was Lawrence, and what was he to this girl, hardly more than a child, tossing on a bed of pain in a strange hotel?

Madame came again for a little while, and seemed relieved when I told her that I should spend the night with our patient. Miss Deets came down also, wearing a flowered challie Mother Hubbard, and with her bangs put aside for the night, and insisted on curing the poor young lady; but her offer was most heartlessly declined. She said the consequence of my refusal must be on my own head, and took her departure not in anger but in sorrow.

I was always rather fanciful, and as I kept watch at my post, the silence disturbed only by the breathing of my patient and the ticking of the clock, memory and imagination were given full play. That very room, in the palmy days of the mansion, had belonged to the youngest daughter of the house, and her life, so guarded, so happy, so loved, rose up in dramatic contrast to the wan little creature in it then. The room adjoining, where Mrs. Rollins had set up her household gods—the few she possessed—had been an elder sister's. Truly, these old family mansions are haunted, not by the ghosts of departed spirits but by the wraiths of departed hopes and pleasures, familiar faces, and lost honors. The beautiful *salon* parlor had been divided by a cheap partition into two bedrooms, which were occupied by a commonplace couple and their son; the library had been converted into a general parlor; the dining-room, where statesmen and wits and belles had feasted, was given up to the heterogeneous crowds of a family hotel. Mrs. Horton Campbell had the President's room, so-called from a tradition that a president of the United States had once been the guest of the owner

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of the mansion, and had slept in that room. Little Mrs. Parks seemed strangely out of place in the apartment which had once belonged to the eldest daughter, described as a queenly girl with a train of admirers. A bit of statuary, a child leading a lamb, had been left in the room, and around the neck of the lamb Mrs. Parks had tied a progressive euchre favor. I resisted the temptation more than once to tear it off and pitch it into the grate. In one room a young man, the second son, handsome, talented, with fairest prospects, had died just after leaving college; in another a bride had donned her wedding robes; here a sick child racked its mother's heart, there an ambitious boy pored over his lessons; ghostly music and ghostly flowers and ghostly laughter filled the air, and a ghostly train of talent and beauty swept through the ghost-lit hall. About midnight the wind came up and clouds began to chase each other across the heavens; the stars disappeared and the moon put on a veil. The shutters rattled gruesomely, and as the wind got stronger and went moaning around the house, the image came to me of the girl, sleeping now almost quietly, walking the floor, sobbing out her grief, or pressing her face, feverish and hot, against the window-panes (for the windows went down to the floor), and seeking from nature the sympathy withheld by creatures. Here in the bay-window, where that other girl had dreamed her dreams and drunk in the beauty of a night in June, this one had battled with despair. The constellations shone on the one as they had shone on the other, their eternal beauty ever the same. Nature does not change, nor God. Only man grows hard and cold and cynical, or sinks and rises with weary endeavor, and so goes on until life's pilgrimage is over.

I went over to the embrasure of the window and sank on my knees to think, for my conscience was saying many things that were not pleasant to hear. It said that I called myself a Christian woman, and went to the asylums and the purlieus of poverty seeking for objects of kindness, and that the stranger at my gates had been neglected; and whether sinning or only sad, she was a woman like myself and with claims on our common womanhood. The Saviour of men had not spurned even the outcast, and why should we hold ourselves aloof from a sister, even granting that she had erred? and of that we had not the slightest proof. Why had we been so ready to think evil, so slow to think good?

The next morning everybody seemed to know that Miss Bonner was ill, and not a few asked perfunctorily if they could be

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of any assistance in nursing. Mrs. Parks was quite excited; she was sure that the tragedy was deepening, and that the fifth act might be on at any time. I had put her out of the room almost by force; for she was of no earthly use and of very decided harm, for the patient seemed to know that an alien was in the room, and tossed about uneasily until she left. She came back to say that she had camphor and salts and quinine, if they would be of any benefit, but I declined her supplies. They all wanted to be around when Doctor Powell came, satisfied that he could give a clue to the mystery; but madame, with her usual prudence, refused to allow any one to enter the room when she came up with the physician, a good old man whom I had met before. He said that he had treated Miss Bonner for some time; that she had been in the hospital for three weeks, and he was very much surprised and very angry when he found that she had left.

So she had been in the hospital; that was the solution. But why had she made such a mystery of her acts; and why had she not gone to the hospital at once if she had come to the city for medical aid? The doctor did not say for what malady he had treated her, but pronounced the present attack to be a low fever, brought on by over-exertion, which might prove very serious. As I was the self-constituted nurse, he gave me the directions, the most imperative being that she was to have as much sleep as possible.

In the afternoon I saw a boy in the familiar uniform of the Western Union Telegraph Company mounting the steps; by a sort of intuition I immediately connected his presence with Miss Bonner. Madame brought up the message, but the girl had just dropped off to sleep and I feared to wake her. Still the message might be of the first importance, so, after some little deliberation, we decided to open it ourselves. It was dated at Washington, and was sent to "Miss Beatrice Bonner, 16 Langdon Place." It ran:

"I am unexpectedly called to New York; may have to go on to Bermuda; awfully sorry. Received but one letter from you last week; am uneasy. Send letters to the Brevoort. Wire me if you are ill.

"LAWRENCE."

At last here was some one on whom we could shift the burden of Miss Bonner's welfare. Whether lover, brother, or guardian, "Lawrence" was certainly the one to be informed of her

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illness. So we indited a reply, whilst the boy was humming snatches from "La Cigale" in the hall below, from which we hoped a speedy and special result:

"Miss Bonner is very ill. Wire instructions.

"MRS. JACQUES ROGUET."

And then we realized the important fact, before overlooked, that we had no address. "Lawrence"—Lawrence *who?* We could not very well send a message to a man named Lawrence. Desperate diseases require desperate remedies, I thought, and proceeded to break open the lock to Miss Bonner's writing-desk in the hope of finding a letter or some clue to the name. There was not a scrap in the way of a letter, but in a little compartment was a pressed rosebud and a card with a verse scrawled on it, and—yes, the name, "Lawrence Orbison."

Towards evening the girl awoke and seemed to be less feverish.

I gave her the telegram, and when she read it she burst into tears, moaning, "Lawrence not coming after all." After a little while she added, "But I am glad he is not coming; I would not have him come and find me ill for anything." I thought of the telegram, but still I did not regret sending it. Sick people do not always know what is best for them, and I saw no reason why her friends should be kept in ignorance of her illness. We received no answer all the next day, and I was seriously afraid that Lawrence had already sailed for Bermuda when the telegram reached New York.

In the evening she seemed to be much better and perfectly conscious, so I asked her if there was no one in Miltonville she would like to send for; she shook her head and said: "I have no one in Miltonville; I have no one anywhere but Lawrence. You are surprised at that I see, but I can explain it all. You have been so good, so good to me, I should like to tell you all about everything. Even when I was asleep I knew that you were near me. I thank you more than I can tell for all your kindness. You have nursed me as tenderly as a mother or a dear sister could have done, and I shall love you always, always. But you think it strange that I have no friends I know." Then she raised herself slightly on the pillow and turned her face, resting her head lightly on her hand; it was a gesture I remembered in Fred when he wanted to talk.

"My parents died when I was a child," she went on; "my

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mother when I was a baby, my father when I was ten years old. I had no near relatives; my father's brothers were all killed in the war, and my mother was an only child. A friend of my father's was made my guardian. I had a few thousand dollars, and I was sent off to school, where I remained for seven years, with the exception of vacations, passed at first with my guardian and afterwards with different school friends. My guardian's wife died; he married again, and I did not get along with the new wife; she was very young, and not very good to the children, and I, of course, sided with them. So after I left school, instead of living with my guardian, I went to board with a widow in reduced circumstances residing in the village. We were not particularly congenial, so there was no intimacy between us; still I lived a comparatively happy life with her. I occupied my time with my music and books and painting, and in the little amusements which even a small town affords, until six months went by, and then I met my fate, as the girls say. I met Lawrence—Mr. Lawrence Orbison; he was state senator at the time, and considered one of our leading men in that part of the country. I suppose it was love at first sight for both of us, or very near it; and in less than three months he asked me to be his wife and I said 'yes.' I could not have said anything else, for he had come to mean all the world to me. In the meantime he had been nominated for Congress, and of course all his ambition was centred in the campaign; and he is very ambitious. We were to have been married just after the election; no one doubted that he would be elected; but elected or defeated, that would have made no difference in the time of the wedding. We had only been engaged a little while when I was thrown from my horse and hurt rather seriously, although I soon got well, excepting a lump in my side which puzzled all the doctors and caused me a great deal of pain. Suddenly I remembered—and no one can ever realize what the recollection cost me—that my grandmother had died from a cancer, and the thought that perhaps a similar fate would be mine came with the horror the thought of death in any other form could not have had. I concealed my fears from everybody—from Lawrence most of all; he is so generous, and noble, and good, he would have insisted on our marriage taking place at once so that he could take care of me. But I wanted to leave him entirely free for his political duties. I knew how all his hopes were centred on going to Congress, and I also knew how much depended on his success during his first term. The record made then would

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be the hinge of his political career. I did not want him to be harassed with a sick wife; so much would depend, too, on his social footing, on knowing just the right sort of people, and yet he could not go out and leave an invalid bride at home. I thought the matter all over, and determined to postpone the marriage at any sacrifice until I was cured, if cure were possible. I said I wanted to take a post-graduate course in music, have my trousseau prepared in the city, and trumped up various excuses for deferring the marriage until spring; he was angry at first, and could not understand why I could act so in view of my professed love for him and my friendless condition, but finally he assented to my plan. And then I came here. I saw the house advertised and liked the name, and I found out that it was considered a nice, quiet place. I dared not go to a hospital for fear of arousing Lawrence's suspicions. The doctor—I went to see Dr. Powell the first day I came—did not think I had a cancer, but only an abscess which could have been healed before if my physician had understood his business. An operation was, however, necessary, and so I went to the hospital for that, directing the postman to send my letters there. I was just able to be out of bed when I got a letter from Lawrence saying that he was compelled to go to Miltonville to attend to some business, and that he would be here in a few days. My first thought was that it would never do for him to find me in a hospital; so, in spite of the protests of my nurse, I came back to the Pension Roguet. I did not ask Dr. Powell, for I knew he would forbid the move. And now to find that Lawrence is not coming after all!"

There was a quiver in her tones as she said the last which made my heart ache.

Her voice was getting husky, so I gave her a sup of champagne with a bit of cracked ice, and made her rest for awhile, realizing for once in my life the full sting of remorse. I felt like getting on my knees, and forcing every evil-minded, ignoble woman in the house to do the same, to beg that poor girl's pardon. Self-sacrifice and the heroic are familiar terms; they have been enshrined in song and story, in the annals of history and in the pages of the novelist, but a nobler character had not been conceived, either by Mrs. Parks's romanticists or the realists of Mrs. Horton Campbell, than this same girl who had chosen a lonely exile on a bed of pain, perhaps a friendless death, rather than injure in any way the prospects of the man she loved.

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I wondered if the Honorable Lawrence, even granting that he was a very superior person, and the testimony of Beatrice on that point would not hold in any fair-minded court, would have sacrificed himself for her, and my experience compelled me to answer my own question with a decided negative. Men are naturally selfish, not from deliberate intention, but from thoughtlessness, and whilst ninety-nine out of a hundred would accept any sacrifice from a woman, only the hundredth man would think of so sacrificing himself for her.

Without giving all the details, I quickly informed Mrs. Horton Campbell and Mrs. Rollins that Miss Bonner was a most lovely girl in every way; that she was engaged to one of our brilliant young Congressmen, who was one of the most prominent men in the State; of course I accepted the valuation of Beatrice as far as sounding his praises to the public went. He might or might not be a superior personage, but his face inclined one to the former opinion. I explained that she had come to the city for medical treatment, having been injured from being thrown from a horse, and that as she had not chosen to take a lot of blabbing, strange women into her confidence, it only showed that she still possessed the prudence with which every well-constituted baby is born.

It relieved my feelings wonderfully to say this, and I went back to my post quite refreshed. Mrs. Rollins said that she had always thought there was something very distinguished about the girl. Mrs. Bradley insisted that a well-brought-up person ought to have known better than to come, as she did, to a big city alone, but acknowledged that girls, even the nicest, do strange things sometimes through mere thoughtlessness. Mrs. Parks was slightly disappointed that the clue to the mystery (she still clung to the "mystery") had not been more romantic.

The next day was drawing to a close and I was resting by the window when a carriage drew up; it looked very much like the one which had brought poor Beatrice back to the roof which had given her so cold a welcome, and a young man jumped out with a spring and entered the gate. I did not have to be told that the Honorable Lawrence had come. And then I realized that I had been looking for him all day. Premonition, or whatever it was, I did not stop to analyze, but I knew that the panacea for one girl's weary heart was then but a few feet away.

Madame came to the door—I heard her tripping up the stairs —and said in a whisper that Mr. Orbison had come and would I

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break the news to Beatrice? It is so easy to prepare one for good news; it is only the bad that rends our souls in the telling.

I turned away when madame and the young law-maker came in, but the happiness expressed in the little cry of "Lawrence" swept the years away and made me eighteen again myself.

Forty-eight hours afterwards a wedding took place, by special dispensation, which Mrs. Parks would have pronounced delightfully romantic if by any chance she had been permitted to witness it. Mr. Orbison insisted on it, and under the circumstances it seemed the best, in fact the only thing.

It was a romantic bridal in the sense that there was nothing conventional about it. No stately procession up a broad church aisle, no shimmering satin train and orange-blossoms, ushers and music, and hundreds of staring people; no flash of tapers, and odors of incense, and beautiful ceremonies; but it was an impressive wedding nevertheless. The bridal dress was a Grecian robe of soft silken white, confined at the waist with a heavy cord, the hair was coiled loosely with a coronet of white hyacinths. The statue of the Virgin Mother was half-hidden in a bower of roses, and the odor of flowers filled the room. A priest in surplice and stole received the vows which made the two one, and Madame Roguet and myself were the only witnesses.

Although Mr. Orbison is not a rich man, he chartered a car, swung a hammock in it, and took his bride to Washington.

That was two months ago. Last week I received a long letter from Beatrice—she writes to me constantly and persists in exaggerating the little service I was able to render her—in which she tells me that she has entirely recovered from her illness. After devoting four pages to her house—which I imagine must be charming, and which she says contains a room furnished especially for me—a paragraph to her husband, who is simply the most perfect of men, she ends with an allusion to herself as the happiest girl in the universe, and signs: "Beatrice Orbison."

LELIA HARDIN BUGG.

Wichita, Kansas.

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SUGGESTIONS FOR THE COMING TOTAL-ABSTINENCE CONVENTION.

THE drink problem, no matter whither we turn, everywhere confronts us. It enters largely into all the great reform movements of our day. The Catholic priest, who is by his sublime calling a reformer in the best sense of that much-abused word, finds intemperance the worst foe he has to meet and the hardest to conquer. In the daily rounds of parish work, especially in our large towns and cities, there is a constant state of warfare between the zealous pastor and this stubborn enemy of man's peace and happiness.

In the parish school, in the homes of the poor, in the attendance at church on Sundays and holydays, on sick-calls, in his efforts to relieve the awful misery and distress with which no one is more familiar than the priest who ministers in any of our large parishes—everywhere he has to witness the terrible ruin and havoc that intemperance has wrought in the souls of his people. The faithful pastor is soon convinced that there can be no truce with a foe like this. He sees that this horrid vice withers and blasts everything that it touches; that it destroys utterly the domestic, social, intellectual, physical, and moral life of the individual upon whom it fixes its clutch. The priest, therefore, who is ever conscious of the solemn responsibility—the burden of souls laid upon him—I set down as a leader in the battle that is being waged against the demon of drink. His natural position is in the front ranks of the fight that is going on all around us. Others may falter and desert the field; but he—never. The good people of his parish, the best citizens, the moral sense of the community, as well as his own conscience, will lend him support and encouragement, will applaud his zeal and second his efforts. And immediately back of the Catholic priest stands the Church of God, which has given her seal and sanction to the doctrine of total abstinence. Through her councils and the voice of the Supreme Pastor, we are appealed to "never to cease to cry out boldly against drunkenness *and whatever leads to it.*"

It is quite true that a multitude of prejudices, based on social and national customs of long standing, and perhaps some more reasonable causes, have impeded the efforts to check the ravages

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of intemperance. There can hardly be a doubt that the extremists without the Catholic total-abstinence movement and some few within have not always advanced the cause which they profess to serve, by the advocacy of measures and methods which are untimely, if not impracticable. It has been often urged that if we could unite all those various bodies that are fighting the evils of intemperance and the abuses of the liquor-traffic on a reasonable and common platform, our efforts for reform would prove more successful. We are fighting the enemy with detached forces, and without a well-defined plan of campaign, at a time that we sorely stand in need of the very best generalship and a concentration of all our strength.

To illustrate what I have been saying, let us take the single instance of the sale of intoxicating drink at the Columbian Exposition in Chicago. It is now almost certain, despite the earnest protest of a strong Christian sentiment against it, that intoxicating drink will be sold on the grounds. But the case might be entirely different if the various temperance societies, Catholic and non-Catholic, had united with the Woman's Christian Temperance Union in the strenuous efforts made by this band of noble women to prevent the sale of intoxicants at the Exposition.

Again, when the question of high license or restriction of the liquor-traffic comes up in our legislatures, or a new excise bill framed solely in the interests of the saloon, the temperance people are divided in their views. There is not that united and firm support of a sound and practicable measure, nor is there that vigorous and watchful opposition to a bad and dangerous measure, that one should look for. The friends of the liquor-traffic and the advocates of the open saloon on Sundays are permitted to "drown out" the feeble voice of protest that is heard.

Or, to take another instance, here in Pennsylvania we have an excellent high-license law that is most satisfactory in its general results. The applicant for a license to sell, whether by wholesale or retail, has to make an annual application before the judges of our county courts. He has to satisfy the court of three things; namely, that he is a citizen, a person of good moral character, and that there is a reasonable necessity in the matter of public accommodation for the place for which a license is asked. Now, right here our temperance societies could, if they were alive and thoroughly earnest in their work, do a great service to the cause which they have pledged themselves to promote by all lawful means. They could file remonstrances

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with the courts against all unnecessary and objectionable places, and against the granting of a license to a saloon-keeper who is notoriously unfitted to carry on the business. Have our Catholic societies done so? There have been in the last four years only a few cases where a remonstrance has been filed by an individual or society in Pennsylvania against an applicant, no matter how unworthy he may have been, no matter how much injury his saloon has been doing to the peace, good order, and morals of the community. In our conventions we pass ringing resolutions setting forth our principles and methods of action; we reaffirm our belief that intemperance is the chief cause of poverty and vice, sin and crime; we support our statement by a long array of statistics; we cite the utterances of the venerated head of the church, the repeated declarations of church councils, of eminent public teachers of morals, of students of social science, of national conferences of charities and correction, of medical men, labor leaders, the heads of great corporations, judges, and statesmen. We draw a dark picture that brings out with ghastly plainness the ruin and desolation wrought by the drink plague; we lay at the door of the saloon the responsibility for the chief share of the social discontent and political and moral corruption that threatens us as a people; we proclaim that the mighty power wielded by the liquor interest, and which it constantly exercises on our politics, is a menace to the republic; we make known to the world the means we shall employ to attain the desired ends. Besides the means pointed out for us by the church, the influence of prayer, the grace of the sacraments, good example, kind persuasion, and charity at all times and under all circumstances, there are "other means" that are of undoubted value, and most efficient if we would only put them into a more practical and general use.

What are those "other means"? And what practical use are we making of them? Are these weapons of our crusade against the curse of intemperance only to be brought out of the armory of Catholic total abstinence once a year, when our grand army of total-abstinence men and women are, as it were, on dress parade before the country in our national conventions? And are we to lay them aside just as soon as the convention adjourns without making the enemy feel their keenness and efficiency?

The answer to these questions will furnish some of the reasons why, in the writer's opinion, the cause of total abstinence does not spread more rapidly among our Catholic people in the

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United States. I firmly believe that if everybody, but more especially the Catholic citizens of the Republic, had definite knowledge of the wide ruin which is being daily wrought by drink there would be a general movement that would end in the gradual disappearance of drinking habits. The trouble is that too many of us see but the faint shadows of the evils against which we are struggling; and too many of us are afraid to grapple at close quarters with the monster whose deadly work we would fain stay, if it did not cost us so much.

Let me enumerate a few of those practical means which, in our conventions and assemblies, we, time and time again, resolve to put in force. We resolve to put to good use all educational, industrial, and social means to meet the invasion of this widely extending evil. In the use of the first of these means we have recently taken a practical step forward in having prepared and introduced into our Catholic schools an admirable *Manual of Total Abstinence.* This Manual deals with the whole subject in a simple, clear, and most convincing manner. Our Catholic teachers will, it is to be hoped, make good use of it in our day and Sunday-schools.

Let me here note the headings of its seven chapters: "The Virtue of Temperance;" "Total Abstinence;" "Temperance in Scripture;" "Causes of Drunkenness;" "Temperance and Bodily Health;" "Convivial Drinking and the Saloon;" "Remedies for Intemperance." We find in this admirable little Manual clear-cut ideas, accurate definitions, striking illustrations, valuable testimony, reliable statistics; in short, everything that is desired on the subject, and the whole presented in a pithy, attractive form of question and answer. We find quotations that are striking, like this from the late Cardinal Manning: "Temperance is good, but total abstinence is better." And then we have a definition of total abstinence which should satisfy the greatest stickler for theological distinctions. The motives, religious, as well as laudable human motives, why total abstinence should be practised, are fully presented. The sin of drunkenness is defined; the fearful and sinful consequences of partial drunkenness are brought out; experience is appealed to, which shows that many a man commits his worst sins and crimes when in this condition. Dealing with the testimony of those who have spoken of the ravages of this vice of intemperance, we have Mr. Gladstone's remarkable words: "Intemperance inflicts more calamities on the world than the three great historical scourges, war, pestilence, and famine, combined." At the risk of tiring the

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reader I cannot help making one more extract. It is the following solemn declaration of Cardinal Manning; no words could make a deeper and more lasting impression, especially upon a priest; they have been ringing in my ears since I first read them. That great man and priest declared: "For thirty years I have been priest and bishop in London, and now I approach my eightieth year. I have learned some lessons, and the first thing is this: the chief bar to the working of the Holy Spirit of God in the souls of men and women is intoxicating drink. I know no antagonist to that Holy Spirit more direct, more subtle, more stealthy, more ubiquitous, than intoxicating drink. I know of no cause that affects man, woman, and child, and home, with such universality of steady power as intoxicating drink." Every priest of God laboring in any of our large American cities could re-echo these words. They come home almost daily to those among us whose attention has been riveted to them from the very moment the startling truth which they convey was fully understood by us.

When we pick up our morning or evening newspaper and read almost in every issue the long list of crimes, the outrages, the murders, and suicides, committed by men and women crazed by strong drink, and find those same men and women bearing Christian names—alas! too many of them baptized Catholics—then we realize, together with the sense of shame and humiliation that comes upon us not only for our Christianity but for our common humanity, the sin and misery of it all.

People fish out all sorts of wondrous and obscure causes for crime. As far as my own experience goes I am almost ready to agree with those who lump the influences provocative of crime and productive of misery into one, and call that one cause—DRINK. They hold, and I believe the facts are all on their side, that drink is to-day the root of almost all evil. It is heartbreaking to know what is going on at our own doors. For, however we may shuffle and blink, we cannot disguise the fact, even from ourselves as Catholics, that "Intemperance is," as Archbishop Ireland expresses it, "*our misfortune.*" It blocks the way of the church's progress. Until we crush it out Catholicity "can make but slow advance in America." Other difficulties we can control and successfully remove, but intemperance, as nothing else, "paralyzes our forces, awakens in the minds of our non-Catholic fellow-citizens violent prejudices against us, and casts over all the priceless treasures of truth and grace which the church carries in her bosom an impenetrable veil of darkness."

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What need is there to cite the facts so familiar to all, and of which both friends and foes are constantly reminding us? He who runs can read them. They have burned themselves into the very souls of many of us. We cannot brush them aside. Like the ghost in the play they will not down. There they stand in all their horrid ugliness; they confront us sleeping and waking; no matter whither we turn they rise up before us. The damning record we cannot blot out.

Who will deny it? Catholics have almost a monopoly of the liquor-traffic. At this year's session of the License Court of Allegheny County, in which Pittsburgh and the twin city of Allegheny are located, one of our priests requested an official of that court, who was personally acquainted with almost every applicant for license, to give him the number of supposed Catholic applicants, and the proportion they bore to the whole list of applications filed. The official reported that at least *seven out of every ten* of the nineteen hundred applicants for license in Allegheny County were Catholics. And I have but little doubt but the same figures would hold elsewhere. In the great cities of New York, Chicago, Boston, Cincinnati, San Francisco, St. Louis, Buffalo, Albany, and others, our people practically "run" the "dangerous business." They have such a liking for it that the words of warning and counsel of the fathers of the church in America, uttered in the Baltimore Pastoral, have influenced but few, if they have any, to abandon the saloon and find a more "decent and honorable means of livelihood." The writer of this article has had some experience in testing this matter; and he candidly confesses that he does not know a single instance where a Catholic man, or even woman, engaged in the liquor business, either wholesale or retail, has given it up because the church besought him to do so. But, on the other hand, he has quite frequently heard from persons who were Catholics only in name, and hardly that, remarks like the following: "It is none of the church's business; I can look after my own affairs without direction or dictation from my church or pastor; if the State grants me a license that's all I care about"; and many similar comments have come from the same quarter, furnishing an additional proof, if that were needed, that faith no less than morals is sadly impaired by saloon-keeping.

And, what is stranger still, we have seen those who are regarded as exemplary, representative Catholics, instead of doing something to keep their fellow-Catholics out of the saloon business, moving heaven and earth—that is to say, using *their influ-*

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ence—to get them *into it*. Our courts and excise boards have Catholics of this stamp daily vouching for the "character" and good standing of the applicant and the crying necessity for his saloon, although the place for which application is made may have already a dozen or a score of saloons on the block. How long is this kind of thing to continue? The Catholic saloon-keeper may be in ignorance of the advice and solemn warnings of the church; but surely our "representative" Catholics cannot plead ignorance in this matter. In God's name, let us be consistent. Since the Catholic Church in America has set its face against the saloon, let us all, priests and laymen, *hear the Church*.

As to the social and industrial means of advancing the cause of total abstinence much might be said. Our societies and priests and teachers in our schools can do a great deal in influencing our youth to avoid those trades and lines of business where the workers are more exposed to form habits of drinking. I have noticed many a young man of most temperate habits, and even some who were members of our total-abstinence societies, become addicted to drink simply because of the bad influence of his associates in the factory or workshop. The temperate young man could not withstand the badinage of his "boozing" companions; and he very soon found his way to the saloon with others on pay-night, to hand over to the saloon-man—"who sows not, neither does he spin"—his week's hard earnings, leaving, perhaps, a widowed mother or a helpless wife and family almost to starve for the week to come.

It is, indeed, a hopeful sign, that we gladly recognize and hail as a happy omen of better things for the future, that the social means employed in the work of total abstinence are being rapidly developed, and are bearing much fruit.

It must be admitted that the saloon is, in a certain sense, the poor man's club; and hence it flourishes most vigorously in the poorest sections of our cities. The saloon is made attractive; it is conveniently located, right round the corner; it is well lighted; it has plants and flowers in the windows; in some cases it is provided with a reading-room, and the daily and weekly papers can be had there; there is music and lively companionship, and always obliging proprietors. In fact, nothing is left undone to draw patronage.

Now wise men are beginning to see very clearly that a substitute must be supplied to take the place of the saloon, which shall retain all its good features and simply discard its evil elements. Of course, this does not mean that we can recognize that

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the saloon, as it exists in America, discharges any necessary function in society; or that any one, outside of those interested in the business, would advocate the monstrous and absurd proposition of the Rev. Dr. Rainsford, of opening "church or religious saloons." But it means this: that we must find an adequate substitute for the saloon, a place equally attractive, where working-men and boys can spend a pleasant evening with their companions without being exposed to dangerous and evil influences. It means that we must supply, what is at present being done in many places, reading-rooms, lyceums, gymnasiums, halls; and make such places as attractive as possible. In those places temperate refreshments could be served to the members and visitors at cost; entertainments could be given frequently; lectures and regular courses of instruction followed, as is done with such success in the Young Men's Christian Association. The Columbian Reading Union idea, or the Catholic Reading Circle, will serve the same purpose. Work of this kind is what is needed just now, and we thank God that to some extent it is being done.

Another hopeful feature of the successful application of social means brought to bear on temperance work is found in the growing practice of dispensing with intoxicating drinks on the occasion of reunions, public banquets, and the like. A cold-water banquet is no longer regarded by many of our "best people" as a very "funereal institution," but rather as the proper thing. I have been much edified, in attending recently a banquet of newspaper men, to find that nothing stronger than Apollinaris water was served at table. And I was informed within the past few days by two of my friends, one a clergyman and the other a prominent physician, who were returning from an alumni reunion, where a few years ago not "a drop of water" could be had for love or money—imported beer being the regulation beverage—that this year there was quite a quantity of mineral water drank, even at the dinner. And furthermore, it was related how this change was effected. It came in this wise: a few of the more prominent members were total abstainers, and they had the courage—it actually needed a little backbone in this instance—to stand by their colors. And because they did so many others have come over to their side. There are many of the members of our total-abstinence societies connected with other organizations; if they will only carry with them into those other bodies not only the practice, but also the utterance of their convictions and principles, they will frequently find an ex-

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cellent opportunity for doing some effective missionary work. What we need in this great movement is to multiply the number of men and women who are thoroughly in earnest and who are always ready to express, if with moderation yet with decision, and in words and actions, their personal convictions. Let us put aside timidity as well as apathy, and stand firmly by a cause blessed by God and man.

There remains something to be said of the power of the printed word as a means of repressing drunkenness, and we are awakening to an understanding of the value of the "Apostolate of the Press" for promoting total abstinence. The press is a most powerful means for good. We must make the best use of it. We know "we are right and can prove it"; let us employ the most universal medium of doing so—the printed page. How to do it, why it should be done, when and where it can best be done, by what agencies and by overcoming what obstacles—these are practical questions which might well be settled at the approaching Convention of the Catholic Total Abstinence Union of America, which assembles in the early part of next month at Indianapolis.

Our constitution has made wise provision for the establishment of a publication bureau as one of the great means whereby the objects of our National Union are to be attained. The present is an opportune moment for a more practical and thorough organization of this department of our work. There is a vast amount of educational seed-sowing to be done. We are in very many parts of America not past the spring-time, and in other parts we have not quite escaped the cold, withering blasts of winter in this work of Catholic total abstinence. There are, we are told—yes, we know it—in this fair land to-day vast "spiritual deserts" where the voice of Catholic temperance has never been heard, and where the practice of total abstinence is almost regarded as a degrading thing. There are persons in high and low stations who have not even a kind word nor a friendly sentiment for the doctrine—if I may use the word—of total abstinence. These places and persons we must reach and win to the side of temperance. Let us stop the expenditure of our energies upon ourselves; that is to say, as a friend has recently observed, let us not be wasting so much force in "reconvincing and converting ourselves."

At the Washington convention last year, Bishop Keane urged upon his hearers the necessity of, as he put it, "concentrating our forces." Let us concentrate our forces *at once* on the estab-

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lishment of a Temperance Apostolate of the Press. With a grand army of sixty or seventy thousand agents and missionaries, and a busy printing-press, what victories may we not achieve? My experience during the past four years, as head of the organizing department of the Catholic Total Abstinence Union of America, has forced upon me this conclusion: that it is idle to expect an enlarged membership in our unions until we have summoned to our aid and put to practical use the machinery of the press. Let us thoroughly convert men and women to total-abstinence principles; and then, when we organize them into societies and unions, they will stay organized. In the present stage of the work I know of no means better calculated to bring about this conversion and reformation than the printed page.

The Catholic Total Abstinence Union has done a great and noble work; its means and methods are admirably fitted to successfully carry out its beneficent mission; the weapons it is using are all right, but they need to be burnished and brightened, that the work may be better done and more of it done. If the Union has failed to accomplish greater things, it is because the expectations of some were pitched too high; or due account has not been made for the great obstacles that have hitherto stood in the way, and which are now being rapidly removed. All of us can turn to the future with hope and confidence, looking for the dawn of that better day when every Catholic worthy of the name, and every good citizen, no matter of what creed or party, will from his heart bless this Catholic Total Abstinence movement for the great work it has done in America for religion, home, and country.

MORGAN M. SHEEDY.

Pittsburgh, Pa.

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JOHANNES JANSSEN.

I.

IT is now well-nigh seven years since Johannes Janssen wrote to me from the German summer-resort Cronberg: "I am trying here to find again what for a long while I have all but lost: 'sleep, the best friend of man.'" Another friend of humanity and a greater one came to that long-tried sufferer on Christmas eve last, when all over Germany the Christmas-trees were being lighted and joy filled every Catholic heart.

We who knew what his life had been of late, and not of late only—for years his doctor allowed him to work but two hours a day on his history—we do not begrudge him the rest that was at last granted him. Yet the Catholic world could ill spare him; and not the Catholic world alone. His work, though above all Catholic and German, was of a kind to endear him to scholars of all creeds and nationalities, and even those who opposed and abused it benefited by it indirectly. Those approaching a subject after it had been once treated by him might differ ever so widely from his views—ignore them they could not. Probably the general judgment of the non-Catholic world on Janssen's work was never more aptly summarized than in these words of a French historian in the *Revue des Deux Mondes:* "To get impatient with Janssen is easy: to prove that he is wrong, just the reverse."

II.

The work upon which Janssen's fame will rest is his *History of the German People*, and to be sure it is a work of enduring worth. Howbeit in the immense success it scored almost instantly there were, as in all great literary successes, elements other than that of mere scientific merit, the chief one of these secondary causes being, in Janssen's case, that it came at a time than which none could have proved more favorable. The victories of 1870–71 and the resurrection of the empire brought about in every department of life in Germany what was somewhat pompously styled "a German renaissance." The style of the latter half of the fifteenth century became the rage, and undeniably Janssen's volumes offer not a little resemblance with those "renaissance-rooms" which were soon to be found in number-

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less German houses—rooms where everything, from the carvings of the ceiling to the tiles of the fireplace, from the mottoes ("Sprüche") on the wall to the oddly-shaped mugs on the mantel-piece, were either genuine relics from that great age, or more or less felicitous imitations. The only difference is that while most of those parlor-renaissances, not having been arranged by an artist's hand, are apt to be somewhat lacking in consistency and harmony, the late historian often—notably in his famous "first volume," which treats of German culture in the fifteenth century—performed the all but incredible feat of producing a work that reads like contemporary chronicles.

His remarkable knowledge and command of German enabled him to attain such a result. Few Germans have loved their language so well as he, fewer still have been capable of proving their love as effectively. To the knowing reader few things can be more interesting and instructive than to study the way Janssen makes use of his quotations. Taine has said—anent Carlyle's Cromwell, if I mistake not—that he would like all historical writing to consist in extracts from authentic documents, with just so many words of the author's own as were barely needed to connect the quotations. But only in the hands of a master will such literary proceedings work well. Few possess the subtle instinct that was Janssen's, of selecting exactly such passages from the documents as convey in fewest words the most information and convey it at the same time in the most telling way. His volumes abound in samples of his fine linguistic sense; in fact, each page will furnish some. No one who has once read it will ever forget the chapter on the foundation of the Jesuits, with the epitome of the spiritual exercises of St. Ignatius, every word breathing purity, self-sacrifice, and loftiness—until the author suddenly breaks off and winds up with a few frantic passages from contemporary Protestant sermons against the Society of Jesus. It is like the push of the foot that sets the boat floating. All of a sudden we are made aware that the sacred abode where we dwelt in prayer and meditation is not a temple only, but a fortress, a place inviting and soothing to some, repellent and defiant to others. At once we realize the situation and behold the society that St. Ignatius founded standing out in bold relief, so to speak.

Another striking instance of Janssen's linguistic taste, trifling though it may appear to the hurried reader, just comes to my mind—the way in which he has twice employed a sentence from a letter written by the good burghers of a great German city—

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Frankfort or Mayence, I forget which—in response and refusal to the urgent appeal of the Emperor Maximilian for pecuniary aid in his efforts to restrain the Russians. The very words of this quaint document, and more particularly those of the sentence in question, depict with a vividness that no English translation can adequately render the cowardly pompousness of those greedy merchants who, their eyes turned heavenward, bewail loudly the "terrific undertaking of the Muscovites," clasping all the while their money-bags with a grip that no patriotic considerations whatsoever could loosen. Janssen's appreciation of this delightful bit of mediæval German is made evident by his quoting it first in a little book from the sixties—"On the Genesis of the first Division of Poland"—and then afterward transferring it—like the gem it is—into the first volume of his History, where it may now be seen shining in appropriate setting.

In fact, his books are like those large mosaics, wrought by Venetian masters, where countless multitudes of stones of many colors have been made to combine all and every one in the production of pictorial effects, as artistic as they are original.

III.

What Janssen purposed to write was a work that, while not neglecting what was strictly necessary of diplomatic intrigues and military operations, concerned itself chiefly with the life of *the people* in the broadest sense of this term, delineating with such accuracy as only modern historical science is capable of all the public functions, every phase of the private life, of those slowly moving masses of whom a German poet* had sung:

> "The foreign conquerors come and go:
> We submit—but we remain."

The chief difficulty here is to manage the numberless minute traits, so as never to let the naked lines of the fundamental design become visible, nor drown these altogether under shapeless heaps of details. In this he succeeded, in my opinion and that of many others, as admirably as any great modern historian—M. Taine or Mr. Lecky, for instance. And whoever compares his first volume with the corresponding chapters in Ranke's *History of the Reformation*, will at once realize how meagre and unsatisfactory is the account given by the latter.

Another accomplishment which it is highly beneficial for a historian to possess is such plastic talent as may be evinced in

* Schiller.

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the portraits occasionally drawn either in separate essays or in the course of the historical narrative. This quality, strange to say, is almost never to be found with German writers, and I am thinking now not of historians only. Here we have one of the reasons why German novels, as compared with French, Russian, or English, enjoy so little popularity abroad; their characters do not stand out full and massive like statues; they are continually floating about, very much like the vague figures formed by the clouds. Of the historians, Ranke has been extravagantly praised for the plasticity of his characters; yet Luther, Charles V., and Frederick the Wise seem misty and commonplace when contrasted with the Dantons or the Robespierres of a Taine. I need scarcely add that a writer may be lacking in this ability and yet be a great historian, it being a distinctly artistic quality—so I shall be saying nothing extremely hard on Janssen when I state that he never gave proof of possessing it in any remarkable degree. The only volume of essays he ever published—*Zeit- und Lebensbilder*—contains one perfectly beautiful sketch, that of the German Capuchin, Francis Borgia Fleischmann, which might seem to disprove my verdict. On closer inspection, however, it may easily be seen that the author's personal acquaintance with his subject has given to his treatment in this case a certain distinctness of touch which we look for in vain where he is concerned with strictly historical figures. Moreover, the lovely friar's character was one of great simplicity and thus comparatively easy to draw, while more complex psychological problems seem to baffle our author.

Compare, for instance, with Taine's portrait of Napoleon the one of Maximilian inserted toward the end of the first volume of Janssen's History. Surely this Maximilian is not the, to say the least, careless husband, the astute diplomat, and vain-glorious knight whom we know of from other sources. Janssen presents us the hero of a popular play or novel, with all the abstract nobleness that such a creature is supposed to glory in.

It should be at once added that the deficiency just pointed out is hardly noticeable in Janssen's great History, for the obvious reason that only in the first part does he make a few attempts at direct portrait-painting, while in the following volume he relates simply such facts concerning the characters as the course of the general narrative necessitates, thus leaving it to the reader to form by himself pictures of the actors, not even stopping to sketch in full the heroes of the period. Howbeit I can scarcely believe that this action of Janssen's is to be ascribed to

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his acknowledging his lack of the sculptor's gift. I am rather inclined to think he chose this peculiar way of historical composition out of other than artistic considerations.

IV.

The thing was, he understood fully that he was producing a work which it would prove extremely difficult to make the non-Catholic public accept with anything like an even mind. His aim was solely to present the truth, pure and simple, but only a blind man might have been unable to suspect that this truth was of a kind to make hundreds of thousands burst with indignation. And Janssen had keen eyes, so he chose to remain hidden, as it were, behind the facts, allowing these to speak for themselves. Through copious and careful selections, mostly from the letters, diaries, and writings of the very persons concerned, he furnishes the reader with material sufficient to form his own judgment.

You hear no qualifying words from Janssen's own lips, you never get a peep at his own face, yet while reading him one comes across passages which one would almost swear to have been penned with a grim smile—as, for example, when at the close of a chapter, made up of the atrocities committed in Würtemberg by the duke himself, in order to crush out the Catholic faith, Janssen puts in this single sentence: "Thus was 'the pure word of God' introduced into Würtemberg." Notice that "the pure word of God" is within quotation marks, this being one of the pet phrases of the "reformers."

With the few exceptions above mentioned Janssen employs his impersonal method throughout his work, although for the first volume the considerations just indicated would be of little weight. Coming, as already noticed, at a time when it was the fashion to exalt everything German, it furnished ample evidence that the fifteenth century in Germany had been in sundry respects a period of high culture and noble achievements; it was, moreover, reading as fascinating as any novel. No wonder, then, that it met at once with a success equalled among works of similar character by that of Macaulay's history only. Editions accumulated like those of sensational novels, copies were in the hands of every one, and even those that never get through a book felt compelled to assume a knowing air when Janssen was mentioned. This volume was almost unanimously praised—even decided antagonists of the Catholic religion like the learned Provost Kawerow in Breslau, Professor Ludwig Geiger (a Jew) in

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the University of Berlin, and the aged controversialist of the reformed churches, Dr. Ebrard, a notorious enemy of Catholicism, acknowledging their indebtedness to the author for valuable information.

But on the appearance of the ensuing volumes it did not take the modern admirers of the "reformers" long to find out that this kind of impersonal history-writing was a hundred times more damaging to their interests than might have been any controversial treatise, however trenchant. To many Germans it appears that if Luther's work were proven to be one of no rare and enduring merit, a weighty claim of Germany to the gratitude of the world would have been done away with. Consequently down upon Janssen's head poured insult and abuse such as only *furor theologicus* can suggest. One professor compared Janssen to Judas, another called for the police to stop his work: the whole brotherhood of German historians was in uproar.

One of the several incidents of a decidedly humorous character was when Professor Koestlin, the biographer of Luther, publicly and in the strongest terms accused Janssen of having falsified an important quotation from Luther, and then a short while afterwards had to come out in the same paper confessing that some one had drawn his attention to the fact that the quotation in question was to be found verbatim in one of Luther's letters, and that he, Koestlin, had mistaken the passage in Janssen for another one of somewhat similar wording but of far more innocent character. It shows to what blind fury Koestlin had worked himself up that, according to his invariable custom, Janssen had given at the bottom of the page the exact date and number of the letter from which the sentence had been culled. This Koestlin had overlooked, incredible as it may appear. Provost Kawerow and Professor Baumgarten in Strassburg blundered in pretty much the same way, and were both exposed by Janssen before a wondering public.

One could never study too carefully the two pamphlets in which Janssen, having let the missiles of his adversaries cluster like arrows in a shield, drew them out one by one and held them up to the light so as to make obvious their utter futility. Dignity, manliness, sincerity, are the words that constantly arise to one's lips during the perusal. Said a German university professor of high repute—himself a free-thinker—to the present writer: "Since Lessing wrote his Anti-Geoze nothing like these pamphlets of Janssen's have appeared in the line of polemical literature."

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And all the while Janssen's fame and the dread he inspired grew throughout Germany and the adjoining Protestant countries until it assumed proportions quite fantastic. A German priest has told me that once he, together with another clergyman, called on Janssen at his summer resort in the mountains and had strawberries with him on the piazza. The next day a telegraphic notice ran through all the liberal papers of the Fatherland, to the effect that "two emissaries of the Papal Curia waited on Dr. Janssen at Cronberg yesterday; important diplomatic events may be looked for in the near future." The unassuming professor, who all his life was quietly teaching history to both Catholic and Protestant pupils of the gymnasium at Frankfort, had in no time become shrouded in a cloud of mystery and sinister power—he and he only was the indomitable foe of Bismarck; he was taking it upon himself to kindle the flames of religious war in unhappy Germany!

And Janssen went on teaching history and sending forth, year after year, volumes of his work. Through translations it became known abroad, and especially in France the recognition was hearty and unanimous. Taine is reported to have exclaimed: "This is the resurrection of history!" and as a matter of fact more than one interesting parallel might be drawn between the demolition of the revolutionary legend by the French historian in his "*Origines de la France contemporaine*" and the kindred work performed by the German scholar in regard to the myths of the "reformers."

V.

There are thoughtful people in all camps. When Janssen a few years before his death celebrated his twenty-fifth anniversary as a priest, there were among the countless letters and telegrams from all over the world some twenty messages from distinctly Protestant scholars and clergymen. After all, honesty is as good policy in history as in any other walk of life, and a man may delight in sundry of the changes brought about by the Reformation without worshipping Luther as a saint, just as people may deem France happier, after all, under President Carnot than under Louis XV., without thereby endorsing every act of the Marats and the Robespierres who accomplished the downfall of the old *régime*. Even the Emperor William sent a wreath for the Catholic historian's coffin, and future criticism will rank him with the great ones of modern historical science, with the Rankes, the Taines, and the Lafuentes. His manuscripts have been

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handed over to his pupil, Professor Paster in Innsbruck, whose *History of the Popes* is gaining universal fame. He is to finish the work, carrying it down to the nineteenth century. Let us rejoice that such a teacher has left such a disciple, even though we may not help feeling a certain sadness when we are reminded that the lips of the master have been closed for ever.

JOSEPH ALEXANDER.

Brooklyn, New York.

FOR WILD FLOWERS.

WHAT true insight was thine, dear friend, to lay
Those passionless and modest flowers before
My city gaze, long wearied by the sights
Of sin and strife, of sorrow and of wrong!
These guileless buds, these clean and verdant leaves
By Heaven-wafted breezes into being kissed,
Nurtured by purest dews from Dawn's pure breast;
Whose strength is innocence, whose form and hue
Untrammelled, unadorned, to beauty burst
Beneath the unsoiled sunshine of the Day;
Who, fearless of Night's coming loneliness,
To slumber wooed by Evening's zephyr lullaby,
Learned how to dream of Heav'n that is to come,—
These woodland children with their artless voice
Shall to my spirit speak only of what
Is smiled upon by God—of Peace—of Rest—
Of Truth and Chastity—of those sweet sounds—
Soul-soothing murmurs in the pleasant glades
Of Earth—where these all joyous, chosen flowers
Stood waiting for the coming of thy hand—
Of all dear Nature's faultless orisons
Ascending ever to His gracious ear
Who doth delight to scatter o'er the sad
And sorrow-bearing bosom of the world
Such fitting emblems of His love; as chaste
As are the starlights He has sprinkled o'er
The firmament above:—Love signals both;
And promissory of a Paradise
Than Eden brighter and of Heav'n more sure.

ALFRED YOUNG.

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THE CATHOLIC EDUCATIONAL EXHIBIT IN THE COLUMBIAN EXPOSITION.*

ALL who think at all in our day, find their thoughts turn to the subject of education; for all men now understand that right education offers the best means to give being and life to our human ideals; since all efforts to develop, strengthen, and perfect character are educational. The school, of course, is but one, though a most important one, of the agencies by which education is given. Its influence is constantly widening, and the tendency seems to be to have it supersede both the family and the church in the work of moulding men and women.

"Whatever we wish to see introduced into the life of a nation," says William von Humboldt, "must first be introduced into its schools." Now, what Catholics wish to see introduced into the national life, first of all, is true religious faith and practice. Religion is God's presence in the soul, it is the revelation of life's goodness; it is the fountain of hope and joy; it is the impulse to a noble activity in which we are conscious that failure itself means success. In happy days, it is light and perfume; and when the waters of life are bitter, it draws them heavenward, and again they are sweet. Through it the sense of duty—duty to ourselves, to others, and to God—is awakened; and the caring for duty is the vital principle in the creation of character. Hence to introduce true religious faith and practice into the national life is to introduce that which is more important than material prosperity or intellectual activity; for religion is not merely the manifestation of our kinship with God, of the divine and imperishable nature of the soul; it is the only air in which morality thrives, in which virtue becomes fervent, and goodness kindles with beauty's glow. Conduct rests upon a firm basis only when we believe in the infinite and godlike nature of the good; in a universe of moral ends in which the right is also for ever the best.

No school, therefore, is good which attempts to educate the body, or the mind, or the conscience without the aid of religion,

* The writer of this article has considered the question of religious education from a general point of view, and in its bearings on the Catholic Educational Exhibit, without any thought of recent controversies, or any desire to offer an expression of opinion on recent utterances of the Propaganda on the subject.—J. L. S.

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for man is not a patchwork of parts, but a something whole and organic, which springs from God, and which can be developed into harmonious completeness only through vital union with the Author and End of its being.

Hence the church does not and cannot consent to the exclusion of religion from any educational process. As we live and move and have our being in God, the moral and intellectual atmosphere we breathe should be fragrant with the aroma of religious faith; and the inspiration to goodness and duty, which comes chiefly in early years, and is imparted with most power by a voice made persuasive by an open and enlightened mind, should be received in the school-room as well as in the home and in the house of worship. To forbid the teacher who holds the child's attention during those years when aspiration is purest, when conscience speaks most clearly, when reverence is most natural, when belief in the heroic and godlike is most spontaneous, to appeal to his pupils' religious nature, and thereby to strive to awaken in them a keener sense of the divine, a more living consciousness of the sacredness and worth of life, is to repress in him precisely that form of activity which is most salutary and most helpful from an educational point of view. What is education worth if the spiritual side of our nature be permitted to lie dormant? if the sense of modesty and purity, of single-mindedness and reverence, of faithfulness and diligence, of obedience and love, be not called forth? What kind of education can be given by the teacher who may not speak of the evil of sin, of the harm wrought by vanity, jealousy, envy, cowardice, hatred, and vulgarity of thought and word? If he be forbidden to enter the inner life of man, how shall his soul ever be brought into contact with the souls of his pupils? He becomes a machine, and his living personality, in which consists his power to educate, is condemned to inaction.

When our common-school system was finally organized as exclusively secular, nothing was left for Catholics to do but to build and maintain schools of their own, in which the will, the heart, and the conscience, as well as the intellect, should be educated. If Catholic children have a right to a Catholic education it follows that the duty devolves upon Catholics to provide the means whereby it may be received; and the Catholics of the United States have accepted the task thus imposed with a spirit of generous self-sacrifice which is above all praise. They have built three thousand and five hundred parochial schools, in which seven hundred thousand Catholic children now receive a

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Christian education. They have also established and maintained a large number of universities, seminaries, colleges, academies, reformatories, and asylums, in which religious influence is made to interpenetrate all the processes of nurture and training. The development of this Catholic educational system is carried on from year to year with increasing zeal and energy. The beginnings were difficult; progress is now comparatively easy. What has been done shows us not only what we have still to do, but gives confidence that we shall be able to do it. The people take an interest in the work not less earnest than that of the bishops and priests, while the teaching orders make almost superhuman efforts to meet the ever-growing demands for their services. The indispensable need of religious schools, which thirty or forty years ago was proclaimed by but a few, is now conceded by all Catholics. The utterances of Pius IX. and Leo XIII. on this subject have no uncertain sound; and the bishops of the Catholic world, in pastorals and in councils, have raised their voices, in unison with that of the visible head of the church, to proclaim the vital importance, whether from a religious or a social point of view, of thoroughly Christian schools. They declare that a purely secular education is a bad education; that if our civilization is to remain Christian, our schools must recognize the principles of Christianity. In the third Baltimore Council, held in 1884, the zeal of the American hierarchy in the cause of Catholic education glowed with greater warmth than in any previous assemblage of our bishops. The eighty prelates gathered in this national council decree that a parochial school shall exist close to every Catholic church, and that no ordinary difficulties shall be considered as an excuse for its non-existence. A pastor's serious neglect to build a school is declared to be a sufficient cause for his removal; and they affirm that it is a bishop's duty to provide schools which shall be Catholic, not in name alone, but which shall be thoroughly efficient. As a means to this end, they would have the pastor consider himself the principal of his school. He should watch over it and make it the object of his special care and devotion. To equip priests more fully for this office, the bishops urge that a course of pedagogics be made part of the curriculum of theological seminaries Can we make our schools as good as the best of the public schools? Can we make them even better?

"Can we do this?" asks Bishop Hennessy, of Dubuque, and he answers: "If I had a voice that would resound from New York to San Francisco, with that voice I would say—We can!"

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He adds: "The parochial school as it should be, and as it will be, will not only guard the faith of the children and transfigure the church of God, but it will prove to be the most potent factor at our service for the conversion of our beloved country." Those who know with what earnestness and zeal the Catholic body of the United States is enlisted in the cause of Catholic education, will readily understand why the American bishops have determined to have a "Catholic Educational Exhibit" in the "World's Columbian Exposition."

Our school system is an organic part of our ecclesiastical constitution. It rests upon principles as wide as human nature, as immortal as Truth. We cannot if we would, we would not if we could, recede from the stand we have taken. We hold that the common-school system is radically defective, though we have no disposition to interfere with those to whom it commends itself. We concede to others, as we demand for ourselves, religious and educational freedom. Our convictions on this point are unalterable; and since here there is question of vital temporal and eternal interests, there can be no compromise which conflicts with the principle of religious education.

The Catholic Church is irrevocably committed to the doctrine that education is essentially religious, that purely secular schools give instruction but do not properly educate. The commemoration of the discovery of America, by holding an Exposition which will attract the attention and awaken the interest of the entire world, offers an opportunity such as we cannot hope to have again in our day, or in that of our children, to give public evidence of the work we are doing. In the four hundred years which have flown by since the stars of heaven first saw reflected from these shores the white man's face, beside his white sail, there has been no such occasion for such an advertisement, and when the fifth centenary shall be here there will be no need, we may confidently trust, of special efforts to commend and uphold the cause of religious education. Catholics assuredly have a right to a prominent place in this great celebration. Juan Perez, Isabella, and Columbus, to whose lofty views and generous courage the discovery of America is chiefly due, were not only devout Catholics, but they were upheld and strengthened in their great undertaking by religious zeal and enthusiasm. Their faith was an essential element in the success of their enterprise. There should be no desire to ignore or obscure this fact, even on the part of the foes of the church, and it is a duty which Catholics owe to the honor of the name they bear to see that

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the part which their religion played in opening to the Christian nations a new hemisphere, thereby extending and quickening the forces of civilization through the whole world, shall not be misunderstood or passed over in silence at this time, when the eyes of all men turn to America to behold the marvels which have been wrought here by strong hearts and awakened minds.

To this end the Catholic Educational Exhibit, if rightly made, cannot but contribute; and since it will be the only distinctively Catholic feature in the Columbian Exposition, every honorable motive should impel us to leave nothing undone to make it worthy of the event commemorated and of our own zeal in the cause of Christian Education. We shall thus place before the eyes of the millions who will visit the Exposition a clear demonstration of the great work the Church in the United States is doing to develop a civilization which is in great part the outgrowth of religious principles, and which depends for its continued existence upon the morality which religious faith alone can make strong and enduring. There can be little doubt that many are opposed to the Catholic school system from the fact that they have never given serious attention to the principles upon which it rests, or to the ends which it aims to reach. It is the fashion to praise education, and hence all declare themselves favorable to it; but those who love it enough to make it a matter of thoughtful and persevering meditation are, like the lovers of Truth, but few. But those who do not read seriously or think deeply, may be got to open their eyes and look; and what they see may arouse interest and lead to investigation. Opinion rules the world, and the Catholic Exhibit offers a means to help mould opinion on the subject of education, which in importance is second to no other; and in an age in which the tendency is to take the school from the control of the church, to place it under that of the state in such a way as to weaken its religious character, nothing which may assist in directing opinion to true views upon this subject may be neglected by those who believe that education is essentially religious.

The Exhibit will help also to enlighten and stimulate teachers, by diffusing among them a more real and practical knowledge of the various educational methods and appliances. It will arouse a new interest in pedagogics, as a science and an art. We may easily become victims of the fallacy that a school is Catholic because this adjective is affixed to its name, or because in it prayers are said and catechism is taught. A poor school cannot exert a wholesome influence of any kind. Idle, in-

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attentive, listless, and unpunctual children will not become religious however much they are made to pray and recite catechism. In a truly religious character self-respect, truthfulness, a love of thoroughness and excellence, a disinterested ambition, are as important as a devotional spirit. Where the natural virtues are lacking, the supernatural have no proper soil in which to grow. A right school system does not necessarily make a good school.

An educational exhibit will help to impress these and similar truths more vividly upon the minds of educators; it will enable a very large number of Catholics to take a general survey of the educational work which the church in the United States is doing, of which most of us have but a very inadequate knowledge; it will bring into juxtaposition the methods and systems of the various Teaching Orders, and will make it possible for all to adopt whatever may be found excellent in any of them. There will, of course, be no unworthy rivalry, no thought of advertising this or that institution or teaching order. The aim is to advance the cause of Catholic education. We care little where or by whom good work is done; it is enough to know that it is done. In certain instances a bishop will prefer to make a separate exhibit of the work done in his diocese, because he believes that in this way the end will be attained more effectually. From a similar motive the Teaching Orders may choose to make collective exhibits of their work; and institutions of learning which stand alone and have an individuality of their own, will avail themselves of this opportunity to offer evidence of the kind of education they give. All our institutions of learning, from the university to the kindergarten, come within the scope of this display of educational work.

The third Plenary Council emphasizes the urgent need of a wider and more thorough training of the priesthood, and it is believed that the theological seminaries will make an exhibit which will be interesting and at the same time a valuable evidence of the progress we are making in fitting our priests for the special and arduous tasks which this age of unsettled opinions and weak moral convictions imposes upon them. It is not rash to hope that the Catholic Educational Exhibit will awaken new zeal, arouse a more generous spirit of sacrifice, inspire a deeper enthusiasm, in the cause of Christian Education, which is the cause of our country and our religion.

The suggestion has been made that this Exhibit will offer a favorable opportunity to hold a congress of Catholic teachers. The good results to be expected from such a meeting are numerous

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and manifest. Those who have paid any attention to the workings of the associations, whether county, state, or national, of the public-school teachers, are aware of the stimulating and illumining effect which their discussions and deliberations produce. It is desirable that our Catholic educators should be brought together, that they should learn to know and appreciate one another, that they should enlighten and correct one another by a comparison of opinions and experiences. This, and much else, could be done in an educational congress. A regret is often expressed at the absence of lay action in Catholic affairs. Education is precisely the field in which Catholic laymen can most readily and most effectively bring their zeal and knowledge to bear upon the living issues and interests of the church. They build and maintain our schools, and there is no good reason why they should not take an active part in stimulating them to higher efficiency. A certain number of our teachers are of the laity, and their relative proportion will doubtless increase. One need not be a Brother or a Sister to be at the head of even the best of Catholic schools. Why should not the intelligent laymen or women of a parish be invited to visit the school and to examine the pupils? Their presence would have a good influence upon the children, and their knowledge of the school would enable them to counteract the apathy or opposition of indifferent and foolish parents.

Finally, is it not probable that the Catholic Educational Exhibit and the Congress of Catholic Teachers will lead to the founding of a Catholic educational magazine? Catholic newspapers we have—too many of them possibly. Catholic reviews and magazines we also have; but we have no periodical of any significance devoted to the cause of Catholic education. The establishing of a periodical of this kind, with competent editors, would certainly be a safe venture from a financial point of view. We have nearly four thousand schools, and the heads of a very large number of them, at least, would take such a magazine, and among its subscribers would be found all the priests who are really interested in education. As an advertising medium it would have special advantages. The directors of the Catholic University, at Washington, have decided not to have a general review of their own, but might they not consent to edit a purely educational magazine? Or if they do not see their way to this, might not the heads of the University of Georgetown or of Notre Dame be induced to undertake the work? What more interesting subject is there than education? It is a ques-

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tion of life, of religion, of country; it is a question of science and art; it is a question of politics, of progress, of civilization; it is a question even of commerce, of production, of wealth. What could be more instructive than a series of articles on the history of education, on the great teachers and educational reformers, on pedagogics as a science and as an art; on educational methods; on the bearing of psychology upon questions of education; on hygiene in its relations to the health of teachers and pupils; on the educational values of the various branches of knowledge; on personal influence as a factor in education; on the best means of forming a true religious character?

An educational magazine would become the organ of the great and growing system of Catholic schools. In its pages the practical and speculative questions which are constantly suggesting themselves to teachers would be discussed, and thus the body of Catholic educators would be brought into active, intelligent communion with one another. At all events, to whatever practical results and undertakings the Educational Exhibit may lead, there can be no doubt that its influence will be for good. The bishops and Catholic educators have already shown their great interest and earnestness in the work, and as the time for holding the Exposition draws nearer an increasing enthusiasm in the success of the enterprise will manifest itself. The general expenses of the manager and his secretaries will be borne by the prelates; but it is well to call the attention of all true friends of Catholic education that the more money we have, the more creditable and effective will the Exhibit be made, and we confidently believe that an appeal to the priests and Catholic laymen of the United States will place in the hands of those who have control of the enterprise a sufficient sum to make the Catholic Educational Exhibit in the World's Columbian Exposition a memorable event in the history of religious education.

J. L. SPALDING.

Peoria, Ill.

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THE OLD WORLD SEEN FROM THE NEW.

THE Durham miners, with characteristic North-country obstinacy, continued for more than three months their hopeless contest. In the course of this time the men offered to submit to a reduction, first of 7½ per cent., then of 10 per cent., the amount demanded by the employers at the outset. The condition of the coal trade, however, was said to have become so much worse that the employers insisted upon a reduction of 13½ per cent., and to this the men would not accede. The demand of the employers and refusal of the men gave an opportunity for intervention to Dr. Westcott, the Establishment bishop of the diocese, perhaps the ablest and certainly the most sympathetic with modern wants of the Anglican prelates. He appealed to the employers to let work begin at the reduction of 10 per cent. to which the men had consented, and to leave the question of any farther reduction to subsequent regulation. Through his efforts a meeting was arranged between the wages committee of the Durham Coal-owners' Association on the one part and the Miners' Federation on the other, at which meeting the bishop presided, and as a result it was decided that work should recommence on the terms accepted by the men, the employers being moved thereto by the impoverished condition of the men and the generally prevailing distress. The men have undertaken to favor the establishment of an organized system of conciliation for the future, so as to obviate the recourse to strikes. The present settlement, it is understood, will hold good at the accepted rate of wages for three months' time. It is to be hoped that the state of trade will not necessitate a further reduction.

After the bitter experience which the miners have had of the miseries attendant upon strikes, and of the losses of which they are the cause, we hope they will lay to heart the evidence which has lately been presented to the Royal Commission on Labor, which shows how little is the necessity of having recourse to this method if only the proper means is taken to settle disputes. A working-man employed in a certain gas-works near London, who had had forty-seven or forty-eight years' experience, testified that he had never known a case of a strike which had not arisen out of a misunderstanding between employers and em-

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ployed; whenever masters and men were brought into direct contact they could always settle any dispute. For the prevention of strikes this witness advocates the method, which is every day becoming more widely adopted, of the formation of boards of arbitration and conciliation composed of workmen and employers. As proposed by him, these boards should meet at least once a month for the purpose of receiving reports from any quarter in which anything arose which was likely to cause a disturbance, and should deal with it at once by mutual arrangement. We do not mean to say that all the witnesses have had so satisfactory a tale to tell, but undoubtedly the dislike to strikes is becoming stronger day by day.

The colony of Queensland has brought to the front a labor question which is intimately associated with a modified form of the slave-trade. The climate of the northern portion of that colony does not admit of white labor, and unless natives can be found it is doomed to sterility and unproductiveness. In order to obtain the requisite laborers the natives of the islands in the Pacific were introduced. Some years ago, however, the frightful atrocities practised by those who undertook to bring over these islanders forced an unwilling Parliament to suppress the traffic altogether. Time, however, has elapsed, and it is now a question between reviving the trade and permitting the ruin of that portion of the colony, and, as for colonists the making of money is the *summum bonum*, the former alternative has been adopted. The prime minister of the colony, formerly a strong opponent, has become its warm advocate. Those in England who know the facts of the case, and who, of course, have no pecuniary interest of their own in the question, have tried to prevail upon the imperial government to disallow the act. This it is unwilling to do, as Queensland is none too loyal, and might resent such a step. It promises, however, carefully to watch over the way in which the natives are recruited, and to prevent any abuse. Whether it will be able to fulfil its promise remains to be seen.

In this matter the action of the working-men was on the same side as that taken by philanthropists. We fear, however, that it cannot with truth be said that they were inspired by purely philanthropic motives. It is, in fact, asserted that their desire was simply to restrict the supply of laborers, even though they could not do the work themselves. It may not be out of

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place to point out in this connection that the Australian colonies afford an interesting field for investigation to all who are interested in the question of the effect upon legislation of the working-class vote. In this country, called the paradise of workingmen, they have had from the beginning greater influence than in any other part of the world. And yet the results seem far from satisfactory. It becomes those who are so far away to speak with diffidence. But from what we hear of trade conflicts, of financial depression, of want of employment, of the necessity for the establishment of relief works and state labor bureaus, it would seem that the social and political arrangements of Australia have proved no more able to avert calamity than the arrangements made in the older nations, in which the aristocrat and the capitalist have had the controlling power.

An idea of the length to which some legislators—and legislators belonging to the Conservative party, too—are willing to go, may be derived from recent utterances of Lord Randolph Churchill and the newly elected member for Hackney. The former distinctly enounced the principle that, as in former times the laws and the entire polity of the country had been framed by the landed and by the capitalist interests for their own advantage, the time had now come when the laws and the general polity will and should be framed by the labor interest for the advantage of labor. To effect this change the Conservative party should give its assistance and active support, and be quick to meet the demands of labor. In fact, so far did he go that Mr. John Morley felt called upon to enter a protest, and to remind the Conservative ex-leader of the House of Commons that it was the duty of every politician before accepting the demands of labor to form their own opinion as to whether such demands were really for the advantage of labor. But upon the principle both are agreed. "The nation lives in cottages," and all politicians must be for labor.

The declarations of the Conservative member for Hackney are not only in the same general sense, but include several practical proposals, one of which is very remarkable, for the realization of the new *régime*. After declaring that the poor-laws require prompt reconsideration, he says that the temporarily unemployed should be dealt with, not as paupers or by charity, but by some "permanent organization sufficiently elastic to meet the very varying demands which would be made upon it." He

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advocates the establishment of a special department of the state, with a responsible minister for labor matters, which should have for its object the furtherance of industrial interests. Moreover, the taxation upon incomes which are earned by "sweat of brow or brain" should not be so heavy as that upon those derived from investments. Only a few years ago these proposals would have been looked upon as radical if not socialistic, but as their author was elected to Parliament, it is clear that they are acceptable to a large number of present-day Conservatives. In fact, it would appear that some Tories are more ready to look with favor upon the proposals of the new unionism than some of the older Liberals. Mr. Gladstone recently declined to receive a deputation of the organizers of the movement for the legal eight hours' day, on the ground that the proposal has not yet been sufficiently considered by the country at large, and especially by the classes immediately interested. Under these circumstances he thinks that the question would not be seriously discussed by Parliament; nor, he implies, is it deserving of such discussion.

The victory of the Progressives and the election of a fair number of labor members to the London County Council have begun to bear fruit. A resolution has been passed that all contractors who do work of any kind for the council shall be compelled to sign a declaration that they will pay the trades-union rates of wages, and observe the hours of labor and conditions recognized by the trades-unions in the places where the contract is to be executed. Moreover, the hours and wages are to be inserted in and form part of the contract by way of schedule, and penalties are to be enforced for any breach of the agreement. This resolution not only secures to all working-men who do work for the council a fair rate of wages and reasonable hours of labor, but also makes the trades-unions the arbiters in every case. A similar policy has been adopted in dealing with the tramways. The council proposed to become the owners of a certain line, and to lease it out to a company to work. It was made a condition, however, of such lease that the men should not be employed for more than ten hours a day. To this the company would not agree, and therefore the council proposes to carry on the business themselves, and are promoting a bill in Parliament which embodies this limitation of the hours as a permanent feature of the scheme. The example set by the governing body of the largest city in the world will

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doubtless lead to the adoption of similar methods in other parts. At all events, the results of the experiment will be looked for with considerable interest.

The question of protection has all of a sudden come to occupy a prominent position in Great Britain. The resolutions passed by the Canadian House of Commons, in which expression was given to the desire that Great Britain should admit Canadian products on more favorable terms than it admits the products of foreign countries—that, in short, discrimination against all outsiders should be adopted—has been pronounced by the *Times*—an out-and-out defender of free trade—to be entitled to serious consideration in the event of one condition being fulfilled. That condition is that the other colonies should concur in a similar policy. Even greater prominence, however, has been given to the matter by certain surprising utterances of Lord Salisbury in a speech recently delivered by him. In this speech the premier pointed out the disappointments which have befallen those who expected to see the universal adoption of that system, and insisted strongly on the defenceless condition in which England had been placed by her own adoption of it. He proceeded to intimate that it would be necessary to adopt retaliatory measures—to refuse, that is, to the nations which had hostile tariffs access to the markets of Great Britain, so far, at all events, as regarded articles of luxury. Many protests have been made by supporters of the general policy of Lord Salisbury, but the promoters of the Imperial Trade League, by his words and by Canadian action, have been animated to new efforts, and inspired with new hopes.

While the London County Council is directing its efforts to the securing for the working-man fair hours of labor and fair wages, the London School Board is equally energetic in endeavoring to promote and foster the morals of the children of the laboring class. This it seeks to do by providing Readers which, in addition to the ordinary narratives, and poetical and literary extracts, are to contain lessons illustrating and enforcing the importance of thrift and temperance, and the relation of conduct to well-being and to success and usefulness in life. Moreover, the use of the schools, both during and after school hours, is to be granted for lectures in support of temperance. To the objection that these lecturers generally confound temperance with abstinence, and try to prove that the use of alcohol is

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always hurtful, it was answered that even though this teaching might be untrue and unscientific, it had been proved by experience to be useful. This consideration carried the day, and should the next generation of Londoners be as addicted to drink as the present it will have only itself to blame.

The new Archbishop of Westminster, it is clear, will not depart from the line of social activity adopted by his predecessor. In the address delivered by him to the clergy and laity on the occasion of his installation he spoke of the conviction which is gradually being brought home to the minds of Englishmen, that the Catholic Church is no stranger and alien moving about furtively on English soil, but an institution than which none is more deeply interested in the welfare, both temporal and spiritual, of the people. With reference to the social question, especially as it exists in London, while recognizing that Catholics formed but a small fraction of the population, his grace declared that they were bound to contribute their quota of zeal and exertion to the solution of this, as of all other national questions. Legislation, political economy, philanthropy, he declared, have each of them their place in the scheme of social regeneration. Of course the primary and essential work of the church is spiritual, and its main object is to direct men to another world. This the archbishop, it is needless to say, insisted upon. But the truth that piety is profitable for this life also, that the amelioration of the present condition of man's lot falls within the scope of the church's activity and is a matter of which she takes care—a truth which is too often lost sight of—formed a distinctive feature of what we may perhaps call Dr. Vaughan's programme.

After hearing evidence for nearly two sessions of Parliament, the House of Commons Select Committee on the Hours of Labor of Railway Servants, which was appointed in consequence of the strike on the Scottish railways, has presented its report. From this it appears that excessive hours are more frequent on lines with a heavy freight or mineral traffic than on lines of which the carrying of passengers constitutes the chief business. There are, however, exceptions, and certain lines are mentioned by the committee to the "mismanagement of which the excessive hours are obviously due." Certain other lines, among which are included the largest railway systems in England, are praised for the great improvement which has been effected by constant

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attention to the subject, and by a carefully organized system of reliefs, and the provision of comfortable quarters for the men when off duty and absent from home. But, on the whole, the committee is forced to the conclusion that there are still too many cases in which excessive hours are habitually worked without adequate reason, and that no sufficient effort has been made by the companies generally to deal earnestly and thoroughly with the matter.

The committee recognizes the fact that it is much more easy to make definite regulations as to hours for the signal-men and shunters than for the engineers, firemen, and guards of freight trains. Still it thinks that more should be done for the latter class to confine the hours within reasonable limits than has yet been done. They suggest that matters should be so arranged as to prevent their booked time from exceeding sixty-six hours per week, or twelve hours in any one day.

With reference to the much-debated question as to whether the hours should be determined either directly or indirectly by act of Parliament, and enforced by the government, the committee has come to an almost unanimous decision in the negative. This course is judged to be impracticable on various grounds, and chiefly because it would relieve the companies from responsibility. But, in the view of the committee, there is room and even necessity for government supervision; the companies cannot be left to do exactly as they please. It is recommended that they should be required to make periodical returns of overtime to the Board of Trade; that the attention of any company making an exceptionally bad return should be called to the matter with a view to the hours being shortened by the company; and that the correspondence should be published by the Board of Trade. Especially whenever an accident occurs the company should be required to state the hours of work of every railway servant concerned in the matter. In every case, also, in which the Board of Trade has reason to think that the hours of work are habitually excessive, a regular inquiry should be held by an inspector into the general hours of labor of the servants concerned, and the inquiry should be followed up until the Board of Trade were satisfied that the hours had been reduced to a reasonable basis.

The committee considers that the Board of Trade has already sufficient powers, without fresh legislation, to enforce such

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changes as may be necessary. Should a company, however, prove recalcitrant and not listen to the admonitions of the board, or the voice of public opinion elicited by its action, the committee recommends that power should be sought from Parliament to enable the board to call upon any such company to submit a satisfactory schedule of booked time; and in case of its neglecting to do so within a reasonable period, to bring the matter before the Railway Commissioners, who should have power to order the company to put a reasonable schedule in force on their line under the penalty of a fine of £20 per day for every day during which they should refuse or neglect to comply with such order, or evade it by making an unreasonable difference between the booked and the actual time. By this method the committee hopes both to find a remedy for the evils disclosed, and to preserve the responsibility of the railway companies. We fear, however, the approaching general election will drive all other cares out of the minds of politicians, and consequently that, for a time at all events, things will pursue their wonted course.

An active movement has been in progress for some time for the organization of working-women, and has had a fair measure of success. The most novel of these organizations, however, is the Union of the London Domestic Servants, which has just celebrated the anniversary of its formation by a meeting held in Hyde Park. They undoubtedly have many grievances which urgently call for a remedy. Among these long hours holds the first place. Many servants are obliged to rise at about seven in the morning and to work until one or two the following morning, nor does Sunday give them any relief from their toil. Another matter of complaint is, that while every employer demands a character, no employer is bound by law to give one to a servant who is leaving. As the recent census proves that the class of domestic servants is very large, numbering no less than 1,803,997, of which as many as 1,230,406 are females employed in house-work, there is evidently sufficient material to form a powerful union, if only, on the one hand, master minds can be found to weld the units into cohesion, and, on the other, docility and good sense to submit to the process. If we may believe the speeches made at the Hyde Park meeting, good hopes of attaining this end may with confidence be entertained.

In the space at our disposal in these notes we cannot pre-

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tend to give an adequate account of the recent occurrences in France, and of the action of the Holy See towards the French government and the French bishops. All that we can say is that in what has lately taken place the clearest light has been thrown upon the attitude of the church towards modern political movements, and upon the ability of the church to rise above local prejudices, and to set aside long standing alliances when they stand in the way of greater good. Meanwhile the French government is figuring before the world, although not for the first time, as the protector of the Catholic Church in her foreign missions. The British East Africa Company, if the accounts which have been published can be trusted, has gravely compromised the good name of Great Britain by unwarrantable action towards the Catholics of Uganda, and as the missionaries are French citizens, France has called England to account for the proceedings of the company, to which she has granted a charter, indeed, but for the actions of which there is doubt as to how far her accountability extends.

Italy presents to the world the somewhat ignominious spectacle of a country which, after having robbed right and left, remains in the direst straits, while the men who have been applauded as patriots by the whole of Europe are unwilling to sacrifice any part of their ill-gotten pelf to save their country from disgrace. In vain efforts to make both ends meet, the Marquis di Rudini's ministry after its reconstruction has fallen, and its successor has within a few weeks been so discredited by an adverse vote that an appeal to the country is necessary.——In Germany the government has a hard task to perform, having lost its old friends and failed to secure new ones. Its work is not rendered more easy by the emperor, who by indiscreet actions and utterances seems to be doing his best to destroy the respect for authority which Germans in general are ready enough to feel.——No event worthy of mention has taken place in the rest of Europe, except that the foreign affairs of Portugal are now entrusted to the management of a bishop, thus calling into existence again arrangements which we are wont to associate with bygone days.

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TALK ABOUT NEW BOOKS.

THE dainty volume containing the poems* of Susan Marr Spalding will prove a welcome gift to those who love pure and refined sentiment best when it is clothed in delicate and expressive verse. The sonnet is the form most frequently chosen by the author, and she manages it with a skill that justifies her daring choice. Had she omitted that called "After the Fall," her volume would have been as faultless, or nearly so, in thought and aspiration as it is in expression. A certain reserved and disciplined strength seems to speak of long practice, but Miss Spalding's name and her work are alike new to us. We quote the opening sonnet, which gives its name to the collection. The italics are not ours:

"He flew too near the sun, and evermore
His futile wings in mockery we name.
A type of fallen vanity became
The torn and scattered pinions that he wore.
Ah, is it wiser all the dull earth o'er
To crawl, unlured by heights of love or fame?
Nay, though our souls be wax unto the flame
Of Destiny, *he that hath wings must soar!*
Like Icarus, I deemed my pinions strong
To bear me to the heaven of my desire;
Like him, from skies too glowing, I am hurled.
Now, for a day, these broken plumes of song,
Faded and scorched by love's divinest fire,
The winds of Fate shall blow about the world."

Another, which we must think characteristic of a personality —the volume has from end to end, for that matter, a persistent yet faint and elusive autobiographic flavor—is called

EQUINOCTIAL.

"I said, 'September days are clear and fair,
And sweet with scents of ripening fruits, and free
From the fierce heats that sweep across the sea
And break in tempests on the summer air.
For one storm-beaten life, blown here and there
By summer gusts of passion, there will be
A short, sweet season of serenity—
A refuge pain and peril may not share.'

* *The Wings of Icarus.* By Susan Marr Spalding. Boston: Roberts Brothers.

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How should I know that one September blast
Would out-wreck all the tempests of the year?
O treacherous heart, smiling at dangers past,
So wilfully secure, how should I fear
That all thy vaunted strength could not avail
Against one passionate autumnal gale?"

The following stanzas seem hardly modern, so strongly do their tripping measure and quaint elegance recall certain poets of the second Charles's day:

"At the hearth where Love doth sit,—
Though but scanty fires are lit,
Though the freezing winter wind
Everywhere may entrance find,—
There doth gather sweet content,
Hope and peace and merriment.
Throngeth music, mirth, and wit
At the hearth where Love doth sit.

"At the board where Love doth wait,—
Though the beggar at the gate
Scorns the meagre crust we share,—
Find we ever sweetest fare,
All things good for every need;
Penance days nor fasts we heed.
Banquet we in royal state
At the board where Love doth wait."

The entertainment provided by Mr. Robert Grant's new story* is doubtless of a prosaic order, but it remains entertainment none the less. If his "Married Man" does not reflect on very profound subjects, he makes very pat reflections on those that lie to hand in the experience of average married couples enjoying a moderate competence. The ordinary joys of such a life are his theme; the common sorrows are not trenched on. Why happily married people cannot expect to enjoy "society" as they did when yet unwedded furnishes the theme for several chapters. The reason, conclude the "Fred and Josephine" whose uneventful happiness is commemorated, is that the pleasing uncertainty and mild excitement of flirtation is now eliminated from life, "society" in its best estate being little more than the hunting-ground of the unattached of both sexes. What it might be in its worst estate, were not domestic happiness a safeguard, is sufficiently in-

* *The Reflections of a Married Man.* By Robert Grant. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

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dicated in the connubial confidences in which Fred and Josephine mutually avow the vanity of their attempts to relapse into the bud estate after having once successfully blossomed. Fred's reflections on the aspirations quenched by marriage, expressed in the first chapter, and renewed in the last in the guise of a desire for some portion in the world to come for "pretty good people," have an odd tendency to remind one of St. Teresa's criticism on the "hen's pace" at which, says she, married women must travel toward perfection. On the whole, the book will be found a good one by people who can dispense with the flavor of excitement in their light reading, and who do not desire to have the grounds of either thought or emotion stirred too deeply. It will just meet the requirements of the "pretty good," moderately worldly, mildly sceptical, comfortable, "progressive Protestants" for whose delectation it was written.

Mr. Edgar Fawcett is more ambitious in his delineation* of a New York family than Mr. Grant. He has never, to our knowledge, written so seriously and so well as in his present story. It is hardly exact to call him sentimental, even when he aims at sentiment. He is melo-dramatic and sensational, if you will, but the truly effective sentimentalist needs a touch of genuineness in his sympathies which Mr. Fawcett seldom inclines the reader to credit him with. The study of Bill Tweed, enormously aided by Mr. Nast's drawings, is carefully and, we suppose, thoroughly made. It is certainly very effective. Everard, with his unfortunate brood of children, strikes us as furnishing a very good example of what we mean in saying that Mr. Fawcett's sentimentality is unreal. The good-natured "Dutchy," who starts life as a grocer in Hoboken and does his love-making in the Elysian Fields, who makes a fortune and lives on Fifth Avenue, whose children all go astray in various fashions, one of them narrowly escaping a prison, another committing suicide, one daughter abandoning her husband and the other caught just in time to prevent her elopement with a married man, is painted with Mr. Fawcett's most elaborate touches, and intended as "a lovely personality," in the highest degree a manly man, an almost perfect husband and father. He has, in fact, a great many good points, but where his children are concerned he is what Emerson called "a mush of concession," and largely responsible for the failure they make of life. Mary Everard is better done. On the whole, the book is much better worth reading than any of its author's previous efforts. Its style, too, is

* *A New York Family.* By Edgar Fawcett. New York: Cassell Publishing Co.

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far more unaffected than usual, though he has not yet quite shaken off his fondness for employing common words in remote and unaccustomed senses. Thus he says of Everard, on one occasion, that his "lovely personality *disarrayed*" another man, and that without the slightest intention on his own part to dismay the reader's imagination.

Jules Verne, always entertaining, is not less so than usual in this story* of the travelling showman and his family, who, being robbed of their savings and invincibly determined nevertheless to get back to Normandy, *went round* from Sacramento to Behring Strait by land, crossed the Strait with their team when it was frozen, and finally arrived at their destination. His usual mixture of science and imagination is served up by this ingenious inventor of things *vrai* and *vraisemblable*, and the reader embarks on board icebergs with him, or camps out in the company of spies and murderers, with a foregone conclusion of safety which somehow interferes little with his interest and amusement. So far as we know Verne, there is not an ounce of harm in all the mass of his productions. Cæsar Cascabel, with his adoration of the great Napoleon and his grotesque hatred of England and all things English, which will not permit him even to smile, much less to give a performance while in British Columbia, is one of those characteristic caricatures in which he is most successful. The book is extremely well illustrated by George Roux.

A Younger Sister,† by the author of "Mademoiselle Mori," is a very quiet, uneventful tale, whose interest is mainly psychological, and which holds out small promise of entertainment save to the thoughtful. While each character is portrayed with extreme cleverness and verisimilitude, perhaps none of them is deeply interesting in itself. And yet Mr. Hayes is a triumph of observation in his way. The little touches that describe a self-absorbed, narrow-minded man, full of small prejudices, highly cultivated within a limited range, completely insensible to all that does not feed his vanity, and yet not wholly selfish, are wonderfully well laid on. Marcia, the elder daughter, is another specimen of the same genus. Amiable, gentle, narrow, her very selfishness is hidden under a veil of self-sacrifice, impenetrable even to herself, and almost so to the loving but quick-sighted eyes of Guenola, the heroine of the tale. There is nothing

* *Cæsar Cascabel.* By Jules Verne. New York: Cassell Publishing Company.

† *A Younger Sister.* By the author of "The Atelier du Lys," etc. London and New York: Longmans, Green & Co.

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harsh in the trait itself as it appears in the elder sister, nor, for that matter, in that criticism of her which seems so enlightening to the mother's apprehension. Marcia has been betrothed and lost her lover by death, and by common verdict of her family and herself has been condemned to a life of elegantly plaintive sorrow. But after three years of mourning have brought her to twenty-four, Marcia's interest in ordinary life revives with the advent of a new suitor. Her father, whose affections are chiefly centred on this daughter, is hopelessly broken up by her acceptance of Harold and the consequent disruption of his own schemes for the future. As for Guen, who is equally surprised, her comment is characteristic :

"'Well!' she says, 'I cannot imagine myself caring enough for any one to marry him; but if I ever did, I should care a great deal too much to be able to marry any one else, just because the first one was dead.'

"'Well, do not put it so to Marcia,' said her mother, perhaps sympathizing more with her view of the matter than she cared to own.

"'Mamma! I am not an utter brute,' was Guenola's reply, and then she was silent, shaking her thoughts into order, while Mrs. Hayes made the coffee. 'I expect it was a good deal because she was sick of being unhappy,' she said suddenly, and Mrs. Hayes exclaimed :

"'My dear, what makes you think Marcia was unhappy?'

"She went on with a kind of calm certainty—'She would never be in love, you know; but she cares a great deal for Harold, and she was tired of being sad, and of everybody expecting her to be sad, and so when Harold came, and gave her a chance of being like other girls, of course she was glad. And she will make a good wife, and like his family very much.'

"'I cannot think how it is that such a headlong creature as you are, Guen, sometimes has such intuitions,' said Mrs. Hayes, suspending her operations and looking at Guenola in surprise, as she felt that a flood of light had been let in on Marcia, 'I believe you are right.'

"'I am sure of it, though I dare say Marcia does not know it herself.'"

It is in such touches that this writer shows insight, and it is they, and the frequently recurring and wonderfully vivid bits of description of outdoor nature which give distinction to her pages. Guenola and her mother, as near akin spiritually as Marcia and her father, are exceedingly well understood and delineated. But the rank and file of novel-readers would be likely to find the book, as a whole, but moderately entertaining.

A less distinguished but more amusing story, issued by the

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same publishers, is Mrs. Walford's *One Good Guest.** To be sure Mrs. Walford, to whose clever pen we owe "Mr. Smith" and "The Baby's Grandmother," is not at her best in her latest novel. Still, the four young people, who elect to entertain guests at their country-house, in the orthodox English gentry style, and whose haps and mishaps are here recounted, will be found pleasant as well as innocent and helpful acquaintances. Tom Barnet is a very good fellow indeed, in spite of a certain tendency to priggishness—or, perhaps, in consequence of it, priggishness approaching to an ideal virtue in his actual circumstances—and Jenny a very delightfully managed little girl. As for Ida, she is all that a well-bred girl, emancipating herself from a chaperon, and trusting only to her brother's watchfulness and her own sense of the becoming to steer her safe between the Scylla and Charybdis of social proprieties should be. And that is a good deal to say of a girl in a modern novel.

Don Braulio,† by the much-praised, and, as we think, much over-praised Juan Valera, is a clever but unpleasant tale, which no one would be the better or wiser for reading. The hero, who commits suicide because he thinks he has the evidence of his own eyes that his wife is unfaithful; the wife, who is imprudent but innocent, and who loves her husband; the unmarried sister, whose illicit love is made to assume the aspect of a virtue and crowned by marriage; the author himself, who could hardly preach pessimism more convincingly by his arrangement of circumstances and disposition of events if he were a professed disciple of Von Hartmann, are all nearly equally unpleasant to contemplate. The chapter in which Inesita makes the avowal of her shame to Doña Beatriz is a master-piece of devilish casuistry.

Another bad book is a translation ‡ from the writer who calls himself or herself Ossip Schubin, and who has proved so capable of better things that this extravaganza of clap-trap and sensationalism, coming after *Boris Lensky*, is a harsh surprise. There was a delicacy about the workmanship of that story in which the present one is almost wholly lacking. We say almost, because in Elsa and her husband there is a certain offset to the essential vulgarity of all else that goes to make up the novel. Breaking stones on the high-road might easily be a more refining and elevating occupation for mind and body than either the writing or the reading of novels of which this and *Don*

* *The One Good Guest.* By L. B. Walford. New York: Longmans, Green & Co.
† *Don Braulio.* By Juan Valera. New York: D. Appleton & Co.
‡ *Felix Lanzberg's Expiation.* By Ossip Schubin. New York: Worthington Co.

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Braulio are specimens—specimens taken, it is true, from the two poles of undesirability, but linked, none the less, by substantial offensiveness.

With becoming humility, Mr. Birrell modifies the airy brag of his title* by a motto signifying that such sentences as his "do not any more than the records of the superior courts conclude as to matters which may or may not have been controverted." They are certainly judgments worth considering, and the more sure to obtain consideration seeing how delightfully they are pronounced, and with what fair and just deliberation. One is pretty certain to find him admiring to the full all that one's self admires, even when unable to go with him all the way in every one of his admirations. To begin with—to begin, in fact, at Mr. Birrell's own beginning—it is pleasant to find him a hearty friend of Samuel Richardson; friendly even to the point of so far violating traditions and disturbing people's notions as to think that it is he and not Dr. Johnson, "our great moralist," who shines most from the moral point of view in one of the latter's reminiscences of the sponging-house where he was confined for debt, and from whence he was liberated by the generosity of "the little printer." Pleasant too, because so true, is his verdict that Richardson's authorship makes him a "more remarkable and really interesting man" than Fielding, spite of the latter's superiority when the two are measured by a purely literary standard, "merely as writers." Richardson, he says,

"had his quiver full of new ideas; he had his face to the east; he was no mere inheritor, he was a progenitor. He is, in short, as has been often said, our Rousseau; his characters were not stock characters. Think of Fielding's characters, his Tom Joneses and Booths, his Amelias and Sophias. They are stage properties as old as the Plantagenets. They are quite unidea'd, if I may use a word which, as applied to girls, has the authority of Dr. Johnson. Fielding's men are either good fellows with large appetites, which they gratify openly, or sneaks with equally large appetites, which they gratify on the sly; whilst the characters of his women are made to hinge solely upon their willingness or unwillingness to turn a blind eye. If they are ready to do this, they are angels; . . . but if they are not willing to play this *rôle*, why then they are unsexed and held up to the ridicule and reprobation of all good fellows and pretty women. This sort of thing was abhorrent to the soul of the little printer; he hated Fielding's boisterous drunkards with an entire hatred. I believe he would have hated them almost as much if Fielding had not been a rival of his fame."

* *Res Judicatæ*. Papers and Essays by Augustine Birrell. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

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Richardson did, in fact, mark an epoch; the appearance of *Clarissa* was the beginning of woman's emancipation from mere femininity—from the purely sexual attitude she occupied in English literature and life. Any one who chooses may convince himself of this who likes to read even his Jane Austen over again, or to go back to Richardson's own *Pamela*. There is room for an essay, by any one capable of writing it, on the wide difference between the modern estimate and valuation of female virtue, what constitutes its wreck and how its reparation may be wrought, and that formerly prevalent among English-speaking people as reflected in their novelists. A case in point, illustrative of the merely social view of morality, the brutal indifference to sin as sin, the comfortable belief in a wedding-ring as an *ex post facto* remedy, a retrospective plaster for female virtue, which prevailed even among good women in Protestant England in the eighteenth century, may be found in one of Jane Austen's novels, *Sense and Sensibility*, if a memory not too retentive where Miss Austen is concerned does not betray us. But the same view was current in all literature intended to amuse, until *Clarissa Harlowe* came to open a new era and claim a higher standard of virtue for women than the grossly conventional one. There are only two kinds of readers, hints Mr. Birrell—"those who can read Richardson's novels and those who cannot." For our part, the years are too many to count which lie between to-day and the time when we read *Sir Charles Grandison* all through aloud, following it with *Clarissa*, our auditor a mother as ready to laugh and cry and be indignant as the reader. Not so long ago, we came across, in a foreign land, one of the two translations of the latter book of which Mr. Birrell speaks in this essay, and found it had lost little in vigor, and nothing in interest by being rendered into French. Richardson has been and remains the great English novelist to the French; if his English readers are diminishing in number it is, say their neighbors across the Channel, because he is too good for them. There is something in that verdict. One of our New York publishers got out a very much compressed, though still a four-volume, edition of *Clarissa* some twenty years since, but we believe he reaped no great rewards from his well-intended venture.

But we are wandering from Mr. Birrell. Fortunately he is like a Normandy highway, always good to go back to, though tempting one to follow the enchanting byways which open into it at every turn. There is not any paper of the dozen which make up his new volume which does not invite quotation and com-

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ment and commendation. As examples of fair and enlightening criticism nothing could be better, considering that the critic is pretty evidently not a Catholic, than the essay on Cardinal Newman, and that on the Reformation. Another note, equally welcome to Mr. Birrell's present admirer, is struck in the paper on Nationality—one gets much the same flavor from a biting remark in that on Matthew Arnold, to the effect that "one of the tasks of this militant man" was to "make us understand why nobody who is not an Englishman wants to be one." We said just now, though purely as an inference, that Mr. Birrell is pretty evidently not Catholic. But that he thinks, and seriously, and has his eyes open to the probable goal of fair investigation, is almost equally evident in various passages throughout this volume. For example, he is free to express his conviction that some day or another

"the old questions will have to be gone into again, and the Anglican claim to be a Church, Visible, Continuous, Catholic, and Gifted, investigated—probably for the last time."

This is in alluding, as he does more than once, and with apparent content, to the fact that the damage done by Newman "to the Church of this island" was caused by his

"settled conviction that England is not a Catholic country, and that John Bull is not a member of the Catholic Church. This may not matter much to the British electorate; but to those who care about such things, who rely upon the validity of orders and the efficacy of sacraments, who need a pedigree for their faith, who do not agree with Emerson that if a man would be great he must be a Nonconformist—over these people it would be rash to assume that Newman's influence is spent. . . . It is far too early in the day to leave Newman out of sight."

In the same spirit, commenting on the newspaper critics who, after pointing out the dead cardinal's superiority as a thinker, went on to prove that his thinking had after all amounted to nothing and would produce no permanent result on others, even as it had resulted in no very great good for himself, Mr. Birrell remarks that "a cardinal of the Roman Church is not, to say the least of it, more obviously a shipwreck than a dean or even a bishop of the English Establishment." Mr. Birrell, to put our own verdict on him in a sentence, while eminently literary, is something more than a literary man pure and simple; he has a moral as well as an artistic rule of measurement, and seems to

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be capable of convictions, and not merely sensitive to impressions.

Mr. Weyman is one of the younger generation of English novelists who seem bound to make a substantial reputation. The tale* we have before us is a historical novel, purporting to be written in the first person by its hero, toward the close of the reign of Elizabeth. The action of the story, however, takes place in the early years of Mary Tudor's reign. The hero is a Protestant, not so much from conviction as through a sort of perverse instinct and early training; but as the story is not in any sense controversial, that need interfere little with the Catholic reader's pleasure. The scenes are laid mainly in the Netherlands, where Francis Cludde, flying as a youth of twenty to escape employment as a spy in the pay of Stephen Gardiner, the great Bishop of Winchester, has many stirring adventures. It is a very full book, compact and close-knit, abounding in incident and cleverly managed as to plot. Its action ends with Elizabeth's accession.

Judge Tourgée's new book† is a very strong one. The Negro question, as it confronts civilization and Christianity in this country, has never before, to our thinking, been put into so telling and compact a shape. The author, not a Catholic by the way, is careful to make his indictment of Christianity, "the worship of the White Christ," applicable to Protestantism only. And his heroine, if the book can fairly claim one, which is doubtful, Pactolus Prime himself occupying nearly the whole stage, but she, at all events, who comes nearest to that *rôle*, disappears at the close into a convent of Sisters of Mercy, there to devote herself to work among the colored people. Judge Tourgée's point, made with reiteration and enforced in many and most cogent ways, is that in dealing with the Negro, it is white sentiment, white civilization, white Christianity that needs to be modified. If equality of right, privilege, and opportunity is secured to the colored people, they desire nothing more. They ask for no special privileges, no peculiar consideration, no distinctive favor. For concise and convincing expression and illustration of this view the five chapters beginning with that styled "An Assessment of Damages," and ending with "A Basis of Composition," have no parallel that we know of. They consist of a series of talks, passing on Christmas morning, at Prime's

* *The Story of Francis Cludde.* By Stanley J. Weyman. New York: Cassell Publishing Company.

† *Pactolus Prime.* By Albion W. Tourgée. New York: Cassell Publishing Co.

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boot-blacking "stand," between him and certain of his customers. Among these are a senator, a lawyer, a reporter, a drummer, a Union soldier, a not-quite reconstructed Southerner, and a minister. In so far as the book is a story we find it a trifle obscure in places. But as an indictment, a plea, a warning, and, especially in the chapter where Dr. Holbrook expounds the "Law of Progress," as a menace, it lacks neither definiteness nor convincing power. The chapter just alluded to is full of suggestion and especially worthy of serious consideration. We congratulate the writer on this book. His colored fellow-citizens should owe him an immense debt of gratitude for it. As for white Christians, it behooves all of us, even though Judge Tourgée explicitly exempts Catholics from his sweeping censure, to consider how we may mend our ways, and by act and prayer and penance help to expiate and repair a national crime whose consequences were too far reaching to be obliterated by a civil war and an emancipation proclamation. Christianity, in a word, needs to permeate our minds, to mould our convictions, to get hold of our prejudices, if it is to be a working force in our civilization. If he can succeed in planting that fruitful germ in the minds of his white readers, Judge Tourgée will have done a work than which we can think of none more important or more timely. But he is ploughing a desperately stubborn soil.

I.—A DICTIONARY OF HYMNOLOGY.*

When the scheme of this very important work was made known in 1880 coincident with the announcement that its matter was then going to press, its learned editor was soon made aware, through numerous communications to him from many other persons more or less versed in hymnological studies, of the existence of a large number of valuable MSS., notable hymnals, hymn-writers and their sacred poems which had hitherto escaped the painstaking investigation of himself and his collaborators. New information continuing to come in, and it being desirable that the work should be sent out as complete as might be, its final publication has been delayed until the present date. As it is, it was found necessary to add a double appendix, with supple-

* *A Dictionary of Hymnology;* setting forth the Origin and History of Christian Hymns of all Ages and Nations, with special reference to those contained in the Hymn Books of English-speaking countries and now in common use. Edited by John Julian, M.A., Vicar of Wincobank, Sheffield. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

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mental indices of hymn-titles and names of authors. It makes a bulky volume of 1,616 pages.

The Rev. John Julian, vicar of an Anglican parish church, is not only its chief editor, and, as such, deserving of the credit of originating the plan of so huge a literary enterprise, and of revising the work of his aids, but is also its chief writer. We find his initials appended to thousands of articles. Among the list of its thirty-seven contributing writers the name of the Rev. James Mearns appears as next in importance to that of Mr. Julian, and for his extensive, varied, and continued assistance has the honor of recognition as its assistant editor.

An approximate estimate of the number of hymns whose titles are given in the indices of this volume shows that over thirty thousand have received some definite notice, both as to authorship and history.

The spirit in which it has been compiled is most noteworthy, showing a sincere desire to recognize every known hymn of any value, quite apart from the consideration of its peculiar doctrine. From a non-Catholic point of view this is likely to be regarded as also highly commendable, since many a hymn or some such sacred song often commends itself to the notice of the *littérateur* solely for its poetic style and unction, and to the Protestant church choir or preacher from its having secured popularity among the vulgar, irrespective of any literary merit. That such hymns may sing false or erroneous doctrine is not deemed a reason for excluding them from a work like this, projected and supervised by Episcopalians. In the eyes of non-Catholics generally this freedom from ecclesiastical, theological, or what is termed sectarian, bias will no doubt be regarded as one of its most laudable qualities. Hence there has been admitted a vast amount of biographical, historical, and critical notice which can in no way interest Catholics.

But this does not mean that we are or should be indifferent to all hymns accredited to Protestant writers. How very many truly worthy and famous hymns commonly supposed to be the wholly original works of Protestants which are, in fact, mainly translations or paraphrases of hymns from Catholic sources, the pages of this dictionary abundantly show. Of these, more modern hymn-writers have largely sent out numberless imitations and alterations in which the original thoughts are spread out and extended even to the third or fourth dilution. A glance at the frequent long lists of hymns with English titles following as translations, variations, etc., of some original Catholic Church

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Latin hymn will surprise many a reader to whom some of the English forms have been familiar as the hymns of this or that Methodist, Presbyterian, Anglican, or even Unitarian writer.

Except what seems to us as an inexcusable omission of the names of American Catholic hymn-writers and their publications, pretty full justice has been done to hymns from professedly Catholic sources. Twenty-two pages are devoted to Latin hymnody, eleven pages to church sequences, ten to breviaries, eight to hymnals, and two to antiphons, with long and scholarly articles on the "Te Deum," "Dies Iræ," "Stabat Mater," "Veni Creator," "Veni Sancte Spiritus," and the "Vexilla Regis." Then there are special articles devoted to early English and Roman Catholic hymnody.

Altogether it is a work which will take its place as the most complete of its kind, and, as we should judge from present examination, also as the most reliable for authoritative reference, especially for English scholars, for whose use the compilers have chiefly prepared it.

2.—ADVICE TO YOUNG WOMEN.*

This admirable book was published for the first time some twenty years ago. Since then it has met with very remarkable success. It received very flattering words of praise from many of the best critics, particularly Archbishop Vaughan, of Westminster. It has gone through some twenty-five editions. Written at a time when among Catholic young women the class of domestics was a very large one, it was prepared more or less with a view to their spiritual wants. Since then the sphere of the working-woman has been very much widened. She has gone into many other employments, and year by year new avenues to a livelihood are opened to her. To-day there are over four thousand pursuits in which women wage-earners are employed. To meet the needs of this constantly increasing class, Father Deshon has revised his book and thus enlarged its sphere of usefulness.

The book is written with a charming simplicity and straightforwardness. The author displays a remarkable knowledge of the ins and outs of a young woman's life, which a long and varied missionary career alone could have given him; so much so that an intelligent woman recently remarked, on reading the

* *Guide for Catholic Young Women;* especially for those who earn their own living. By the Rev. George Deshon, C.S.P. Twenty-fifth edition, revised and enlarged. New York: The Columbus Publishing Co., 120 West Sixtieth Street.

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book, that if the author's name were not on the title-page, she would readily have believed that it was written by a woman wage-earner herself. There is running through the book the kindliest interest in the young working-woman's welfare, and the deepest sympathy for her sometimes very hard position.

The book will be found of very great use to Sisters, who by their special work are thrown in contact with hard-working girls, and to directors of sodalities, whose position makes them their special counsellors.

3.—A HAND-BOOK FOR TEACHERS.*

A handy volume containing practical suggestions for teachers in primary schools is Professor MacCabe's recent production. The author was led to the publication of the work by repeated solicitations of many who have studied his methods of teaching higher branches. None deny the difficult task of training a young mind to retain what it perceives or hears, and in no case is this more evident than in teaching English grammar; and Professor MacCabe modestly asserts that "it is not claimed for these plans that they are the best which can be made for the respective lessons; but they are at least suggestive, and make a starting point or rough sketch from which the intelligent teacher may develop better ones."

In the hands of an ordinarily intelligent man or woman *Hints for Language Lessons* will prove a valuable instrument for impressing on the minds of young pupils the principles of thought expression, with the relations to each other of combined words and sentences, and that too in a way which the child may be easily led to understand. In brief, the work is a good system of teaching grammar in object-lesson form, and well worthy of consideration by those upon whom the education of children devolves.

4.—MARGARET BRERETON.†

Extracts from the diary of Margaret Brereton open the tale which relates the trials of a Christian mother, the father of whose children is not of the fold. Her rural home to outward appearances contains all that can be desired, but the tempter comes

* *Hints for Language Lessons, and Plans for Grammar Lessons.* By John A. MacCabe, M.A., LL.D., Principal Ottawa (Canada) Normal School. Boston: Ginn & Co.

† *The Trial of Margaret Brereton.* By Pleydell North. New York: Benziger Brothers.

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and the father fails in his promise. Between himself and the heir to his father's title and estate correspondence has long ceased on account of his having married one "imbued with the errors of Rome, etc." But after twenty years of married life a letter comes from the older brother, who is childless, proposing to make Margaret's youngest son successor to his title and property on condition of adoption, with all that word implies. The temptation is too strong for Margaret Brereton's husband, and Cyril is taken from the broken-hearted mother. The author tells, in a smooth way, the consequent pain of the now widowed mother at seeing her son grow up a leader among "free-thinkers," and the jealous quarrels which spring up between Cyril and his older brother. The latter suddenly disappears; Cyril marries, and Francis returns but to become a fratricide. The mother perils her own life by her silence. Another son, Father Adrian, traces Francis, and, finding him apparently at the point of death, hears a confession of the crime. The story of the trial is well told; the prosecution ascribes the motive for the deed to "the very uprightness and fervor of her soul, [which] strengthened her abhorrence [of his atheistic tendencies]. It is not difficult to follow the workings of that soul until faith became bigotry, and zeal fanaticism." Francis meanwhile secretly leaves his bed, and, returning, openly confesses his guilt.

Apart from the foregoing material, interwoven with incidents which make a very interesting narrative, the author has succeeded in setting forth mildly, but with none the less force, two moral points—the evils of mixed marriages and the beneficent results of confession. Conspicuous in its pages is the absence of sensationalism and overdrawn heroism; the virtues abounding in the household are such as may be seen in every-day life, yet depicted with a touch that must carry lessons of Christian charity into the heart of the reader. The story is told with a simplicity which will readily interest old and young.

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THE COLUMBIAN READING UNION.

ALL COMMUNICATIONS RELATING TO READING CIRCLES, LISTS OF BOOKS, ETC., SHOULD BE ADDRESSED TO THE COLUMBIAN READING UNION, 415 WEST FIFTY-NINTH STREET, NEW YORK CITY.

THE Catholic Summer School will begin its first session at New London, Conn., on Sunday, July 31. A prospectus has been issued in which these words from Cardinal Newman are quoted: "Truth is the object of knowledge, of whatever kind; and truth means facts and their relations. Religious truth is not only a portion, but a condition of general knowledge. To blot it out is nothing short of unravelling the web of university teaching." Speaking of the church, in connection with literature and science, Cardinal Newman says: "She fears no knowledge, but she purifies all; she represses no elements of our nature, but cultivates the whole."

On this line of principle and of thought the Catholic Summer School proposes to offer to its students, young and old, abundant instruction in various departments of knowledge, on a broad basis of information, by competent teachers and lecturers who are "quite up with the times," being able to throw upon their subjects the higher and still broader light of central principles, of spiritual truth and of coherent faith.

Our readers will find Mr. John A. Mooney's scholarly article in this number of THE CATHOLIC WORLD worthy of profound consideration. It sets forth clearly the dominant thoughts of those who have undertaken the formation of the Catholic Summer School. Intellectual culture is to be fostered in harmony with the true Christian faith by the most enlightened representatives of the Catholic Church.

* * *

The course of study appointed for this year will embrace ten lectures on ethics, ten on English literature, ten on general history, five on science and revealed religion, ten on miscellaneous topics. The lectures will be given in the Lyceum Theatre, New London—a beautiful and spacious building capable of seating comfortably five or six hundred persons. Three lectures will be delivered on each week-day. Saturdays will be devoted to rest and recreation. The fee for the whole series of lectures will be $5. The fee for ten lectures will be $2. Tuition fees

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may be sent directly to the Secretary, Mr. Warren E. Mosher, Youngstown, Ohio. A membership card will be issued to every subscriber. This card will not be transferable, but will entitle the member to admission if presented in person. In order that suitable accommodations may be provided, applications for membership tickets for the whole series should be sent in before July 15.

Applications for prospectus and printed syllabi of lectures may be made to any of the following officers:

Rev. Morgan M. Sheedy, President, 48 Third Avenue, Pittsburgh, Pa.; Rev. P. A. Halpin, S.J., First Vice-President, 30 West Sixteenth Street, New York City; Mr. John H. Haaren, Second Vice-President, 541 McDonough Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Mrs. A. T. Toomey, Third Vice-President, Washington, D. C.; Mr. Warren E. Mosher, Secretary and Treasurer, Youngstown, Ohio; Rev. Thomas McMillan, 415 West Fifty-ninth Street, New York City, chairman of General Council; Rev. Joseph H. McMahon, 460 Madison Avenue, New York City, chairman of Board of Studies; Mr. George E. Hardy, Seventieth Street and First Avenue, New York City, chairman Committee on Entertainment; Mr. William J. Moran, 20 Nassau Street, New York City, chairman Committee on Arrangements; Rev. John F. Mullaney, Syracuse, N. Y., Financial Committee for Northern and Western New York; Professor John P. Brophy, 224 West Fifty-eighth Street, New York City, Financial Committee; Mr. G. P. Lathrop, New London, Conn., chairman Local Committee.

* * *

A local committee of Catholics has been formed in New London, which will answer all inquiries as to terms for board and lodging, and will do its best to make arrangements for applicants having small means as well as for those of larger resources. Letters on this subject should be addressed to Mr. William J. Brennan, 52 State Street, New London, Conn.

Excursions will be planned for members of the school, and other amusements devised for their enjoyment. New London, although on a main line of rail and steamboat travel between New York and Boston, and connected with the interior by the New London Northern and the Boston and Albany Railroads, is a semi-rural city in character. It is full of gardens and immense shade-trees, and situated in a well-wooded, rolling country which extends along the banks of the Thames River, and to the very edge of Long Island Sound. The scenery is charming, and the facilities for bathing, boating, driving, and fishing are

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ample. This statement answers the question whether women can find suitable accommodations while attending the Summer School. It is expected that many small parties of friends can be provided for in private families as well as in the hotels.

* * *

An out-of-door sketching class is to be formed this summer at New Hartford, Conn., under the management of Messrs. Willard L. Metcalf and Robert Reid. Terms for instruction are $25 per month, or $40 for eight weeks, payable in advance. Four days in the week instruction will be given in landscape, the figure, and still life. The scenery of the Farmington Valley is very charming; it is at New Hartford that Mrs. Clara Kellogg Strakosch has recently built a country-house. Evidently the artists are awake to the advantages of combined effort in summer, when the beauties of nature are most conspicuous. This is another proof of the desire to utilize vacation for profitable study.

* * *

The Fénelon Reading Circle of Brooklyn, N. Y., has been highly honored by a visit from the Right Rev. Charles E. McDonnell, D.D. Miss C. F. Hennessy, the secretary of the Circle, writes this account of the closing meeting:

"The bishop, accompanied by Rev. John T. Barry, the spiritual director of the Circle, was met at the entrance of the Prach gallery by the acting president and the secretary, who conducted him to the committee-room, where the officers and members of the advisory committee were introduced to him. As a souvenir of his first visit to the society, and as a token of their appreciation of his kindness in coming to them so soon and so informally, a set of books was presented to him by the officers in the name of the Circle. The bishop was then escorted by the committee to the room where the members and the guests had already assembled to the number of about three hundred and fifty. Here, after a few remarks from Father Barry, the presentation of the members and their friends began. This ceremony lasted for an hour and a half, with short intervals for excellent vocal music under the direction of Mr. Bernard O'Donnell.

"At the close of the reception the bishop made a short but very effective address, stating the great satisfaction he felt in being present at such a representative gathering, and his heartfelt interest in the work of the Circle; he hoped to be with them on many future occasions. He was then presented with a poem, written for the occasion by a member of the society. The bishop took his leave about six o'clock, evidently well pleased with what he had seen and learned of the Fénelon Reading Circle.

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"The general feeling among the members was one of entire gratification and they were warmly congratulated by their guests on the great success of the meeting."

* * *

With the object of organizing the Perboyre Reading Circle a meeting was held at the residence of Miss Elizabeth L. Rogers, Brooklyn, N. Y., May 5. The Circle is intended to afford ample opportunity for the literary and musical improvement of young Catholics of both sexes who may prove acceptable for membership.

The meeting was a success in every way. Rev. J. A. Hartnett presided, and delivered an address to the members urging them to continued efforts for their self-improvement. Mr. John A. Hamilton read an ably written paper on the necessity of Reading Circles. Mr. O. Maune and Counsellor James J. Rogers also made speeches. After discussing plans for future work the meeting adjourned. A reception followed the meeting.

* * *

We have been favored with a copy of the report submitted to the Educational Committee of the Catholic Union, Albany, N. Y., on behalf of the St. Scholastica Reading Circle, which was formed October 6, 1891. The ladies belonging to the Reading Circle are auxiliary members of the Catholic Union, entitled to the use of the library, and pay two dollars each to defray the general expense of the organization. At a book reception held recently about five hundred volumes were added to the library. Over two hundred members have engaged in the work of the Reading Circle, under the guidance of Mrs. M. S. Mooney.

Particular attention has been given to Grecian history, literature, and mythology.

"*The Story of Greece*, by Professor James A. Harrison, and *The Story of Alexander's Empire*, by Professor J. P. Mahaffy, have formed the historical basis of our reading. These books have furnished the required home work of each member of the Circle, but every chapter of these two books has been reviewed and discussed at the weekly meetings by members appointed to do so in advance from week to week. The twenty-four books of Homer's *Iliad* (Bryant's translation) have been reviewed and discussed, with copious quotations, in the same way. The stories of the most famous of the Greek tragedies have been told, together with the history of the Greek stage and the purpose of the Greek drama as a religious ceremony. Twenty-five of the Greek myths, that seem to have been the favorites of modern

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as well as of ancient writers, have been told from Bulfinch's *Age of Fable*, Edwards's *Hand-Book of Mythology*, Hawthorne's *Wonder-Book* and *Tanglewood Tales*. Many charming poems founded on these myths have helped to make up the miscellaneous part of each week's programme. These poems may be found in the works of Longfellow, Lowell, Saxe, Holmes, Moore, Milton, Ben Jonson, Tennyson, and many others. In addition to the above regular work we have had selections read appropriate to the great festivals of the 8th of December, Christmas and New Year; and for each of the last seven meetings we have had a selection from the writings of Cardinal Newman, either prose or poetry. It is our intention to continue this feature of the Columbian Reading Union, recommended by Father McMillan, of the Paulist Fathers, New York—to have at each meeting at least one number on the programme by a Catholic author."

* * *

The Ozanam Reading Circle, of New York City, held a public meeting June 3, at Columbus Hall. Mr. Alfred Young presided. The programme was opened with a piano solo by Miss Gallagher, followed by an essay on Cardinal Manning by Miss Sweeney. Father McMillan spoke of the life and work of John Gilmary Shea. Miss Dolan recited the story of Herve Riel from Browning.

Right Rev. Mgr. Bernard O'Reilly was then introduced. He thanked the members for the kind invitation to be present at such an intellectual feast, and in the course of his excellent address spoke highly of the late Cardinal Manning—being himself personally acquainted with him—as "a devoted priest" and "a perfect Christian." At the close of his remarks he wished every blessing to fall upon the Paulist Fathers and their good work. As a souvenir of his visit he presented to the Circle a beautiful bronze medal struck in honor of Césare Cantù, the great Catholic writer on universal history.

Shakespearean reading from "As You Like It" was next on the programme. An opening song was sung by Miss Clifton, after which the reading took place. After the meeting a reception was held, at which the invited guests were introduced to the members.

* * *

We quote from the Boston *Pilot* some notices showing the excellent work accomplished by the Reading Circles. Our friends in the rural districts will read with interest the account of what Catholics at Boston can do for literary advancement:

"The Brookline Reading Circle held an important meeting

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June 8. The book under discussion was *Cineas; or, Rome under Nero.* The work was planned by Miss Mary Geary as follows: Synopsis of the book, Miss Mary Geary; 'Who was Queen Boadicea?' Miss Mary McCarty; 'The circumstances which led to the conversion of Helen,' Miss Mary Dee; 'What did Plato and Socrates believe with regard to a Supreme Being, and how near did they come to the knowledge of the true God?' Miss Mary Carey; 'What did Cicero and Seneca believe of a Supreme Being, and how near did they come to the knowledge of the true God?' Miss Margaret Carey; 'The Mamertine Prison and the Apostles who were confined there,' Miss Annie Hennessey."

* * *

"The closing exercises of the Catholic Union Reading Circle before the summer vacation were held at the Catholic Union Rooms on Tremont Street on May 21. Miss Louise Imogen Guiney and Mr. Oscar Fay Adams contributed the literary part of the programme and Miss Nellie McLaughlin the musical portion, while remarks on the importance and usefulness of the Reading Club movement were made by Miss Katherine Conway, president of the Boyle O'Reilly Reading Club.

"Meetings were resumed last October. Forty-four members were present at the first meeting. Since then the meetings have been held regularly twice a month, on the second and fourth Thursdays, and though the attendance has not always been as large as on the first evening, still the lack of numbers has been fully compensated for by the enthusiasm and industry displayed by those who attended regularly.

"The plan of work for the year, arranged by Mrs. Mary Elizabeth Blake, was wide and interesting, and has been fully and satisfactorily carried out.

"The books read and discussed comprised those of Brownson, his *Convert* receiving special attention; the essays of Archbishop Spalding and Bishop England; the writings of John Gilmary Shea, Maurice F. Egan, Marion Crawford, Mrs. James Sadlier, Christian Reid, and Mrs. Margaret Sullivan, together with a number of magazine articles on topics of current interest. Papers have been prepared and read in connection with reading assigned for each meeting, biographical sketches of the author's life and incidents connected with it being always included. The number of papers prepared has been large, there being an average of three or four each evening.

"One of the pleasant incidents of the year was the reception tendered by the Catholic Union to the Rev. Thomas McMillan, whom we were invited to meet and welcome as the original projector of reading clubs."

* * *

"The Newman Reading Circle of South Boston held its last regular meeting for the year on June 1, when an election of officers for the ensuing year was held. During the past year

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the members have studied and discussed Gregory VII.; the Crusades, their origin, causes, and number; St. Dominic; the first Crusade; St. Francis of Assisi; the eighth Crusade; results of these expeditions, and the benefits obtained for the different nations; St. Thomas Aquinas; the orders of knighthood; Thomas à Kempis; Joan of Arc; and the fall of Constantinople. The attendance has been very regular, and the meetings highly successful. At the last meeting, in accordance with the custom of previous years, the books used during the year were distributed to the members by lot. It was decided at this meeting to close the year by a social gathering.

"The Circle will take up at the beginning of next year a study of the reign of Ferdinand and Isabella, with early American history, and on October 12, when the first meeting will be held in honor of the day, the programme will consist wholly of matters relating to the discovery of America."

* * *

"The third year of the John Boyle O'Reilly Reading Circle closed with a promising list of active members, whose earnest and interested work throughout the winter has made this year the most successful in the life of the Circle. Studies in church history, suggested by the contents of the question box; the biography and novels of Kathleen O'Meara, and related work, as the life of St. Vincent de Paul, and the local and general work of St. Vincent de Paul Conferences, in connection with Frederic Ozanam; St. Dominic and the Dominicans, in connection with Lacordaire, have furnished the chief work of the season. The Circle had also a Manning night, at the first meeting following the death of the great cardinal; and towards the close of the season devoted an evening to the works of Maurice F. Egan.

"The twelve papers written by the members of the Circle have been of a much higher order than those of previous years. In addition to this—the routine work of the Circle—Miss Katherine E. Conway has, by request, twice read papers.

"The discussions have gained in interest and spirit. Those upon the life and influence of Savonarola, and the Greek schism, were probably the most important.

"The literary gleanings prove that the every-day reading is gradually reaching a higher standard, and the selections from poetry, history, and biography indicate that the Reading Circle is helping more and more every year to render enjoyable only the highest and best in all literature."

* * *

"The Catholic Reading Circle of Lawrence, Mass., closed its season's work, June 10, with a charming entertainment at the Franklin House, the chief feature of which was a paper by Miss Louise Imogen Guiney, entitled 'A Ride through Ireland.'

"An extremely appreciative audience completely filled the dining-hall of the hotel. Miss Katharine A. O'Keeffe presided, and after a few words descriptive of the aim of the Reading

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Circle, and the work it has accomplished, presented Miss Guiney.

"The paper by Miss Guiney was a most delightful story of a trip taken by herself and her mother, in the summer of 1890, over the roads through some of the most interesting and romantic parts of the Green Isle. It was poetic, pathetic, and humorous by turns, and was a most delightfully original description of a journey out of the beaten track of travel, where objects were seen by keen, discerning eyes, and jotted down with a poet's pen. The pranks of 'Eileen,' a near relative of the donkey family, the whimsical little animal which drew the 'trap' and its occupants over Irish roads, were described in a most laughable manner. Everybody was delighted with the paper, and no less so with the reader."

* * *

A traveller from America visiting London for the first time was surprised to find such a large Irish colony in the chief city of the British Empire. He was informed that fully three-fourths of the Catholic people in London are of Irish extraction. In various departments of trade and in professional life he found representatives of the exiled Irish race making themselves quite at home in the den of the British lion. Now the information comes to us that an Irish Literary Society has been formally established at London, The first meeting was held at the Caledonian Hotel, and was largely attended by ladies and gentlemen, poets, novelists, and workers in literature and journalism.

The large number of letters from eminent Irish men and women, expressing sympathy, encouragement, and support, read by the hardworking secretary (Mr. T. W. Rolleston) augured well for the success of the movement. All shades of Irish political thought and belief were represented in the correspondence. The objects of the society are (1) to afford a centre of social and literary intercourse for persons of Irish nationality living, either permanently or occasionally, in London; (2) to promote the study of Irish history, literature, and art. Central premises will be taken for the purposes of the society. An excellent working committee was elected, with Sir Charles Gavan Duffy, K.C.B., as president. It is arranged that a lecture on the Celtic influence on English literature will be delivered by the Rev. Stopford Brooke, a member of the society. The roll of members includes the names of Mr. Justin McCarthy, M.P.; Mr. John Redmond, M.P.; Mr. Michael Davitt; the Rev. Stopford Brooke; The O'Clery; Mr. John O'Leary; Mr. William O'Brien, M.P.; Mr. Thomas Lough; Mr. T. D. Sullivan, M.P.; Mr. R. Barry O'Brien; Mr. Bram Stoker (of the Lyceum Theatre); Mr. Fitz-

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gerald Molloy; Miss Katherine Tynan; Mr. Sexton, M.P.; Mr. W. B. Yeats; Lady Wilde, Oscar Wilde, Miss Sharman-Crawford.

* * *

Publishers deserve praise when they justly compensate authors and push the sale of good books. The *Literary World* published this statement:

"To beget and stimulate a taste for reading in rural districts Messrs. Cassell & Co. are offering, as a nucleus for forming village libraries, a set of their National Library, which consists of upwards of two hundred volumes, at half the usual price. The only conditions are that there is no resident bookseller in the place supplied and that a responsible person is appointed to take charge of the books."

Our correspondence enables us to know that there is a great demand in rural districts for good cheap literature. Libraries are beyond the reach of country boys working on farms. The vile trash of the American book market often penetrates to remote districts, where good books are never seen. Here is a wide field for philanthropy.

* * *

None of the premiums given at the academies this year has proved more acceptable than the book entitled *The Life and Times of Kateri Tekakwitha, the Lily of the Mohawks, 1656–1680*, by Miss Ellen H. Walworth, illustrated with maps and original drawings. The work treats of matters of historical and even romantic interest attaching to our Mohawk and Hudson valleys. The first edition, issued last summer, was exhausted almost immediately. The publishers (Peter Paul & Brother, Buffalo, N. Y.) had not a copy left at the close of the year. A new and much larger edition is now published and can be ordered at once. The price at retail is $1.25; packages of ten or more at $1 per copy, if ordered directly from the publishers by schools or Reading Circles.

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WITH THE PUBLISHER.

"LIVING requires but little life: doing requires much"—the motto of THE CATHOLIC WORLD for the month, an uncomfortable motto in July's heats, when simply living is all human nature cares for. And yet it is necessary in a periodical publication. Father Time gives all who contribute to our work no respite. Temperature cannot be a consideration in any of the departments of the "make-up" of our magazine, and the doing that requires not little but much life is always the necessity. Labor on a magazine is incessant—the completion of one issue means the beginning of another, and when these pages reach the reader the greater part of the August issue will have been planned out and much of it will be in type. THE CATHOLIC WORLD cannot merely live, it demands the activity of many hands and brains, and each number is the product of this combined activity. The selection and arrangement of the matter is in itself a study, and is the result of plans that may require many changes before the "reader" puts his fiat "Press" upon the sheet.

So a magazine office is a hot-bed of plans even after manuscripts have been accepted. And when our readers are told that from the office of the magazine are issued no fewer than six regular monthly publications (all in one form or another directed to serve the same ends as THE CATHOLIC WORLD), they can readily understand the necessity for such a motto as the Publisher puts at the head of his department.

But this activity should extend beyond the makers of the magazine to those who use it. And the Publisher tells them something of the activity necessary in all the departments of the magazine that it may serve as a spur to their own activity in behalf of the cause for which THE CATHOLIC WORLD is a champion. Perhaps the reader is beyond the reach of any such spur just now. But at least he can lay out a plan of campaign when old Sol's ardor is diminished, and when crisp, bright days give a zest to life and make activity a blessing. Let him *do* the part that requires *much* life; he cannot put activity to better and worthier use than in behalf of the Apostolate of the Press.

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The Apostolate of the Press reminds us that the report of the proceedings at the meeting in last January is still on sale at this office, though there are not many copies left. The Publisher's remarks in a former issue urging the necessity of securing a copy before the limited edition was exhausted, have apparently led some of our readers to believe that there are no copies left. This is a mistake. We have but few left and cannot place them with the booksellers. Order direct from this office and you will receive a book worth many times its price. But don't delay about the matter. Send your order at once with twenty-five cents in whatever form is most convenient; if you send stamps we prefer the amount in one-cent or five-cent stamps.

It gives us pleasure to note that another great Catholic cause, that of Total Abstinence, is about to invoke the aid of the Press in behalf of its mission to our people. The necessity and feasibility of such an Apostolate through the agency of Printer's Ink is now under discussion. There can be no doubt of the outcome among men who watch the signs of the times. In these days the printed page is the greatest preacher, it has the widest audience, it is a voice that is ever living, never silent; and as a result of the adoption of this great power for clinching argument and riveting conviction, we look to see yet greater progress and triumph in the cause of sobriety.

Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., the agents for Methuen & Co., of London, for their series of "English Leaders of Religion," have issued the *Life of Cardinal Manning* referred to in these pages some time ago and while the great cardinal was still living. The work is from the pen of Mr. A. W. Hutton, who, it was then said, had written the volume with the cardinal's consent and assistance. The Publisher has since learned that this rumor is not trustworthy, and although it is even now claimed that Mr. Hutton has given an impartial account of Manning's life while in the Anglican Church and also in the Catholic Church, still the treatment the author gave to his Reminiscences of Cardinal Newman in the pages of the *Expositor*—which some of our readers may recall—will make the Catholic reader disinclined to easily credit Mr. Hutton's impartiality. In connection with this subject it may be well to remind our readers that there are two authors of the name and both have addressed themselves to the task of writing of Cardinal Newman. Mr. R. H. Hutton, though not a Catholic, has written a brief life of Cardinal New-

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man (New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.), in a far different temper and spirit from that which characterized Mr. A. W. Hutton's Reminiscences, and far more acceptable to the Catholic reader, though the greater portion of the book is taken up with the cardinal's career in the Anglican Church. Mr. A. W. Hutton, it will be remembered, was at one time thought to be the coming light in the High Church body, but was received into the Catholic Church while at Oxford, if we mistake not, and joined the community at the Birmingham Oratory. This gave him his intimate acquaintance with Newman. He subsequently apostatized, and is now, we believe, committed to no definite form of religious belief.

There are men who will write and publishers who will sell the most noxious filth that can be put between the covers of a book. But blameworthy as such men are, they would not, on mere business principles, write or publish such degrading books, if they did not find a ready market and meet a steady demand for their wares from a certain class of readers. That this class is a very large one is unhappily too evident. The Publisher saw a recent announcement in a journal for the bookselling trade, which chronicled the issue and sale on the same day of the *one-hundreth* edition of *five thousand* copies each of one of the vilest of the many vile publications of the day—so vile, indeed, that it cannot be sent through the mails. The fact that at least half a million readers can have an appetite for such filth and can find means of satisfying so depraved a taste is too deplorable to require any comment.

In gracious contrast to facts such as these is the remembrance of Lady Burton's action in burning the MSS. of her husband's translation from the Arabic of *The Scented Garden*, which had been entrusted to her on his death. Though Lady Burton was far from being wealthy, and though publishers held out tempting prices for the MSS., she was too loyal a Catholic, too true a woman, to co-operate, with the evil that might come to many because of the erotic character of the work, and burned the pages to put an end for ever to the temptation that her needs might bring her. Whereat there was a great clamor among "scholars" because of a "woman's piece of wanton vandalism," and urging every plea in behalf of scholarship against this "outrage." But the loss to scholarship is a gain in much that is far above and beyond scholarship. For the one man who would read the

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work from the stand-point and motive of the student, how many more would read it for the vileness it suggested? how many might date their soul's corruption from the day they first took it up? The pure woman, the demands of conscience, are before and above the claims of scholarship, and of course above temporal necessities, and it was because of these demands that Lady Burton acted as she did.

So her critics may rave and tell us, as Mr. Eugene Field does in writing on the subject, that "woman is by nature wholly, irredeemably and irreparably disqualified for the offices of literary executor," and that "a woman and a kitchen stove will do more damage in five minutes than a horde of hungry savages in five years," but until these critics understand the paramount claims of conscience they cannot understand Lady Burton's action. She had had experience of the harm that such books can do, even had her woman's instinct against vileness failed her, from the action of the English authorities forbidding the publication and sale of Captain Burton's unexpurgated translation of the *Arabian Nights Entertainment.* This prohibition, the Publisher supposes, would have also been regarded by the daily press as a "blow to scholarship" were it not for the fact that, though the sale of the work is forbidden in England, it may be purchased in the open market in this country, though, happily, at a price which is practically prohibitive.

Despite the large sale of immoral books we are comforted with the thought that here and there evidences of a better spirit prevail, and the disciples of the so-called Realism are met with rebukes that cannot be ignored. Whatever good or evil is found, for instance, in the French Academy, whether or not it is deserving of all that Daudet lays at its doors in *One of the Immortals*, certainly every lover of decency in literature will applaud its recent repeated refusal to admit M. Zola within the circle of the Immortal Forty. It is much to their credit that they will not make an associate of this high-priest of nastiness, and their action is a rebuke that carries weight.

Even in the Flowery Kingdom the publisher finds evidence of much that is of comfort to those who would war against an immoral press. And though the "Heathen Chinee" is not counted worthy of a place among the citizens of this "land of the free," there is much that is a rebuke to our people in the public spirit of these same heathen.

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Chinese works of fiction, as the Publisher learns from the *North China Herald*, of Shanghai, are generally speaking most licentious and demoralizing. They have been shown to be the direct causes in many cases of public evil, and the best among the Chinese felt that they had abundant ground for believing that immoral books were a distinct menace to public safety, and exerted an influence for evil greater by far than the precepts of their great teachers of natural virtue made for good.

The evil was met by those who had the triumph of at least natural virtue at heart in a very summary manner, and the crusade among these upright souls against immoral books still continues. These men put aside a certain amount, and by no means an inconsiderable part of their income, yearly, which is devoted to the purchase not only of all kinds of vicious literature they can lay their hands on, but even of the blocks from which these books are printed. All such books and blocks are burned. One merchant went so far in this crusade that he devoted all his spare funds, and even sold all his wife's ornaments, in order to make the work of destruction more complete. A strong public opinion against immoral books is steadily growing, one result of which was exhibited at Soochow, where sixty-five of the leading merchants publicly pledged themselves not to engage in, or in any way countenance, the trade in vile literature. And the evil had grown to be so fruitful in crime that the power of the government was invoked against all immoral publications.

Verily, we can learn from the heathen. What are we doing against the evil as it is found here? Are we doing all we can do? And is it likely that we could find among our merchants the spirit and the self-sacrifice of these benighted Chinese?

As a "straw" illustrating the tendency of the general reader, it is refreshing to note that in the recently issued report of the Richmond (England) Free Library, there was a marked and steady increase in the readers of the more serious classes of literature, viz., Theology and Philosophy, Law and Politics, while the demand for works of fiction and the lighter periodicals just as steadily decreased. That this is the general experience it is not for the Publisher to say, but it is an experience that was repeated last year in the Tokyo Free Library in far-off Japan, where of the 36,000 volumes issued, 7,500 were works on History and Biography, 7,000 on Law and Politics, 6,600 on Literature and Language, and 6,000 on Natural Philosophy. In France Jules

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Claretie shows from actual experience with the booksellers that the sale of works of fiction is decreasing; and that the French public are reading historical works. The same tendency is shown in a digested list of the new works published in English during the past year. Though fiction still leads, it is losing ground to history and biography.

A place that will not be easily filled has been left vacant in the ranks of Catholic men of letters by the sudden death of Father William Lockhart, of the Order of Charity, on May 15 last. Among his best-known works are *The Old Religion* (Burns & Oates) and a *Life of Rosmini*. Father Lockhart was also closely connected with the *Lamp* and founded a paper called *Catholic Opinion*, now incorporated with the *Catholic Times*. He was a frequent contributor to Catholic periodicals, and the current number of the *Dublin Review* contains some most interesting "Personal Reminiscences of Cardinal Manning" from his pen.

From 1798 to 1815 Wordsworth put forth in his various editions his views on the nature of the poetic art. These prefaces attracted the attention of the literary world, and were of the nature of a challenge to the critical gladiators of the time. Mr. A. J. George has collected and edited these prefaces and essays, adding such notes as are necessary. The volume is published by Heath & Co., of Boston, and ought to be of interest to all students of the poetic principle.

Charles Scribner's Sons announce an additional contribution to the already numerous studies of Carlyle. The volume is from the pen of the aged Sir Charles Gavan Duffy and is entitled *Conversations and Correspondence with Thomas Carlyle.*

The Appletons also announce *The Last Words of Thomas Carlyle*, writings and lectures hitherto unpublished.

Professor McMaster is said to be hard at work on the fourth volume of his *History of the American People* (Appleton), which will be published probably in 1894. This volume will deal altogether with the literary side of our national life, with accounts of long-forgotten novels, magazines, etc., and will also include a study of the religious condition of the people from 1783 to 1820.

What "fad" or theory is there nowadays which does not invoke Printer's Ink for its propaganda? Among the latest of new publications we chronicle *The Urn*, a monthly devoted to the interests of cremation, "from the philosophical as well as the sanitary point of view," to quote from its prospectus.

A new edition of the *Dukesborough Tales* of Richard Malcolm Johnston has been published by the Appletons. The "Bill

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Williams" of these tales is one of the most characteristic products of Southern literature, and the tales themselves have been called classic by those who are competent to judge. Mr. Johnston has selected from the tales six stories which describe the career of "Bill Williams." These form a continuous narrative and are published under the title of *The Chronicles of Mr. Bill Williams.*

In these days when there is so much flimsy and slipshod book-making, it gives one genuine pleasure to examine the large and sumptuous 8x10 edition of the *Horæ Diurnæ* published by Fr. Pustet. The binding, press-work, "register," type, and paper make it one of the best specimens of the bookmaker's art. We have looked through it with care and find in it nothing faulty in any respect. It contains all the offices to date, is most conveniently arranged, has far less of troublesome back-references than any other edition we have seen, and can be read with such ease from a book-rest that it is practically the acme of comfort for a priest, especially if his sight is poor.

If any one who reads these lines means to make a present to one of the clergy and is in doubt about what is most appropriate (now that the day of the embroidered slipper is happily past), let us suggest (and we ought to know what a priest would best appreciate) this magnificent edition of the *Horæ Diurnæ;* nothing could be more beautiful and more serviceable.

The Catholic Publication Society Co. has issued:

History of the Church in England from the beginning of the Christian Era to the accession of Henry VIII. By Mary H. Allies.

The Hail Mary; or, Popular Instructions and Considerations on the Angelical Salutation. By J. P. Val D'Eremao, D.D.

The Church; or, The Society of Divine Praise. A manual for the use of the Oblates of St. Benedict. From the French of Dom Prosper Guéranger, abbot of Solesmes.

The same firm announces:

The Conversion of the Teutonic Race. By Mrs. Hope. Edited by Rev. J. B. Dalgairns, of the Oratory. A new and popular edition, in two volumes, each volume complete in itself. Vol. I. Conversion of the Franks and English. Vol. II. St. Boniface and the Conversion of Germany.

Menology of England and Wales. Compiled by Rev. R. Stanton, of the Oratory. A supplement, containing notes and other additions, together with enlarged appendices, and a new index.

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BOOKS RECEIVED.

CONSTITUTIONAL AND POLITICAL HISTORY OF THE UNITED STATES. By Dr. H. von Holst, professor at the University of Freiburg. Translated from the German by John J. Lalor. Chicago: Callaghan & Co.

SERMONS ON THE BLESSED VIRGIN MARY. By the Very Rev. D. I. McDermott, rector of St. Mary's Church, Philadelphia. Philadelphia: William J. Carey.

MEDITATIONS FOR EVERY DAY IN THE YEAR. Collected from different spiritual writers. Edited by Rev. Roger Baxter, S.J., of Georgetown College. Second edition. New York: Benziger Bros.

TALES AND LEGENDS OF THE MIDDLE AGES. From the Spanish of F. de P. Capella. Edited by Henry Wilson. New York, Cincinnati, and Chicago: Benziger Bros.

PRINCIPLES AND PURPOSES OF OUR FORM OF GOVERNMENT. As set forth in public papers of Grover Cleveland. Compiled by Francis Gottsberger. New York: George G. Peck.

MODERN INDUSTRIES AND COMMERCE. The Information Readers Series. No. 4. By Robert Lewis, Ph.D. Boston: School Supply Company.

RITUS ORDINATIONUM JUXTA PONTIFICALE ROMANUM. Latin and English. By the Very Rev. J. S. M. Lynch, D.D., LL.D., formerly professor of Sacred Liturgy in St. Joseph's Provincial Seminary, Troy, N. Y. Second Edition. New York: The Cathedral Library Association.

HIERARCHY OF THE ROMAN CATHOLIC CHURCH IN THE UNITED STATES. By Maurice Francis Egan, LL.D. Parts 11 to 15 (inclusive). Philadelphia: George Barrie.

THEOLOGIA MORALIS PER MODUM CONFERENTIARUM. Auctore clarissimo P. Benjamin Elbel, O.S.F. Novis curis edidit, P. F. Irenæus Bierbaum, O.S.F. Pars VII. et VIII. Paderbornæ: Ex Typographia Bonifaciana (J. W. Schroeder); Neo Eboraci: Benziger Fratres.

MY WATER CURE. By Rev. Sebastian Kneipp, parish priest of Wörishofen (Bavaria). Translated from the thirty-sixth German edition. Kempton (Bavaria): Joseph Koesel; St. Louis, Mo.: B. Herder, agent.

PHASES OF THOUGHT AND CRITICISM. By Brother Azarias, of the Brothers of the Christian Schools. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

GOLDEN RULES. For directing religious communities, seminaries, colleges, schools, families, etc. By Rev. Michael Müller, C.SS.R. New and revised edition. New York and Cincinnati: Fr. Pustet & Co.

VERSES ON DOCTRINAL AND DEVOTIONAL SUBJECTS. By the Rev. James Casey, P.P. Dublin: James Duffy & Co. (limited).

A SCHOOL HISTORY OF THE UNITED STATES. Abridged and compiled from reliable sources. With maps and illustrations. New York: Benziger Bros.

PAMPHLETS RECEIVED.

OUR DANGER SIGNAL. Evils of intemperance reviewed. By J. E. R. Asheville, N. C.: Asheville Printing Company.

JESUS CHRIST IS GOD. By Rev. Walter Elliott, C.S.P. Pamphlet No. 18. St. Paul: Catholic Truth Society of America.

CATECHISM ON POPE LEO'S GREAT ENCYCLICAL ON THE CONDITION OF LABOR. Translated from the French of Monsignor Lecot, Archbishop of Bordeaux, by Rev. William F. Grace. Worcester, Mass.: The *Messenger* Print.

THE ETHICS OF LITERATURE. Fanatical Philosophy's Failure as an element of Apologetics. By John A. Kersey, Marion, Ind.

COLUMBUS: A Drama in Five Acts. By an Ursuline Nun. New York: Benziger Brothers.

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THE

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THE SHEPHERDESS OF DOMREMY.

IN the year 1328 the crown of France passed from the direct line of Hugues Capet, which had become extinct, to the branch line of Valois. The only surviving member of the former was a woman, whom the Salic law debarred from reigning in France. She was Isabella, daughter of Philip the Fair, and wife of Edward II., King of England. However, she claimed the throne of France, not for herself, but for her son, Edward III.—as if she could transmit to him a right she did not have herself. At any rate, out of this claim grew a war that lasted one hundred years. Crécy and Agincourt were battles of this period as disastrous to France as Waterloo and Sedan in our own century. Through the reigns of John II. and Charles V. of France the struggle lasted, until we come, in the beginning of 1400, to Charles VI., whose life was one long spell of insanity, with a few lucid intervals. During his reign the regency was in the hands of two royal princes—his uncle, the Duke of Burgundy, and his brother, the Duke of Orleans. Burgundy murdered Orleans, and Burgundy in turn was murdered by Armagnac, the partisan and heir of Orleans. Hence, civil war between the two houses, in addition to the war on hand between France and England.

Orleans took up the cause of the French king, and Burgundy stood by the fortunes of the English claimant. The English claimant in 1421 was Henry VI., a mere child, whose uncle, Bedford, ruled for him in France. The French king was Charles VII., weak in character, poor in troops, and poorer in means. His kingdom was confined to a few southern provinces, of which the city of Orleans was the key. The whole northern portion of

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France, with Paris the capital, was in the hands of the English and their French allies, the Burgundians. To the city of Orleans the English laid siege. It seemed only a question of some months when it must yield; and when that came all France would be under English rule, and the French, as an independent nation, had ceased to exist. It was at this crisis that an unexpected and strange saviour came, that saviour a woman, and her name Joan of Arc.

The story of Joan is not legend. It rests on the highest kind of evidence. The best writers of her time in France and elsewhere have given in their writings the facts of her life. And since her time every succeeding century has furnished a large number of historians, orators, and poets who have made her the subject of their researches or theme of their songs: some to revile her, as Shakspere and Voltaire; many more to exalt her. Our century has been especially busy with the Maid of Orleans. Libraries have been ransacked for every manuscript concerning her. The bibliography of the subject has grown to proportions rivaling that of Mary, Queen of Scots, the Templars, the authorship of the *Imitation of Christ*, and other celebrated historical causes. Statues have been raised to her, poems written on her, art has reproduced her deeds on canvas, and the highest dramatic talent of the day acts out her wonderful life on the stage to large and enthusiastic audiences. However, the main sources of the history of the Maid of Orleans are the two trials which she underwent; the first at Rouen that issued in her burning, the latter at Paris (some twenty-five years after her death) that issued in the cassation of the former verdict and the rehabilitation of the calumniated heroine. In the first trial a most searching and cruel examination draws from her own lips the story of her short life—she was burned at the age of twenty. In the second trial the surviving companions of her life, who had known, heard, seen, fought with her, were made to narrate her life from childhood to the tragic end. The official and authenticated records of those two trials are extant to-day and in print. These are the sources of her history, and they give a certitude which is incontestable—judicial certitude.

Therefore, the facts I am about to narrate cannot be denied on the ground of lack of evidence. If they are denied on such ground, we may as well make a bonfire of all history, and say that there never was anything or anybody in this world before you and I came into it. After hearing my recital, only one question can arise in the reader's mind, and that is: Are these

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things possible? Now, that question takes the matter from historical to other ground. If one is of an agnostic turn of mind, he may answer, impossible: but then, remember, you thrust aside facts for which there is the best of evidence. If you are a believer in God and providence, you must answer, Such things are not impossible, and, if there be evidence, I cannot resist the conviction that they really did happen—I must accept them as historical facts.

There is a providence ruling the world. God is the God of nations as well as of individuals. National life and prosperity are his gift. He preserves and guides, rewards and chastises states as well as persons.

In the glorious hour of victory this nation, with Washington in Philadelphia and New York, or with Jackson in New Orleans, has gone into the temples of religion to bow its laurel-crowned head before the altar of the Lord God of Hosts. In the gloomy days of threatening storm and ruin this nation has called on the name of the God of courage through the great heart of that chief magistrate who led the nation through the red sea of fratricidal war, and who spoke its fears, faith, hope, in language no less Christian than patriotic. In the dark night of sorrow and weeping, while the widowed nation kept wake around the remains of the chief taken from her by murder, she turned for solace to the Master of life and death, and gathered her orphaned wards within the churches of God. In all the solemn crises of its history this people has remembered that the power of the earth is in the hand of God. His Holy Name is written on the important state papers of our rulers; our solemn assemblies and great works are preceded and blessed by prayer to him. Not thus does a nation act that disbelieves in God's providence.

Now, this action of God in the world may show itself in two ways: first, by his letting secondary causes interact and result in events and issues—under his unseen guidance, of course, but without any sign of action on his part—and this we call God's ordinary providence; second, by discarding for a time and for a purpose the interaction of the usual secondary causes which in our experience produce and make up the human drama called history, and putting to work unusual causes and even inadequate ones in such a way as to mark a striking emphasis in our reading of the world's course—this we call God's extraordinary providence. As an instance of ordinary providence, I name George Washington; as an instance of extraordinary providence,

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I name Joan of Arc. To the reader of Scripture many more instances of the same kind, and of women specially chosen, will come readily to mind.

In the valley of the Meuse, on the borders of Lorraine and Champagne, nestles the village of Domremy (Domnus Remigius) close to the town of Vaucouleurs (Vallis Colorum). There, on the 6th of January, 1412, was born Joan. Her parents were tillers of the soil, of good life and repute, having no other wealth than their little field and cottage, and their three sons and two daughters. Joan, the eldest of the daughters, grew under the care of her mother in the knowledge of the first elements of religion, in the exercise of piety, and in habits of household thrift and diligence. She was a good, simple, sweet girl, and worked cheerfully, spinning far into the night by her mother's side, or taking the mother's place in the cares of the cottage, or at times sharing the father's ruder labor, putting hand to plow or sickle, or herding on the commons the cattle of the village when came the turn of the family to do that duty. The little garden of her home touched on the graveyard, the garden of the parish church; and thither Joan frequently went for prayer before the great crucifix, or the Madonna's statue. Every morning she was at Mass, and at eve, when the bell rang the Angelus, she knelt wherever she might be—at home or a-field; and, if at times the bell-ringer forgot or grew careless, she would gently chide or coax him to better remembrance or care by the promise of her home-made cakes. Two miles from Domremy, on the side of one of the hills that overlook the valley and waters of the Meuse, was a chapel dedicated to the Blessed Virgin. Thither on Saturdays Joan would repair with other girls of the village to pray and burn candles. The bolder boys of the village smiled at her devotion, and some of her girl companions laughingly chaffed her. But, like the maiden of sense that she was, she went her way undisturbed. Her piety was not mere show. The little money she got was spent on those poorer than herself. To them she always gave a welcome, the best corner by her fireside, and frequently her own warm cot to sleep in. She did not seek to be odd, or stand aloof from other children, but willingly joined them in the village feasts of the various seasons, danced the merry round about the great beech tree—the aged monarch of the neighboring woodland, the scene of all the fairy tales of the village.

From these peaceful scenes she was suddenly called to war. The mission of Joan of Arc produced such a rapid and com-

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plete revolution in the destinies of France and Europe that no serious historian can dismiss it without trying to account for it. When the historian meets some great effect in the course of human events he must look for its cause. Whence came this mission of Joan? She said it came from God, and backed her assertion with proof; the proof was her marvellous victories in the very face of impossibilities. No one to-day dares to say that she knowingly and willingly deceived the world, or that she was the tool of political fraud, and lent herself to accredit a scheme gotten up to delude the nation. In fact, as will be seen later on, every one was against her: her parents, the court, the king, the knights, the church, the very ones interested in her mission; yet she, an illiterate peasant girl, fought her way to success in spite of the indifference and the opposition of all. It is pretended that she was unwittingly under an illusion that originated in a false mysticism combined with ardent patriotism. But, I ask, can these causes account for her marvellous deeds, her victories on the field of battle, for the fulfillment of her promises in which originally no one trusted because they were humanly impossible of realization? Mysticism is vague and dreamy, and not given to action; nothing is more precise and defined and active than Joan's life. Mysticism finds lodging in sickly natures and nervous temperaments; Joan was a sturdy, sensible girl, tall, robust, with all the graces of young womanhood, with a voice sweet and musical. Hers was a healthy mind in a perfectly knit frame that enabled her to bear the hardships of war with the toughest of France's warriors, to their great wonderment. Whence, then, came her mission? Her contemporaries had no doubt whatever that its origin was beyond the sphere of any known natural causes. The French patriots saw in it the finger of God. The English and their Burgundian allies saw in it the cloven foot of the devil. "She is a divinely guided maid," say the former; "She is a witch and an imp of evil," say the latter, and these backed their conviction with the burning of her. The mission of Joan is no article of faith. The church does not impose it, has decided nothing about it, leaves me perfectly free to deal with the question according to my best judgment. I am confronted on the one hand by a peasant girl suddenly launched into camp and battle, on the other hand by victories which all contemporaries pronounce to be beyond the means at the disposal of Charles VII., beyond the expectations of friend and foe—victories so marvellous that friends attribute them to God, and foes to the devil. Well, then, I will take her

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account of herself. And I will add to the narrative of her life already given material drawn from the report of the two trials.

When thirteen years old—this would be in 1425—she heard a voice from heaven calling her. It was a summer day, the hour of noon, in the garden of her home. The voice came from the direction of the church, and at the spot whence it issued she saw a great light. In the second chapter of St. Luke's gospel we find described just such an apparition, and how could St. Luke know it unless from the shepherds who had seen it? The first time this marvel happened to Joan she was afraid; but soon she grew trustful, for she found the voice worthy of trust; to her judges she declared it came from heaven. It was St. Michael the Archangel who appeared, with a retinue of angelic spirits. "I saw them," she declared to her judges, "just as I see you, and when they left me I wept and wished they would take me with them." At first the apparitions did not speak of her mission; they told her only to behave well, to frequent the church and the sacraments, to be a good girl, and God would help her. By and by hints of some work she had to do were given, and other apparitions more intimate and familiar were promised; St. Catharine and St. Margaret were to come to her frequently; she was to put full trust in their counsel: such was the will of God. Thenceforward the angelic apparitions ceased, she was left to the care of the two saints I have named, and lived in frequent and familiar communion with them. Outwardly nothing was changed in her manner of life; she remained the same simple, good, sensible peasant girl, and kept to herself the marvels amid which she lived. But finally the day came when she was positively ordered to go to Vaucouleurs to Sieur Robert de Baudricourt, captain of the Royalist forces, to ask for an escort to lead her to the king and to war. To leave her parenrs, her friends, her peaceful labors, and plunge into a warrior's life was a prospect that troubled this simple soul. She answered her saints that she was only a peasant girl who knew not how to ride or make war. But they insisted she must go, and she dare not resist the positive order of heaven. Her uncle lived in a neighboring hamlet. To him she went as if for a short visit, revealed all, and begged he would take her to the king's captain in Vaucouleurs. Great was the wonder of the good man. He yielded, however, to her instances, and the 13th of May, 1428, beheld the two strange visitors in the presence of Sieur de Baudricourt. She came, she said, on behalf of her Lord, and in order to lead the king to Rheims to receive consecration. "Who is thy Lord?"

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asked Baudricourt. "The King of Heaven," answered Joan. The officer thought the girl insane, and advised the uncle to take her back to her father to be chastised. Her saints had foretold her this affront. She was not cast down, but went back to her home and her ordinary occupations. Her father had a dream that she was to go off with soldiers. The dream left an impression on his mind he could not shake off. He watched her carefully, and said often to his sons: "If I thought such a thing should come to pass, I would bid you to drown her, and should do it myself, if you did not." To prevent the realization of his fears, he resolved to marry her off, and chose a suitor. She steadfastly refused the offer. To cut off retreat the candidate for her hand traduced her before the ecclesiastical tribunal as having engaged herself to him by promise. Her saints bade her go boldly to court. She easily refuted her strange adversary, and that was the end of the episode. Shortly after her saints repeated the injunction to go to the king's captain, this time promising success. Again she had recourse to her uncle's intervention.

Once more the village girl, in her coarse, red gown, stood before the Sieur de Baudricourt. The second welcome was no more propitious than the first. But she did not return to Domremy, she went to the house of a wheelwright in Vaucouleurs, and remained there three weeks, sharing the work and the daily prayers of the household. The motive of her presence in the place was no longer a secret; she told it to many. "I have come here to the Sieur de Baudricourt," she said to one of his lieutenants who called to see her at the wheelwright's house, "that he may send me to the king; he does not heed my words. Yet before Lent is over I must be in the king's presence, had I to wear off my legs to the knee, for no one in the world can help and save France but myself. Certes, I'd much rather sit at my mother's spinning wheel, for war is not my condition; but I must go and do battle, for such is the will of the Lord." The brave officer swore by his faith he would lead her to the king. Other soldiers made similar promises; the people of Vaucouleurs were becoming interested and excited. De Baudricourt must take some action. He sent the parish priest to examine her, for it would never do for a hard-headed trooper to be caught by a visionary girl. With book and stole the priest prayed over her to exorcise the evil spirit, if such were in her. Joan was all humility and obedience, but remained firm in her assertions.

This trial did not dissipate the doubts of Baudricourt. Yet

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what could he do? Soldiers and people were with the girl; were collecting among themselves the expenses of her intended journey; had got her a military costume, a lance, a horse. De Baudricourt could resist no longer, and Joan was sent on to the king under escort.

The court of Charles VII. (called the Dauphin as long as he was not consecrated and crowned in the primatial church of Rheims) was at the little town of Chinon. When Joan neared that place she wrote, or rather dictated, a letter to the Dauphin for permission to come into his presence and announce her mission, and assured him that she would know him at sight among his attendants, disguise himself as he might. The court was divided as to the welcome that should be given her. There was one man who stood out against any recognition of the strange girl, La Tremouille, the head of a powerful party, the favorite minister, the brains and the right hand of the helpless, inactive, and pleasure-loving monarch who forgot the loss of his kingdom in the smiles of Agnes de Sorel. Should the King of France compromise his dignity and expose himself to the laughter of Europe by admitting to an interview on grave affairs of state a peasant-girl who might be a fool or worse? Was this silly weakness to be indulged, though she was sent by the hard-headed Sieur de Baudricourt? though Orleans, with Talbot outside and famine inside clutching at its throat, was clamoring for the heaven-sent maid? for the rumor of her coming had somehow been wafted through the English lines to the ears of the beleagured inhabitants. On the other hand, it was argued that the crisis was desperate. God might have in reserve some wonderful favor for France, now at death's door. How could the king refuse to see one who came in such strange guise, with such strange promises? Military leaders, serious magistrates, grave ecclesiastics, gained the day; and Joan came. Through the brilliant gathering of courtiers she made her way past him who in richest dress personated the king to the presence of Charles, lost amid the crowd, and with a noble simplicity and grace that a life-breeding at court could not have improved, saluted him: "Gentle Dauphin, God give you life. I am Joan of Arc." "But I am not the king; there he is." "Nay, sweet prince, king you are and no one else." Then she told him God had sent her; let him give her troops, she would raise the siege of Orleans and lead him to Rheims.

Strange, surely, all this was; but, after all, what proof had she given that her mission is from heaven, as she says? Her

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journey through the enemy's country may have been simply good luck; her recognition of the king, a clever piece of cunning worked through confederates. True, some days later she revealed to the king a secret known only to himself and God, and henceforth he believed in her and believed in himself. But where are grounds sufficient on which he might accept her services? To act on his personal conviction in a matter of public interest would have been to leave himself without the intelligent and hearty concurrence of those around him. They must be convinced, and surely if she was able to convince him, she would succeed in convincing them. In Poitiers hard by sat the States General Council, composed of the nobles, the magistrates, the higher clergy of that portion of the realm that had remained faithful to the Dauphin. He sent her thither to be examined as to the source and character of her mission.

The minutes of that committee of inquiry are not at the present time in existence—or rather, have not yet been discovered—though hopes are still entertained of their coming some day to light from the dusty recesses of some unexplored library. But we have an account of it written by one of the members of the committee, Seguin, a Dominican friar; and we have, what is still more important, the official verdict of the committee drawn up for the king. The inquiry lasted three weeks. No means of getting at the truth were neglected: information taken in her native place; interrogations put to herself; minute observation of her private life; report of the three greatest ladies in France—Yolande of Aragon, queen of Sicily; the Countess of Gaucourt, wife of the governor of Orleans; the Baroness of Treves; as to Joan's spotless innocence of body and soul. Three years after, Joan, standing before her infamous judges at Rouen, will often appeal to this examination at Poitiers to call the minutes of it in evidence. The verdict of Poitiers annuls in advance the verdict of Rouen. Its authenticity is incontestable, and it states that the committee found in her no evil, but on the contrary, goodness, humility, virginity, devotion, honesty, simplicity. As to the sign or proof of her mission she promises to give it at Orleans. The king, therefore, should not hinder her from going to that city, but should lead her thither, hoping honestly in God. To reject the maid, when there is no appearance of evil in her, would be to show himself unworthy of God's aid.

Such is Joan's diploma from State and Church. Who can say that superstition dictated and signed it? Superstition does

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not act with such slow deliberation and such wise examination. Who will say that the best men and women in France, in the presence of the opposition of the court, headed by the favorite minister, were the dupes of an impostor, or willing impostors themselves?

Look at the facts; look at the evidence. Here is a pure, truthful, blameless girl of seventeen. She says she has a mission. She will give the proof at Orleans and Rheims. Give her weapons, put her at the head of troops, let her ride to Orleans and give the promised sign. Let the peasant-girl of Domremy put to flight the armies on whose banners are written Crécy, Agincourt; let her raise the siege, lead the gentle Dauphin to Rheims for consecration—and what shall you say? Superstition? Imposture? An easy way of constructing the philosophy of history. To cry out superstition and imposture requires neither study nor thought. Meanwhile, facts remain and evidence stands to convict such historical treatment of folly.

And now behold the maid on her proud, black steed, which she sits with the ease and grace of a born knight. At her belt hangs a sword found for her in St. Catherine's Chapel, which she never drew on foe, but which she broke by beating some lewd women with the flat of it out of the camp—broke in service of that virtue which was her shining gem. See her ride on, holding in her right hand her banner, a field of silver strewn with lilies, blazoning the names JESU, MARIA—the banner with which she charged the enemy, and led her devoted soldiers to victory. Ride on, warrior maiden, and God speed thee, to Orleans and Rheims and the freedom of thy France. But, alas! thou ridest also to Rouen, to the accursed fire of the market-place! Behind thee forever are the peace of infancy and girlhood, the innocent sports around the village beech-tree, the calm hours of the evening bells, the loved ones in the far-away home by the silent Meuse.

THOMAS O'GORMAN.

Catholic University of America.

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COLUMBUS AND LA RABIDA.*

NOT the least interesting among the many works appertaining to the history of the discoverer of America which, in this quater-centennial year vie with each other in point of merit, is the book bearing the title given above. Written in the beautiful and sweetly-flowing language of Castile, it is, like many other fruits of the Spanish pen, but little known to the English world at large.

In his preface, the author, Fray José Coll, tells us that the task of writing the book had been imposed upon him by the general of his order, and that the work is nothing more than a simple exposition of the part taken by the Franciscans in the great work of the discovery of America, together with an account of the first members of the order who labored in the New World.

It is just, he says, that the brethren of Juan Perez and Antonio Marchena, who took such an active part in the work of Columbus, should co-operate in rescuing their names from oblivion. It is the duty of members of the same order to proclaim the glories of Columbus, who himself was a Franciscan tertiary, and to pay a tribute to La Rabida—a name intimately associated with the history of the discovery of America. The author regrets the scarcity of authentic documents calculated to throw light upon the days spent by the immortal Genoese at the convent of that name, in the company of the sons of St. Francis who inhabited that peaceful abode of virtue. The little convent of La Rabida is situated in the province of Huelva, at the western extremity of Andalusia, at a distance of half a league from the ancient city of Palos, whence the daring navigator with whose memory the present year is redolent set sail to cross the *Mare Tenebrosum*, the dark ocean, in quest of a passage to the Indies. Leaving Palos, the traveller passes over an almost level but woody country, across which the fresh breezes from the Atlantic are unceasingly wafted. Whoever has read the life of Columbus and the description of the convent as it was when, as a weary traveller, he first knocked at its hospitable gates, is

* *Colon y La Rabida* : con un estudio Ascerca de Los Franciscanos en el Nuevo Mundo, por el M. R. P. Fr. José Coll, Definidor General de la Orden de San Francisco. Madrid, 1891.

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doomed to disappointment. The luxuriant vegetation which once surrounded it and covered its very walls, the tropical plants, the palm trees and orange trees which added their fragrance to the loveliness of the landscape, have entirely disappeared; and in their stead naught is to be seen save a few vines, and here and there a bush or solitary tree.

One object, however, meets your gaze which cannot fail to interest the lover of Columbian relics, and which carries the mind back through a space of four hundred years to the memorable day which became the turning point in the history of Columbus. It is the large iron cross, raised on a stone pedestal, at the foot of which, as tradition asserts, the great Christopher, with his little Diego—weary, hungry, and heartsore—sat down to rest. It was one of those moments in which the soul, even of a hero, seems to sink into the abyss of despondency. Years of untiring labor had seemingly ended in failure; the hopes of an ardent heart, raised to the highest pitch of enthusiasm in Portugal, had been dashed to pieces against the rock of disappointment, and the future, like the mysterious Atlantic that washed the shores at his feet, must have seemed to Columbus a blank. All was dark; but it was the darkness that precedes the dawn. Within those walls, at a distance of but fifty yards, the star of hope was shining, and its first rays fell upon Columbus when he met Fray Juan Perez, the guardian of the convent.

If to-day, dear reader, you enter within those same walls, you will find that the convent consists of two cloisters, the first of which opens upon a court entirely covered with flowers, containing four cells, and the entrance to the church and sacristy. In the story above there are four other rooms which served as an infirmary to the ancient community. In the second cloister a large apartment called the hall of the *De Profundis*, the spacious and well-lighted refectory, and several cells attract your attention. Ascending by a double staircase to the upper story, your interest increases, for it was here that the discoverer of America spent many of his days, meditated, prayed, and laid his plans for the future. Here you behold, among ten or eleven Franciscan cells, the one occupied by Columbus himself, and that of his friend, Fray Perez. It was in this identical room of Columbus that Fray José Coll, of the Order of St. Francis, penned a portion of the work now lying before us—certainly a fitting spot in which to derive inspiration for a work on the great mariner. Here, as the author remarks, were held those conferences, whence proceeded the rays which, crossing the ocean,

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illumined half of the globe, thus far covered by impenetrable darkness.

The persons who met here were Columbus himself, Fray Juan Perez, the physician Garcia Hernandez, and probably Fray Antonio Marchena, and the mariner, Martin Alonzo Pinzon. Here the imagination beholds Columbus expounding his system according to which the shortest way to India lay towards the west, while his companions listened to him with rapt attention.

If you ascend to the observatory where Fray Marchena is said to have pursued his astronomical studies, your eye will wander over well nigh the entire province of Huelva. Towards the east a vast horizon will arise before you, and in the west your vision will stretch to the borders of Portugal, while the blue waters of the Atlantic to the south will melt into the skies.

For this history of La Rabida we are indebted to a monastic chronicle, composed, in 1714, by religious of the Order of St. Francis. The first temple on the spot, it states, was built during the reign of the Roman Emperor, Trajan, in the beginning of the second century, to the memory of Proserpine, a deceased daughter of that monarch,* divine honors having been decreed to her. Hardly had this worship been inaugurated when numberless calamities, especially the frightful malady of hydrophobia, befell the inhabitants of the neighborhood, so that Proserpine, who had at first borne the title of Goddess of Candles, received that of Goddess of Madness. Hence was probably derived the name of La Rabida.

A Christian sanctuary was erected on the spot at the close of the third or in the beginning of the fourth century, and an ancient statue of the Blessed Virgin which had been venerated on Mount Sion was presented to it by St. Macarius, Bishop of Jerusalem. The title under which the Mother of God had thus far been honored in this image had been that of Our Lady of Remedies, but it was now changed to that of Our Lady of La Rabida. This veneration of the Blessed Virgin at La Rabida was continued until A.D. 719, when, to shield the statue from the fury of the Mussulmans, the faithful cast it into the sea, not far from the coast. After this the Mahometans took possession of the sanctuary of Mary and placed the symbols of their worship upon its altar. These were, however, cast off by an invisible hand, as often as

* Not to be confounded with the Goddess Proserpine of Grecian and Roman mythology. We must here remark that the historical value of the manuscript in question is not beyond the pale of doubt.

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they were replaced, but the Mussulmans attributed this to the humility of their prophet.

The manuscript before mentioned states that, at the beginning of the thirteenth century, the sanctuary of La Rabida came into possession of the Knights Templar. These did not, however, remain there long, for, in 1221, it passed into the hands of the Franciscans.

According to an oral tradition, the place was visited by St. Francis himself on the occasion of his journey through Spain and Portugal; but, says our author, this statement appears doubtful, as no mention is made of it by the historians of the Order.

When the Franciscan Order became divided into the two branches of Observantines and Conventuals the sanctuary of La Rabida remained in possession of the latter until the year 1445, when, by order of Eugenius IV., it went over to the Observantines. While the convent was subject to the Conventuals it became greatly enriched by the munificence of the faithful who flocked thither to honor the Blessed Virgin.

On December 8th, 1472, twenty years before the discovery of America, and twelve before the visit of Columbus to La Rabida, the ancient miraculous statue which had been cast into the sea more than seven hundred years before was, according to tradition, providentially recovered by some fishermen of the coast, and restored to the veneration of the faithful.

It is at present kept the greater part of the time in the Church of St. George at Palos, and sometimes venerated on one of the altars of La Rabida.

Tradition asserts that Christopher Columbus prayed before this image. And how could it have been otherwise? Could this man, whose heart was filled with such sentiments of piety, have spent any length of time in the sanctuary of Mary without pouring out the desire of his soul at the feet of her who is called "Star of the Sea?" Does it not seem providential that the statue was recovered at this particular epoch, as though the Blessed Virgin wished that the discovery of the New World should be effected under the auspices of the Queen of Heaven, as it was under those of an earthly queen, Isabella of Castile? This much is certain, that, on August 3d, 1492, the officers and crew of the three caravels, the Santa Maria, the Pinta, and the Niña, went in procession to La Rabida to implore the assistance of heaven and place themselves under the protection of Our Lady of Miracles, the title by which the Blessed

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Virgin was there invoked. On the same day Columbus made his confession to Fray Perez and received the Bread of Angels, his example being followed by the men under his command.

Columbus first arrived at La Rabida, on his return from Portugal, as the physician Garcia Hernandez testified, in 1515, in the case instituted against Diego Columbus. This overthrows the authority of those authors who would deny the visit paid, in 1484, to the Franciscan convent by the illustrious cosmographer.

This testimony of Hernandez is confirmed by Ferdinand Columbus, who relates that his father, returning from Portugal in 1484, left his son Diego at Rabida, whence he himself went to Cordova, where the court then resided. The same thing is asserted by Antonio de Herrera, and confirmed by Bartolomé de Las Casas and the licentiate Villalobos. In two chapters, the author proves against Navarreté that Columbus visited La Rabida in 1484, and adds that he went there on three other occasions, namely, in 1491, in 1492, before starting on this perilous voyage, and, in 1493, on his return from the New World. The incidents of the first arrival of Columbus with his son Diego at the quiet abode of the friars have been so frequently related by his biographers that we need not dwell upon them here.

Treating of the chronological sequence of the events connected with the sojourn of Columbus in Spain, our author admits that historians find herein their greatest difficulty. Nevertheless, he endeavors to bring order out of chaos. He accepts as a certainty that the flight from Portugal took place either at the end of 1484 or in the beginning of 1485, and cites in his favor Las Casas, Prescott and Rodriguez Pinilla. In 1485, according to Las Casas, in 1486, as other authors assert, Columbus arrived in Cordova. This latter date is the most probable one. But where was he from 1484 to 1486? The answer is given in a letter written to Cardinal Pedro Gonzalez de Mendoza by Don Luis de la Cerda, Duke of Medina Celi, who positively asserts that Columbus, coming from Portugal, had spent much time, amounting to two years, in his house. He thus arrived at La Rabida in 1484, thence went to Sevilla in quest of the Duke de Medina Sidonia, and spent the remainder of the time with the Duke of Medina Celi, until January 1486, when he arrived at Cordova. In the winter of 1486–87 he made a journey to Salamanca. In 1488 we find him again at Sevilla; in the following year he took part in the campaign of Baza; and in 1490 he was probably once more with the Duke of Medina Celi. In 1491 he directed his

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steps to La Rabida, where he met his friend Father Perez, and whence he proceeded to Granada. On May 12, 1492, having made satisfactory arrangements at the court of Isabella, he left Granada and proceeded once more to La Rabida to await the time of his departure from Spain for the voyage that has rendered his name immortal.

Biographers of the great man to whom we owe the Discovery of America frequently speak of Fray Juan Perez *de Marchena*, his friend and protector. Not the least of the services rendered to history by the work now under our consideration lies in the fact that its author, Fray José Coll, endeavors to prove that, under this name, two distinct individuals have been confounded. Garcia Hernandez, in the document already cited, says that there lived at La Rabida a friar named Juan Perez, confessor of Queen Isabella. The same name is given to the guardian of the convent by Ferdinand Columbus in the life of his father. Bartolomé de Las Casas and Ovieda also call the friar simply by the name of Perez.

The former author tells us also that a friar named Antonio de Marchena was the one who aided Columbus by persuading the queen to undertake the expedition, and Columbus himself, writing to the sovereign, says that no one, beside God, had ever helped him except Fray Antonio de Marchena. In a letter of the Catholic sovereigns to Columbus, Fray Antonio de Marchena is recommended to him as a suitable companion on his voyage, he being a good astronomer. That which is of still greater significance is that a document in the general archives of the Indies in Sevilla makes a distinction between a friar, an astronomer in the convent of La Rabida, and another friar who is called Juan.

All who were acquainted with Father Perez, as Ferdinand Columbus, Garcia Hernandez, Las Casas, and others, speak of him simply as Fray Juan Perez. Lopez de Gomera, who wrote his *Historia General de las Indias* in 1552, was the first to confound the two names and apply them to the same person, and his example has been imitated by many who came after him.*

Although our author seems to have made a profound study of the history of these two men, whose names are so closely linked to the discovery of the New World, and has ran-

* We think that the sifting of the arguments of Fray Coll would prove an interesting occupation for lovers of Columbian history. In this paper we merely present the author's opinions.

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sacked various archives in quest of information, he confesses that a mist of obscurity envelops them and that he is able to tell us little concerning their lives. According to him it was Antonio de Marchena, not Juan Perez, who was the distinguished astronomer of La Rabida, versed in the natural sciences. Fray Perez was the one who offered the hospitality of the monastery to Columbus and was confessor to Queen Isabella.

Fray Perez appears to have belonged to a noble family and to have entered at an early age the service of his sovereigns, which he exchanged for that of his heavenly king by becoming a member of the Order of St. Francis. His merit was such that Queen Isabella chose him for her confessor, an office he held for some time, until, tired of the distractions of the court, he obtained permission to return to the solitude of La Rabida, where he was soon elected guardian.

Fray Marchena is said to have been born in the town of Marchena, of the province of Sevilla, but Father Coll tells us that he took personally the trouble to thoroughly search the archives of the town, without finding any mention of him. This, however, he adds, does not prove that he was not born there, for he must have come into the world about the year 1430, while the documents found at Marchena go no farther back than 1535. We know, says the author, that Fray Marchena was a wise, virtuous, and highly modest religious, who constantly, and in the most active manner, coöperated with Columbus, with whom, according to the testimony of Queen Isabella, he was always in accord, and a man eminent for his knowledge of the natural sciences.

Fray Perez, on the other hand, was a man who possessed a profound knowledge of the human heart, and was gifted with a spirit of incomparable zeal for the propagation of the religion of Christ, together with an ardent patriotism. He understood thoroughly the plan of Columbus, entered into his views and used all his influence to induce Isabella to accept the offer made to her by the intrepid mariner. He wrote to the Queen on the subject, from whom he received an answer in fourteen days, inviting him to a personal interview. Columbus, tired of long waiting, was about leaving Spain to turn towards France; there was no time to be lost. That very night Fray Perez sprang into the saddle, and, without companion or guide, riding off to scenes of fire and war, arrived at Santa Fé, the camp-city before Granada, saw the queen, and did not return to his convent until he had obtained her promise to enter into negotiations

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with Columbus, who soon after repaired to Granada, which had just capitulated. The result is known to history, and American civilization serves to-day as a constant reminder of the long and solitary ride of Fray Perez from La Rabida to Santa Fé.

The author cites a fragment of a letter of Fray Perez which, he says (probably by some oversight), was addressed to Isabella, but which the text shows could have been written to no one but Columbus. It sounds thus:

"Our Lord God has heard the supplications of his servant; the wise and virtuous Isabella, touched by the grace of heaven, received kindly the words of this poor little man. All has turned out well; far from rejecting our project she immediately accepted it, and now summons you to the court to propose to you the means which you deem most adapted to put into execution the designs of Providence. My heart is swimming in a sea of consolation and my spirit exults with joy in the Lord. Leave as soon as you can, for the queen awaits you, and I do much more than she. Recommend me to the prayers of my dear sons and of your little Diego. May the grace of God be with you, and may our Lady of La Rabida accompany you."

This letter, says the author, which he believes to be authentic, ought to be written in letters of gold on plates of silver, for on it depended the success of the greatest event that the history of humanity registers. Without Juan Perez and Antonio de Marchena, he adds, it is doubtful whether Spain would have had the glory of discovering the New World; for these two men were the first and most decided protectors of Columbus.

Having read the preceding pages, the reader will naturally inquire: What is the condition to-day of the convent of La Rabida and of the city of Palos? As regards the latter, when Columbus first visited it, it contained about 1900 inhabitants; to-day this population has dwindled down to about 500. The harbor of Palos has entirely disappeared, as though the earth had opened and swallowed it, and the road which led to La Rabida has been neglected and is now deserted.

The convent was abandoned at the period when religious were driven away from their monasteries in Spain, and the church, the archives, the library and the entire building, to the very trees that surrounded the edifice, were exposed to the wanton recklessness of a mob which left ruin, wreck, and desolation behind it. In 1846 a royal decree set aside the old convent to be used as an asylum for disabled sailors of the Spanish navy, but this has

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never been carried into effect. Soon afterwards the number of visitors to La Rabida greatly increased, and loud murmurings began to be heard on account of the state of decadence into which the venerable relic of a glorious past had fallen. The attention of the government was attracted, and the consequence was that an order emanated from the throne, on August 5, 1851, decreeing the destruction of the most ruined portion of the building and the erection of a monument on the spot. This decree, too, remained a dead-letter. Three years later the place was visited by the Duke de Montpensier and his mother, Queen Amelia, who, touched by the sight of the venerable ruins, began a subscription for the restoration of the building. The principal portion being restored, it was solemnly opened in presence of the Dukes de Montpensier and de Nemours, and with a religious ceremony in the church.

On February 23, 1856, the convent of la Rabida was, by royal decree, declared a national monument. Among the many persons who have since visited it were King Alfonso XII. who arrived there on March 2, 1882, and the Infantas Isabella and Paz, who came on the 27th of the same month.

Our author asks: What shall the future of this venerable monument be? The reply is an appeal to the justice and sense of equity of the Spanish people for a restitution of the convent to its former and legitimate owners, the Sons of St. Francis.

It may be of interest to our readers to know that one of the illustrious families which aided Columbus still exists. Martin Alonzo Pinzon, the senior partner of the Pinzon Brothers, shipbuilders at Palos in the days of Columbus, commanded one of the three caravels which sailed in search of land in the west, namely, the Pinta, and died the year after the discovery of America. He had his residence in the *Calle de la Ribera* at Palos. This family afterwards left that city and removed to Moguer, where they still abide, the present chief representative being Señor Don Luis Hernandez Pinzon, admiral of the navy

We may also rejoice in the fact that the name of Colon is still borne by the descendants of the man to whom America owes so much. The present Duke de Veraguas is a lineal descendant of Christopher Columbus. He will be the centre of attraction at the coming celebration.

For several years Spain has been preparing for the four-hundredth commemoration of the discovery of America, and, of course, one of the principal objects of its solicitude are the spots rendered illustrious by the events of 1492, La Rabida and

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and Palos. Señor Don Canovas del Castillo, president of the International Congress of Americanists, has distinguished himself by his energy in pushing forward the work. In the beginning of last year, Don Santos Isaasa, minister of the interior, Don Mariano Catalina, general director of public works, the Marquis de Aguilar, minister of agriculture, Señor Sanz, chief of the superintendence of harbors, and Señor Velasquez, architect, proceeded to the Province of Huelva to make arrangements for the complete restoration of the Convent of La Rabida, in which the International Congress of Americanists will meet on October 7. A monument will also be erected on a convenient site to perpetuate the memory of Columbus.

One of the acts by which the Spanish government will celebrate the quater centennial will be the holding of a Historico-American Exhibition in the city of Madrid, in which the state of pre-Columbian civilization in the New World, and that which followed its discovery, up to the middle of the eighteenth century, will be set forth. The attention of our country has been called to the fact, and it has thus far generously responded, especially through its National Museum, at Washington. Committees have been formed in the various consulates of the United States, under the direction of Señor Don A. G. del Campillo, general delegate for this country. Several men distinguished in American history and archæology have accepted the nomination. Right Rev. Bishop Keane, and two Catholic priests, Rev. Thomas Hughes, of Washington, D.C., and the writer, were also appointed members of local committees. We doubt not that all our countrymen will take an interest in the exhibition, as it promises to contribute greatly to the intelligent study of American history.

We end this article with the words of our author: "May heaven enlighten the minds of our rulers, that the memory of Columbus, together with that of his inseparable friends and protectors, Perez and Marchena, may remain from henceforward more indelibly sculptured on marble and bronze, and still more on the hearts of their fellow-citizens. And God grant that the Spanish people and all the nations across the sea who have been civilized by the Cross may emulate the wishes of those three and always show themselves their worthy descendants, great heroes disposed to sacrifice all for their God, their country, and their religion."

CHARLES WARREN CURRIER.

Waldorf, Md.

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THE JEWS IN SPAIN DURING THE MIDDLE AGES.

I.

THE readers of THE CATHOLIC WORLD have been enabled, though only by a brief account, to appreciate the part taken by the Jews in the Arabic invasion in the beginning of the eighth century. Impelled by a spirit of revenge against the Catholic Visigoths, they opened the gates of the defensive bulwarks of Spain to the African hordes who spread ruin throughout the land, thereby setting back, during prolonged centuries, the progress of Iberian civilization. It is obvious that for a considerable period after this the Jews would be in high esteem with the Arabs, and that they would use these advantages to the utmost of their ability. On the other hand, the fugitive Christians who had sought in the mountains of Asturias and Navarre refuge and defense against the paynim invaders, were very far from being disposed to welcome the admission into their community of the perfidious race through whose craft and treason their country had been brought under subjection to the Saracens.

During the first years following the Conquest the Jewish population reached great importance among the Arabs. But the acme of their preponderance was attained after the establishment in Cordova of the caliphate of the Omeyas, their elevation being due to the extension of trade brought about by them and by their cultivation of letters and science. As merchants, manufacturers, students of Arabic literature and of the sciences, they promoted the wealth and glory of the caliphate of the Beni-Omeyas, but more particularly of the city of Cordova. Here they finally reached a state of prosperity never enjoyed by their forefathers in Western Europe.*

Abderhaman I., in order to efface the traces of the conquest, undertook to convert the Christians to his own belief, and the Jews helped him in his proselytism. They did not disguise their hatred of Christianity, nor their hopes of exterminating those Christians who refused to apostatize. In fact they took part in causing the death of the victims of Moorish tyranny known as "the martyrs of Cordova," prominent among whom were such illustrious men as Alvaro, Eulagéo, Samson, and others no less

* Amador de los Rios (vol. i., p. 125), who, in support of this assertion, quotes from a work entitled *Mozaim* written by the celebrated Abraham-ben-Meir-Aben-Hezra.

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celebrated for their profound learning than their heroic defense of the Mozarabic flock. The Jews, having been convoked by Caliph Mohammed I. to a council convened for the purpose of trying and condemning the remaining defenders of Christianity, made no difficulty of accepting the places of the Catholic bishops driven from Cordova by Mussulman persecution. On that occasion, and by this singular assembly, Bishop Valencio was deposed and the Mozarabs were mulcted of one hundred thousand *sueldos*, an exaction which was designed to hasten their destruction.*

"Behold here," exclaims Amador de los Rios, "the alien, illegal, and imprudent part taken by the Hebrew race in the terrific drama by which, in the latter half of the ninth century, Cordova was imbrued with blood."† "The caliphs of Cordova," adds the same author, "recompensed these services with new tokens of their appreciation, and the prosperity of the Hebrew race grew apace under their sceptre." This aggrandizement reached its culmination under Caliph Abderhaman III., for he, less attached than his predecessors to the Arab nobility, entrusted the highest government positions to men of low extraction, among whom was the Jew Aben Hasalai, who, as practical minister of state of that caliph, became supreme ruler of the country. Even before coming into possession of that office he had been able to injure the Christians by sowing discord between their sovereigns, at one time forming an alliance with Ordoño III. against Sancho I., at another taking advantage of an illness of "Don Sancho the Fat," and bringing him to Cordova and making him a tributary of the caliph, so implacable was the hatred ever manifested by the Hebrews against the Christian community.

After the downfall of the caliphate, the predominance of the Jews among the Arabs began to wane. Ungrateful and disloyal as they had always proved themselves to be, they had abused their power, and had fomented dissensions, which, in course of time and by the operation of civil wars, were bound to produce very bitter fruits. But, before proceeding further in our impeachment of the Hebrew race for what they have done in Spain, let us see how they made their way into the Christian realm, and what results followed.

II.

Of course, when the Spaniards, flying from the torrent of invasion, were hurrying for safety to the mountains of Asturias,

* *España Sagrada*, vol. xi., p. 385. Samson *Apologet*, book II.
† *Amador*, vol. i., p. 133.

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they had no Jews in their company, for these were, at that time, in union with the Arabs and were busied in pillaging the conquered Christian populations. The heroic pioneers of the Reconquest soon raised up a new state in the Asturias, which, though at first small, went on enlarging its boundaries with amazing rapidity, so that before forty years had gone by they reached from the Atlantic Ocean to the Pyrenees, and from the Cantabrian Sea (Bay of Biscay) to the Guadarramas mountains. Is it strange that under these circumstances the Christians treated the Jews and Saracens alike? This was unavoidable in order to safeguard the territory which, step by step, and at the cost of immense labors and great perils, was being gradually recovered. It was, moreover, necessary for the conquerors to leave behind them no other population than their own friends and relations. This exclusion of the Jews was also forcibly suggested by the example of the Jews themselves when the downfall of Spain's nationality was consummated.*

In consequence, the Jews, being looked upon as foes, fared no better than the Saracens at the hands of Christians. They were sold into slavery, often put to death, and their books, houses of worship, and property were burned. These were unavoidable accomplishments of the fierce contest then going on, as well as consequences of the keen recollection of the havoc made by the infidels during their desolating invasion, when, in a short space of time, they reduced to ashes all the monuments of Visigoth civilization.

As long as the Jews found prosperity and wealth among the Arabs they made no attempt to settle in the restored Christian states. But when the star of the caliphate began to be eclipsed and civil wars broke out among the Arabs, the Jews, often harassed, persecuted, and even assassinated by their former allies, turned to the Christians, offering them what at that time they sorely needed—namely: money for their war-like undertakings, for the revival of trade, both indispensable for the rapid aggrandizement of the Christian states.

The Jews in this way succeeded in obtaining refuge in the Christian communities, towards which result, as Amador observes, the noble disposition of the Hispano-Gothic race coöperated to no small extent. By the beginning of the eleventh century, the very one in which the fall of the caliphate of Cordova took

* *Amador*, vol. i., p. 165. It should be mentioned here that Amador de los Rios' history has been accepted by the Jews, and by them declared to be impartial and even benevolent in their regard. On this account we have quoted him several times as an authority in no wise to be mistrusted.

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place, the Hebrew population had considerably increased in the Christian kingdoms of Spain and acquired privileges, riches, and favors which, in view of their antecedent disloyalty to their adopted country, they never could have dreamt of obtaining. This was the epoch in which the *cartas pueblas* and the *fueros* originated, forming a new fountain of Spanish law. In these venerable charters, which served the royal grantors for consolidating their conquests and re-peopling their desolated realms, the privileges, immunities, and franchises first appear, which, contrary to the spirit of feudalism, raised up municipalities independent of all authority but that of the sovereigns, the constituted defenders of all the legitimate liberties of their subjects.

"The Jewish population," relates Amador de los Rios, "from the very outset, came in for a good share of these liberties. They took advantage of every measure favorable to their situation, every movement of the Christian armies likely to gain for them increased consideration or bring them profitable returns." * In nearly all the *cartas pueblas* the Jews were placed on an equality with the Christians, † and the Council of Leon, in 1020, during the reign of Alphonso V., extended these rights to all the inhabitants of that kingdom. What return did the Jews make for this benignity of the Christian monarchs? This is a point deserving to be treated separately.

III.

If in the annals of our monarchies of the middle ages there appears any point on which our sovereigns acted contrary to national tendencies, it is the consideration with which they treated the Jews. From political motives they often accepted the services of their subjects of that race, and as a just compensation, therefore, conceded them new franchises and protected them in their rights. But the people, by the powerful instinct of self-preservation inherent in the masses, always showed themselves mistrustful of Jewish perfidy, and turned every opportunity to account to persecute and try to exterminate the detested Hebrew race.

Christians, though constantly fighting the Arabs, were never averse, when the circumstances allowed, to treat their enemy with proper benevolence. But with the Jews they would consent to no compromise; indeed, it may be asserted that upon these all the hatred stored up during eight centuries of wars was ever ready

* Vol. i., p. 173.

† *Carta puebla* of Castrojeriz, granted in 974 by Garei Fernandez, Count of Castile.

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to be poured out. In that same *fuero* of Castrojeriz, already mentioned, there appeared the amendments made during the reign of Don Fernando I., which were, so to speak, soaked with Hebrew blood. These had hardly acquired legal force in the realm when the wrath of the Christian population was aroused against them; and the Castilian sovereign, despite his broad and tolerant policy, was forced to re-enact in regard to the Jews the ordinance of separate habitation and the other restrictions decreed by the councils of Toledo. No sooner had the Hebrews gained admittance among the Christian people than public order demanded that the new-comers should live apart by themselves, in their own quarter. This separation continued to be necessary on account of subsequent events. Only in the reign of Ferdinand and Isabella, usually called *los reyes Catolicos*, "the Catholic sovereigns," was it finally abolished.

The Spanish church took no small part in the work of restraining the animosity of the Christian public against the Jews, and its exertions was so meritorious as to call forth, in 1066, from Pope Alexander II., a brief, in which he praised the charitable conduct of the Spanish episcopacy, and encouraged them to keep on with evangelical zeal in so praiseworthy a task.‡

Nevertheless, though the kings and the bishops continued to protect the Hebrews, granting them greater franchises almost daily, and putting them on a footing of equality with Christian subjects, whether nobles or commoners, their condition and character were such that they never ceased to be a nation within a nation, a people exclusive and independent of the one in the midst of whom they were settled, and a permanent germ of discord and intestine struggles. The Christians watched this domestic foe, and closely observed its crafty policy and its notorious untruthfulness, and, though restrained by governmental authority, longed for an opportunity to manifest by bloody deeds its well-founded and deep-rooted antipathy.

In 1108 Spain was invaded by the Almoravides, who advanced as far as Ucles. The Castilian sovereign sent against them his son Don Sancho, under the guidance of Count Garcia Ordoñez. The battle which resulted was lost; the prince, the flower of the nobility, and over thirty thousand fighting men were left dead on the field. "The tidings of this most distressing disaster," says the historian, "quickly reached Toledo, and was accom-

‡ "Pleasing has been to us," wrote the Sovereign Pontiff, "the news which has recently reached our ears that you have saved the Jews, dwellers in the midst of you, from being massacred by those who are fighting in Spain against the Mahometans." Epistola, *Placuit nobis Sermo*, written in the fifth year of the pontificate of Alexander II.

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panied with the suspicion that the left wing of the army, almost entirely made up of Jews, had weakened in its attack at a decisive moment. The wrath of the multitude broke out against the Hebrews, and the streets of Toledo became the scene of horrible slaughter. The example set at the capital spread to other cities of Castile, and the blood of the Israelites was shed abundantly, the bishops and nobility being unable to repress these disorders. Barely fifty years had elapsed after this bloody massacre when history had to record a new and no less disastrous onslaught on the Hebrews. It was caused by the invasion of the Almohades, and the sad defeat at Alarcos. The Christians, as usual, vented their fury on the Jews, whom they always looked upon as traitors to their adopted country, and the old policy of extermination having been revived, many Jewries were burned, accompanied by loss of life."

After this destructive hurricane had blown over, the Jews again began to lift up their heads, being protected by royal authority and the charity of the bishops. Their boldness could only be compared to their misfortunes, their covetousness was equal to their losses; like the fabled hydra, seven heads grew in place of every one cut off.

IV.

Amid such checkered fortunes, the Jewish population in a Christian kingdom lived through the twelfth century, and it is to be noted that the favor and even preponderance which they enjoyed among the Arabs during the first centuries of the era of the Reconquest often changed into persecution. The Jewries in Mussulman territories were often scenes of bloodshed. This antipathy on the part of the Arabs went so far that, first Yussef, next Ali, and afterwards Abd-el-Mumen, drove the Jews out of their respective dominions. Three centuries before the Catholic sovereigns had, in the interests of political and religious unity and for the sake of peace among their subjects, decreed the expulsion of the Jews, the Mussulman princes had carried out a like measure; thus demonstrating, that between both governments, otherwise so opposed to each other, there was perfect harmony of view in regard to Jewish perfidy.

A narrative of the persecution undergone by the Hebrews at the hands of the Arabs, their former allies, does not come within the scope of this article. We cannot, however, pass over in silence a fact which historical criticism should place on record. We mean the impassioned prejudice and injustice of those his-

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torians who inveigh with great harshness against the expulsion of the Jews from Christian Spain.* In every instance, when these writers treat of the Arabs, their tolerant spirit is in every instance exhaustively dwelt upon; but *per contra*, when treating of Spanish Christians, the most unsparing censure is visited upon their intolerance and fanaticism. We are led to ask, why charge the Catholic sovereigns with intolerance and fanaticism for having expelled the Hebrews, and yet ignore the expulsion decreed three centuries before by the Mussulman Ameers?

We admit that the fact of the Arab expulsion of the Jews does not of itself constitute an argument justifying that decreed by the Catholic sovereigns, but it discredits those historians who, while denouncing on the one hand the intolerance of the Christians, on the other, praise the tolerance of the Saracens. Having thus called attention to this signal historical inconsistency, we resume the thread of our narrative, at that point when the Jews, having been compelled to leave the Mussulman dominions, were given refuge by Christian princes.

V.

The thirteenth century was truly the golden age for Jewish residents in the Christian realms of the Spanish peninsula. Whether from a spirit of uprightness and justice, or from interested motives, it is at all events certain that in Castile Don Ferdinand the Saint and Don Alphonso the Wise, in Aragon Don Jayme the Conqueror, both the Theobolds in Navarre, and Don Dionis in Portugal, all favored the Jews as far as feasible, at the same time that the latter, by their wealth and haughtiness, were continually exciting the jealousies and antipathies of their ever-mistrustful Christian neighbors. How could they help being mistrustful of men again and again detected in disloyal and treacherous conduct? In the chronicles of Catalonia it is narrated with much lamentation that about the middle of the ninth century Barcelona became a victim of Jewish ingratitude. While that city was still under the dominion of the kings of France and was governed by the feudatory Count Aledran, it was blockaded by the Arabs commanded by Abd-el-Kairim. In so good a condition of defense was the city that it was fairly impregnable. "Abd-el-Kairim," relates the chronicler, "could only accomplish his purpose by an unlooked for *coup de main*, which in fact he carried out by Hebrew assistance. Relying on their numbers, the

* This allusion is principally directed against Duruy.

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Jews of Barcelona were powerful enough to betray their Christian fellow-townsmen and deliver up the place to the Moors."* Such things happened repeatedly in succeeding centuries, and the facility with which treasonable acts were forgotten and the Jews permitted to recover their prosperity and preponderance are greatly to the honor of the generous Spanish character.

The insatiable and ever-growing greed of the Jews led them to devote themselves to usury, always an odious way of making money, and became one of the most efficacious causes of their final ruin. And let it not be imagined that wrongful and oppressive money-lending was confined to only a few of the race; it prevailed among all, and its terrible effects were felt not alone in Castile, but throughout all the other states of the peninsula. This is shown by the legal enactments, of which we shall give an account, directed against an evil which at last created an impassible abyss between Christians and Hebrews.

Don Jayme el Conquistador (the conqueror), one of the Christian princes who was most favorable to the Hebrews, dictated, in the Cortes convened in Barcelona in 1228, special enactments against the *usurious practices of the Jews* in such terms as to show to what degree the Christian population had been preyed upon and devoured. He decrees that the maximum rate of interest was not to be higher than 20 per cent. per annum. That the legal rate should be fixed at so high a figure discloses how oppressive usury had at that time become; at the present day it would be considered frightful. He enacted further that, if the Jewish money-lender failed to require payment of his loans during the space of two years, he lost the right to claim interest equal to twice the amount of the principal. This reveals another abuse then in vogue with Jewish money-lenders, who, not content with getting such enormous rates of interest, had a way of increasing the percentage from year to year, so that after the loan had run two years it reached 200 per cent.†

Don Alphonso X. of Castile, deservedly called *El Sabio* (the Wise), was no less prominent in extending protection to his Jewish subjects. Moved, however, by the scandals to which usurious extortions gave rise, he established in the *Fuero Real* statutory provisions which would astound the most rapacious usurer of the present day. He debarred the lender from exercising any restraint on the person of the Christian borrower as security for the money lent; but, whether induced by mo-

* Marden, *Historia Critica de España*, vol. xiii., p. 157.

† Pragmatic letter of March 10, 1253.

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tives of lenity or because Jewish usury was more exorbitant in Castile than in Aragon and Catalonia, he limited the legal rate of interest to "three for four per annum." What does this wording in the *Fuero Real* mean? Is it to be understood as the equivalent of 75 per cent.? That interpretation seems implied by the wording of the statute; but such a figure sounds so absurd as a legal rate fixed to prevent usury that some authors think that the lender was to receive, as a yearly usance, an amount equal to one-third of the principal, equivalent to 33⅓ per cent. But what enormous exactions must Jewish usurers have practised, when the legislator, in order to restrain them, settles on so exorbitant a figure as the maximum legal rate.

These facts, resting on such undeniable authority, will be our excuse for not dwelling further on the subject, except to add that the Jews managed to find ways to evade the law, as is shown by the frequent remedial measures decreed by the monarchs and also by the constant complaints of the proctors of the Cortes. The exactions of Jewish money-lenders impoverished the Christian population and, of course, fomented the traditional antagonism and hatred existing between the races. Jewish usury must have been one of the causes which, at the close of the fourteenth century, provoked such dreadful persecutions and slaughters. For nothing could have been more difficult to repress than the feelings of resentment and revenge on the part of the usurers' victims who, in their destitution, saw the opulence and haughtiness of their despoilers.

VI.

At the close of the thirteenth century the antagonism between Christians and Jews had reached its greatest height. Only a spark was needed to start a conflagration; and truth, to which history ever owes strict loyalty, discloses the fact that that spark came from north of the Pyrenees. Without entering here upon an investigation which would lead us away from our subject, it suffices to say that it is certain that in other European countries the Jews were the objects of no less antipathy than that which they had deservedly earned for themselves in the hospitable land of Spain.

At the beginning of the thirteenth century, when Philip Augustus was on the throne of France, the Jews owned a third part

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of the territory of his kingdom. He suddenly ordered them to leave the realm, giving them three months to do so, and he confiscated their property and cancelled all debts due them. This led to bloodshed and the sacrifice of hundreds of lives. The Jews fared no better in England and Germany, whence they were also expelled, and where their blood was made to flow in streams.* Spain was at that time the promised land for them, to which they fled for refuge from all quarters, with the effect of increasing the ancient detestation felt for the race by the Spaniards. It is related that these later Jewish immigrants, arriving poor and full of wrath against the Christians, sought by every possible means to make good their losses, and, availing themselves of the laws which protected their race, put in play their evil artifices to win the royal favor and to satisfy their insatiate greed for money. In consequence, at the close of the thirteenth century, the fiercest persecution against them was set on foot in Catalonia, spread to Aragon and Valencia, and, later on, reached Castile.

The spark which kindled so devouring a conflagration came, as we have said, from abroad, and arose upon occasion of the dreadful plague which in the middle of the fourteenth century decimated Europe. The hounding of the Jews, supposed to have poisoned the springs and wells, was begun in Germany, "where most cruel butchery took place, surpassing that of which any race had previously been the victim."† "This furious flame," says Amador, "spread through all other countries and threatened to involve the proscribed race in general destruction." An august voice, that of the Sovereign Pontiff, Clement VI., was raised in protest against this cruel violence. He persistently urged upon christendom to exercise charity, and ordered, under penalty of excommunication, that the Jews should be spared, and declared that they were innocent of causing the plague, which was a punishment inflicted on the human race by Divine Providence. The wrath of the masses of the people, however, would not brook restraint; as Spain was one of the countries in which the plague made its greatest ravages, a furious persecution broke out there also, and the Jewish synagogues were subjected to a dreadful visitation. "Barcelona and Gerona," says Amador, "being nearest to the scenes of violence in other countries, were the first cities to vent their wrath on the Jews. Thence the popular fury

* Cesare Cantu, *Universal History*, vol. xi., chap. 14.

† Stobbe. *The Jews in Germany During the Middle Ages.*

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spread into Castile, but at no time, and in no part of Spain, did it attain the degree of exterminating violence reached in other countries. Nevertheless, the disturbances that did occur were very lamentable, blood was spilled abundantly, old grudges and personal revenge were gratified, and the leading synagogues in Spain shaken to their foundations.

These deplorable events occurred during the civil wars which made great havoc in the Christian monarchies of the peninsula, and which form the epoch between the reign of Don Pedro I. and the glorious and recuperative one of Ferdinand and Isabella. During that period the reigning sovereigns, having urgent need of money, had recourse to the Jews more eagerly than ever before, and confided in them the collection of the royal revenue. The Jews, of course, made the most of their favor with their royal patrons at the very time that their exactions made them more than ever detested by the king's subjects with whom they dealt.

For this reason, every time that the Cortes were assembled during the fourteenth century, the proctors invariably preferred complaints against the Jews and petitioned the kings to take away their privileges. In the Cortes of Burgos, held in 1367, they represented to the king that "the many evils, deaths and banishments of past times were the effect of their having followed the advice of Jews, whether as private citizens or government officials." And they prayed that they be dismissed from the service of the crown. The Cortes of Toro, held in 1371, still more implacable in spirit, formulated against the Jews a long list of accusations, and affirmed that their predominance, not only in the general public, but also in the municipal councils of cities and towns, was good cause for alarm; they were accused of scoffing at and harassing the Christians, being actuated by unconcealed scorn for the Catholic faith, all to the great detriment of the commonwealth; and of perpetrating crimes and giving scandals of all kinds. The petitioners further prayed that *they be compelled to dwell apart from Christians*, and to wear distinctive badges and marks for recognition, as required of them in other countries. Six years later the Cortes of Burgos renewed the same petition; the Cortes of Soria in 1380, and of Valladolid in 1385, followed suit, each of them in more persistent language, so that they wrung from Don Juan I. their anxiously-desired purpose, in virtue of which Jews were debarred, under severe penalties, from taking charge of private income or public

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revenue. But the abhorrence of the people for the Jews could not be assuaged by these restrictions. After having carried the point of entire disqualification for taking charge of private or public business, the Cortes next applied to the crown for new measures of repression, the popular proctors alleging that they ruined the Christians and impoverished the soil.*

The kings went on, though quite reluctantly, assenting by degrees to the demands laid before them, and the Hebrew population saw the gradual disappearance of the accumulated privileges and franchises hitherto enjoyed by them. And let it not be imagined that the grudge against them prevailed only among the lower classes of society; so general was it, at the close of the fourteenth century that a man of such consequence as Chancellor Pero Lopez of Ayala expressed himself as follows about the Jews:

Alli vienen Judios, que están aparejados
*Para beber la sangre de los pueblos cuytados.**

That is, "There come the Jews prepared to drink the blood of the wretched inhabitants."

Might it not be naturally expected from such a state of things, that popular fury would break out on almost any pretext and bring about a bloody catastrophe? Let us cast a veil over the mournful events of violence which took place in 1391. Just then the royal authority was weak and lacking in efficacy. On account of the civil wars the passions of the people had become impatient of control, and the poor were exasperated by famine. The opulence of the Jews was a constant provocation; all the wounds of rancorous recollection against them were opened afresh. The rising came like the sudden freshet of a large river overflowing its banks, and the slaughter, begun in Seville, did not cease until after it had extended into the kingdoms of Aragon and Castile. In this dreadful tragedy men of very distinguished position and character took prominent parts and led the multitudes by widely different paths. There was a Ferran Martinez, Archdeacon of Ecija, who, disregarding the commands both of his sovereign and the Pope, and carried away by a hatred bordering on fanaticism, incited the populace against the Hebrews of Seville; and, in contrast to him, there was a St. Vincent Ferrer, who, overwhelmed with grief and in-

* *Cortes of Burgos, of* 1377. † *Rimado de Palacio.*

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dignation at such a wicked persecution, and burning with evangelical charity, kept back the people of Valencia, and saved the lives and property of the Jews in that kingdom.

The sanguinary events above referred to were indeed dreadful, but were not so bad as afterwards claimed by the Jewish historians. It may be affirmed, however, that from thenceforth it became impossible for the Jews to remain permanently in Spain. Nevertheless, an entire century passed before the decree of expulsion took place, during which time the Jews—thanks to the uprightness of our sovereigns and the generous disposition of our nation—applied themselves anew to repair the losses suffered through the immense disasters of which they had been victims.

With that century the historical questions which we are examining assume a new aspect. The convert from Judaism, the crypto-Jew, appeared as a new factor, to prepare the utter ruin of the incorrigible Hebrew race in Spain.

So interesting a study deserves to be specially treated in a separate article.

MANUEL PEREZ VILLAMIL,
Member of the Royal Academy of History.

Madrid.

GLENDALOUGH.

I STOOD in Glendalough just when the sun,
Tinging with gold the purple heather bloom,
Sank in the west and left soft twilight gloom,
To solace weary hearts whose work was done.

The hills and vale were calm as heart of nun:
Above the lake where Kathleen's life sank down,
Saint Kevin's bed still kept its sullen frown,
Approving the harsh triumph he had won.

The solitary Round Tower raised its head
Austere and looked upon the solemn scene:
Around lay graves of the forgotten dead
And ruins in their sad decay serene:
Then memory whispered of the glories fled
And spirits hovered earth and heaven between.

J. L. SPALDING.

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REMINISCENCES OF EDGAR P. WADHAMS, FIRST BISHOP OF OGDENSBURG.

III.

1845.

ON the thirteenth of February, 1845, a convocation of the University of Oxford condemned William George Ward's *Ideal of a Christian Church*, as containing passages inconsistent with the Thirty-nine Articles, and deprived him of his degrees in the university. Mr. Ward was not only a clergyman in priest's orders, but a fellow of Balliol College, and had been professor of mathematics at that college. Of course, this blow, aggressive and decisive as it was, fell not only upon him, but upon a large number of others who stood in the same position with him. When the convocation broke up and passed out into the street, Mr. Ward was cheered by the under-graduates, and the vice-chancellor was saluted with hisses and snowballs from the same quarter. To borrow a most truthful and forcible expression already applied to these proceedings, "the university was ostracising half its most promising sons."

It must, however, be acknowledged that the Anglican Church, notwithstanding her enormous latitude of doctrine, was too thoroughly Protestant in spirit to hold such men as Ward. And on the other hand, a large number of Puseyites were too much puffed up with the fancy of being Catholic for him to sympathize any longer with them.

"A Catholic priest at Old Hall College was put somewhat out of countenance when, in answer to his rather sneering remark, 'I suppose you *call* yourself a Catholic, Mr. Ward,' he received the reply, 'Oh dear no! You are a Catholic, I am a Puseyite.' He did not believe himself to be a priest, or to have the power of forgiving sins. . . . And when once a friend said to him, 'Bear in mind that you are, on our principles, really a priest of God,' Ward broke off the discourse by saying, 'If that is the case, the whole thing is infernal humbug.'"

The University of Oxford is a far more ancient and venerable institution than the Church of England, and far more vigorous with real English life. It has more of a mind of its own, it has more liberty to speak, and its word goes farther amongst English churchmen. This it is that made Ward's condemnation

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so crushing a blow to all would-be Catholics. It was still possible for men belonging to the "movement" to remain in the university and in the church on condition of keeping their mouths shut; but these men said in their hearts, to use the words of McMaster's letter already quoted, "If we stay, as we want to, in our church, we stay to work and to *talk*, not to be quiet." By keeping this in mind the reader will easily understand that by the above act of convocation the Oxford movement had practically come to a collapse. What was true of the Church of England was also true of her affectionate little daughter on this side of the water. Ward retired from Balliol and from Oxford, Oakeley resigned his charge at Margaret Chapel, London, in the following summer, and Newman did not hesitate to intimate to his friends that he was no longer at peace in the church of his birth. In this country also a crisis had come. Several seminarians were, upon complaint, subjected to an informal trial at the Twentieth Street Seminary.

What interested Wadhams in a very special manner was that Henry McVickar, a prospective member of our little monastery, feeling crowded out by the result, withdrew to rooms at Columbia College. The Protestant Episcopal Church was no longer a home for many earnest souls. The test contained in McVickar's letter of November 6, 1844, already given, for "reforming a bad system," had been applied and failed. Her framework would not bear that load "of all possible good," which they had attempted to put upon it. Enthusiastic young men might still be allowed to play Catholic, but they must not presume to mean anything by it. McVickar, though much discouraged, still seemed to hope something from the monastic idea, though he gradually grew more non-committal until finally he withdrew. His next letter to the prior of St. Mary's, dated at Columbia College, February 23, 1845, reads as follows:

"MY DEAR WADHAMS: I received your welcome letter a few days back and have sent a bundle as directed. You cannot tell how I regret not being able to send you Ward's book, but when Adams left here I promised that a copy should be sent to Nashotah, and if I could not get any one else to send it I would send my own, which I soon expect to have an opportunity of doing. I shall, however, try and get you a sight of the book before long. As to its being published I can only say I hope for it. Mr. Johnson of Brooklyn offers, I understand, to take twenty-five copies if the Appletons will put out an edition.

"Speaking of Mr. J——, some of the students whom I have seen tell me that about fifteen of them were over there yester-

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day (Saturday) to chant the Psalter for him and are to go again on Easter eve.

"In a letter to Walworth I have mentioned some of the reasons that led me to take the step I took at the seminary. At the time I felt very much the need of advice, but those upon whose judgment I would have placed the most confidence were absent; and what I did had to be done quickly, and some protest seemed necessary. And, indeed, I was more restricted by the action which was taken than you seem to suppose; perhaps I made too great concessions—I allowed that I was not the judge of what was injurious to the seminary, but I conceded that the faculty were, and that if they would point out how they thought I had injured it I would avoid it for the future. This they did in a general way, but so as to restrict me more than I thought right; but if I had remained at the seminary I should have submitted to it and thought it my duty to do so. But I was free to leave the institution, and I did so.

". . . No. 8 of the Lives of the Saints is one of the most thorough of the series. McMaster supposes it to be Mr. Newman, and he is a good judge of style.

"McMaster has not been very well this winter. When last I heard from him he was cogitating a successor for Bishop O——. . . .

"I have had a long letter from Johnson, who has advanced astonishingly—developed, perhaps I had better say. I wish you or Walworth would write to him, and urge him to come into this diocese. I regard him as a most valuable man.

"Mr. Kneeland is my room-mate at present, and is studying theology with an energy that would shame most students. He has just finished Ward and Moehler [on "Symbolism"], and is delighted with them.

"I saw Mr. Carey the other evening. His accounts from his son Henry (Arthur Carey's brother), who is in Madeira, are far from encouraging; his heart appears very much affected. Give my best love to Walworth, and believe me,

"Very truly and sincerely yours,

"HENRY MCVICKAR."

The letter that follows needs no introduction.

"NEW YORK, Maunday Thursday, 1845.

"MY DEAR WADHAMS: . . . To begin with the question which concerns me most intimately, you ask: When and whether I will join you? To this I reply, it depends upon my obtaining orders. If I do, with the bishop's permission, I will join you as deacon immediately afterwards. To join you as a layman is a question I have never considered. My present judgment is against it. Now, I wish to be very explicit in this matter with you.

"I am extremely doubtful whether I can obtain orders without exciting new commotions and troubles; and if I think so when

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the time comes *I shall not apply for them. You must therefore act without counting upon or regarding me in this matter.*

"My three year's candidateship (till the expiration of which the bishop tells me I cannot be ordained) does not expire till some time towards the end of November next.

"Under these circumstances I do not think it right that I should control in the least your movements. In order, therefore, to render your action as free as possible and that you may act for the best *I accept the release you have given me so far as to avoid the trust under your will, and desire you to revoke it, or destroy the will as soon as convenient.* This does not in the slightest interfere in the establishment of the house, if you wish to do so, and at the same time simplifies matters and renders you freer to choose the best course.

"With this statement as to myself I must leave you and Walworth to decide the other questions, and upon your own course. I am glad Walworth has been engaged in so useful a work as preparing a book of devotions, and hereby offer my subscription for half a dozen copies at the least, or as many more as he sets me down for. The warmest inquiries are made after him by the students that I meet at the Annunciation.*

"The news from England is important. Ward is deprived of his degree and fellowship. . . . Remember me affectionately to W——, and if he is harassed with doubts, believe me there are many who sympathize with him. With a deep interest in all that concerns you, I remain, ever yours faithfully,

"HENRY MCVICKAR."

It ought to be easy for the reader to understand that this period was to Wadhams one of great mental anxiety and sometimes anguish of heart. This, however, did not keep the young deacon from faithful and hard labor in the field of his mission. I was eye-witness only to a small part of this, as I remained in Wadhams Mills during his frequent absences, officiating as lay-reader and catechist there on Sundays when he held service at Ticonderoga and Port Henry. I can say little, therefore, of his work and way of working, except what I saw him do at Wadhams Mills. I do not think any of his people at the Mills were sick that winter. He had opportunities, however, to show kindness to sick people not of his fold. I left him once at the village inn to keep night watch over a man suddenly taken ill, under circumstances which caused great alarm. I left him stretched out on three chairs beside the sick bed. His weight rested chiefly upon a central chair; his feet reposed upon another, and his head was supported on a third, which was tilted upon two legs. He was accustomed to this way of couching

* Dr. Seabury's old church, where Carey had been assistant, situated at the corner of Prince and Thompson Streets.—C. A. W.

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and always said he never slept better than in that fashion. I heard the sick man whisper to a friend who happened in, "Isn't he a good fellow!" A young man whose apartments were right over the village store was taken with the small-pox. The villagers were filled with alarm and would none of them come near him. Even the village doctor came only once, and then covered from neck to foot with a long bag, something like a night-gown, made expressly for the purpose. The young man's family, only four miles distant, kept away from him, except his step-mother, who came to carry him home as soon as he was well enough to be moved. The village store beneath him was closed up, and a farmer who lived across the street was so frightened that I saw him once shaking his fist at the house when he saw the door opened opposite to him. Wadhams, however, was in and out frequently, and so was his good mother, who brought food for the patient. She took no precaution for herself, only she was careful to send two grandchildren home. It was decided by the villagers that for the public safety the young man should be removed to a deserted and delapidated hut in the neighborhood; but, it being the dead of winter, neither Wadhams nor his mother would listen to this; and, since the authorities could find no one willing to undertake the job of removal, the project was abandoned.

Wadhams preached every Sunday afternoon, alternating between Ticonderoga, Port Henry, and Wadhams Mills. The reader may be interested to know what his sermons were like at this time and how he delivered them. I recall one occasion when he preached in the school-house at Ticonderoga. He inveighed against lazy postures in devotion, and spoke of men who would not kneel for fear of getting dust on their knees, etc. The only person of this kind present was the leading gentleman of his congregation, who sat directly under the preacher's desk, and saw the commanding form of our friend looking down upon him, not more than six feet distant, and emphasizing him most earnestly with his eyes. This gentleman's respect for the young apostle was, nevertheless, too great to allow him to take offence. We both took supper with him that evening, and the conversation was as cordial on all sides as if nothing but abstract truth had been uttered in the morning sermon.

It is well to remark here that Wadhams took no pride in his own utterances. In the commencement he wrote out all his sermons, and that carefully. Still he was ready to read from printed books any sermon that pleased him, or anything that

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would serve his purpose when short of matter. In one same day at Ticonderoga he used manuscript sermons of mine and McMaster's, one in the morning and one in the afternoon. They were exercise sermons which we had written in New York and preached before the class. Both of us were in the audience, and we were astonished and delighted to see how much he made of them with his strong emphasis and earnest manner. He had read the sermons carefully beforehand, and prepared himself well to do justice to them. He was less cautious on another occasion at Wadhams Mills, and felt himself caught in a trap. His *repertoire* of sermons was exhausted, and hard work during the week had prevented him from making any preparation. "Walworth," said he, "I want one of your seminary sermons; I'm short."

"All right," I said, "I'll lend you one; but I never preached it at the seminary, and you may not like it."

"I've no time to read it," said he, "and I'll take it on trust."

The sermon was on the "Infallibility of the Church." It was rather a heavy gun, and would have excited much astonishment if used in Twentieth Street before the professor in class. I watched my friend as he delivered it, and not without some fear of the consequences. The audience showed no signs of agitation or dissatisfaction. Wadhams himself, however, grew red in the face as he proceeded, and I noticed that whenever he came to some terrible words about "the Rock of Peter," which often occurred, he braced himself up, and pounded the desk with unusual energy. After the morning service was over, and the Sunday-school exercises also—for which all the audience remained—I conducted his mother, widow Wadhams, to her house, where our rooms were, and waited with some apprehension for my friend's return. When he entered the room he glared at me for a little while, and then said, with a remarkable mildness: "I tell you what, my very dear Christian friend, if I had known what was in that sermon I wouldn't have preached it." "Well," I said, "if you are satisfied, I am sure the congregation is. Nobody here will take any exception to anything you preach."

In this, however, I was mistaken. In the evening we visited a cousin of his, an Episcopalian, whose husband, however, was a Baptist. He said to me: "I liked the sermon this morning very much, but there was one thing in it which I couldn't exactly take in. I don't see how you Episcopalians can prove the infallibility of the Pope." The sermon, of course, was not intended

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to carry the point of infallibility so far. Nevertheless, I let this odd mistake pass, not being altogether unpleased with it.

"You cannot?" said I, "why the thing is not so very difficult! Just look at the Scriptures," and I proceeded to present some arguments drawn from Scripture and from reason, arguments which at this very time were leading me rapidly to the Catholic faith. The preacher of the morning said nothing, but looked amazed.

The objector still objected, but the good lady, his wife, was disposed to stand firmly by any doctrine that seemed to come from the pulpit or the general seminary.

"Hush!" said she to her husband, "don't talk so much; you only show your ignorance." It is hard to say precisely how much of the confiding simplicity of Wadhams' flock was owing to anything else than his own magnetic sincerity.

Following these events and the communications from McVickar already given, there came a correspondence between him and myself which led to a distinct abandonment by him of our monastic scheme, a consequent termination of my residence with Wadhams, and to a termination, also, of my connection with the Protestant Episcopal Church. In truth, my state of mind was very much like that of Ward and Oakeley in England.

I had little confidence in the validity of Anglican orders. I felt myself to be in a state of schism, separated from the ancient and true Church of Christ. Moreover, whatever toleration was given by Anglicanism to Catholic ideas, rank heresy received far more efficient toleration; and I saw little hope of reviving a breathless corpse by our weak efforts to blow a little wind into its nostrils. I began to realize that, whatever of supernatural life there was in individual Anglicans, they did not derive it from Anglicanism. The condition of Wadhams' mind was very similar to my own. Even the fragmentary correspondence of that time now in my possession contains warnings from his friends which, if my remembrance serves, were never communicated to me. I think he was afraid of adding to my uneasiness, and his own soul was not in a mood that made him capable of reassuring friends. At one time, when there was some reason to apprehend serious danger from sickness, I said to him; "My dear old fellow, if this thing should turn out badly I shall want better help than you can give me." "Never fear," he answered; "in that case you shall have a priest, and it shall be some one that *is* a priest for certain."

The correspondence between McVickar and myself above re-

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ferred to contained expressions on my part of distrust in Episcopalianism and longing aspirations after unity with Rome which alarmed my friend in New York. These expressions drew from him declarations of a determination to abide in the church where he was at all hazards, and of an inability to coöperate practically with any whose hearts were already in another fold. The crisis had come. Sindbad's island whale was unmistakably in motion. She would not endure any more hot coals. The presumptuous sailors who had been dancing on her back, were now obliged to look out for their own safety. It had become necessary either to go under with the whale or to strike out for a safer refuge. To particularize: St. Mary's Monastery in the North Woods had turned out to be a vision. That vision had vanished, and in its place was left nothing but a roofless log house on the Wadhams farm. The following note will now speak for itself:

"YOUR STUDY, May 5, 1845.

"DEAR WADHAMS: In a few minutes I shall be gone—and oh, as I lean my breast against your stand, how wildly something beats within. It seems as if I were about to separate from everything I love, and my poor heart, faithless and unconscientious, wants to be left behind among the Protestants. I am not manly enough to make a stout Catholic; but it is a great privilege to be a weak one. Well, do not you forget me. Indeed you cannot—you have been such a good, kind, elder brother to me, you would not be able if you tried to forget me. When hereafter you speak of me, speak freely of me for truth's sake, with all my faults; but when you think of me alone, try to forget all that is bad for love's sake, and although your imagination should in this way create a different person, no matter, so you call it by my name. We have stormy times before us, dear W——; but may God grant us the privilege to ride the storm *together*. Farewell until we meet again, and *when* and *where* shall that be?

"'Lead Thou us on!'

"C. W."

In close connection with the above note is the copy of a letter from Wadhams to McVickar. The original was carried to New York City by McMaster. He had come up to visit us at Ticonderoga, and we had arranged together, McMaster and I, to enter the Catholic Church, and for this purpose to apply to the Redemptorist Fathers at their house in Third Street, New York. I went on first, leaving him to follow me after finishing his visit at Ticonderoga.

It is a noticeable fact that Wadhams should have made and

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preserved a copy of this one letter among so many which he wrote. No doubt, he felt that it marked the turn of a great tide in his life. The letter reads as follows:

"CHURCH OF THE CROSS, TICONDEROGA,

"Tuesday in Whitsun Week, 1845.

"MY DEAR MCVICKAR: Conscious of great neglect to you, I now sit down after again returning to this place to answer your last kind letter.

"I cannot well describe to you the feelings that Walworth's note—written after I left him and left upon my table—has excited. Of him, his worth and advantage to me for the past months I need not speak to you who know him better than I, and consequently know what they must have been. Every one regrets that he has left these mountains, particularly Judge and Mrs. B——, and the Hammonds at the Falls. Poor fellow! he suffered very much from his eyes during the winter and spring, and, after it was finally settled that we were not to have your company up here, became discontented. What step he has now taken you, doubtless, know better than I do. Though sorry that he has left me alone among these mountains I am not sorry that I have a friend among the Roman Catholics. On the contrary, I am glad, for there is no knowing how soon we all may be obliged to leave our present communion—'that dispensation of God which has been to all of us so great a blessing'—and go to the church which is Catholic. I say this, not expecting to abuse the kindness which he and other friends may extend to me there, but to express my thankfulness to them for their manliness and straightforwardness. We are certainly under obligations to them for opening and showing the way for those Americans that may follow. It seems to be a conceded point now among those who are leading the way in our church that the Church of Rome has all the wisdom, and it must follow that, while some are striving to gain that wisdom, some will, as a matter of course, remain unquiet until they can gain the religious graces which she alone bestows with that wisdom. Walworth is one of these, and, partly of his own accord and partly from necessity, he crosses. There are others who will have more difficulty in leaving friends and undoing a work which they had trusted was good.

"I am under many obligations to you for Oakeley's letter and the *Lives of the Saints*, which I return by McMaster.

"Please write to me and inform me how and when I shall send you the Breviary and the *Lives of the Saints* (Butler's) and also what I shall do with the tools. I have lost the bill of the latter, but if you wish to have them sold please say (if you recollect) what they cost.

"Will it not be your pleasure to come and see me this summer? I shall be here and at Wadhams Mill alternately. But will manage to have my time entirely at your disposal if I can

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receive so great a pleasure as your company. Please write to me soon, addressing me at this place.

"Very sincerely your friend,

"E. P. WADHAMS.

"Monday, May 19.

"P.S. Agreeably to your request, I have destroyed my will this morning; and must beg of you to be set free of the trust committed to me in your own. Ever yours,

"E. P. WADHAMS.

The next letter which I give the reader is one from myself to Wadhams, detailing after some sort the circumstances which attended my reception into that great motherly bosom which I had sought for so earnestly, but had been so timid to recognize. The mail which bore it to Ticonderoga must have passed McMaster as he brought down to New York the letter just given above.

"IN FESTO CORPORIS CHRISTI, May, 1845.

"DEAR WADHAMS: You have not, of course, forgotten your poor crazy friend, who used to get so wild when you left him alone, and talked of *going over*. Well, he *has* gone over now, and his soul is as quiet and happy as if it had a right to be happy instead of mourning in sackcloth and ashes. For fear I should not have room afterwards, I will begin by telling you statistically and methodically what I have done. I arrived here (New York) in due time on Wednesday morning, and the same day made my way to Father Rumpler. I found him all that I wished—a wise, kind, earnest, spiritually-minded man, and put myself immediately into his hands. Last Friday (May 16) I made my profession—the form you have probably seen in the Roman Ritual. Three or four witnesses only were present, as I wished the matter to be secret, for tranquillity's sake, until I had received the sacraments. The creed of Pius IV. sounded most musically in my ears, and I took pleasure in repeating it very slowly and distinctly. I was then freed from the curse and excommunication which you remember used so to trouble us. On Thursday, the day before, I had made my confession, and on Saturday came again to the confessional and was absolved, and on Sunday morning communicated, after which I had no longer any motive to make the thing a secret. It is well known at the seminary, and, of course, therefore, in other quarters; but, as I have kept very much at home, I do not know what is said about it. None of those to whom I have spoken before my profession used the least expostulation, but seemed to regard it as a thing of course, and an honest step. McVickar is silent and reserved in the extreme, but very kind. I do not know what to infer from this, but am unwilling to trouble him. I have made application through Father Rumpler to be admitted as novice at Baltimore, and shall probably hear next week. I have as yet had no intercommunication with my immediate relatives

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in this matter. This, my severest trial, will come on next week. And now I have told you all that relates to myself externally. My inward joy and satisfaction at being in the very church of God and communion of the saints, I cannot express. Should Judge B—— express any interest in my movements, make no secret with him. I feel much attached to him, not only on account of his friendliness to me, but from strong personal esteem. Remember me gratefully to Mrs. B——, also to Clarence, and the other children. Alas! dear Wadhams, what shall I say to you, of your kindness, gentleness, and thousand favors to me? I will just say *nothing*, for I will not have my feelings belied by an attempt to convey them by letter.

"Well, what have you and Mac been doing in Essex County? Has he been raising any commotion in your extensive diocese? If he is with you still, give my warm love to him, although that is not very necessary, as I shall most probably be here when he comes down, and can do it for myself. I earnestly hope he will be cautious in the extreme in his method of abjuring his Protestant connections, for his own sake and that of others, and especially of the great cause. I do not mean he ought to do it precisely in the same, still way as I—for, of course, every one must in some sort act according to his own natural method—but I mean he ought to say and do nothing without premeditation. So far as I have learned, Puseyism is still alive at the seminary, and wearing its own colors. It is scouring away at the outside of the cup and platter very bravely, as you remember it in our day there. The young Anglo-Catholics are acquiring the dyspepsia by fasting, buying up rosaries and crucifixes, which, nevertheless, they have no idea of using, and enjoy the satisfaction of knowing how frightened their mothers would be if they knew what their darlings were about. Perhaps this may seem to you somewhat *cross*, but indeed I am out of all conceit with Puseyism, whether ornamental, sentimental, or antiquarian. Christ is one and undivided, and must be sought for in his undivided church, which he inhabits and inspires. God grant that you and I may soon meet upon that Rock which rests itself upon the Rock of Ages!

"Give my sincere love to your mother—I shall not soon forget her, I assure you. Also to Mrs. Hammond and the doctor, Mrs. and Miss Hay, Mrs. Atherton, and all others who have been kind to me. If you will answer me *immediately*, I shall get your letter before I leave New York. With all my heart, most sincerely yours for ever,

"CLARENCE WALWORTH.

"Direct to me at New York, care of Edgar Jenkins, Esquire, 78 Eleventh Street. I visit often the brethren of St. Alphonse, but will tell you more hereafter. C. W."

The words in the above letter which speak of our anxiety at the thought of living in a state of excommunication may require some explanation. To furnish this I give the following

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reminiscence: In Sterne's *Tristram Shandy* is a story, given there as a joke, but often repeated among Protestants as a reality. It represents that every Friday in Holy Week the Pope publicly curses all heretics and infidels from the altar. The curse is given word for word, and is really something very horrible. It is, in fact, just so near the truth as this: that on that day, in all Catholic churches throughout the world, public prayers are offered for their conversion, in order that God may bless them. We did not either of us give much credit to such a tale, but still we were ignorant in regard to the real facts. Wadhams, I remember, had been more struck by the awful nature of anathemas from such a source than moved to a feeling of resentment. "It's a foolish story," said he, "It can't be true. But, I tell you what!—I don't want that old man to curse me."

The next letter connects itself sufficiently with the preceding one, and is here given without comment:

"SARATOGA SPA, June 26, 1845.

"DEAR WADHAMS: What can I write to you? I know you must be anxious to hear all the news; but, in such an ocean of things I have to tell you, what can one do with a sheet of paper? I wish I had you here hung up fast by a hook in some corner where you could not get away. I would talk to you from sunrise to bed-time, and you would need to say nothing but 'no! no!—did?—did?' all the while. You will be surprised perhaps to find me writing from Saratoga. I came up about two weeks since, at mother's request and to try to comfort her, for she takes my conversion very much to heart, thinking me quite ruined by becoming a Catholic. I shall return in a very few days. By the by, the priest at the Springs is a *Cistercian*, or monk of St. Bernard (only think, a *genuine live Cistercian*), a very learned and, I think, a very good man. When Bishop Hughes travelled in Belgium this monk became much interested for this poor, infidelity-ridden country, and obtained leave to come and help the good cause on this side the water. You asked me in your last letter to describe to you the ways and customs of the brethren of St. Alphonse at New York. Indeed, I can tell you nothing beyond what M. has told you.

"In the first place, there are scarcely enough of them to constitute a 'house,' being only three, and sometimes four, Fathers, and a few lay-brethren. Then, again, I go in and out without ceremony and the Father Superior is almost always ready to see me, and as I am not put under rule, I know very little about their rule. McM., who stays with them all the while and is besides much more observing than I, is better able to inform you. But this will, of course, be entirely unnecessary, for you will soon come down to see us off—(of course, you have learned from Mac that we are to go to Europe—Belgium)—and make your profession before we go. Then you will see them all, and

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love them all as we do. We shall embark, probably, about the first of August with the Father Provincial from Belgium.

"Oh! what shall I say to you of the joys of Catholic communion, the frequent and the *real* Sacraments, the privilege of daily Mass, and constant access to a confidential director? How miserable do all the unrealities of Puseyite speculation appear to one who is a Catholic in fact and not in dreams! I cannot bear to think of you all alone among those godless hills, an exile from the church into which you were baptized and conducting unauthorized conventicles. Do not, I beg of you for Christ's sake, delay making your profession long. At least discontinue your meetings. Forgive me for speaking so, my dearest friend and kind benefactor, but I speak earnestly, believing that nothing is so expedient for us as to do God's will promptly. I have had a letter from Platt, who 'thanks God' for my sake, and says he told the bishop he did not blame me for escaping from the *torturing embrace* of the Episcopal church, but he cannot yet make up his mind to follow my example. I have urged him to come to New York and see me before I go, and told him he would meet you there. I *presumed* you would not let us leave without seeing us, and Mac said he would urge you to come down. Indeed, you should make your profession and confession before Father Rumpler by all means, and you will gain much by coming and spending a while before, as we have already become familiar with the brethren and others. Although I have been in the habit of attending daily Mass, I doubt if I have forgotten you once in the presence of the Holy Victim. May the good Mother shield and bless you also, for I owe you very much, and, although I have always behaved more like a saucy companion, I assure you I look up to you as a father, not in years, but in care and kindness.

"Do not forget to remember me to your mother, whom I remember daily in my prayers; to Judge B——, also Clarence, and others whom I am bound to love. My eyes are constantly improving, yet I confess I feel the effects of this writing. Tell Mrs. Hammond, although our farm of St. Mary's is abandoned, in which she took such a kind interest, I hope she may live to bring many a rose and lily to the altar of our dear Lady. In the hope of giving you soon a right good Catholic embrace,

"Your affectionate friend and brother,

"CLARENCE 'ALBAN ALPHONSE.'"

"The two names you see in my signature are the names by which I was confirmed. You will, of course, not use them as yet in directing letters."

The preceding two letters show that I had applied for admission into the Redemptorist Order and that I had been accepted by the Very Rev. Father De Held, Provincial, then on a visit to America, accompanied by Father Bernard, who afterward succeeded to his office here. Father De Held was head of the Province of Belgium, which then included Holland, Eng-

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land, and the United States. These letters show also that I had been destined to make my novitiate, not at Baltimore, but at St. Trond, in Belgium. In the meanwhile, McMaster had decided to join the same order, and so also had Isaac Hecker, now well known as first Superior of the Paulist Fathers of Fifty-ninth Street, New York City. The Provincial had decided not to keep us in waiting until his own return to Europe, but to send us on beforehand, and at once. Father Hecker was not one of our seminary set and had never been an Episcopalian. McMaster and I met him for the first time at the Redemptorist Convent in Third Street, after our reception there. He was himself only a year-old Catholic. He had had nothing to do with Puseyism, and knew very little about it. His chief experience lay in the New England school of Transcendentalism.

We little understood at first the full value that lay concealed under the long yellow locks that hung down over his broad shoulders and behind the bright eyes, which shone with an openness of enthusiasm which made us smile. On concluding to join us he had just sufficient time to hurry off to Baltimore, where Father De Held then was, get accepted, and hurry back again before the ship left port.

We considered it as contrary to holy poverty to go as first-class passengers; Hecker's brothers, however, took care to have a special room built up for all three in the second cabin. While these hurried preparations were in progress, the following letter was written:

"NEW YORK CITY, July 25, 1845.

"DEAR WADHAMS: I intended to have given you earlier notice of the time of our departure, that you might have ample time to come and see us off at your leisure, but circumstances have turned up which oblige us to set off almost immediately, viz.: on Friday, the 1st of August. We shall cross in the London packet Prince Albert. I fear even now you will scarcely have time to come, there are so many chances of this letter being delayed. Most likely the packet will not get off until Saturday, the 2d, as I am told it is very common to delay a day or so, and sailors do not like to go out of port on a Friday. If I were going alone it would be great presumption to think you would come so far to see me, to whom you have no reason to be attached, except that you have shown me so much kindness and have given me so much reason to love you; but you and McMaster are older friends, and you will certainly wish to bid him 'farewell, and God speed,' before he sails. We shall both almost hold our breaths in expectation of you. It makes me very sad to think over our last winter's life. McM. tells me I am much in the habit of saying unpleasant things in a thoughts way to my friends, and I doubt not it is true, although I

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was not aware of it before. How often I may have wounded your feelings last winter in this manner, for I know I talked very much and very thoughtlessly; but you who was always so patient with me then, will not, I am sure, find it difficult to forget all these things now the time has gone by. As happy as I am to breathe the holy atmosphere of the Catholic Church, it is a bitter thing to leave my country—which I love all the more dearly for its pitiable religious destitution—and so many kind friends whom I may never see again in life. But it is very selfish to speak of myself now. Come down, dear Wadhams, at once, if you *possibly can*, and let me see your face again. We will talk over in one day more than a thousand letters can contain. What an age of awful responsibility we live in! How irresistable the impression that God has vast designs for the good of his church upon the very eve of accomplishment! Oh! what if he should call upon us at important and critical moments, and we should be found wanting! Let us cry out to God with groans and tears that we may be permitted to do and to *suffer* something in the good and holy cause. What have we to do with the enjoyment of the world, or even of the most tender family relations, which is all the same thing, while Christ is pleading with us: 'What, can ye not watch with me one hour?' It needs but a little time in the Roman Catholic Church to feel the depth and tenderness of her motherly love and care, and how blessed it is to labor in her cause, and to die in her arms. How can one 'fight the good fight and finish the faith' when joined to the abominations and covered with the trappings of heresy?

"How can one hope for the benediction of Jesus upon himself or his doings while he will not listen to the voice, 'Come, and follow Me.'

"Do come down at once and see us. Four years is a long time. Yesterday evening was the first we knew of the exact time of our departure, or I should have written before. God bless you, speed my letter, and bring you hither in time.

"Your faithful and grateful friend,

"CLARENCE WALWORTH.

"P.S.—I am living now all alone at my brother-in-law's, Mr. Jenkins, 78 Eleventh Street; but it would be more sure, to come at once to McMaster's quarters in the house attached to the rear of the Catholic Church on Third Street, between Avenues A and B."

The above letter was mailed to Ticonderoga, whence it was forwarded to Wadhams Mills. An endorsement on the back of the sheet of paper upon which it is written, shows that Wadhams did not receive it until the day we sailed. Did not this fact add an additional pang to the reading of it? In any case it shows why he did not come to see us off.

C. A. WALWORTH.

St. Mary's Church, Albany.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

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THE STORY OF A DIAMOND ORNAMENT.

Ay di me! how strange seems the quiet of this peaceful England after the stormy scenes in which my youth was passed. Often in my dreams I live over again that old stirring time, and, waking, wonder for a moment which is the dream and which the reality. But when my eyes fall on my Humphrey's face, a stern, determined face perchance in the judgment of many, but which hath never yet been without a smile for me, I feel that if this is the dream I would fain it lasted for ever. There lingereth yet a little stiffness betwixt my mother-in-law and me, for she hath never quite forgiven her son's choice of a foreigner and a Catholic. But Dolly, my sweet sister-in-law, and I are sisters indeed, and it is for her pleasure that I sit me down this afternoon to recall some of those memories that to her are only stories more marvellous than any romance, but that to me are replete with a keenness of joy and pain which it can scarce be my lot to feel again.

I was only a child when I came to France in the train of Anne of Austria—"the Little Queen," as they used to call her to distinguish her from the haughty queen-mother. We had been brought up together, and I alone of all her following was permitted to remain with her at her own earnest request. The rest of her ladies were dismissed at the frontier, not over courteously. They parted from her in tears, for already, young as she was, she had begun to exercise that charm which in after years rendered her irresistible to all who approached her. To all, that is to say, save one; and that one, alas! the most important of all, the king—her husband.

When they had left her she stood for a while without speaking, biting her lips to restrain the tears which her pride would not suffer to fall. Then suddenly she turned to me and held out her hand.

"You at least are left to me, Dolores!" she exclaimed. "I am not without a friend."

I kissed it in silence. But from that moment, child though I was, my soul was knit to hers with a love such as Jonathan of old had for David, a blind, unquestioning devotion which rendered it almost impossible for me to resist her will, even when my judgment and sense of right were against it.

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We grew up together in that court, which for her as well as for me was a lonely place enough. But my humbler lot was happily free from the dangers and temptations that beset her on every side. Alas! my poor mistress, so young and so friendless, each day developing into more dazzling beauty, with a sullen, neglectful husband, and flatterers enow to tell you what a different fate your charms deserved, was it wonderful that you were at times imprudent? Was it not more sad than strange that with a heart and mind formed for love and happiness you were tempted to stoop for admiration from those who should only have ventured on homage and respect? Yet still, though there was no lack of spying eyes and spiteful tongues to comment on her conduct, there had never been anything for scandal to lay hold of till, in an evil hour for her, the Duke of Buckingham was sent by the court of England to treat for the marriage of the Prince of Wales with with the king's sister, Madame Henriette.

'Twere hard to describe the excitement that prevailed at court at the news. Buckingham, the prince's favorite, his companion on that romantic journey of which all Europe was talking, and which had captivated the youthful fancy of the Princess Henriette! Buckingham, the embodiment in every woman's eyes of the days of chivalry and romance, whose splendor and magnificence threw even his royal master into the shade!

The men were wild with jealousy, and the women would talk of nothing else. Even I, little as I had in common with my companions as a rule, caught the infection, and felt my heart beat higher than its wont as I took up my stand behind my mistress's chair on the night when he was to make his first formal appearance at court.

The queen, looking lovelier than I had ever seen her, stood forward among her ladies, outshining them all. Her pale, auburn hair was rolled back from her face, which looked fairer than ever with the flush of excitement staining her cheek and lending unwonted brightness to her soft, emerald eyes. Every eye was bent on the English ambassador as he advanced up the hall, magnificently attired, his white satin doublet embroidered with gold, and the mantle of silver-gray velvet which depended from his shoulders literally covered with pearls. How shall I confess it? My first sight of the renowned George Villiers, Duke of Buckingham, was fraught with disappointment. Perhaps my expectations had been unduly raised; perhaps no reality could have come up to the ideal I had formed in my mind. Yet, I think it was more than this, and that beneath that handsome,

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chivalrous exterior my woman's instinct divined the lack of moral strength that marred his character and wrecked his life. Be this as it may, mine was, methinks, the only eye in that vast assembly that wandered beyond the splendid figure of the duke and rested with a sudden sense of restored satisfaction on a face that could not for mere beauty of feature have compared for a moment with his. Truth and honesty were stamped on it for all the world to read, and, though I chided myself for the thought concerning so utter a stranger, it crossed my mind in that instant that in the hour of peril I would choose him out of all the world to stand by my side.

Lost in my meditations I was unconscious how fixed was my gaze till the stranger suddenly looked up and our eyes met. I colored and dropped my own. It was some moments before I ventured to raise them. Thus I lost sight of the meeting between Buckingham and the queen, and only learnt afterwards by hearsay how their instant mutual attraction made itself so evident as to arouse the suspicion, not merely of the king, but, what was far worse, of Richelieu, the bitterest enemy my mistress possessed.

The usual compliments were interchanged, and then I heard the duke presenting "Master Humphrey Castleton," to the queen, "a true and faithful friend, for whom I venture to crave your majesty's favor," and I felt rather than saw the causer of my embarrassment making his bow before her. The queen responded to the appeal with that gracious sweetness that even her enemies found hard to resist. Then, as the music began and she gave her hand as a matter of course to the English ambassador for the dance, she turned to the young cavalier with one of her bewildering smiles.

"As you are a stranger here, Master Castleton," she said, "I will myself choose you a partner. Dolores," beckoning me forward with her fan, "I commit this gentleman's entertainment to you."

At first I felt rather confused, but his frank, pleasant manner, so different to the half-impertinent gallantry of the French courtiers, soon set me at my ease, and I found myself listening with interest while he spoke to me of my own land, the country I scarcely hoped to see again; praised the beauty of the women and the courtesy of the men. My eyes glistened with pleasure; an exile, far from home, my only friend the queen—if, indeed, that could be called friendship between two so unequal in station, where everything was given on one side and graciously re-

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ceived on the other—I felt my heart go out to the speaker, and answered him with a frankness and unreserve that surprised myself. We were soon on the road to friendship. The evening passed quickly—too quickly, methought for once—and the time came for the queen to withdraw. I followed with my companions in her train, lost in dreamy abstraction that would have exposed me to their raillery on any other occasion. But to-night it passed unnoticed; no one had eyes or thoughts for any but the duke, and I should have been laughed at indeed if I had ventured to express my preference for his squire.

I went mechanically through the tedious ceremonies of the queen's *coucher*, anxious for the moment when I should find myself alone, free to analyze this strange, new feeling that possessed my breast. But to my disappointment the queen detained me, as indeed she often did when she felt wakeful, that I might read her to sleep with some favorite Spanish book. To-night, however, this proved to be a mere pretext, for after listening to me for a few minutes with a distracted attention she suddenly exclaimed:

"Throw that dull book aside, Lola, and talk to me. Tell me, child, didst ever behold a more gallant caballero? Methought I saw the Cid himself before me. But thou art silent! Did he not take thy fancy? Nay, then, thou art duller than I gave thee credit for!"

"Methinks, madame," I suggested diffidently, "there was more goodness in the face of his squire."

"Thou art but a prude, Dolores!" said the queen, impatiently. "Though how thou camest by it in this court I know not, verily. Goodness, forsooth! We are not talking of a monk or a hermit, but of a noble cavalier."

I said nothing, and my mistress, who seemed provoked by my want of sympathy, presently dismissed me. Yet, in spite of her words, I failed to see that goodness was any disqualification to a cavalier, and I sought my couch to dream of a steadfast, manly face, a pair of blue eyes full of kindliness and truth.

That was a happy time that followed, both for my royal mistress and myself. Happy for her in her ignorance of where it it would tend. A neglected wife, a powerless queen, she found herself suddenly the object of a devotion such as she had read of and dreamt of, but never yet met with in actual life. Buckingham had come prepared to admire, but the reality surpassed his anticipations. So I afterwards heard. His ardent fancy was caught at once and he took little pains to hide it. Yet, there

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was nothing in those early days to set the queen on her guard. His passion was so mingled with respect, he hid the audacity of his advances so skillfully under the outward forms of a homage such as any subject might justly offer to his sovereign, that she never even dreamt of danger. It did not strike her that such homage would be more fittingly rendered by him to the Princess Henriette, his future queen. The days went by in festivity and pleasure, the English ambassador ever by the queen's side, obedient to her slightest wish, while the king grew daily more gloomy, and the cardinal's brow more stern, and every one felt that we were on the verge of an explosion.

And I, who loved her so devotedly, for once was strangely blind. I had wandered into that wonderful Arcadia of youth, whose freshness and sweetness is revealed to us but once in our lives. We may live again, perchance more deeply, but that boundless trust, that certainty of happiness, belong only to that first period of enchantment when everything is glorified for us in the glow of our own hearts.

Just at that time the Duchesse de Chevreuse, the queen's friend and sworn ally, gave a grand ball, to which all the court was bidden, to celebrate the approaching nuptials of madame. It was to be a masquerade, and I, in common with my companions, was busy preparing my dress for the occasion. I had chosen to appear in my national costume, all in white, like a peasant bride. Two days before the ball her majesty summoned me to her presence. I found her standing before the glass, holding in her hand an open casket containing a magnificent shoulder-knot from which depended twelve tags, each one a splendid diamond.

"O madame!" I exclaimed, involuntarily, dazzled by the sight. "How beautiful!"

The queen turned round, a moody expression on her fair face.

"'Tis the king's gift," she said, briefly.

"A right royal one," I could not help remarking.

"Ay," she answered, rather bitterly. "A gift from the king to the queen—not from Louis to Anne"—in a lower voice. "'Tis to do himself credit before the English nobles."

She closed the casket carelessly and said in a lighter tone:

"But come, Lola, 'twas not to show thee this I sent for thee, child. Thou wearest the dress of a Spanish bride at the duchesse's ball?"

"Ay, madame, if it please your majesty."

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"Then wear this with it for the sake of thy friend the queen."

She put into my hands a white lace veil so rare and costly that it would have given richness to the most insignificant dress. Surprised and delighted I faltered out my thanks, and bent to kiss her hand, but she stooped down and put her lips to my forehead with a sudden emotion.

"Nay, thank me not, child. 'Tis but a trifle, yet it rejoiceth me to give pleasure to one of the few who love me for myself alone—as I well believe thou dost, Dolores?" looking keenly into my face.

"Indeed, madame, you do me but justice," I answered, earnestly. "There is nothing I would not do for your service."

"I believe it, child," she answered. "And it may be that the time is not far distant when I shall need more than the profession of that service."

"Come when it may, it shall find me ready," was my reply. And with a low reverence I withdrew.

The night so eagerly anticipated arrived, and as I donned my pretty dress, and marked how soft a shade the queen's gift threw over my face, I felt loth to put on the little white satin mask that would hide it from the eyes in which I would fain have looked my best. But it had to be done, and I adjusted it with a sigh; then pinned to my dress the yellow favor which was to distinguish me in case, unlikely as it seemed, any one else should have chosen the same costume as myself. My heart was beating wildly; I felt that to-night would be in some way the crisis of my fate, and little guessed how much it meant to those far above me in station, yet whose fortunes were destined to be strangely interwoven with mine own.

It was a dazzling scene that night in the beautiful Hotel de Chevreuse. Conspicuous amongst all was the queen, in spite of her disguise, by her height, her stately bearing, above all by the splendid ornament that hung from her left shoulder and threw out rays of sparkling light with every step she took. The king's brow was clearer than it had been for many a day, for etiquette demanded that on this occasion the envoy of England should lead out his future mistress, and dressed in his bravest attire, glittering all over with diamonds, he had already made his way to her side. The king had given his hand to his fair hostess, but many a guess was hazarded in vain as to who was the queen's cavalier. Some pronounced it to be Monsieur ——; others the Comte de G——. As for me, my eye was seeking in vain

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for one, who, methought, would have been long ere this at my side. Time passed on; I had rejected more than one aspirant for my hand, and the brilliant pageant was beginning to lose all its radiance for me in the bitterness of my disappointment when a note was suddenly thrust into my hand. I turned round quickly, but saw no one near. It was bound with a yellow ribbon. I opened it and read:

"Judge me not too hastily, sweet Dolores. I am not my own master to-night and have a part to play that I like but ill. But trust me still, though appearances be against me."

What did it mean? I stood, turning it over, sorely perplexed, when a mocking voice spoke in my ear:

"So, fair señorita, your cavalier has deserted you. He hath nobler game in view to-night, though it would seem that the favor of the queen's loveliest maid of honor might have satisfied the ambition of the boorish islander."

"I do not understand you, sir," I answered haughtily.

"Yet, jealousy, they say, hath sharpened women's eyes ere now. Who, think you, is dancing with madame?"

"The Duke of Buckingham."

"The Duke of Buckingham's *squire*," was the emphatic reply. "Fine feathers make fine birds, but it needs something more than his master's diamonds to transform the servant into his lord."

My heart stood still—not with foolish jealousy, but with a deadly fear. If that was Humphrey Castleton, the queen's cavalier could be no other than Buckingham. I realized in an instant the danger in which my mistress stood. The words of the note recurred to my mind. Was this the explanation? Oh, no! they could not be so rash, so mad! Even as I strove to frame a reply the music stopped. A trumpet sounded through the rooms and the master of ceremonies proclaimed in a loud voice it was the king's pleasure that every one should unmask.

I felt ready to swoon with terror. But managing at last to raise my eyes I saw with bewilderment the real duke standing by madame's side. It was a mistake, then, after all. But as the thought passed through my mind the same sarcastic voice I had heard a while ago murmured beside me:

"Cleverly done! They have escaped for this time, but it will be all the same in the end."

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I turned round, determined this time to find out who the speaker was. But he had moved away and was lost to sight in the crowd, and I, looking up, beheld my Humphrey standing before me, his face alight with tenderness and love.

"At last, Dolores!" he exclaimed.

And leading me on one side he poured forth into my ear the tale I so longed to hear. I listened with feelings too sweet for speech, until at last he grew alarmed at my silence and craved for one word—only one word—of reply, to assure him he had not been mistaken. I raised my eyes, and he needed no other assurance than he read there, for he seized my hand and covered it with kisses.

"Sweetest!" he cried. "This moment makes up for all—this weary evening and all besides."

"Ah, yes!" I murmured. "Humphrey, where wast thou when I looked for thee in vain?"

"Ask me not now, Dolores. My word is passed. One day I will tell thee all."

"And what if I know it already?" fixing my eyes on his face; "that to please thy lord thou didst take his place?"

He started and changed color.

"Dolores! Was it marked, thinkest thou, by any eye save thine?"

"It is true then? I almost doubted. Nay, fear not, Humphrey. If they suspect, they have no proof."

But his brow remained overcast.

"This must to my lord," he muttered. "I warned him, but he would not heed."

Two or three days passed without affording us any fresh chance of meeting. One night I had gone up to my chamber—a mean little place enough, though beneath a palace roof; but the quarters assigned to the maids of honor were not ever luxurious, and I was fortunate in having one all to myself. I stood by the casement, dreamily contemplating the moonlit scene beneath, and following it in my thoughts to the sea. I hoped one day to cross with my true love by my side to his distant home, when there came a timid knock at my door and a young girl entered—a newly-joined maid of honor, fresh from the convent in which she had been brought up, and who had attached herself to me half in fear, half in disapproval of the giddy ways of the rest.

"Dear señorita," she began, "you are so kind—so brave. I have lost a trinket that I dearly prize. It is a locket contain-

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ing the portrait of my parents. I dropped it, as I remember, in the long corridor. Will you come with me to seek it? I dare not go alone."

"Willingly," I answered. "But what is there to fear?"

"The White Lady, they say, hath been seen to walk of late."

"You do not credit such idle tales?"

"Nay, I know not. But I should die of fright if I met her alone."

We groped our way through the dark passages till we reached the long corridor, where the light of the moon shone through the tall windows with a clear but ghostly radiance. My companion's fears, joined to the silence that reigned around us, and the deep mysterious shadows had infected me somewhat, and it was with a sigh of relief that, having found the locket at the further end of the corridor, I turned to retrace my steps.

A start, a shrill cry from the girl beside me.

"Señorita! The White Lady!"

And looking up I saw a figure all draped in white advancing towards me with outstretched arms. My companion had disappeared. I stood rooted to the spot, unable to speak or move. As the figure approached, my limbs gave way under me, and with a faint cry I sank, half-unconscious, to the ground. Some one rushed out from behind a pillar and caught me in his arms, and a well-known, indignant voice exclaimed:

"My lord, my lord, you have killed her!"

"Tush! 'tis but a swoon," came in unmistakable, manly accents from the White Lady. "Leave the girl alone, Humphrey, and look to thyself. There be hawks abroad."

As he spoke lights appeared at the other end of the corridor. The White Lady vanished—how or where I was too bewildered to see—the lights drew near, and I, recovering a little from my alarm, looked up and beheld the hard, stern face of the Cardinal de Richelieu, my mistress's unrelenting foe.

"What means this unseemly disturbance?" he demanded. "So-ho!" as his eye fell on the queen's colors which I, in common with all her household, wore. "A midnight meeting with one of the queen's ladies! These are pretty doings. Like mistress, like maid."

"You are mistaken, sir," cried my protector, starting forward. "This lady was affrighted and swooned. I chanced to be in the way, and rendered her what slight service I could."

"A likely story!" scoffed the cardinal. "Affrighted? Of what?"

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"The White Lady," I faltered, still unable to decide if my eyes or my ears had deceived me.

"'Tis true, my lord," respectfully interposed an attendant who was standing by. "She hath been seen to walk of late."

"Pshaw!" contemptuously. "Tell me not these old woman's tales! It is a mere blind, I tell you. Ha!" with a sudden start as he recognized Humphrey. "There is more in this than meets the eye. You are of the Duke of Buckingham's household, sir. How come you here?"

Humphrey hesitated.

"You had some message to the queen?"

"On my honor, no!" answered Humphrey, with such evident sincerity that the cardinal's suspicions fell.

"Then what ——? Explain your presence."

"I lost my way—coming out—this lady's screams drew me to the spot."

He broke down at this point, but the cardinal, unheeding the lame excuse, had turned away with a baffled expression, muttering:

"Too late! I see it all. The White Lady! 'Tis Buckingham himself."

The lights receded, and we were left alone.

"Humphrey!" I exclaimed. "Is this sooth? Was it indeed the duke I beheld anon?"

"It would avail nothing to deny it," he answered, gloomily.

"And you, what make you here? To aid and abet him?"

"No, on my soul, Dolores! To defend my lord in case of need—to save him from the consequences of his folly—to prevent, perchance," in a lower voice and half to himself, "some greater evil."

I stood aghast. An abyss seemed opening at my feet.

"The queen!" I uttered at length. "Knows she aught of this?"

"No more than the babe unborn."

I breathed a sigh of relief. One half of my fears had vanished with that assurance. But what remained were grave enough. I regained my chamber with a heavy heart. I had distrusted Buckingham from the first, though for Humphrey's sake I had tried to think better of him. I felt now that I had judged him truly. Selfish and unprincipled, he would scruple at nothing to attain his purpose.

The morning, however, brought tidings that relieved my anxiety on the queen's account. The vexatious delays, created

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for the most part by Buckingham to serve his own ends, were ended at last, and madame was to set forth at once on her journey. The king and queen were to accompany her as far as the coast. I was among those chosen to attend my mistress on this occasion. It occurred to me that the queen had guessed a little how matters stood, and wished to give me an opportunity of seeing the last of the man I loved. She herself was not over cheerful. She had grown accustomed to Buckingham's devotion and was loth to give it up. Where should she find another cavalier so respectful, so obedient, so ready, as it seemed, to give up everything to her lightest wish.

At the last moment the king fell ill, and was forced to remain behind. The two queens, my mistress and the queen-mother, Marie de Medicis, accompanied the youthful princess as far as Amiens.

There the queen-mother, overcome with grief at losing her favorite child, fell sick in her turn, and was unable to proceed. Messengers were despatched to the King of England, craving him to excuse the delay, the princess being unwilling to leave her mother till she was somewhat restored to health. Meanwhile, we remained at Amiens, and I, for one, enjoyed the unlooked-for respite—for I knew not when or where I should see Humphrey again. He had promised to return and claim me as soon as it lay in his power; but the times were uncertain and he was not his own master. A fortnight elapsed before Queen Marie recovered sufficiently to permit of madame's departure. We made the most of our time. The strict etiquette and formality of the Louvre were relaxed, and we enjoyed all unwonted liberty, of which we did not fail to take advantage. But all good things must end, and at length the last evening arrived. I was standing by a window in one of the galleries waiting for my lover, who had craved me to meet him there and bid him farewell, when a cloaked and hooded form approached me, and would have passed me, but with a sudden movement I threw myself in the way. It was the queen; I had recognized her by her walk.

"Madame," I exclaimed, obeying an irresistible impulse, and disregarding the rules of etiquette that forbade me to address her first, "whither go you?"

"To meet Buckingham, and bid him farewell," she answered, like one in a dream.

She had put my fear into words. I threw myself at her feet.

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"Oh, *mi regna*!" I cried, clinging to her skirts, and effectually impeding her progress. "Be advised! Consider what advantage may be taken! Remember who you are!"

I had gone too far. She drew herself up to her full height.

"Methinks it is *you* that forget," she answered, haughtily. "Anne of Austria is not wont to be dictated to by her dependents."

Then relenting suddenly, as she caught sight of my pale and stricken face:

"Nay, Lola, take it not to heart. 'Twas unkindly said, and I know thou meanest well. Thou foolish wench, dost thou think I cannot guard my own dignity? Come then and judge for thyself. 'Twere better, perchance, after all. I can trust thee to hold thy tongue. Take thy mantle and follow me."

I obeyed, and, wrapped in a long, dark cloak that effectually screened me from observation, I followed my mistress into the pleasance. She turned aside into a shaded path, at the end of which I beheld two cavaliers awaiting us. By the beating of my heart I knew that one of them was Humphrey, and that had I stayed behind, I should have kept my tryst in vain.

The foremost of the two figures advanced, and uncovering his head disclosed the bold, handsome features of the duke.

"Ah, madame," he ardently exclaimed, how can I thank you!"

"Nay, my lord duke," the queen replied, "you make too much of it. 'Tis a small favor to grant a friend to bid him farewell."

"But here—at this hour—alone!"

The queen grew red.

"Speak not thus," she exclaimed, "or you will make me repent my condescension."

"'Twas wrong," he answered, humbly. "I meant but to show your majesty I was not ungrateful."

Appeased by his words, she made me a sign to draw back a little. I obeyed, but kept within sight—within hearing even, if she chose to raise her voice. Presently I heard a hurried step behind me, and a hand was laid on my arm.

"Sweetheart," came Humphrey's voice, in an agitated whisper, "canst thou forgive me? I had no choice."

"Nay," I answered, "if there is blame I must needs share it too. It were scarce possible to do otherwise."

"If thou deemest thus, I am content. 'Twas hard to give

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up the hope of seeing thee. Faith hath been kinder than I dared to look for."

He took my hand, and for a brief space I forgot all else in the joy of his presence. Then suddenly a cry rang out—a cry of fear and anger.

"*A moi! la reine!*"

It was the queen's voice. I broke from Humphrey and hurried forward—to find my mistress flushed, trembling, with tears of indignation in her eyes, and Buckingham standing at a little distance, looking sullen and discomfited.

The gardens suddenly woke into life. Lights flashed hither and thither, and several gentlemen appeared on the scene with drawn swords. The queen by this time had regained some measure of self-control, but her bosom still heaved with her recent emotion.

"It is nought," she said, in answer to the eager inquiries that beset her on every side. "I was affrighted, and cried out. I came forth to take the air with my waiting woman, and in the darkness I mistook my lord of Buckingham for I know not what. I thank you, gentlemen, but I need not detain you."

She inclined her head with a gesture of dismissal, and taking my arm hurried away without looking to see what effect her speech produced. But I, less pre-occupied, noticed not a few meaning glances and covert smiles.

The queen never opened her lips till she regained her own apartments; then she threw herself into my arms and burst into tears.

"He insulted me!" she sobbed. "Me, a daughter of Spain! Fool that I was to trust him! Thou wert right, Dolores. I will never forgive him!"

I was silent, not daring to question her, yet wondering greatly what could have chanced to move her to such passion. And presently she dried her tears.

"I will not weep. 'Tis doing the insolent islander too much honor. Tell no one, Dolores, what I have let fall."

And that night, at the farewell banquet, it seemed to me that I had never seen her look more brilliant or more stately. The duke on the contrary looked like a man who had received a rebuff when he least expected it. His mortification was plainly legible in his face.

The queen soon felt the effects of her imprudence. The report of what had happened had flown like wildfire through the court and had lost nothing in the telling. On her return to

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Paris her liberty was curtailed, and the restraints with which she had always been surrounded increased. The king, who had never loved her, was greatly incensed against her. Several of her attendants were dismissed, and others, known to be inimical to her interests, appointed in their stead. I, by some miracle, escaped unnoticed, and in spite of my known devotion to her was permitted to retain my post, one which brought me into constant communication with her. She clung to me more than ever, as to her only friend, and my heart ached for her in her loneliness and humiliation.

One morning I was sent for to her presence and found her walking up and down her chamber looking flushed and excited.

"Dolores," she said, "I need thy help." And, lowering her voice, "Buckingham is here. I must see him."

I was silent for a moment, stricken dumb.

"Ah, madame!" I exclaimed, when my speech returned to me. "Have you not perilled enough on his account?"

"Nay," eagerly, "'tis but for an instant, to tell him that I forgive him. 'Tis all he craves. He cannot live, he says, without my pardon."

"Let him die then," was my first thought, for my heart was hot within me. The queen was watching my face.

"Thou wouldst not have me drive him to desperation?"

"I would have your majesty consider your own safety before his selfish gratification. The past hath shown he is over-apt to forget it."

"Nay, there is no danger if thou wilt do as I wish. 'Tis for the last time, Dolores. I would fain leave him with a kindly remembrance. What, after all, is his crime but to care too much for one who hath over few to love her?"

I was moved, in spite of myself, by her pleading. It was hard, truly, that she must stoop to entreat where she was born to command, and the pity of it overcame my better judgment.

"What is your majesty's will?" I asked.

"This is his plan: to come here disguised as his squire to see thee once more. That thou favorest Master Castleton is well known, and, even if the visit were discovered, suspicion would be averted. Wilt thou lend thyself to this, Lola, for the sake of thy friend—thy queen?"

I yielded, for I could not do otherwise. I had ever been like wax in her hands.

Evening came, and my seeming lover was ushered into my presence. The attendant withdrew, but ere we had time to in-

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terchange a word the queen appeared. The duke stood by the doorway not daring to advance, his eyes fixed on the ground, his handsome face flushed with shame and anxiety. And as the queen gazed on him her expression gradually softened.

"Buckingham!" she said, in a low, tremulous voice, and at the sound the duke sprang forward and threw himself at her feet.

"Ah, madame!" he cried, "can you ever forgive me? I was mad. I knew not what I did. Yet a man might well be pardoned for losing his wits before such dazzling beauty."

"Hush!" she said, gently, "or I may not listen. Yes, I forgive thee; though 'twas ill done to take advantage of one so friendless."

"Not friendless," he exclaimed, "while Buckingham lives!"

"And what can you do for me? Your very presence is a source of danger."

He cast down his eyes. It was but too true.

"Madame," he said, after a pause, "will you not bestow on me somewhat by which to remember you? I need it not indeed for that, but 'twould be sweet to have a pledge of your pardon."

She considered a moment, then quitted the room, and returned presently, bearing in her hand the casket containing the diamond ornament given her by the king.

"Wear this," she said, "in remembrance of Anne of Austria. And now, farewell!"

She extended her hand. He kissed it passionately, and with one last, lingering look turned away. The door closed behind him, and the queen, throwing herself into a chair, covered her face with her hands.

"Madame," I said, "was this gift wise? 'Tis certain to be missed and traced."

"Thou art a fool, Dolores," she answered, impatiently. "Wouldst thou have me bestow a common fairing like a village maiden as a parting gift on the Duke of Buckingham? 'Tis a matter that concerns my pride."

I said no more, for indeed it was useless. The deed was done. But my heart misgave me that we should hear of it again. And I was right.

A few weeks later it began to be hinted about the court that the Duke of Buckingham, during the festivities lately held at Whitehall in honor of the royal marriage, had been seen to wear a magnificent diamond shoulder knot, the very *fac simile*

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of the one lately worn by the queen at the Duchesse de Chevreuse's ball. It was some time before the report reached my ears. I hastened at once to warn the queen, and found her with an agitated visage, perusing a missive from the king.

"Read that, Dolores," she said.

It was a request—say rather a command—that she should appear at a grand state banquet to be given the following week, and wear the diamond ornament. I looked aghast. Refusal meant discovery. What was to be done?

"It was thoughtless of him," quoth the queen, "to wear it in public."

Thoughtless! It was criminal imprudence—the gratification of his selfish vanity at her expense. But how to mend it?

"Madame," I suggested, "what if we were to let the duke know how the matter stands? He might perhaps devise a means—"

"Of sending the jewel?" she interrupted. "Thou art right, Dolores, so that it arrive in time!"

A trusty messenger was dispatched and bidden to hasten as though on an errand of life and death. Then there was nothing for it but to wait; and what weary waiting that was, how filled with anxiety, and hope deferred, methinks I shall ne'er forget. The last day arrived, and the queen, sick with apprehension, was preparing to feign a sudden illness as an excuse for her non-attendance, when I was told that a gentleman craved instant speech with me. I hastened forth, and in the ante-chamber, splashed up to the eyes, weary, and travel-worn, beheld my Humphrey.

"Thou!" I exclaimed, and would have sprung towards him, but he stepped backwards.

"I am not fit to touch thee, sweetheart, but I could not rest till I had delivered this into thy safe-keeping."

And he placed in my hands the diamond ornament.

The relief was so great I could scarcely speak. Making him a sign to wait, I hastened to tell the queen. In a few moments I returned.

"Follow me, Humphrey," I exclaimed; "her majesty would thank thee herself."

"In this guise?" hanging back.

"Nay, what matters the guise? 'Tis her deliverer she would fain behold."

The queen's eyes were swimming with tears as she held out her hand for him to kiss.

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"Master Castleton," she exclaimed, "I know not how to thank you! Is there no boon, no guerdon I can bestow to show my gratitude in some slight measure?"

"There is, indeed, madame," he replied, "yet I scarce know how to ask it."

"What if I have guessed it already?" smiling. And, taking my hand, "Have I thy leave, Lola?"

But I, in my turn, hung back.

"Oh, madame!" I exclaimed, "how can I leave you!"

"'Tis hard to part with thee," she replied; "but it seems 'twould be well to give some color to this gentleman's journey; and I would fain see thy happiness assured, my Lola, while it is yet in my power."

So almost against my will the matter was settled. I had small time for preparation. The next day the queen's chaplain performed the ceremony. And a week later, with tears and many forebodings, I parted from my queen. I received a kindly welcome from the Queen Henriette on my first appearance at court, and was given a post about her person. But on the murder of the Duke of Buckingham, three years later, my husband retired to live on his own estate, since which time I have had little of note to relate. They say that the happiest nations are those that have no history—and so it is with me.

EDITH STAMFORTH.

London, England.

THE MYSTICAL ROSE.

SWEETEST mystery of the ages! Chalice of creative light!
Heart of fragrance of all blossoms! Type of universes bright!
Folded in and in with beauty—Nature's lamp for virgin shrine;
Breathing out and out pure, loving, incensed breath of the Divine;
All the days of God's creation count thee symbol of God's grace;
All the chanting of the Seraphim the roses bear through space.

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Through the spaces flecked with color roseate fires flash and burn
(Beacon lights—Christ-hearts of worship—that in rapturous praises yearn),
Fold on fold of petaled beauty, waves of sweetness rise and fall,
Veiling in a sea of splendor one sweet Heart—the heart of all.
Mystic Rose! O Rose of Glory! Rose of Life! O Radiant Rose!
Wingéd angels veil their faces— Silence! None thy secret knows.

Far below the ocean's crystal, where the voice of all is stilled,
Still as all, pale mystic roses ope their petals, music-thrilled;
God-vibrations shape each folding till they rise above the sea,
Flowering forth among the meadows in a fair earth-mystery.
Neither man nor angel knoweth whence they come, nor whither go;
Virgin-born they, God-transmuted, into silence silent flow.

Mystic Rose, the Virgin bore thee! In her bosom, as a shrine
Thou wilt burn through eons of roses, Heart of Jesus, all-divine!
Linked to earth through rosary's garland, *Aves*, *Aves* stir thy breath,
And each *Ave* upward winging, addeth rose to Virgin's wreath,
Till an ocean of love's roses bloometh at the Saviour's feet—
Mighty censer of prayer-incense, offering of the Virgin sweet.

Bloom, O Rosary! Thread of patience, through fate's fingers swiftly run;
Each small bead doth hide a blossom—mystic roses every one.
Smiles the Virgin o'er creation, she who formed the perfect man;
Rose of Life! O Rose Immortal! Crowning flower of God's pure plan.
Aves! Aves! Lo, the fragrance rising to the veiléd throne!
This the mystery of the roses—seed of love, and love alone.

MARIE LOYOLA LE BARON.

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THE LATEST WORD OF SCIENCE ON VENOMOUS SNAKES.

THERE is no living creature which inspires man with such horror and loathing as the snake. Even when we know that the one which we meet belongs to an innocent species we shrink from it. Having no legs, the snake glides along by means of its ribs, which articulate with rudimentary transverse processes of the vertebræ. As it is also without organs of mastication, it swallows its prey (always a living animal) entire; and it is curious to see how it does it. A snake's mouth can open crosswise as well as vertically, and, what is more, each side of the mouth has the power of working separately and independently. Once in the reptile's jaws the prey cannot escape, owing to the snake's teeth, which are arched backwards. One side of the movable jaw is now thrust forward and the teeth of this side are implanted further on; then the other side of the jaw performs the same movement, and slowly but surely the prey is drawn in. And let us add that, owing to this peculiar structure of its mouth, a snake can swallow an object bigger in size than itself.

The snake's sharp, recurved teeth are generally conical and are immovably united to the maxillary bone, while in the venomous species the poison fangs are covered by a fold of mucous membrane, underneath which lie also several reserve poison teeth, ready to take the place of the others when they are lost. The poison glands are situated behind the eye, under the temporal muscle, so as to be compressed by its contraction. They are oval bodies, sometimes as big as an almond. The color and viscosity of the virus differs very much in different snakes; but it may be generally described as a transparent, slightly viscid fluid looking not unlike glycerine, and when dried it forms a substance resembling gum-arabic. Although snake poison acts even on the lowest forms of invertebrate life, its action is most powerful on warm-blooded animals, and it may prove deadly to the cold-blooded. It is incorrect to speak of the poison fangs as being perforated; during its development the tooth folds on itself, and it thus takes the form of a tube through which the poison is hypodermically injected. But in some sea snakes—and all sea snakes are venomous—the fang remains an open groove.

The snake which is the most highly specialized, and which

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stands at the head of the order Ophidia, is the rattlesnake (*crotolus*). This reptile is peculiar to America. Its tail ends in a number of buttons, which form what is commonly called the rattle, and the rattle serves the very useful purpose of warning away its enemies. Here let us observe that at the end of the tail of harmless snakes is a horny cap covering the terminal vertebræ, and this is no doubt the first button, which in the rattlesnake is developed into several buttons or joints.

The majority of innocent snakes when they are alarmed violently shake the end of their tail, and we are told by good authorities that this frequent vibration induces a greater flow of the nutritive fluid to this part of the body, which in the perfected rattlesnake finally results in new grade-structure, in a repetition of the original button found in non-venomous snakes.

The rattlesnake sometimes grows to be eight feet long and is of various colors. But the exact tint of a reptile is a matter of little specific importance, as reptiles—especially snakes—are capable of a certain range of variation in colors, so as to harmonize with their surroundings, and this renders them less conspicuous. Thus, in a desert snakes will be of a sandy hue; and Professor Cope, speaking of mimetic analogy, tells us that in Arizona and New Mexico, where vegetation is very liable to produce spines and thorns, the rattlesnake is provided with two thorn-like growths on its head, and hence its name—the horned rattlesnake. In the Northern States of America this reptile is sluggish and not very venomous; but in the South it becomes more dangerous, and the diamond-back variety (*crotolus Adamanteus*), which is mostly found in Florida, and grows to the length of eight feet, is greatly dreaded. Its bite is often fatal.

The smallest rattlesnake is the *crotolus Oregonus*, found west of the Rocky Mountains, and whose length does not exceed fifteen inches. It is a mistake to suppose that the age of a rattlesnake can be determined by the number of its rattles, for it has been certainly known to gain more than one rattle in a year. Rattlesnakes have been killed which had as many as twenty-one rattles.

The moccasin snake, or water viper, of our Southern States is even more dreaded than the rattlesnake by the negroes on the rice plantations; for it does not wait until it is irritated to bite, but springs boldly at whatever comes toward it. The moccasin is not properly a crotolus, the rattles of the latter being replaced in the moccasin by a horny point about half an inch long.

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But if in the South and Southwest of the United States the rattlesnake and moccasin may inflict fatal wounds, they do not equal in deadliness four serpents of India, viz.: the cobra, the ophiophagus elaps, the bungarus, and Russell's viper. The bite of any one of these is certain death. Dr. J. Fayrer in his monumental work, *The Venomous Snakes of India*, says: "I believe that more than twenty thousand persons die annually in India from snake-bite alone." Of the four snakes above mentioned the cobra is by far the most numerous, and it may almost be called a sociable, friendly reptile, so often is it found in houses, on shelves, under pillows. It is not aggressive; if you let it alone it will let you alone. But if by chance you touch it, in an instant its hood expands and, with a lightning dart, it gives you your quietus. It may be laid down as a rule that the larger the animal bitten (and this applies to all snake-bites), the greater is the power of resistance. Thus, while a cobra can kill a chicken in a few seconds, a full-grown, healthy man may live an hour; although if fairly struck in a large vein, death may follow in half an hour. The cobra's poison does not destroy the coagulability of the blood, as does the poison of Russell's viper, which produces perfect fluidity. But, like that of Russell's viper, the cobra's poison may be kept many years and still retain all its virulence. It is an interesting fact that a cobra can be made to bite itself and be none the worse for it; nor will another cobra suffer in the least when bitten by one of its own kind. It sometimes grows to the length of six feet, and although essentially a ground snake, it climbs well and swims well. But while the cobra is so deadly, it is astonishing with what ease a professional snake-catcher captures it. The snake-catcher grasps the cobra's tail with his right hand and quickly lifts it off the ground at arm's length. He then with his left hand places a stick midway across the reptile's body. The cobra immediately coils round the stick and at the same time tries to reach the man. The latter now begins an oscillating motion with one knee. This attracts the snake's attention, and he also seems to exert an influence over it, for presently the cobra begins to keep time and sways its head to and fro at the same rate as the man's knee. In a couple of minutes the snake-catcher lowers the cobra to the ground, draws it gently backwards until its body is well stretched out, then suddenly pins it down with the stick just behind the head. He now places his naked foot on the tail, after which he firmly grasps the reptile back of the head in the very spot where the stick had pinioned it.

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Thus caught, the cobra is powerless to do him any harm, and now by giving its jaws a squeeze they are made to open, and the poison fangs can be plainly seen. If any of the virus is wanted for experiment, the snake may be excited to strike at a leaf stretched across a mussel-shell, and the virus, like so much syrup, is seen trickling out of the tube-like teeth. From a full-grown cobra a half a drachm may be procured in this way, for the snake-catcher knows how to make it strike again and again at the leaf. Nothing can better show the deadliness of cobra poison than the case of a native woman mentioned by Dr. Fayrer. She was bitten on the finger while asleep, and of course died; but what is more, her infant, poisoned through her milk, died two hours after it had taken the breast.

To many Hindoos the cobra is an object of veneration; it is to them the emblem of evil. When they discover one in the house they are filled with awe, and, instead of killing it, they feed it and shelter it, lest by doing otherwise they might bring misfortune on their family. And if while the snake is thus tenderly treated it should bite and destroy anybody, it is merely taken out into the fields and allowed to go its way.

Some writers maintain that death from cobra poison is due to organic changes in the blood-cells. But Dr. Fayrer, than whom there is no higher authority, says that death is caused by the direct influence of the virus on the centres of nerve force. The bite produces general paralysis, and death comes on with frightful convulsions. The cobra is called a hooded snake because when it is excited its neck spreads into an oval disc, which gives the reptile a singularly horrible appearance.

The bungarus, like the cobra, is fond of entering houses and hiding on shelves and bookcases. But while its bite is always fatal, the poison is somewhat slower to act, and the victim has a little more time to prepare for death. Dr. Fayrer knew a lady who journeyed a whole night in her palanquin with a bungarus snugly coiled up under the pillow. Had she thrust her hand under the pillow she would have been dead by sunrise. Next to the cobra, this is the most destructive serpent in India.

Russell's viper (the *Daboia*) is an exceedingly beautiful snake, but, while its bite is certain death, it is not near so plentiful as the bungarus and cobra. It is also very sluggish, and shows great reluctance to use its fangs. But no snake is more hardy, and it can live a whole twelve-month without food or water.

The ophiophagus elaps (the *Hamadryad*) is a hooded snake like the cobra, and its bite is equally fatal. But it is much

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longer than the cobra, bungarus, and Russell's viper, sometimes growing to the length of fourteen feet. As its name implies, it feeds on other snakes, but it is comparatively rare and is seldom found in the vicinity of dwellings. In one respect the ophiophagus is the most terrible snake known: it is so fierce and aggressive that woe to him who ventures even within a moderate distance of it. Dr. Fayrer, quoting Dr. Cantor, tells of an ophiophagus which pursued a man with the rage of a tiger: "The man fled with all speed, and terror added wings to his flight, till, reaching a small river, he plunged in, hoping he had thus escaped his enemy, but on reaching the opposite bank up reared the furious hamadryad ready to bury its fangs in his trembling body. In utter despair, he bethought himself of his turban, and in a moment dashed it on the serpent, which darted at it like lightning, and for some moments wreaked its vengeance in furious bites, after which it returned quietly to its former haunts."

The salt-water snakes of India are extremely poisonous; other snakes and fish die from their bite in less than an hour, while a man dies in about four hours. In some parts of the Bay of Bengal they are most abundant, and sometimes grow to be five feet long. Their fangs are smaller than the fangs of land snakes, and they give such a gentle bite, seemingly little more than the prick of a pin, that the person bitten can hardly believe he has got his death wound. In the water they swim with rapidity, for their tail is flat like the fin of a fish, but it is only in the water that they are dangerous. When left on the shore by the waves, they are helpless and blind, and in captivity soon die.

It is believed by ignorant people that the pig and the mongoose do not suffer when bitten by venomous snakes. The truth is the mongoose is so very active that the most agile cobra can do little more than scratch it; while the pig is protected by its fat. When fairly struck, however, near an artery, it has been proved that the pig and the mongoose die as surely as other animals.

In Africa and Australia the most deadly snakes are the vipers, and let us add that the viper is more widely distributed than any other snake. But in no part of the world is the mortality from snake-bite so great as in India, where in 1887 rewards were paid for the killing of 562,221 venomous snakes, while in the same year, according to government report, 19,740 human beings succumbed to snake-bites, and of these deaths nine-tenths were due to the cobra.

WILLIAM SETON.

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ARE WE WORTHY OF OUR INHERITANCE?

"SEE the old man at the table; what is he doing?"

"I don't know; is'nt he horrid?"

I turned from the picture of "Louis XI. at Prayer," hanging in the Metropolitan Museum, and glanced at the speakers. Types of the people, and echoes of the remarks frequent in art-galleries. An art critic once said that the Italian peasants, ignorant though they are, have more true culture than many rich Americans. The full significance of the fact now dawned upon me for the first time. Centuries of religious and artistic sentiment have touched the poorest class in Italy; in America the people have just awakened to the knowledge of such an ideal. As the speakers passed, a quaint, sweet-faced old lady came in view. She paused before the picture of a portly priest, a caricature by Vibert. A shocked expression flitted over the gentle face, her hand was quickly lifted, and the sign of the cross was reverently made. Her criticism had been silently expressed. No picture can be great that outrages truth, as no book deserves approval that violates morality—the corner-stone of all true greatness. A crowd of school-girls next fluttered by; one, a much-bejewelled young woman of their number, saying she thought "the old masters a horrid bore." People came and went; but the murmur of meaningless remarks continued until the guard called: "All out!"

It is time that we who are Catholics and Americans awoke to the glory of our art inheritance. A pictorial wealth has been bequeathed to humanity; old churches abroad are adorned with carvings that are the wonder of modern wood-workers; the curio-shops display, as their choicest treasures, metal-work and embroideries that have been taken from old cathedrals. Let us learn the beauty of our inheritance, and the value of our treasures. The artist is a man not unlike the common run of humanity; but he has been trained to see the beauty lying all about this world of ours, and his mission is to point it out to us. His riches are not in money and stock, but in truth and beauty. Yet even our art schools are filled with students who learn the letter, but who miss the spirit of the law. Pupils who receive excellent technical training, but who fail to realize that the artist—in music, in literature, as in painting—should be the humble interpre-

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ter of nature, who should "lead from nature up to nature's God." Meanwhile, Catholics, who have had bequeathed to them the noblest art that this world has ever known, still more, the germ and inspiration of all art, are ignorant of the grandeur of their birth-right. Let us have a more universal knowledge of the underlying principles of art, and therein will be a remedy for the fatal eruption of painted plaques and dustpans that has spread throughout the land.

A recent display of canvases, the result of a year's work in a representative "ladies' college," was an exhibition of the gravest errors to be committed in the pictorial world. How does the art work of our convent schools bear the comparison? We do not ask the standard to be commensurate; we demand it more exalted. *Noblesse oblige.*

Let no false art be taught, and from the germ of the true great results will develop. No mere technical training of the eyes and the fingers will suffice, although there is little more to be acquired in even the best art schools. Thackeray says: "A skillful hand is only a second artistical quality, worthless without the first, which is a great heart." The severe and necessary training for music, literature, or painting, must be subsequent to a convent course of studies; no more than a mere foundation can be expected from "our graduates." That the pupils should have sufficient impetus to continue their studies is what is desirable.

Why are the Catholics not more fully represented in our art schools? Are they satisfied with superficialities? Neither means nor ability seem to be lacking. They ought to have the vital spark of all true greatness, which is religious enthusiasm. Why should it be that the voice of the Catholic is so seldom heard in the management of our art schools? Are we indifferent to our best interests?

From the earliest pre-historic rude carvings mankind has stammered out his attempts in expressing his higher life. An ideal has haunted him that he has ever failed to grasp. Like the voice of St. John the Baptist, the mission of art through the centuries has been to make straight the pathway of the Lord. Shut out from the service of its ideal, of its religion, the spirit of art wanders in sorrow, like Dante, the exile, to and fro without the gates of Florence.

All sincere expression demands respect. The rudest Indian carving is valuable. The simplest article may be artistic, while the yards of canvas spoiled by young lady graduates are neither

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desirable nor valuable. It is better to learn the difference between good and bad work, than to do the latter.

Art has ever been deeply devout. The Greeks believed, therefore they sculptured. Gothic architecture materialized the soaring faith of northern Europe. The Italian's religion was a vital part of his existence; painting in Italy sang a glorious "Te Deum" from the thirteenth to the sixteenth centuries, a period characterized by the deepest religious ferver, and which encircled the corporal existences of St. Francis of Assisi, St. Dominic, St. Catherine, St. Bernardino, and other saints. Of distinctly Christian art we find the germs in the catacombs, where remarkable examples have been recently unearthed, and where the art treasures of many tombs are still unknown. The Byzantine school has left sufficient evidences to tell us of the hopes and limitations of its time. In the tenth century we find a noble Saxon priest, Bernward, tutor to Otho III., who later as bishop of Hildesheim "tried to bring to greater perfection the arts of painting, metal, and mosaic work." In the twelfth century we meet with reproofs from St. Bernard to the monks for introducing hunting scenes into their "solemn pictures." We cannot imagine a monastery of the early times lacking its "scriptorium" and the faithful illuminators of the sacred page. With the dawn of the fourteenth century the soul began to glimmer through the stiff figures, and heralded the fullest awakening. The development of architecture having preceded painting, the artists found the cathedrals awaiting them.

Since the so-called Reformation, the ideal has fled from men's minds, and they have seen but the real, the body without the the spirit. Now, in the nineteenth century, we are upon the dawn of a revival, in many respects resembling the opening of the fourteenth. Ruskin says of the great schism in art: "On the one side we find those versed in the knowledge of the human form, intent on studying and imitating effects in color, and in light and in shade, without any other aspiration than the representation of beauty for its own sake, and the pleasure and triumphs of difficulties overcome. On the other hand, we find a race of painters, to whom the cultivation of art was a sacred vocation, the representation of beauty as a means, not an end." These two theories hold good to-day, but only a Christian recognizes a vocation.

In the development of painting we see portraits and landscapes leading up to pictures that tell a story, which in turn give place to historical and religious compositions. The highest

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ideal expressed with the clearest execution is the greatest picture. Thus the crown of all art is in its source, the Uncreated Author of all truth.

A noble nation produces unusual men, who in turn stamp their individuality upon their generation. The most important element of a race is its religious ideal; and the expression of a great people is in its highest form of art. The fullest knowledge of truth engenders the noblest men, while the highest art of a nation is its religious art. Hence, the men and women who are civilizing humanity to-day are placing the foundation of America's future art.

The dawn is full of promise. Religion and art together are seeking a home in this continent, and the people are giving both a cordial welcome. Each year the exhibitions of artistic work show improvement. The art schools are crowded with earnest students, and we may hope the coming generation will not need to send to Europe for pictures to adorn its churches. Although most of the large American cities support art schools, the art of the continent is focused in New York. Here, four principal schools, each distinct in character, all aim at one objective. The oldest of these is the stately Academy of Design, in the upper rooms of which are held the semi-annual exhibitions. Long ago in this school were trained the youths who are now the old academicians. An energetic band of students left the academy some years ago to found the Art Student's League, the members of which bear about the same relation to the older school as does America to England. The League is considered the leading school of this country, as most of the representative artists have at some time been associated with it as students or critics. It will always be a popular institution, as the management lies directly within the hands of the pupils. Cooper Institute is a free school, which aims at making the students self-supporting, although the same course of work is followed in all the art schools of New York as is adopted in Paris. Finally, there are the art schools of the Metropolitan Museum, conducted in the Museum Building in Central Park. These classes have been more recently established than the others, and will, without doubt, become the national school of America. The managers of the Metropolitan Museum have charge of the school department, united with the appointed critics or instructors. Commodious rooms are to be devoted to the students within the new addition now in process of erection. Many advantages are offered through the connection of the students with the gallery, especial

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favors being granted them during the past winter by the kindness of General di Cesnola.

Other institutions for the training of artist artisans are well patronized in New York, as indeed all these schools are, for applicants have become numerous during the past few years. The tuition fees vary from twenty-five dollars a year to the same amount per month, according to the institution and department to which a student gains admission. A careful training of about two years in drawing in charcoal from plaster casts, beginning with block hands and feet, and reaching to full-length figures of ancient Grecian athletes, will usually gain an earnest student admittance into the life-class, by which time he has grown surprisingly humble. A few years of severe training have taught him the distance between his limitations and his ambition. Entrance into the life-class seems a great advance, but ere long the hopeful student learns that he has made but his first step into the realm of art and that his future depends greatly upon his capacity for hard work. He continues drawing in black and white from models for a couple of years more, when his critic may permit him to take up the palette. Here comes in a special gift, for a sense of color and of form are quite distinct. As the student, who now begins to call himself an artist, blushing as he does so at his presumption, gains control over his fingers and his eyes, his ideality may come into play, and he composes pictures; in other words, he gives his message to the world, if he sees the soul in things, or contents himself with reproducing the mere appearances.

A mistaken notion is prevalent about the European art schools being the best for all aspiring students. As a matter of fact, the training of eyes and fingers during the earliest two or three years of an artist's career, can be carried out with better advantage in America. The instructors, who, by the way, come twice a week to criticize, are more attentive to beginners in New York than they are in Paris. The professors there have neither time nor patience to devote to strugglers over block hands. The advantages also here of a familiar tongue and climate are not insignificant to students, who in most cases are boarding away from home. The benefits of European study are greatest to advanced workers, who have acquired the necessary technique, and who consequently are more capable of profiting by their opportunities. Americans, as a rule, are not aware of the excellent work done in many local studios, possibly because the advance has been so rapid during the past few years. The

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spring and fall exhibitions evidence improvement year after year, while the recent collection shown by the Society of American Artists, the representative work of our country, displayed excellent technique and execution, but lacked in ideality.

The art of a country reflects its national characteristics. In Europe, France, Germany, and Holland, are now the centres of art life. The English are an intensely practical people; their expressions, therefore, lack the higher imaginative qualities. The Salon mirrors the republic of France, vivacious, audacious, impulsive. German art is sincere, reverent, sympathetic. America but hints of her possibilities. The brilliancy of the French school is slowly giving way before the deep earnestness of the Munich students. Our finest modern Catholic art comes from the German studios. The religious art of America begins to take a more hopeful stand, although we cannot insist too strongly that the artist but reflects the man, and to have Christian art we must first have Christian men.

In all collections we find canvases painted for various ends. First, the "pot-boilers," which fulfil their object when they bring the dollars into their owner's pockets. Then the triumph over technical difficulties gains admission for many paintings into collections. These become the text books of the profession, and are sometimes falsely considered the acme of excellence. At the exhibits are represented those artists who catch and fix upon canvas a bit of God's joyous heaven and earth, and are called the landscape painters. One of such, and the leader of his school, was the simple-minded Corot, who knew and loved nature much as Wordsworth did. Finally, we see the wondrous ideal and religious paintings in which an embodied poem starts into being from the master touch and the noble heart.

The test of a picture, as well as of all literary or musical expression, is its elevating qualities. It is greatest when it gives us highest life. The painting, the poem, the harmony, that speaks to us in immortal tones, is the one that helps us bear our daily burdens, and is the masterpiece.

What are the evils which menace our national art? The most formidable is the spirit of materialism, which threatens to strangle all higher development. As the welfare of the individual is the safety of society, so upon the peace and culture of the individual men and women of the masses depend all future art expression. The Columbian Reading Union is telling our Catholics what literature they possess; we may depend upon that medium to teach them their artistic inheritance. It is gratifying to note the

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continual improvement perceptible in our Catholic illustrated magazines, and the frequency with which they reproduce the best Christian paintings. In the general picture exhibitions in America we may trace the modern materialistic tendency, where the aim of art is lost in the technical part of the work, and in literature where our novelists forget their message to humanity in the skill of their delivery. We must avoid becoming clever mechanics whose fingers are wiser than their heads. Humility, alas! is a virtue that is sadly out of fashion, but which is necessary to make all truly great men, and thereby great artists. Let us remedy the mistaken principles of art inculcated in nearly all boarding schools, and be pitiless in our condemnation of all wretched altar decoration. Statues that are beautiful in themselves are too frequently hidden beneath muslin veils and tinsel crowns. Let us have natural, and therefore beautiful, field flowers to replace the gauze and paper roses upon our altars. Simplicity, truth, and beauty, are within the means of all.

The artist who translates into the visible God's world of beauty has a glorious mission to fulfil. He is Nature's translator, a worshiper of the Supreme Artist, who tints the clouds and tapestries the trees. Great artists, as all noble men, must be deeply reverent, exquisitely sympathetic. Remember that all noble expression, be it through the medium of poem, sonata, or painting, retains something of a human soul.

Thackeray among the novelists, and Browning among the poets, had each a keen appreciation of art. The latter seems to lose himself in the heart of Andrea del Sarto, "The faultless painter," and rightly condemns the materialistic school of to-day. He says:

> "And indeed the arm is wrong
> I hardly dare . . . yet, only you to see,
> Give the chalk here—quick, thus the line should go;
> Ay, but the soul? he's Raphael's; rub it out!"

To understand nature we must study her, and love her varying moods. If the beauty of the clouds pass over us unnoted, if the exquisite lace, like tracery of our winter trees, never win from us a glance of admiration, how dare we expect to understand the artist who reproduces them for our delight?* Let us live simpler, more earnest lives, winning heavenly joys from the contemplation of nature on this fair earth, loaned to us for a little time, and we shall be more capable of understanding the poet and the painter when they deliver their message to the human race.

JOSEPHINE LEWIS.

Buffalo, N. Y.

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THE WRATH OF MOTHER NATURE.

A FAIRY TALE OF TO-DAY.

ONCE upon a time there lived a poet, gentle, brave, and true. His lute, though oft it sang a merry strain, both sweet and gay, had minor chords to speak his heart's complaint.

As is a poet's wont, he loitered through the woods, and sang of Nature, building verses tuneful in her praise; and, as such poets often do, he builded better than he knew. He sometimes sang of Nature's grandeur in the ocean wild, the forests old, in furious storms, in mountain passes, and in dark ravines.

In gentler mood he sang of Nature hand in hand with honest toil; of plowman homeward plodding, of lowing kine, of harvest days, and rural ways, of winter nights beside the blazing hearth, of haying time and Maying time, and many other themes that fit without demur to graceful rhyme and measure.

But most he loved to sing of Nature hand in hand with faith: of holy joys, of village bells that called to prayer, of Angelus said in the field, of fair procession, priest and people moving slow through flowering vale and grove, beneath the listening sky. He sang of way-side shrines, of pious peasants praying while they plowed.

He told of all the ways that rural folk employ to gain the dews of heaven: the blessing of the barn, the benediction poured with holy water on the pasture and the well, the sheepfold and the hives.

He loved to fit his verses to those prayers that Mother Church has planned for asking special favors on the flax and on the wine, on the orchard and the vine, on the meadow and the kine.

One day, and 'twas not long ago, the poet, on a summer morn, was strolling near a lake whose limpid ways like netted sunbeams ceaseless played. A morn for brightest fancies, pure and calm. But rudely were his thoughts undone. He heard a thunderous murmuring from a cliff o'erhead. He looked and saw a woman's mantled form! She beckoned him with gesture queenly, and he followed, while the muffled, distant thunder now he knew was only her deep sighing. She turned her eyes full on him. They lurid burned with rage and grief. She spoke, and hardly any music sounded in her voice, she was so wrath.

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"Their impudence I've borne full long," she said; "I'll bear it now no longer."

He could not speak for wondering.

"Their only fondness is for money, and they've no fondness left for me. 'Tis factories and mines, and cash accounts they care for—nothing else. They only seek my haunts to find some market value for their pains. For nothing now is beautiful unless it is for sale. The sunrise on the mountain, the star-light on the sea, the verdure rich of hill or dale have charms no more, except in trade to summer tourist."

"If thou art Mother Nature," the poet said, "thou knowest well that I, at least, have loved thee."

"Yes, poet-heart. Thou lovest what other men despise. See, now! The sun is just about to lift his forehead from behind the far horizon. This is the hour when I am fairest."

And though her eyes were wet with tears she turned a face all smiling toward the sun. That sparkling smile! The poet knelt and gazed with rapture on its radiance. The fields around grew fairer still. A thousand melodies from twittering birds arose. The dew, like globes of colored light, seemed turning round and round in every blade of grass.

"Am I not fairest now?" said Nature. "And yet a hundred thousand sleepers lie in sluggish slumber. They have not known the morning. E'en were they now to wake and venture forth they scarce could see me—so dull their eyes from dissipated hours of yester night. For when I tell them to lie down and let my slumber, curtain soft of soothing blackness, close their eyelids drowsily, they laugh me then to scorn. They kill the mercy of the blessed darkness with manufactured lights; and when my light of day-time has arrived they know it not.

Most carefully I weave that web of velvet gloom, with threads of happy dreams and floss of ebon shadows full of balm for weary eye and brain. But when at eve I gently let it down, they tear it with their garish lights and noise, and horrid ways of midnight toil or revelry. 'Tis thus they treat my every tenderness, repulsing rude my fondest cares. Well—I will let them have their way. They have refused me homage due. I ne'er again shall ask it."

She ceased. The poet, asked, with apprehensions sad: "What is thy meaning?"

"I mean," she said, and wrathfully the lightnings darted from her glance—"I mean that men no more shall cast their insults in my face. My veil of night they shall not tear again; nor

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shall my dewy dawn come up unheeded. I shall beseech the sun to burn away all vestige of the greenness I had spread to please their sight. The clouds I shall withdraw. I shall command the birds, the flowers, the aromatic spices of the woods and fields to die forever. And I—upon some desert waste—I shall lie down. The white, dry sand will cover me. I'll wither there and mingle with the dust, and be no more."

"Oh, mother! queen! my first love and my best, unsay thy words. If thou diest, I too must pine away and die; I could not, would not live without thee. Bear with the world a little while. Perhaps some better days will come, when men, repenting their ingratitude, will turn to thee again with love and fealty."

"It cannot be!" she said. "Yet am I loath to leave thee, or to bring thee unto death. Thee I would spare—but only thee."

"Thou canst not spare me if thou sparest not thyself," the the poet cried. "My heartstrings each must snap asunder if I see thee die."

"Must I then live for thee?" she queried, pensively. "Shall we two go in search of other sphere more true than this? So shall it be. But I will leave this world a withered stretch, without one charm of all those charms they have despised. Nor will I brook their patronizing ways—their chaining me a petted plaything in their city parks or summer haunts. Their patronage is more insulting than their scorn. I'll have no more of it. No blade of grass shall grow among their bricks; no caged bird shall sing; no flower shall bloom beneath their smoke-stained sky. And, as for you and me, a summer storm shall come now at my beck, and on its wings we'll float away. We'll pass the barren moon. Once it was lush and green, like this same earth, and like this earth it recreant proved. 'Tis doomed to everlasting dryness. And barren like its moon shall this same earth become. Let us depart."

She raised her arm to beckon to the storm. The poet sought to stay her; 'twas too late. Swift came the sudden wind, and, in a chariot cloud, upbore the poet and his angry queen.

They travelled o'er a city where a maiden dwelt the poet loved.

"Give me," he said to Nature, "of thy bounty just one flower, that I might write my name and drop it down to her who should have been my bride."

A blue forget-me-not she handed him, and when she saw a look of anguish cross his face the while he wrote, she said:

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"Thou grievest for thy other love. Thou couldst not bear to part. Go tell her come. I will await you in a valley toward the south. And do thou hasten thither with thy bride."

He, kneeling, thanked her fervently.

. . . . . .

Ere long he reached his lady love. "Oh! come with me!" he said; "I bring you kindly word from Mother Nature. She bids us hasten hence and live with her in fields delightful, and in beauteous groves, where bird and beast shall willing service lend. And we will joyous dwell beneath our own fair vine and fig-tree, in a land of milk and honey. On grassy hillsides shall our children play and gather flowers from the heath; and pluck the crimson berry and the grape, to drink unharmed of Nature's wines. At night-fall they will come to kneel with us, and thank the God of Nature and our God for all his generous gifts. No need to dread the sirens false that woo men here—the gambling den, the drunken bout, the play lascivious, and the sensual dance. Nor need we fear dire poverty, nor see in future years our children's children housed in loathsome tenements like those we know. But, clean in body, heart, and mind, they'll live in that clean country of our choice, and dying go unto that country fairer still that waits the blessed dead. Come, dearest love. Make preparation brief, and let us go."

She gave him scornful answer:

"I am not pleased with such foolhardy plans. I will not go. What charm have lonely fields for me? I much prefer the madding crowd, and gay delights of fashion. I long for diamonds rare, and dwelling fine, and sumptuous wealth, so that my neighbors shall repine with envy at my greater pomp than theirs."

In vain he told of better joys that waited them afar. She would not hear. She mocked him heartlessly. "You'd have me wed a country clown!" she said. "A target for the jest of all the town! 'Tis wondrous kind to wish me such derision."

Of no avail his pleading. She drove him from her, and she laughed at how absurd his craze had made him.

Heartsore, he turned him southward, journeying toward the valley. Soon he saw the verdure withering. Terrific clouds of dust went whirling by. Birds and cattle, trees and vines were perishing as though from long protracted drought. He saw the farmers sad and worried, and from his heart he pitied them. And when a farmer's daughter gave him from their scanty store a cooling drink, he firm resolved to use his best entreaty, asking Mother Nature to relent, and spare, at least, these toiling sons of earth.

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This he did, and Nature listened smiling. For Nature hath a kindly heart, and is not angry long. "Yes, I've been wondering," thus she spoke, "if room enough might yet be found upon this globe for those who love me, and for those who scorn."

The poet seized her thought.

"We'll build a wondrous Eden here, a kingdom favored, and exempt from that dread curse thou hast pronounced on those who love thee not."

She gave assent.

"Permit me then," he said, "to roam again, and spread the tidings everywhere, and guide those here whom thou wouldst spare."

"But see thou keep the secret of my curse," she warning said. "Reveal to none the fate that hangs o'er them who heed thee not."

. . . . . .

He went as bard, and sang as he had never sung before—of Nature—fond, and wise, and beautiful! He told of how entrancing fair she smiles, when in the morning she bedecks herself with silver veil of mist, and fixes here and there a star to glimmer pale amid her diadem of sunrise clouds resplendent. And how her girdle, like a censer, breathes aroma, incense sweet, of flowers from field and forest, and from far morass, a perfume not exhaled at any other hour. And how her robe of atmospheric blue, diaphanous and fine, is tinted soft with hues auroral; and her slippers grassy green are spangled bright with dew. He told of prizes that she offers those who cultivate with care the seeds she sows, and, filial, heed the lessons she bestows. Such prizes excellent—of health, content, long life, and plenteous freedom!

His lyre quivered with the yearning of his touch. He felt wild thrillings of delight at thought of how each heart would quick respond with winged desire to meet the mother fond who called them to her kingdom.

And was it so? Did Nature's children rise and follow Nature's poet?

Ah! bitter was the answer to his plea! They laughed, they sneered; they taunted him, and jeered.

The rich were wedded to their greed. The poor were wedded to their love of drink. The middle class were wedded to the dry-dust of conventionalities. The scribes and pedagogues were prisoned fast, and chained to musty books that scarce contained one leaf from Nature. The poet's voice they could not understand.

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But when at length he left the cities, and betook himself unto the farms, he found the rural folk had listened to his songs, and traveled to that southland valley whence they heard his joy-notes sound in echo.

They had assembled there, and waited his return.

Glad Nature gave him welcome when he came, and then she sat upon her summer throne and spoke unto her people.

"You have come here," she said, "far from the city's snares. You have believed my poet and my prophet, so now 'tis meet that I should tell you my designs. I have withdrawn all freshness from those men who scorn me. Tormented by privation of those gifts they did not value, they will strive to leave their haunts unblessed and seek an entrance here. I bid you, therefore, swiftly build a formidable hedge to keep them out. 'Twixt them and us must no communication be. Indignities they've heaped too oft on you and me. Permit them ne'er again."

Her subjects willing set to work to build that wall. The poet too worked lustily. He called a griffin to his aid, and put him sentinel. The griffin's name was Manual Labor.

"There's hardly anything they dread so much as Manual Labor. So stay you here, good griffin mine, and keep them off. Scarce any man, in many scores, would dare to brave your horrid front."

A dreadful dragon next he found, and put him too on guard. Simplicity his name, or sometimes called Unfashionable Dress.

"There's scarce one woman in the world could pass this monster grim. He'll prove a guard unequalled, to prevent all vain and silly dames from entering here."

A hydra-headed sentry next was placed beside the gate of grain. His name was Agriculture, a power shunned by craven men in every generation more and more. Economy his largest head; and other heads were Temperance, Self-Reliance, Love of Home. A very hideous hydra.

The eager workers made their hedge to bristle with a thousand horrid things, like spades, and hoes, and plows, and rakes. Some living pests were added too, some reptiles and some horned cows, and even bears, and foxes numerous, and hares, and squawking ducks, and croaking frogs, and tree-toads musical.

"'Twill take the bravest of the brave," they said, "to pass our rampart now."

The wall was soon complete. Within, the kingdom grew and flourished. So, when the harvest moon arose, it shone upon a gladder scene than e'er before. The harvesters were full of

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mirth and prosperous content. They had not lent themselves as prey unto those hungry sharks who ceaselessly devour the country's produce—nothing offering in return.

. . . . . .

A year or so had passed. The poet said to Nature: "If thou command me I will go unto the cities once again to see how they are faring."

She granted this ungrudgingly.

From out the land of bloom unto the barren land he went with many anxious fears of all the misery he must see.

"What tears, what cries of agony must rend the air of those distressful cities." Thus he sighed. But when he reached them, what amaze! For stranger sights were there than those he dreamed of.

He did not tarry long. But seven days had passed, when those who waited his return beheld him homeward bound.

"Oh! tell us what thou'st seen and heard," they eager cried. "Have any lived? Or have they all succumbed? And if some live, are any there not crazed with woe?"

And Nature too gave curious attention.

"Thy curse, O Nature!" he began, "has fallen on them heavily; and yet—not heavily! They mind it not."

"They mind it not?" she cried. "What canst thou mean? Their sky is like a brazen bowl. They have no night, nor morn, nor eve; no clouds in scattered flecks, nor fleecy banks; no dawn delicious, and no twilight hour."

"'Tis true," he said, "and yet it hurts them not. For they had never gazed upon the sky. They did not know it once was blue! How should they pine for things they hardly knew?"

"They do not miss the stars, nor moon, nor milky way. Their city lamps had made them long ago forget there was a starry dome o'erhead. Nor is there one regrets the pearl and azure glories of the dawn; nor e'en the gold and silver gleamings of the west, the purple, green, and crimson folds that once wreathed their setting sun."

And as he spoke he upward glanced, and every face in that vast multitude looked upward too, and every eye a mirror was reflecting lovingly the opal splendors of their sunset sky.

"Thank God!" he said. And every heart was lifted reverently.

"They've not one flower, nor tree, nor bird, nor drop of dew."

"What do they drink?" the farmer's daughter asked.

"Oh! they've no lack of drink," he said. "Refreshments

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artificial, beer and whiskey, gin and rum, all made from chemicals."

"Have they no milk?" a rosy milk-maid asked. "Are all the cattle dead?"

The poet answered, with a bitter laugh: "All dead, save one; and that's a calf—a golden calf—they passionately worship. With breweries on every hand, what need have they for milk? With manufactured foods they nothing care for Nature's gifts; nor pine they for her beauty. They have their imitation wares, their games, their museums cheap, their actors and their clowns, their papered walls, their gaslit halls—what can they wish for more? They fretted for a time, indeed, because there was no birds to slaughter and be stuffed for women's bonnets."

Just then a humming-bird came close, and hovered, like a wingéd gem, above a fragrant rose. The poet held his breath, and all were silent, watching speechlessly the irridescence of its twinkling wings, until, its visit done, it flew away.

"To think," he said, "of hearts so black, they joy to murder gentlest things like those; and for no higher purpose than to pin its feathers to the cap of vanity."

"Now tell us of the very poor," a country doctor said. "Their health, methinks, must dreadful be."

"No worse than 'twas before. They have no sky, no air, no cleanly food, no perfume, and no joy, and ne'er a sight of beauteous lands, nor seas, nor woods, nor mountain streams, nor dells."

And here his voice grew full of tears, for to his poet soul it seemed that death were better far than such a life.

"Why didst thou not take pity, then, and guide them here, where there is sky, and air, and cleanly food, and perfume plentiful, and joy to spare, and many a leisure hour in which to view the seas, the lakes, the dells, and worship God in thankfulness?" Thus queried the sharp and kindly doctor.

"Because they could not if they would; nor would they, if they could. That is the worst of poverty—unnatural! It makes them sordid like the rich, and hopelessly content. They do not voice a bitter cry. They have forgotten how to sigh. They nothing know of wishes high. They can not even long to die. When curfew sounds our poorest poor go plodding home to rest; the city's poor are sweating o'er their tasks. What time have they to think, or hope, or yearn, or even pray?"

Sweet and faint and far the Angelus was ringing.

"The angel of the Lord to Mary spoke."

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Each head was bowed, and while the air was tremulous with chiming notes, and glowed the sunset like a golden shell, they said the prayer; and gave unwonted thanks, and pitying prayed for all the city poor who have not time to pray.

Then turned they homeward.

But Nature called again unto the bard:

"I'd speak with thee apart," and angry flashed her eyes as on that summer morning in the past. "Thou lovest me not," she said (he trembled at the word), "unless thou'rt willing to avenge my wrongs."

"Speak but thy wish," he cried; "my nights, my days, shall consecrated be to do thy will."

"If, then, thou'dst give me sweet revenge, this be thy task: to strike the rich by calling forth the poor. For what incenseth me the most is that they seem content, those toiling slaves. 'Tis this enrageth me. That they've been robbed of bread is not so ill as that they've e'en been robbed of power to wish for beauty or for joy, in this world or the next. 'Tis thine the task to make them wish. 'Tis thou canst free them from their tyrant kings and masters. My fallow fields are beckoning them; my over-arching sky so vast; my lake-sides fertile, and my thousand acres, all untilled, await their plows. 'Tis thou canst tell it coaxingly. And so, with all the sweet persuadings of thy lute, go singing on and on. Nor must thou grow disheartened, for truly do I tell thee that the day will dawn, when, hearing thee, those toilers shall come forth to taste with thee the joys thou quaffest daily. Ah! what a greeting shall be theirs; and, as for thee, a glory will be thine that ne'er can die. For well we know that he who leads his kind to love me, leads them nearer heaven; and he who gives to Nature praise, gives praise to Nature's God.

. . . . . .

Beneath the myriad stars he dreaming lay, his canopy, the boundless sky. And in prophetic visions bright he sees her words come true. He sees a countless throng awaken at his song and hasten forth to seek for liberty in Nature's kingdom. Behind them, wailing loud, they leave the coward few (their whilom lords), who dare not brave the terrors of the wall.

Then he, her poet-knight, exulting, shares with Nature all her joy, when greeting fond the newly-come, her gladsome love forgets the past, and, listening to the wails of those without, her wrath maternal is appeased at last.

M. T. ELDER.

New Orleans, La.

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A CATHOLIC VIEW OF SHAKSPERE.

A PLEASING sign of the health of our times is the fact that the proof-reader of history is abroad. The steam engine, electric wire, and the printing press, have brought the ends of the earth together, and have put all of its nations into one great city through which facts and ideas fly from man to man upon wings as swift as thought. Rome when she was the city of the Cæsars was less easily patrolled by the guardians of her peace than is now the great spread of the globe by our companion truth-seekers. The shadows of old errors slip away as the news-gatherer, attended by the click of the electro-magnet, goes to and fro upon land and sea. He does his work well, and smiles at the futile opposition of oppression and falsehood.

It is pleasant to see that amongst the errors which have fallen into a fair way towards correction is one which has affected an important part of our English literature.

Perhaps nothing affecting literature has of late years excited more discussion than the so-called mystery of the life of William Shakspere, the greatest of dramatists, as well as of English poets. It grew to be acknowledged that his leaving no record of his private life was strong presumptive evidence against his fair fame. Not a few have been led to doubt his authorship of the plays attributed to his pen, and to charge him with shameful duplicity and an infamous literary fraud. This impression is now being fast dispelled by the recognition of one most important factor in the lives of men of his time, their Catholicity. The world is beginning to see that there is a reason for the meagre-recorded details of Shakspere's life in the possibility of his having been of the proscribed religion. During his time, and ever since, until a period within the lives of men who are not now old, it was a dangerous, if not a fatal, thing for one living under English law to admit, or for his friends to do so for him, that he followed the religion which acknowledged the Bishop of Rome. Most of the best-known memoirs of the poet ignore his religion, leaving it to be presumed that he followed the fashionable order in such affairs. The possibility of his having been a Catholic has, however, occasionally suggested itself to some fearful minds. Mr. Colley Cibber re-wrote "King John," and called his work "Papal Tyranny," because Shakspere's play was not

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sufficiently anti-popish, and in the preface to his play this self-complacent critic broadly intimates his fear that Avon's bard was a "papist." Some writers have suppressed without comment the brief record of Shakspere's having received the rites of the Church at his death, and others have attempted even to encourage a belief that that must be forgery.

But the subject is one which forces itself upon the attention of every sincere Shaksperean student, and I have been greatly pleased to find that it begins to receive fair treatment. In the first (January, 1892) number of a new American magazine, the *Beacon Light*, published in Boston, the religious faith of Shakspere forms the motive for a very interesting and fair-minded article by Mr. Beverley E. Warner. The writer makes the admission, without reserve, that the poet's parents and immediate ancestors were Catholic, and that it was most likely that he himself had been educated under Catholic direction. In this admission he was long ago preceded by that best of Shaksperean scholars, James O. Halliwell-Phillipps.

Mr. Warner, near the close of his article, uses these words: "But, after all is said that can be said, there can be no reasonable doubt that William Shakspere held the true Catholic faith in a truly Catholic way." He then goes on to limit somewhat the meaning of his words, but the statement is a pretty statement as it stands. I wish all who have written of the poet and his work, from the seventeenth century Archdeacon Davies, of Sapperton, who tells us that Shakspere "dyed a papiste," down to the nineteenth century writers who would make him party to the most impudent and unnecessary literary trick, had bestowed as much charity upon the memory of "gentle Will Shakspere."

It may be truly said that up to the present time no evidence has been found of Shakspere's Catholicity beyond past inference, such as may be drawn from the tone of his writings, the circumstances of his life, and the admitted fact that his father was a stubborn recusant up to the poet's twenty-eighth year. We may well believe that from some "old religious uncle," who had been unhoused by the confiscations under Henry VIII., he received the education which gave him to know all qualities with a learned spirit of human dealing. We may, in fancy, follow him and Anne Hathaway to the cell of some proscribed Catholic friar hidden in the recesses of Arden forest and breathe a fervent Amen to the Church's blessing on their union.

We may stand beside the sturdy boy in Squire Lucy's hall, and hear an unjust sentence passed upon him, not so much

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because of stolen deer, as because he is vehemently suspected of conveying and sheltering hunted priests. We may follow him to London, to the house of his cousin, Lawyer Arden Waferer, when the inquisitorial committee from the Privy Council goes to Charlecote House to examine and commit to jail all persons who have relation to Edward Arden and John Somerville. We may imagine him there meeting one Henry Garnett, a former proof-reader for Richard Tottel, and comrade of Richard Field, Shakspere's first printer, who is a distinguished Jesuit and is to be a martyr. We may think that the attraction which drew him into friendship with Ben Jonson was formed in Jonson's prison conversion to the Catholic Church. We may see him join the throng about "the new gallows by the theatre," when Father Hartley suffered, to dip his napkin in his sacred blood. We may imagine him giving letter's for his family to Father Greenway when the latter is about to go down to Father Garnett at Hendlip House. All these are conclusions which do not lack strong enough inference to support them, but we want something more; nor it is difficult to point out how and where that something may be found.

In all investigations of the story of Shakspere's life, the sources of information open to general scrutiny, such as public depositories of wills or deeds, and such papers of private record as the owners chose to give out for print, have been pretty thoroughly overhauled. A jealousy due on the part of the State to political causes, and on the part of family to interest and self-protection, prevented free access to all records. In both cases that restriction is now removed. There exist in England thousands of documents, both in public and private custody, which have not been examined for two or three centuries. Occasionally we hear of one being opened, and of a wonderful light thrown upon some question of historical importance. This is particularly true of the records and correspondence of old Catholic families. Compelled as they were by the penal-laws to practice their religion in the utmost secrecy, all communications concerning that religion were of the most guarded kind, and when it was proper that they should be preserved amongst the family muniments, the greatest care was taken that they should not be seen by any but the trustiest eyes. Only within the second quarter of the present century did these cautions cease, and now from their unsuspected hiding places priceless treasures of historical truth are daily coming forth to the eyes and ears of the world.

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The establishment of the English Historical Commission has brought into one safe place, open to the inspection of the people at large, a vast heap of very important manuscripts affecting England and her neighbors. Amongst these papers students have found abundance of material for the correction of false statements which have wandered about the wide earth as history for the past three hundred years or more. The opening of the Public Record Office has caused many a serious and important change of regard for men and manners of the past, and every day the good work goes on.

A short time before his death that amiable and most learned Shaksperean scholar, Mr. Halliwell-Phillipps, sent out from his study at Hollingbury Copse, near Brighton, England, a little privately printed pamphlet in which he adjured Shakspereans not to neglect the field of research which the Record Office had opened. He lamented his own inability, on account of his age and infirmity, to carry on the search amongst the mass of papers there remaining yet unexamined. He took pains too to say that it must not be imagined that he had found out all about Shakspere that could be found out, and declared that the Record Office contained material as yet unnoticed which would occupy the attention of one hundred men working ten hours a day for one hundred years. I have myself been able from a short personal survey of the papers in the Record Office to verify not only the truth of these statements, but to convince myself that, from the manuscripts already examined and indexed from the calendars of the Historical Commission, a valuable fund of information affecting the life of Shakspere will be yielded up to a study of his time and works from a Catholic point of view. With but the limited time of a summer vacation at my disposal I spent some days in reading and copying a few of the original papers affecting the case of Edward Arden of Parkhall in Warwickshire. He was the acknowledged head of the family to which Mary Arden, Shakspere's mother, belonged. He was arrested at his home in November, 1583, and, with his wife and household, sent up to London. The charge against him was the usual one of imagining the queen's death. The real cause of his trouble was the desire of the Earl of Leicester to be rid of an object of envy and dislike. Mr. Arden had for a son-in-law John Somerville of Edston, a country place near Stratford-upon-Avon. This young man, who was commonly said to be a sufferer from mid-summer madness, had been overheard to use some violent language about Queen Elizabeth. Both families, and one

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who was called the family priest, were arrested and speedily condemned to death—Arden, his wife, Somerville and his wife, and the priest. Somerville died in prison—not without suspicion of foul play—and Arden was hung at Tyburn, where upon the ladder he proclaimed that his only crime had been fidelity to the Catholic faith of his fathers. There is strong reason to believe that young Will Shakspere was included in the proceedings which attended the harrying of the Arden kindred. A kind of Star Chambers Court was held at Charlecote House by Sir Thomas Lucy and Thomas Wylkes, and every person who bore any relationship to the Ardens or the Somervilles was arrested and haled before it, in most cases to be sent off to jail in London. The deer-stealing story is, plainly, a subterfuge invented by Shakspere's friends and companions to gloss over some more deeply struck wrong, a wrong so bitter to the soul of the gentle poet that its doer is the only person of his knowing who wears the brand of his awful ridicule. There was more than a mere neighborly association between the Shaksperes and the Somervilles, at this time. One John Somerville, probably the father of him who died so tragically in 1583, was witness, in 1560, to a lease of the farm upon which Shakspere's grandfather then lived. As late as 1818 we have been told by an illustrious survivor of the Somerville family, Sir James Bland-Burges, that it was a tradition handed down to him that there existed the closest intimacy between the poet and his ancestor, Somerville of Edston. This ancestor must have been William, only brother of the hapless John, and who, it seems, succeeded to his estates. In a list of those of Mrs. Somerville's household who were brought up with her to London in November, 1583, is the name of one who is called "William Thacker" in the printed index, but whose name on the original paper may have been written "William Chaxber."

Out of the attempt to sequestrate the Arden estates to the crown grew a long litigation, by which Robert, the heir, finally succeeded in saving two farms from the effect of the attainder of his father's blood. An examination of the entries made and the papers filed in the course of this legal struggle has never, so far as I can discover, been made. The industry of Shaksperean scholars has been rewarded by much valuable information from the examination of legal papers in such suits as bore the name of any of the poet's immediate family, but any moment may bring to light from some dusty record-box an affidavit in the case of some one of his friends, written or at least signed

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by William Shakspere. When it is remembered that his fellow-players were engaged in litigation with each other for an apportioning of shares in the two theatres of the Globe and Blackfriars in the year 1634, it is not impossible that the manuscripts of some of his plays may lie hidden in the packages which contain trial exhibits in the Record Office.

If the search resulted only in the finding of one phrase referring to the great poet, the discovery of that hitherto lost mention of him would be hailed with delight by thousands in every corner of the world. The prosecution of a search for additional information regarding our poet does not want abundant incentive, aside from finding confirmation of his Catholicity, and should that result be gained, honor and a part of the poet's immortality awaits the happy discoverer. But should no such proof be made we may well rest content, for Shakspere's word has helped to make the world familiar with Catholic thought and conduct. It has not been merely a pleasant sound of music, a jingle of pretty words. The children of his brain live and move before us. They persuade us to the good of which they are exemplars or warn us from the evil into which we see them fall. Our sympathy and our pity are active, and own implicitly the power of a genius who is master of nature's ways. Of other poets we may remember the words they have written; of Shakspere we remember the glorious and the unfortunate men and women with which his fancy has peopled all time. As generations increase the wonderful power of his work will not wane; but, as it has in the past been a teacher of Catholic truth, so will it continue, fair and deathless as is that truth.

JOHN MALONE.

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MISS LANIER.

"THANK the Lord, we are out of that thicket at last."

"Wonder if it guards an enchanted palace with a sleeping beauty inside?"

"Hardly—the door is open. We can go in and find out."

"We had better knock first. She's there, but not asleep. I hear a voice inside."

"Even if I did not, I'd make use of this delicious old lion-headed knocker. Who says America has no ruins. This whole place is the very model of picturesque desolation. Let's put up here for a month—if we can by any means prevail on the owners to take us in."

"What? You would dare fate thus at a venture? Suppose the enchanted princess turns out to be fat and forty, with an equal weakness for snuff, and rummaging through one's private and personal belongings?"

"Even in that case—which is, however, impossible—this decay is noble, without a trace of vulgarity. Mark the cleanliness of everything. The piazza floor is speckless, in spite of being half rotten. The big cool, empty hall has no litter, no rags and jags, as it must have if the occupants had not gentle instincts and a regard for the humanities."

"Bother your reasoning! What's the good of it, when a knock would settle everything? I'm beginning to feel, as the natives say, 'hanted.' This must be the far end of nowhere, we have heard of so long, but never before found out."

Rat-tat-rat-tat-tat-tat, the big knocker sounded through the dim inner spaces; twice, thrice it fell, still nobody came. The would-be visitors stood somewhat amazed, for over and beyond the summoning knocker, a clear, high-pitched voice came continuously to the ear.

Involuntarily the two men turned to look one at the other. Truly there was something we thought uncanny in this vocal solitude. Both were strangers, men just fairly coming into their prime. One was short and sturdy, with a merry mouth, and volcanic blue eyes set well under a bulging forehead that hardly needed the reinforcement of a square, dogmatic jaw. The other had blue eyes, too, but shaded by lashes so long, so darkly silken, you would never guess their color unless seen in the open day-

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light. Their owner was tall and spare, well-made and so free of motion as to proclaim him of excellent muscle. His face was a longish oval, but saved from taint of effeminacy by the fine, firm modeling of nose and brow. Their pale olive skin and thready scarlet lips, bore out the impress of the upper face. Here, they said, is one quick to feel, keen to do, to dare, but one who will never put impulse above judgment, or stay his hand from his will through regard or a weaker thing.

Some such thought was in the other man's mind, when after five minutes of waiting he broke silence to say:

"Really, Fanning, we had as well move on. After all, the aborigines are not bound to receive us. Let's see if we cannot some way stumble on a house of call."

"I have found one very much to my mind," Fanning said, sending a still more vigorous rat-tat sounding through the hall. His comrade heard it with the suspicion of a frown, saying:

"Newspaper men are supposed to have phenomenal cheek; but commend me to that of an artist—the brotherhood of the brush beat the pencillers out of sight. How long, may I ask, do you mean to keep up that performance?"

"Oh! five minutes or so, unless some one comes sooner to answer it."

"If they do not?"

"I shall go in and establish myself by right of discovery."

"You would dare?"

"My dear Bertram, it is not a matter of daring—solely a question of necessity. We are strangers—missionaries of culture and progress, to this benighted region. If the inhabitants do not welcome us for our own sakes, it is none the less our duty to save them from their own sloth."

"Shut up, Fanning! suppose they heard you? We hear plain enough, that droning back there. What do you suppose it can be?"

"I am going to find out."

"Not really?—Don't!"

"Really, I must. Remember, its near twelve o'clock. We have been tramping since sunrise, when we left the railway station, except for the half hour for breakfast, with the old black auntie, who gave us ash-cake, buttermilk, and bacon broiled on the coals. The memory of it is substantial, but not satisfying. Unless that voice is an illusion, I shall certainly consult the owner of it as to the chance of dinner."

"Wait a little longer; maybe it is a ghost we hear. A dozen

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could be safely ambushed in this big overgrown plantation. It's a perfect labyrinth; cannot have felt plow, or hoe, or axe, these last twenty years. The fields were a jungle, the orchard, with its gnarled, twisted, half-dead trees, worse than a graveyard, and the garden—did you ever see anything more pathetic than those big rose-bushes sprawling their yards of bloom flat on the ground, with clove pinks and sweet-williams straggling through the weeds?"

"H-m! When did you take to floriculture?—thought you came here to look into the region's mineral resources."

"That means, I suppose, I must leave its picturesque points to my artist friend, Hamilton Fanning, Esq."

"Oh, no! I am not selfish—but, if you are going in for that sort of thing, don't forget the big red poppies, the tiger lilies aflaunt in this August sun, the mat of white honeysuckle there over that fallen gate-post, or the mate to it rotted off—yet still upright in the sturdy arms of that stout red trumpet vine."

"Your eyes see everything."

"Why not?—it is their business. You would do well to mention likewise that the yard is tufted over with coarse, tussocky grass, that it has a big magnolia tree for ornament, also an abortive privet hedge, that it is set in squares with black locust trees—and much beaten with shod hoofs—hence must be used as grazing ground."

"Really, Fanning—"

"Really, Bertram, those are the most salient points, so far. Now for the rest of it. Come on and fear not."

"Try one more knock. I find it hard to disregard the appeal of this so confidently open door."

"There seems to be nothing except the house—as it is not portable, the owner has probably nothing to fear."

"That is what puzzles me. The house is so big and wide, with such deep rooms; and this handsome hall. I cannot reconcile the build of it with its utter emptiness."

"We shall soon solve its riddle. Here goes for a last knock."

The sound was unanswered, yet not quite without fruit. The dreamy voice grew louder—loud enough in fact for the listeners to catch here and there a word of one of Patrick Henry's famous revolutionary orations.

"My faith! we have stumbled on a rural Demosthenes in training for Congress. Think how he will welcome an audience," Fanning said, stepping inside and moving toward the sound.

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His comrade held up a warning hand. "Wait—that is a woman's voice," he said, speaking low. Fanning went on as though he had not heard. His comrade, reluctantly following at his heels, was more and more impressed with the clean emptiness of all the wide, dusk interior. There was no stick of furniture in the hall's length, or the big rooms opening out from it; footsteps echoed vaultwise on the bare, polished floor. Nowhere a hint or trace of human occupancy relieved the sombre desolation.

Presently, at the hall's southern extremity, the two men found themselves at an open door, through which came the reader's voice. At sight of her, both started—were near to crying out. Surely human eyes seldom rested upon aught so pitiful. The room had two occupants. It was light and lofty, windowed to south, with a high walnut wainscot, and big, open fireplace. An old, much-worn Turkey carpet covered the floor. In one corner a huge mahogany bedstead was heaped high with big soft pillows. A claw-foot table, black and shining with age, stood out in the clear space, sparsely laden with very massive old silver. On one hand there was a tall secretary, on the other a book-case very nearly empty. Two or three worn easy-chairs stood about. There was neither blind nor drapery to break up the strong light that fell full upon the two figures in the middle of the room.

One, a man, old, blind, helpless, half sat, half reclined in a big wheel-chair, his white hair shining like floss-silk against the dark cushion pillowing his head. He was clothed in gray—the worn, threadbare uniform of a major in the Confederate service. From an upright staff fast to the back of his chair, a magnificent Confederate flag fell down in soft folds that his white-shrunken fingers now and again threaded with soft, caressing touch. A major's commission, framed in ebony, hung over the mantle, with two crossed swords above it. Sword-belt and spurs hung just below, with a flattened bullet pendant from a silver curb-chain dropping lower still. Half way to the ceiling another flag-staff was upreared—one that had come out of the hell of fire and steel with colors triumphantly in ribbons.

Against the back ground, close at the old man's ear, a woman stood shouting out the periods of the great commoner. There was a book in her hand; now and again she turned a leaf as though reading, but Fanning's trained vision saw easily that it was upside down. Evidently she had no need of it. Doubt-

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less her lesson had been too long and painfully learned for her to miss word or syllable of it.

She was tall and slim—even pathetically meagre of outline—her face, if careworn, had a soft transparence. It was lit with deep, dark eyes, set under arched brows above which masses of nearly white hair made a rippling crown. The features were not regular, but well-cut and fine of line. If the lips were a thought tremulous, there was strength to endure writ plain in the poise of head and shoulder, the firm forward planting of the small, ill-shod foot.

All in silk attire she stood, a pitiful figure indeed. The gown seemed to have been made for her—a child of ten—and as it was outgrown to have been pieced out with whatever was at hand. The original skirt of pink and green brocade had eight inches of gray moire below it, and that was in turn supplemented by a deep flounce of black. Waist and sleeves were even more a matter of contrivance, their shreds and patches made yet more glaring by ruffles and tucks of old much-mended lace.

A strong race-likeness said the pair were father and daughter. The man, as you might learn from a glance at his commission, was Darragh Lanier, Esq. This, his one child, was also his namesake. The intruders, passing outside his door, heard him say: "Darragh, I have surely heard knocking at the front door these last ten minutes. Step out into the hall, please, and see if Isaac is awake or if he, like the rest, has run away from his duty."

"Very well, father, I will go," the daughter said, turning obediently to the door. At sight of the two men, she flushed a hot red, but signed them in swift pantomime to go back whence they came. Then she laid hold of the wheel-chair, saying: "But first let me put you at the window. There is a little breeze now, and you are over-spent with the heat."

Under cover of the movement Fanning and Bertram got away undiscovered. As Miss Lanier came out to them, the artist was saying: "Heavens! What a picture! I'd give a thousand dollars if I could paint it, just as we saw it."

"I hope you would not call it 'In silk attire,'" Bertram said, a little anxiously.

"What an idea! No; if paint it I do—and certainly I mean to—the world will see it as 'The Lost Cause.' The most vivid imagination could not evolve so perfect a type for it as this woman, who seemed to have been blighted before it was fairly spring."

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"Sh-sh! Here she is, with her familias spirit at her elbow. Now may the good God protect us. I am sure we are in a land of sorcery."

The familias did not look dangerous. He was very black, small, and somewhat withered, but still upright and sinewy. He came hurriedly forward, dropping his brimless straw hat as he set foot in the door, and said with eager courtesy, "Sarvent, gentemens—sarvent, suhs. Tek seats dar on de porch benches, an' res' while I fetches ye some cool water."

Darragh came timidly forward, the red still pulsing in her thin, withered cheek. The old negro stepped in front of her, and said entreatingly: "Go back ter yo' pappy, Miss Darragh, honey; yo' kin trus' old Isaac ter ten' ter things right."

Darragh answered him steadily: "I know that, daddy; I will go in a minute. Perhaps these gentlemen have business—I represent my father, and must hear it, if they have."

Fanning stepped forward, to say with his finest courtesy: "Our business is to find rest and quiet for a few summer weeks. Here you seem shut quite away from the world of noise and bustle. If you will let us share for a brief while your paradise, you will earn our everlasting gratitude."

"Dar now, lit'l mistes, you run 'long erway; let Isaac ten' to de gentemens. He knowed dey warn't none er dem lan'-hunters minit he sot eyes on 'em. Here you stays, gentemens, an' welcome, while you chooses. Darraghsmount do' ain't nebber yet been shot ter folks whar gut de right ter come through it—an' lit'l company will chirk up Marse Darragh, and lit'l mistes des wonderful, wonderful. Des lem me show um de way roun' ter waush der faces, den I'll fetch 'em in, and you two mus' retain 'um till dinner done get ready," Isaac said, advancing hospitably to possess himself of the knapsack and sheltering outfit lying upon the piazza floor.

Darragh said, with a face full of doubt, "Isaac, are you sure——?"

"Yes, yes! lit'l mistes, certain, sho," the old man broke in, then going close and half-whispering: "Miss Darragh, honey, for de land's sake, let 'um stay. Dey means' pay money; an' whar else we's ter get it f'um—maybe de good Lawd knows—but po' ole Isaac don't. I been tryin to wuk—ter plow—but the weeds is gut the best of all the truck, an' de hot sun des is twis'in' het all up to nuthin'. We wo'ent make seed, much less bread; an' you know you said las' winter der warn't nuthin' mo' in de house ter sell, as would pay for carryin' erway."

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"I know," Darragh said, quietly; "but—but—to open our doors for money! I never thought Darraghsmount would come to that."

"Honey, but's fer him, Marse Darragh." Isaac said, nodding toward the back, whence now came a querrulous calling.

At sound of it Miss Lanier got very white, but walked bravely to her visitors, who had withdrawn to the piazza's furthest angle, and said, trying to speak steadily: "If—if you stay, sirs, I can promise you only the very simplest fare, and no attention save what Isaac can give you. Indeed, you will have to depend on him for everything."

"He looks dependable; we will be but too glad to risk it," Bertram said, cheerily. Fanning looked his hostess full in the eyes till her cheeks grew damask roses; then, without a word, followed his comrade at Isaac's heels to the wide, bare upper-chamber the two were to share.

Though not directly over Major Lanier's apartment, doors and windows all stood so wide that the new-comers could not choose but to hear the blind man rating Isaac for his negligence, "leaving strange gentlemen to stand for so long unanswered at the door." The negro answered with the humblest patience:

"'Deed, Marse Darragh, I never thunk nobody was comin'; I des went out ter de stable 'count er seein' 'bout dem mules. Late hoen' done got so big an' heavy down in dem bottems I'se plum 'feared some triflin' nigger will get one er de critters oberhet, else gi' 'im too much feed an' founder 'im."

"Ah! then, the crop is heavy, if we did have high water."

"Des er bulgin' an' er boomin', Marse Darragh, even ter kill an' ter cripple—"

"Never mind it, man. About these strangers, be sure they have every attention."

"I will, Marse Darragh. Dey comes frem up Norf—"

"That makes no difference, Isaac, while they are under the roof of Darraghsmount. Away from it, of course—"

"Co'se, of co'es, Marse Darragh, dey mought not be much ob nobody, but while dey here—nebber you min', dey gwine fin' out what 'tis ter be company."

"Pray heaven that we do." Bertram said *soto voce*. "I was 'company' once for six weeks down in Virginia. I remember them as a long delicious dream of waffles, broiled chicken, fresh berries, real cream, and coffee fit for the gods."

Fanning held up a finger of silence. The voice below went on: "Darragh, my daughter, we have in some way unaccount-

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able fallen out of our habit of hospitality. It must be a year since we have had dinner company; but I hope you have not, on that account, neglected your wardrobe. Put on your newest gown—something simple, yet elegant, as becomes a Southern lady offering hospitality to her hereditary enemies. A cheap or old-fashioned gown might seem the manifestation of clownish resentment—something more than impossible to a Lanier under her own roof. Do these strangers, by the way, seem men of facts and breeding?"

"I—hardly noticed—they are different, though, to—some—most—Northerners, that I have seen," the daughter answered, in the high key necessary to reach her father's dulled ear.

"Ah, yes! those impertinently persistent speculators who want to spoil Darraghsmount's fair face with their dirty mines and furnaces. I shall be glad to find out that there is a better sort among—our conquerors. It would take away half the bitterness of defeat to know that we surrendered to gentlemen."

Bertram looked at Fanning to say with a laugh: "Listeners are not entitled to hear even good wishes of themselves; but do you know, in my mind we have stumbled upon a conspiracy as pathetic as it is picturesque? Clearly, this fine old Bourbon is made to believe that wealth and state surround him as of old."

Fanning nodded, with still a finger upon his lip. High and ready came Darragh's words. "Why, father dear! you don't think I would leave you dine with two princes in disguise. Of course, they shall have every attention—but Isaac can see to that. I shall stay here with you."

"Not for the world, my daughter. Honor forbids. Fate has made you the active head of our house. A friend, a relative even, you might leave to the care of servants; the stranger within our gate is another matter—all the more when he comes of alien or hostile race. So put on your brightest face, your newest plumage, and let these two see—what I doubt not will be a new experience for them—how perfectly the obligation of nobility can mask and put aside the natural human resentment of all their fanaticism has made us suffer."

Involuntarily, Bertram bowed low to the invisible speaker. Fanning laughed low and clear, saying half under his breath: "Evidently we have hit upon a sprig of the chivalry, full-blown, if sadly the worse for wear. Really, it is better than comic opera—such mouthings in contrast to this," looking about at the big, bare room, each of whose four curtainless windows framed a separate picture of tangled desolation.

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"I should say tragedy, full of most infinite pathos; this blind man is kept by loving subterfuge in a fool's paradise," Bertram said, a thought sharply. Fanning went on unruffled:

"I like his attitude. The high and mighty condescension of it is delicious. No doubt it will be charged in the bill—not explicitly, of course. Poor wretches! I shall not grudge the money—the need of it is so patent—but it certainly does not speak well for blood and family that these exemplars of it should let themselves thus supinely starve, owning a principality—land enough to make fortunes for a whole Northern community."

"Dont judge till we know the story; I am sure there is one behind all this," Bertram said, sitting down at the small table and beginning to sharpen a pencil.

Fanning laughed again, saying: "What it must be to have the newspaper imagination! Take my word for it: when so much that is picturesque lies on the surface there is seldom anything below it."

The other looked at him keenly. "Maybe you are right," he said; then, after a little pause: "If—if we find that poor woman without a history, I hope we are men enough to leave her the same way."

"What do you mean?" asked Fanning, with a languid lift of brows. The other burst out impetuously:

"Hang it all! you know well enough. Understand, old man, I don't mean to preach or be impertinent—God knows I've little enough room—but somehow I can't forget who and what you are, what a habit you have of looking and acting unutterable things, nor how women's hearts seem to flutter to you as the bird to the bough. I know you are not a deliberate trifler, except where the party of the other part is well able to take care of herself—"

"Excuse me," Fanning broke in, "I think I see your drift. My morals—my immorals even—I do not defend; but in point of taste I confess myself a trifle tetchy. While in this sapless, white-haired creature in the harlequin robe I see tremendous possibilities as a model, for anything else—" a shrug finished the sentence as no words could have done.

"Fastidiousness is a good thing once in a way," Bertram said, sententiously.

A low tap fell on the open door. Isaac stood framed in it, saying with his best bow: "Marster's compliments tu de gentemens, an' he be pleased fer ter see 'um in his own room down staars."

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Six weeks of sojourning under the same roof brought equal discoveries to the guests and their entertainers. In the very briefest space, the freemasonry of gentle breeding set them at ease one with the other. Even before that the intuition of sympathy had made Bertram feel that the "harlequin robe" was the outwork and visible sign of nameless martyrdom. With the wearer of it he was soon on the friendliest footing. She was, he found, full of delicate intelligence, of more delicate reticence. She spoke little of anything; of herself, her family, her surroundings, nothing at all. Yet, as a listener, was inspired, inspiring; her speaking eyes, her mobile lips, lightening, darkening, quivering, smiling, as the tale she heard was grave or gay.

It was much the same with Major Lanier, though the strangers saw him more rarely. For days together the agony of old wounds was such as to make heavy narcotic sleep his only refuge. Through the time of it his daughter laid carefully aside her rotting silk gown, and went about in cotton—worn and faded, but of pristine freshness compared with that woful attire. So, more wraith than woman-like, she wrought at household tasks, away from, yet within call of, her sleeping charge.

At. first she had sat painfully attentive to each word of the new-comers, with always a sort of dumb question in her eyes. By and by, hearing from their casual speech that Bertram had come thither to find out for a great metropolitan newspaper the mineral riches or poverty of the land, that Fanning came wholly of his own vagrant impulse, her fear, whatever its source, seemed to vanish quite away. She smiled easily—laughed even sometimes, at quips and cranks of table-talk, or lost herself with pathetic delight in the summer story-books that the new-comers flung in her way.

"I have never before seen one printed since the war," she said to Bertram one day, then blushed deep over such revelation. Long before he had noted that the book-case held only Shakspere, Milton, the "Spectator," and a few well-thumbed volumes of earlier political heroes. Each of them Darragh knew by heart from cover to cover, she had read them through, how many times! for how many years! to the blind man, whose heart, mind, life, lay wholly with what was past. These, his sparse favorites—she had kept the feeble remnant of a library dispoiled. The wherefore of the despoiling—or rather the necessity of it—was to Bertram a tempting mystery, one to whose solution he was vowed.

It was certainly not greed of money. Fanning, the skeptic,

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was simply appalled at the ridiculously small payment they were allowed to make. When both guests sought to double it, Darragh said, a fine red flushing into her face:

"I cannot take more and feel honest, since you receive so little at my hands."

Against the taking she made no feint of protest or excuse, though the lines of eye and mouth showed it hurt her cruelly. Bred as she was to the religion of hospitality, the taking of money in exchange for it seemed to her a sort of sacrilege.

Through the long, bright summer days the strangers spied out the secrets of the land.

How they rode far out over the undulent brier-set swells that had once been fertile fields, on to the cultivated country beyond. Now, facing the other way, they climbed mountainous hills, peered sharply at dips, spurs, angles, lodes, and veins, bathed them in clear, trembling brooks, fished the deep pools, shot squirrels, wild turkeys, and hoped even for deer.

Darraghsmount, they found, stretched a wide debatable land betwixt the hill country and the smiling lowland. Once it must have been the country's pride, a model estate, a princely possession. Such folk as the strangers encountered spoke of it with sighing and head-shakings over its decadence, whose reason certainly lay deeper than the rathe and ruin of war. What it was might doubtless have been heard for the asking, but somehow the memory of Darragh, her fine unworldliness, her quality of endurance, kept silent alike. Bertram, full of manly compassion for her fate; Fanning, whose complex soul held an interest more subtle.

At moonrise, Bertram said to him, "Have you thought of it, old man? time's up day after to-morrow? Shall you be sorry to leave Arcadia for civilization?"

For a minute the other was silent, puffing furiously at his cigar. Then he said slowly, his eyes on the blue clouds eddying above his head: "I shall stay a month longer. Miss Lanier has agreed to be my model. It has been too hot for painting since we have been here."

. . . . . .

Somehow the picture grew but slowly. Maybe the painter was hypercritical. Certainly he would work only when the light, his mood, everything suited. Oddly enough, Bertram's absence, instead of throwing him more into companionship with his model, put a curious constraint between the two. With Major Lanier, though, he grew exceedingly friendly; read, talked to him

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by the hour, or listened with vividly unfeigned interest to tales of march and seige and battle, of hair-breadth scrapes, and deeds of desparate daring—never any, though, whereof the relator was the hero. Clearly the daughter's objection to speech of herself was an hereditary trait. Thinking of it in contrast to the maimed wreck of battle, Fanning told himself over and over again that men of deeds are little given to words.

One mid-October day a fury of work fell upon him. Something was stirring within—something undreamed of, incredible. He drove himself hard, dashing in sharp blues of color, fine, faint touches, broad effects, too intent to note the weariness stealing over his model, sharpening the lines of the thin face, shadowing more deeply the patient eyes. One big, empty front room had been set apart for his use. Doors and windows stood wide open, a warm, gray autumn light filled every nook and corner. Darragh stood facing the door that gave entrance upon the hall, her hair rippling over her shoulders, one hand held hard about the tattered battle-flag's staff, the other drooping nerveless and empty at her side.

A step—a shadow, came through the door. She started, gave a little cry, tottered, would have fallen, but the new-comer caught and held her upright.

"Joe! How you startled me!" she said, half reproachfully. "I did not dream you were within a hundred miles."

"I reckon not, from the looks o' things hereabout; but you go an' lay down; you looked fit ter drap as I come in."

Darragh looked half appealingly at him, then said to Fanning, who stood, brush in hand, the picture of frowning amazement: "Mr. Fanning, this is my cousin, Joe Reid, just home from Nashville. I am sure you will like to see some one from the world outside, so I shall leave him to entertain you while I rest a little."

"Certainly; delighted to know Mr.—Mr. Reid; excuse me for keeping you so long," Fanning muttered, daubing away at his canvas. As Darragh vanished he became conscious that somebody was looking over his shoulder, somebody who very shortly laid a hand on his arm, saying, with a tinge of authority: "Cain't that wait a minute, Mr. Fanning? I want to talk to you."

"About what?"

"Darragh Lanier."

"Why?"

"Because as she told you, I'm her cousin—my mother was a Lanier once removed—and Darragh herself is, is the best wo-

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man, the poorest, the biggest fool, in the whole state of Tennessee."

"What's that to me?"

"Don't you want to marry her?"

"Why should I?"

"Don't you really know?"

"Know what?"

"Why, about Darraghsmount—her history, the fortune she is worse than throwing away."

"On my honor, no; though I am sensible just now of a lively inclination to thrash you for such inquisition into my private affairs."

"Come outside if ye'd like to try it on," the other said, clinching a sinewy fist. "But I'd rather ye didn't. Darragh wouldn't like it. She's full of all them old, high-strung notions. I'm the new South, I am. Ten years younger'n she; I mayn't have so much polish, but, when it comes to rustling and getting thar, I ain't afraid to risk myself with the best o' you Northerners."

Fanning looked slowly over the six-foot-two of wiry strength, and said languidly: "No; I think from my experience you would let few things stand in your way. Now, if you are through with your questions, I should really like to go on with my work. I am anxious to finish it and be off."

Joe Reid looked at him doubtfully. "Ef I thought you wouldn't come back—" he began, stopped short, took a turn of the room that ended squarely in front of the painter, and said, half apologetically. "Ef I'm barkin' up the wrong tree, please excuse me, Mister ——; but, ye see, things are this way: I've equitable rights here that I cain't git, except one way, that is: marry my cousin. This place is all her's; entailed, ye know, by her grandfather that was my mother's uncle. Thar's just only us two left o' the old stock, and in the course o' nature the property'd come ter me. When the war begun, with the niggers an' money an' all, it wus worth a million dollars—all Darragh's—then just ten years old. Major Lanier was her guardian—had a pile o' money of his own, too. He was the first man in the country to enlist as a soldier—soon as there was a company he armed and equipped 'em at his own expense. On top o' that he put all his an' Darragh's money in the Cotton Loan. Oh, he ain't one that ever did things by halves, I tell ye."

"Evidently not," Fanning said, setting his teeth hard. The other went on: "An' as if that warn't enough, after the Yankees

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come in these parts, through a lawyer here, he mortgaged Darraghsmount—every acre—and sent the money to England to buy quinine and gunpowder for his men, sick and well. He's a fighter from way back, let me tell ye. Enlisted 'for the war,' and stayed always where the fight was hottest. Nothin' ever tetched him till the last month of the shindy. In some o' them fights before Petersburg he got so shot and cut to pieces that nobody thought he'd live a week. But somehow he did pull through—more's the pity, I can't help saying. Darragh and old Isaac managed somehow to get him home. Of all his fortune nothing was left but the plate and furniture, and books—he had fine ones if he didn't read—carpets and blankets and linen had mostly gone to the soldiers and the hospitals. Here he has been ever since, blind, helpless, as you see him, but saved from every care. You don't need to be told that whatever is, is for him—the other two do without. Now for twenty odd years a woman who by rights ought to roll in gold has had never a decent frock and barely enough to eat, has pieced and patched, and turned and contrived, sold all that was salable outside her father's room—plate, furniture, books, curios—and spent whatever they fetched in, keeping fair weather for him.

Of course, the mortgage wasn't worth the paper it was written on unless she'd sign it after coming of age. But, bless you, nobody could make her see that she wasn't bound by her father's doing. In her eyes he could never do wrong. She went straight to the bank that held it, and said: "You shall have the land; only let me live on it till my father dies." They were mighty willin' to that—the major, they thought, couldn't live a year—but for all that, they made Darragh promise not to work or develop the land, except what old Isaac could tend. He's just about made bread and chicken-feed every year, with corn enough over to winter old Sultan, the major's war horse, who lives on as astonishingly as his master. You've seen him, no doubt, in the yard all summer; he brought the major out through the hottest sort of fire, when he was so hurt they thought him dead there in the saddle—so Darragh would go hungry herself sooner than stint his corn. She has taken good pains the major shall not know what she has given up. He was awfully cut up, thinking he had beggared her; so she makes him believe the land is her's, free and clear, and that she simply won't sell her coal and iron rights because she has already more money than she knows what to do with. Believing that, he wants her always to wear silk, dress for dinner, and all that. I reckon, though, you know all about

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that—poor old man! so he has the feel of silk about her, he believes her fine as a fiddle. It's the same way about old Isaac—he is supposed to be valet and butler, with a dozen servants under him, when really what time he can spare from waiting, on old Eppy, his wife, who is cook, he is out in the field, working for dear life.

Now just look at things! The place is worth two fortunes still; coal in one hill, iron in another, wood, water, lime-stone, all about—five thousand acres in it, too! Ain't it more than a shame that the rightful owner and heir should be chuseled out o' it in this fashion? All for a whim, too. Ever since I came of age I've been at Darragh to let me open the case and fight those bank sharks. She jest wont hear of it; says she gave her word of honor for her father's debt—and that's worth more than a hundred million, let alone one or two."

Fanning half turned away to say: "H-m-m! I suppose, then, there is no record of her promise?"

"Not a scratch? That's one reason she's so set; says them people trusted her, and she ain't goin' back on 'em. Ef once I could get her to marry me, they'd dance to a different tune?"

"Ah! you are—fond of her?"

"Oh, yes!—in a way. She's a right good sort—but, man alive! just look at it. I'm heir to this property, if she don't fool it away, or—marry you?"

"Has she had no other chance?"

"More'n you could shake a stick at. We ain't the only ones—not by a jugful. Fact is, she could have took her pick of the country long ago, if she'd ever left the major long enough to talk to a man. One time she did have a right smart notion of a feller—I forget his name, but he was a soldier—one that helped do something for the major when he was so bad off—I can just remember him—he came to see her off and on for three—fo'—years, when I was a brat. We always said Darragh loved him a heap. I reckon 'twas the major—the keer of him, you know—that kep' 'em apart. Anyway, he went off somewhere—New York, I b'leeve—an' she's here, wearin' her life away."

"Why do you tell me all this?"

"Well! you see, ma wrote about you two strangers bein' here; first off Darragh was afraid the bank had sent you to buy and take possession. When she found out better—ma's over here every little spell—why, we concluded one of you must be after her. Oh! I can tell you that speculation's been tried before. I'd a-been back to see about it six weeks ago, only I was

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out drummin' for our house—Wheelock & Co.—an' didn't get word of things till just yesterday. Now I'm a square man; I've showed you all my hand. If you mean anything, say so, and do your best to win. Ef you don't—why, it's no more'n fair, I should ask you to get out. I ain't vain—you're a heap better to look at, and I don't want Darragh to have too much chance to compare us."

"So! you have no thought of giving up your—suit?"

"Not till death or matrimony. But say! is it go or stay with you?"

Fanning yawned, though his eyes were blazing. "Really, Mr. Reid! you must excuse me until to-morrow," he said, turning upon his heel and vanishing through an open window.

. . . . . .

Night fell ere he came back, and all day through there raged in him the battle of love and pride. Love! At last he aimed it squarely. Hamilton Fanning—rich, fastidious, distinguished, master of arts and hearts—found himself captive to this dull, quiet woman whose life had been one long sacrifice, who had no claim of youth, of wit, of wealth, to excuse his enthrallment. How he would have laughed to even have thought—nay, how had he repelled Bertram's insinuation of such a possibility the day he first set eyes on her. Now, he told himself over and over, he had come to the parting of the ways. On one hand lay the great world—his world of fame and riches, and freedom, and the highest place among his fellows. Art, he held a jealous mistress, brooking no rivalry of wife or child. She could give him much—so much—all that hitherto had seemed to him worth winning; now it looked poor and tawdry, lacking the illumination of Darragh Lanier's eyes, of her thinking smile, her tender, patient face. If only life could go on to the end at the pace of these last weeks he would know well which to choose. In the wide, bare house, amid the silence of leaves and sky, she could never lose her charm. How would it be, though, if she were borne away—transplanted to the flaunting garden of his world—set over against the brilliant beauties, trained from birth to all the fine arts of fascination, and masking in wreathed smiles whatever of dark or bitter fate might set in their hearts?

He could never dare such a contrast. Choosing her, he must choose also the way of life she led. And could he endure that, year in and year out? Now it seemed easy, the one thing worth living for. Yet, he had an inner sense that,

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after use had dimmed the glamors of her presence, he might find him bitterly discontent with his choice.

As he set foot on the piazza, her voice came out of its gloom. Evidently she was awaiting him, a proceeding altogether strange. As he went toward her she stood up, saying with a little undertone of tremor, "Please forgive me, Mr. Fanning, for—for—what you were forced to endure to-day."

"What do you know about it?" Fanning asked, letting his hand steal through the dark to the two clasped so meekly in front of her.

For a minute she made no answer beyond the nervous tremor of her fingers. Then she drew them gently away and said, half under her breath: "Nothing—that is, only that Joe—came—with the purpose to be—disagreeable. I—ought not to have left you—at the mercy of his tongue."

"Do you know what he asked me?"

"No; I am afraid—"

"Have no fear; it was only what I have been asking myself inarticulately these ten days past; that is, dare I ask you to trust yourself in my keeping?"

Through the sweet, still dark, he heard a low half-sobbing sigh, felt her sway and shrink away from him into the doorways deeper murk. Again he put out his hand, seized, held her's hard and fast, saying thickly: "I do dare. The rest is as you will."

She drew him impetuously within, down the long hall on to the door-way through which she had first dawned upon his vision. The room within was garishly alight with big, home-made wax candles. In the yellow flickering of them the old man's sleeping face took on the hue of death itself. He sat with head thrown back, propped easily among his cushions, one wasted waxen hand grasping, even in slumber, the folds of his dear flag.

For a long minute the two outside looked at him in silence; then Darragh said, paling to the lips: "You must see where my place is. If—if—it were possible that I should leave it, the temptation passed me by twenty years ago when I had a heart, not the husk of one, for everything but—him."

"And you have been faithful to a memory all that time?" Fanning said, bending to look into her eyes. Half shyly, half proudly, she drew a little away and answered: "No, I have been faithful to a necessity—one that claimed both love and duty."

Lightly, swiftly she crossed the lighted space, dropped to her

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knees, and laid her cheek softly against her father's hand. The next breath saw her rigidly upright, staring hard at him with wide eyes full of heart-break. Fanning sprang to her side, flung an arm about her. Instantly she writhed from his hold, clasped the dead face to her breast, and sobbed aloud: "Father, father, take me with you. I did not leave you, it was only a wicked thought. Surely you have not gone away from me forever?"

Fanning began to say, "God knows you did all a daughter could do." But she shrank shuddering from his words, to bury her face, with heavy sobbing, on the poor breast eased now forever of racking pain. For a minute he looked at her with tender, pitiful eyes, then silently touching her bowed head, went away to summon help for this hour of extremity.

Once again in life he saw her, twenty-four hours later, standing at the head of a deep, open grave, whereinto a long, narrow, black coffin was being lowered with reverent hands. Mrs. Reid stood one side of her, all in decorous black; Joe upon the other hand, spick and span in city-cut clothes. Betwixt them Darragh, in her gown of state—the pitiful threadbare finery that had helped to trick her dead out of his self-reproach. Evidently she was long past weeping. There was no hint of tear-stain in all her cameo-face. The pain of terror had left her shadowed eyes. They were listless, hopeless, as was the quivering mouth.

Across the grave her eyes travelled to Fanning's own in a long, searching gaze. As they fell softly away she raised her hand in a faint, mute gesture of farewell.

. . . . . .

"The Lost Cause" (*Fanning pinxit*) was among the academy sensations of two years later. One spectator of it—a tall, distinguished, military-looking man, with very dark eyes, and very white hair—started so at sight of it as to make the pretty young woman upon his arm tremble.

"Why, Richard! What is the matter? Surely you are not going to faint over just seeing your old flag again?"

The tall man did not answer. Instead, he stood looking, looking, his soul in his eyes, who knows what crowding memories surging in heart and soul. His rapt gaze drew the attention of the artist, whom chance sent along at that minute. Fanning lounged forward with his best society air, to say nonchalantly: "Have I done your cause injustice, general?"

Before the general could answer, the pretty lady gave a little, delighted scream. "O Richard! is that really, truly Mr. Fan-

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ning, whom I am dying to know? Do please present him before some one spirits him away."

"There is not much left to say after that speech; but, Fanning, this is the rash young woman who has just dared to marry me. She admires you, I think, even more than your work," the general said, trying to speak lightly.

As Fanning murmured his thanks Bertram lounged up to the group, viewed the picture critically, and turned away, saying with a half shrug: "You hardly do justice, Fanning, to either yourself or your subject. You have caught form and substance perfectly, but the spirit is lacking."

Fanning looked at him steadily, saying: "I never paint portraits, from even the finest model."

"Oh, do tell us where you found her! that is, if there ever was a woman like this," the pretty woman said eagerly. "She must have been perfectly delicious in that queer gown, with such eyes, such hair, such everything?"

Fanning shot a glance of appeal at Bertram, who answered it with the words: "There was such a woman, Mrs. ———; I myself saw her, and she lived in Tennessee. By-the-way, general, that is your State, is it not?"

"Yes," said the general, with white lips; "but it is twenty years since I have set foot in it. You say this woman lived there? where is she now?"

"In heaven, I hope. Poor Miss Lanier! they buried her just a month after her father."

"Ah! I recall the name. Yes, we were comrades. Poor fellow! life for him meant martyrdom. I am glad to know it is ended," General ——— said, hurrying his wife away. Fanning and Bertram, below the peaceful picture, looked after him with comprehending eyes.

One said low to the other: "He loved her, and lost her love. Truly, there are more martyrdoms than one."

M. C. WILLIAMS.

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LEGENDS OF THE CID.

INTRODUCTORY.

The Cid was born A.D. 1026 and died A.D. 1099. His original name was Rodrigo di Bivar. In him Spain gave birth to the most entirely characteristic representative of mediæval chivalry. He embodied its happiest as well as its most heroic spirit. His military ardor was free alike from barbaric ruthlessness, and from the ambition of a Cæsar or an Alexander. He had not a touch either of that exaggerated love of praise which, at a later time, vulgarized the instinct of Honor, or of that selfishness and sentimentality which has infected modern times. For him all self-consciousness seems to have been lost in a light-hearted yet impassioned loyalty to just, generous, patriotic, and religious ends. These were to him the realities of life. The rest was sport. He was the great type of the poet's "Men of Old"—

> "They went about their gravest deeds
> As noble boys at play."

I.

THE CID'S MARRIAGE.

WITHIN Valencia's streets were dole and woe;
Among the thoughtful, silence long, and then
Sharp question and brief answer; sobs and tears
Where women gathered; something strange concealed
From children; rapid step of priest gray-grown
As though his mission were to beds of death.
The cause? Nine days before, the sea had swarmed
With ships continuous like the locust cloud
Full sail from far Morocco; six days later
Strange tents had crowded all the coasts as thick
As spots on corpse plague-stricken. The Cid lay dead,
Valencia's bulwark, but her sire much more.
Who else had made her Spain's;—Spain's Mother-City
Frowning defiance on the Prophet's coasts,
Minarets enskied, gold domes, huge palaces
With ivory fretwork washed by azure waves,
Even to the fabulous East?
Day passed: night came:
Within Valencia's chiefest church the monks
Knelt round their Great One. He had sat since death
Throned near the Eastern altar. At the West
The many-columned aisles nigh lost in gloom

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Changed to a fortress pile with massive walls
Lost in the mother rock, since Faith and War
That time were brethren vowed. Beneath its vault
Good knights kept watch, that stronghold's guard at need:
Glimmerings from distant altar lights, though faint,
Made way to them, oft crossed by shadowy forms
Gliding in silence o'er the pavements dim
With bosom-beating hand: the music strain
Reached them at times; less oft the voice of prayer.

Compline long past, the eldest of those knights,
By name Don Raymond, Lord of Barcelona,
Not rising from his seat, addressed his mates:
With great desire the nations will desire
To know our Cid in ages yet to come,
And yet will know him not. He was not one
Who builds a history up, complete and whole,
A century's blazon crying, "That was I!"
The day's work ever was the work he worked,
And laughingly he wrought it. Spake another:
Aye, 'twas no single act that made his greatness:
Yet greatness flashed from all his acts—the least;
A peasant cried one day, "God sent that man";
A realm made answer, "God."
Don Sambro next:
I witnessed—'twas in youth—his earliest deed;
Gladsome it was, and gladdening when remembered,
Yet nowise alien 'mid these vaults of death:
His sire, Don Diego, was an aged man;
Between him and Count Gomez, Gormaz' lord,
A strife arose. Gomez had flourished long
A warrior prime: whene'er the Cortes met
He spake the earliest word. Among the hills
A thousand watched his hand, and wrought his will.
One day, inflamed by wine, he struck Diego:
Diego, warrior once, then weak from age,
Was all unmeet for combat in the lists:
Daily he sat, grief-worn, beside his hearth
And shrank from friend like one who fears to infect
Sound man by hand diseased. He spake but once,
"Till that black hour dishonor none defiled
Layn Calvo's blood!" His son, our Cid, Rodrigo,
Then twelve years old, leaped up! "Mudarra's sword!

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That and your blessing!" Clad with both he rode,
Nor stayed until his horse, foam-flecked, stood up
At Gormaz' gate. Gomez refused his challenge:
Rodrigo smote him: soon the lists were formed:
Not long the strife: sole standing o'er the dead
Thus 'mid that knightly concourse spake the boy,
"Had he but struck my cheek, and not my sire's,
Far liefer had I lopped mine own left hand
Than yon sage head!" Count Gomez' orphaned daughter,
Child of ten years, hearing that word, replied,
"He also had a Father."

August's sun
Westering had tinged the castle hall with red:
There sat Diego at the supper-board
But eating not. A horse's foot was heard:
In rushed, all glowing like that sun, the boy:
He knelt; then rising, laughed. Aloud he cried,
"Father, your fare hath scanty been of late
As spider's when long frosts have killed his flies:
Haply this herb may sharpen appetite!"
His mantle fell: he lifted by the locks
The unjust aggressor's head. Diego rose:
First with raised eyes he tendered thanks to Heaven;
Then added: "Son, my sentence ever stood,
The hand that battles best is hand to rule:
Henceforth live thou master in this house;"
He pointed, and the seneschal kneeling laid
The castle's keys before the young man's feet.
Then clamor rose, "O'er yon portcullis fix
That traitor's head, that all may gaze upon it
And hate it as a true man knows to hate!"
Not thus Rodrigo willed. He sent that head
To Gormaz with a stately retinue—
Ten knights, and priests entoning "Miserere."
This solaced Gomez' child. Then rose that saying,
"He strikes from love, not hate."

Don Martin next—
Don Martin of Castile: Witness was I
Not less of wonders by Rodrigo wrought.
Eight years went by: his father died. The Moors
Swarmed forth o'er many a region of Castile,
Domingo, La Calzada, Vilforado,
Capturing whole herds, white flocks, and brood-mares many:

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Rodrigo of Bivar to battle rushed;
Smote them where Oca's mountains closed them round,
Retook their spoil. Five Moorish kings, their best,
He haled in triumph home to Bivar's gate
And bade them kneel chain-bound before his mother.
That homage tendered, thus he spake: "Depart!"
That holy Lady still had taught her son
Reverence for sufferers, and the Poor of Christ,
And courtesy 'mid wildest storms of war.
On her he looked, later on them, and spake:
"I scorn to hold you captive! from this hour
My vassals ye. I want nor slaves nor serfs."
The Five made answer "Yea," and called him "Cid,"
Their term for "Lord": he bore it from that hour.

Don Garcia next: A fairer sight by far
And fitter to beguile our sorrowful watch,
I saw—his marriage. Our great King Ferrando,
Who made one realm of Leon and Castile,
Beside that new-built bridge Zimara called
Was standing 'mid his nobles on a day
What time that name, "The Cid," rang first o'er Spain:
Then drew to him a maiden clothed in black,
A sister at each side. She spake: "Sir King,
I come your suitor, child of Gomez, once
Your counsellor and your friend, but come not less
The claimant of my right. Betwixt my sire
And Diego, father of that Cid world-famed
This hour for valor and for justice both,
Unhappy feud arose: my father smote him:
Aggrieved by that mischance the Cid, then young,
Challenged my sire and in the tourney slew him,
To me great grief albeit, on wars intent,
My father seldom saw me. Since that day
Tumult perpetual shakes our vassal realm:
Who wills breaks down the bridge; who wills diverts
The river from our mill-wheel to his own:
Daily the insurgent commons toss their heads,
Clamoring "No tax." I fear for these, my sisters,
Fear more the downfall of our House and Name,
And, motherless, have none with whom to counsel.
King! some strong hand and just should quell this wrong!
What hand but his who caused it? 'Twas his right

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To smite his Father's smiter. 'Tis my right
To choose for champion him who wrought the woe.
Command him to espouse me! That implies
Privilege and Duty both to ward our House,
And these my sisters young." Level and clear
She fixed upon the King her eyes like one
Who knows her cause is just.
Fernando mused,
Then answered, smiling, "Damsel, have your will!
You are wealthier than you know! Rodrigo's Wife!
Of him you wot as little as of marriage!
Yon Cid will prove the greatest man in Spain."
Then with a royal frankness added thus:
"Moreover, maid, your lands are broad: another
Conjoining them with his might plot and scheme:
Not so the Cid: that man was loyal born;
My kinsman. He shall wed you!"
Straight he wrote:
"Cid, at Palencia seek me at your earliest,
There to confer on things that touch the State,
Likewise God's glory, and your weal besides."

Incontinent to Palencia rode my Cid
With kinsfolk companied and many a knight;
The King received him, in his palace chapel,
Vespers concluded but the aisles still thronged;
Embraced him; then stepped back, and, gazing on him,
Exclaimed, "Not knighted yet! My fault, my sin!
I must redeem the offence! Good kinsman, kneel!"
High up the chapel bells renewed their chime;
Ferrando knighted him: Ferrando's Queen
Led to the gate his charger: the Infanta
Girt him with spurs. Then gave the King command
Like bishop missioning priest but late ordained,
"That gift now thine communicate to others!"
Straight to the chapel's altar moved the Cid
And lifted thence the sword of state. Before him
Three youthful nobles knelt. He with that sword
Their knighthood laid upon them.
Masque and dance
Lasted three days: then spake to him the King,
"Cid—for that name by which all Spain reveres you,
Albeit a title not by me conferred,

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I recognize well pleased—Donna Ximena,
Heiress of Gomez slain by you of old,
Warrior and counsellor dear to me and mine,
Stands sore imperilled through that righteous deed,
Her subjects in revolt and every knave
Flouting her princely right. Revolts spread fast;
Ere long my kingdom may lie meshed in such:
I see the hand that best can deal with treason!
My royal honor stands to her impledged
That you—first wedding her—her lands your own—
Should, in the embraces of your name and glory
Foster the tender weakness of her greatness.
Wilt thou redeem that pledge?"
The youth, "This maid,
King, is good and fair?"
Ferrando smiled;
"Glad am I that, as in my youthful days,
Goodness and grace still reign; kings rule not all!
Good she must needs be since her sire was good;
Majestical she is: her suit she made
As one who gives command; but you shall see her.
Seek we the Presence Chamber!"
From a throng
Of courtly ladies in the glory clad
Of silver cloudland when a moon sea-born
Their dimness turns to pearl, Ximena moved
Calmly, not quickly, without summoning sign,
A sister at each hand in weeds night-black
And stood before the King. No gems she wore
And dark yet star-like shone her large, strong eyes,
A queenly presence. All Castile that day
Held naught beside so noble. Reverently
The young man glanced upon her; glanced again:
At last he gazed: then, smiling, thus he spake:
"Forfend it, Heaven, Sir King, that vassal knight
Should break his monarch's pledge!" Ferrando next,
"Maid, thou hast heard him: he demands thy hand."
To whom, unchanged, Ximena made reply:
"King! better far the whole truth than the half!
That youth should know it. I demanded his:
I deemed his hand my right. My rights have ceased;
Now wife, not maid, my rights are two alone,
Henceforth to love my Husband and obey."
She knelt, and, lifting, kissed her Husband's hand,

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And after that the King's; then rose and stood.
Ferrando spake: "The day's a youngling yet,
And I must see its golden promise crowned:
Your bridesmaids and your bridal robes await you:
Kings lack not foresight: all things are prepared."
Ximena next: "So soon! Then be it so!"
An hour and she returned in bridal white
With countenance unshaken as before,
Yet brightened by a glad expectancy.
The King gave sign: that company august
In long procession to the chapel passed;
Therein 'mid anthems sung, and incense cloud,
The nuptial Mass was solemnized. Ferrando,
Lowering his sceptre, gave the Bride away;
Her little sisters smiled and wept by turns;
The Cid adown her finger slipped the ring;
The Bishop blessed them, showering upon both
The Holy Water. From their knees they rose
Husband and Wife thenceforth. Leaving that church
Largess they showered on all.
At once they rode
To Bivar, where from age to age had dwelt
The Cid's great race. Behind them rode their knights,
Two hundred men. Before the castle's gate,
High on its topmost step, his mother stood
Girt by the stateliest ladies of that land,
In festive garb arrayed. Her daughter new
Before her knelt; then, to her bosom clasped,
Looked up, and, smiling, spake not. Spake my Cid:
"Mother, if less than this had been my Bride
Here had I tarried many a month and year;
This is God's gift, the greatest He could give,
A maid taught nobleness in sorrow's school,
Unmatched for courage, simpleness, and truth.
Yea all her words have in them strength and sweetness.
Now therefore, since God's gifts must first be earned,
Not till five victories on five battle-fields
Against Christ's foes have made her justly mine
Inhabit I with her in castle or waste.
Cherish her thou as thou didst cherish me;
The laws of Honor and of Faith to her
Teach as thou taughtest to me. Farewell to both!"
He turned, he lingered not, he looked not back;
Westward he rode to combat with the Moors.

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Then spake another of those watchers sad,
Count Gaspar of the Douro: "Love is good;
But good things live beside. That knew the Cid;
That lesson learned I riding at his left
Beneath his standard named "Ximena's Veil."
Three days we rode o'er hill and dale; the fourth,
The daylight slowly dying o'er the moor,
A shrill voice reached us from the neighboring fen,
A drowning man's. Down leaped our Cid to the earth
And, ere another foot had left the stirrup,
Forth from the water drew him; held him next
On his own horse before him. 'Twas a Leper!
The knights stared round them! Supper ranged that eve,
He placed that Leper at his side. The knights
Forth strode. At night one bed received them both.
Sirs, learn the marvel! As Rodrigo slept
Betwixt his shoulders twain that Leper blew
Breath of strong virtue, piercing to his heart.
A cry was heard—the Cid's—the knights rushed in
Sworded: they searched the room: they searched the house:
The Cid slept well: but Leper none was found:
Sudden that chamber brightened like the sun
New risen o'er waves, and in its splendor stood
A Man in snowy raiment speaking thus:
"Sleepest thou, Rodrigo?" Thus my Cid replied,
"My Lord, I slept; but sleep not; who art thou?"
He spake, and, rising, in that splendor knelt:
And answer came: "Thy Brother-man am I,
In heaven thy Patron, though the least in heaven,
Lazarus, thy brother, who unhonored lay
At Dives' gate. To-day thou honored'st me:
Therefore thy Jesus this to thee accords,
That whensoe'er in time of peril or pain,
Or dread temptations dealing with the soul,
Again that strong Breath blows upon thy heart,
Nor angel's breath that Breath shall be, nor man's,
But Breath immortal arming thy resolve,
So long as Humbleness and Love are thine,
With strength as though the total Hosts of Heaven
Leaned on thy single sword. The work thou workest
That hour shall prosper. Moor and Christian, both,
Shall fear thee and thy death be glorified."
Slowly that splendor waned away: not less
Hour after hour the Cid prayed on. At morn

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Forth from that village forest-girt we rode
Ere flashed a dew-drop on its lightest spray
Or woke its earliest bird.
Thenceforward knights
Flocked daily to the Cid. Each month, each week
The Impostor's hosts, with all their banners green
Moon-blazoned, fled before him like the wind.
Now champaign broad, now fortress eyeing hard
From beetling cliff the horizon's utmost bound
Witnessed well pleased the overthrow of each:
Merida fell, Evora, Badajoz,
Bega in turn; more late Estramadura.
Fiercest of those great conflicts was the fifth:
From that red battle-field my Cid despatched
Unbounded spoil that raised a mighty tower
O'er Burgos' church wherein he was baptized.
Moreover, after every conquering march
Huge doles he sent to Christian and to Moor;
For thus he said. "Though war be sport to knights
The tears of poor men and their breadless babes
Bedew the trampled soil." His vow fulfilled,
Five victories won, five months gone by, with joy
Once more to Bivar's towers the Cid returned.
There, at its gate, they stood who loved him best:
On the third step—as when he saw them last—
His Mother and Ximena.
Musing sat,
The legend of that Bridal at an end,
Long time those watchers. Lastly rose a knight,
The youngest of that company elect,
Silent till then, as slender as a maid;
With countenance innocent as childhood's self
Yet venerable as a priest's gray-haired:
He spake: "A bridal then, and now a death,
A short glad space between them! Such is life!
That means our earthly life is but betrothal;
The marriage is where marriage vows are none.
Lo there! once more the altar lights flash forth:
Ere long that Widow-Wife will kneel before them:
Join we the Ritual." Eastward moved the knights,
And, kneeling near the altar, with the monks
Entoned the Miserere.

AUBREY DE VERE.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

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THE OLD WORLD SEEN FROM THE NEW.

THE last session of the Parliament which has just been dissolved was too short, and its members were too much engrossed in personal political questions to effect any very marked progress with measures for the amelioration of social evils. One measure, however, of which much is hoped has become a law, and that is the Small Holdings Bill, of which we have given an account, and which went through both Houses substantially unchanged. It now remains to be seen whether the object for which it was passed will be effected—the prevention of the migration to the towns of the rural population. There are those who are sceptical upon this point, and among them persons of great experience and impartiality. Some point to France, where, by the Napoleonic legislation, for many years the land has necessarily been sub-divided into small holdings, and yet the migration to the towns is said to be as marked in France as it is in England. But, as is well known, the compulsory division of land by law in France has been carried so far that it is impossible for the small proprietors to secure a living from the cultivation of their infinitesimal holdings. The failure of this extreme of sub-division need not prove the failure of the moderate measure recently adopted in England, and to us the action of the House of Lords seems on this account to have been wise when it rejected an amendment made in the Small Holdings Bill by the House of Commons which provided that, in the event of the death of the owner of one of these holdings intestate, the property should be divided among the children in equal shares.

The government has adopted another expedient for remedying the over-population, not of the large cities, but of the Highlands of Scotland—an expedient, however, which meets with somewhat severe criticism. The British Columbian government has made itself entirely responsible for the well-being of as large a number of crofters as may wish to leave their own congested homes. The government hopes to find in these immigrants persons fitted to develop not only the agricultural industry, but also the fisheries of British Columbia. The only obstacle is the want of ready money, and to remove this an appeal has been

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made to the British Government. One of the last acts of the late Parliament was to sanction a loan to British Columbia of £150,000 for the purpose of carrying out this scheme of colonization. The opponents of the proposal maintained that there would be plenty of room for the crofters in their own country, if the land devoted to deer forests by the wealthy were applied to more useful objects. They were unable, however, to convince the promoters of the measure, and the gain of British Columbia will indeed be brought about, but at a loss to Scotland.

For the first time for many years no proposal for regulating the liquor traffic was introduced into either House of Parliament. The reason, of course, was that the dissolution was known to be so near that it was not worth while to discuss the question over again. Moreover, previous discussions have secured for the projects of the United Kingdom Alliance definite acceptance by the party which recognizes Mr. Gladstone as its head, and the fate of future legislation depends upon the action of this party now placed in power by the general election. While it would not be true to say that every Conservative candidate is against local option and every Liberal in its favor, it cannot be denied that the Conservative party as a body will resist the suppression of public houses should this suppression be made without due compensation.

The Old Age Pension plan has, by the labors of the committee which took upon itself the task of dealing with the matter, received a final shape. We have already given the main outlines, and the details are of somewhat too technical a character to be interesting. No progress was, of course, made with the measure in the late session of Parliament, its attention having been occupied by other subjects. But it is meeting with somewhat severe criticism throughout the country, especially at the annual meetings of the Friendly societies which have lately been held. The grand master of the Manchester Unity of Oddfellows, the strongest of these societies, spoke of its authors as "well-meaning people, whose scheme was but another form of providing that out-door relief which has proved so pauperizing in its effects." He contended that, if it were recognized by the state that an industrious man could not, by his own exertions, save sufficient to provide for his old age, such recognition would have a demoralizing effect. But what if such is a fact? It would be still more demoralizing, he maintained, to provide by

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state help for the lazy and the intemperate. But Mr. Chamberlain's scheme only provides for those who are able and willing to help themselves to a certain extent. Other objections were made by the grand master, but not, as it seems to us, of such strength as to form a serious obstacle to its acceptance by impartial, disinterested minds. In one point, however, the Friendly societies give proof of a wisdom of conduct which might be imitated with profit by others; they will not accept a state subsidy, for they see that such acceptance will involve state control, and it has been by means of absolute independence that they have attained the success which has been so remarkable. Moreover, the Friendly societies are not going to try to act the part of the dog in the manger, but propose, and have even prepared plans for, providing a superannuation fund for all who attain the age of sixty-five, and even for making it obligatory upon all who wish to share the benefits of the societies. These proposals have not, however, been finally adopted as yet.

The Free Education Act has now been in force for nearly one year; and although it is too soon to be able to form an accurate judgment of the full effects of the act the following results of its action may be mentioned: There has been a large increase, not only in the number of children upon the books, but also in the average attendance of the children. This has been most marked in the case of infants, and this fact gives special satisfaction, as it is found by experience that, when children have once begun to attend school in early years, that attendance is more easily secured afterwards. A second result of the Free Education Act, coupled with the special efforts made upon its introduction by the Post Office Savings Banks to afford facilities for the working of these banks in connection with the schools, has been the large increase in the amount of deposits made by the children. In the year 1891-92, after the passing of the act, the number of penny banks which had come into operation had risen from 230 to 2,806, and the number of depositors from 151,500 to 610,050. From this it appears that a part, at least, of the money which has been saved by the parents through the grant made by the government is being laid by for future use, and for the children's well being.

There are two other items of educational intelligence which are of importance, and both of which go to show how the state is extending its influence in this matter. The minister who was

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in charge of the department of education during the last Parliament announced that he had changed the opinion he formerly held that secondary education ought to be left free and uncontrolled by the state, and expressed the hope that the new Parliament will bring the control of education of all kinds under one department. Proceeding to a more detailed explanation of what he considered desirable, he advocated a complete inspection by the state of all endowed schools, coupled with a registration of schools and teachers. We cannot say that this means that every teacher, even in private schools, must receive a state license as a condition of being permitted to exercise his profession, but it is a step in that direction, advocated too by the minister of the party which is the most opposed to the extension of state control. The second item is that the Free Education Act has been extended to Ireland, and, along with the gift of money, compulsory education in the larger towns has been enacted. The Irish members fought a good battle on behalf of the Christian Brothers, and secured from the government a promise of such a modification of the conscience clause as would obviate the objections which the Brothers entertain to the present clause. At least, we suppose that it amounts to this in fact, although in form it was only an undertaking to refer the matter to the Education Commissioners for their consideration. But, as the Irish members were satisfied with this undertaking, it is doubtless a substantial concession of the Brothers' claims.

The dissolution of Parliament in a somewhat early period of the session did not afford much opportunity for the enactment of laws for the benefit of the people at large. The session was not, however, altogether fruitless. The Small Holdings Act, to which we have already referred, an act for securing to sailors better food and more suitable accommodations; a measure to prevent betting and borrowing money by persons under age, as well as an act to render more easy the punishment of the immoral clergymen of the Established church, do not indeed constitute a long list of social ameliorative measures, but are at least steps in the right direction. A law restricting to seventy-two per week the number of hours for which it is lawful to employ women in stores forms the most notable step in the extension of Parliamentary protection to the working classes, the Eight Hours Bill for miners having been rejected by a majority of 272 against 160. The Salvation Army has proved itself

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strong enough in Parliament to secure the repeal of the obnoxious clauses in the Eastbourne Act, in virtue of which its members have been so much harassed. For a bill empowering local authorities—Town Councils and similar bodies—not only to purchase land, but to ear-mark it and to claim the unearned increment, as many as one hundred and twenty-two supporters were found. This seems to show that the voices in favor of the public ownership or control of land in one form or another are meeting with an increasing degree of support.

While it is too soon to form a judgment with reference to the character and extent of the social and industrial legislation of the new Parliament—for this depends upon what place the Home Rule question will take—it may not be without interest and importance to point out the attitude of the various leaders towards these questions, and the practical proposals made by them. Upon one point there is unlimited agreement—that it is the duty of Parliament to give to labor and social matters a large share of attention. In this Lord Salisbury agrees with Mr. Gladstone, Mr. Chamberlain with Sir William Harcourt. The diminution of poverty, the prevention of ruinous disputes in trade, the amendment of the Poor Law, the protection of the lives and healths of the industrial community are, according to Lord Salisbury, matters of which it is not easy to exaggerate the momentous interest. In Mr. Gladstone's eyes the chief recommendation of the avowed aims of the Liberal party is that their attainment will enable the workingmen to secure for themselves the legislation which they see to be desirable. And one of the reasons which animates him to struggle so earnestly for Home Rule, he declares to be the fact that Ireland may be described as a nation of laborers.

But every reader of the speeches and addresses of the candidates of the various parties will see that the line of cleavage with reference to legislative interference with industrial questions is not identical with the line which divides the parties. For example: Mr. John Morley voted against the Eight Hours Bill for miners, and Mr. Gladstone did not support it, while Mr. Chamberlain and several Conservatives, with a large number of Gladstonians, voted for the second reading. It seems probable, therefore, that the much to be desired exclusion of questions of this kind from the sphere of party conflict will be brought about, and that like questions in which the honor and interest of the

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whole country are at stake, all parties setting aside jealousy and cupidity, will unite to find the best solutions. Should this be the case, the outlook for the future will be bright indeed, for there will be placed at the service of the workingmen the trained intelligence of the country unperverted by the corrupting bias of partisan strife.

Mr. Chamberlain has perhaps entered into fuller details than any other leader as to the course which legislation should take in dealing with industry. As a remedy for strikes he proposes the establishment of courts of arbitration to decide all cases that may be brought to them. To preside over these courts a judge of character and distinction should be appointed, and he should have the assistance of assessors acquainted with the particular trade under consideration on every occasion. Mr. Chamberlain does not propose to confer on these courts power to compel adherence to their decrees, being of opinion that a court so constituted would absolutely carry with it the sympathies and support of the public, and that without public support no strike and no resistance to a strike would be successful. Another point which Mr. Chamberlain would amend is the manner of compensating for injuries done to workmen. Under the law as it at present stands, a workman who has been injured without his own fault, but by that of a fellow-workman, can obtain no compensation. Mr. Chamberlain thinks that the loss in a case of this kind should be part of the cost of production, and ought to fall on the consumer. He would have the first liability fall upon the employer, so that the workman and his family should be compensated by him. The employer is to protect himself by insurance, and a very small insurance would be sufficient to establish a fund from which all compensations could be made. As we have already seen, Mr. Chamberlain is a supporter of legislative action for the purpose of obtaining the restriction of labor to eight hours. To his pension scheme for the aged we have so often referred that we need not say more now than that he is not to be deterred from his efforts to pass it into law by the opposition which it is receiving from the Friendly societies. He professes, however, that should a more feasible plan be found he will readily relinquish his own in its favor.

There is a general agreement that there must be in the immediate future a modification of the established system of Poor Law reliefs The unduly lax system which existed sixty years

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ago was superceded by the unduly rigid system still in existence. Many working men, although through long lives they have been industrious, honest, and sober, but whose industry, honesty, and sobriety have not—such are the conditions of life in England—enabled them to provide for their old age, are compelled to go to the workhouse in the end, and when there they are treated in the same way as the tramp, the drunkard, and the vicious who have been brought to poverty through their own fault. It is now generally recognized that should more ambitious projects fail there must be a change in this respect at least, and that some means must be found for discriminating between the two classes of the poor, and for granting different treatment to the deserving. In another way, too, the present system is faulty and directly encourages thriftlessness, for if a man has been able to obtain for himself a small annuity but one insufficient for his support, he can obtain no relief unless he relinquishes this fruit of his toil and forethought. The removal of these and other defects is recognized by leading members of all parties as a matter which calls for immediate attention.

Another attack has been made upon the Free Trade policy of Great Britain, and although it has not, as could not have been expected, been successful, it indicates the existence of a by no means contemptible opposition to this article of commercial faith. A congress has lately been held in London of all the Chambers of Commerce of Great Britain and her colonies and dependencies. At this congress Sir Charles Tupper expounded the policy which Canadians and many other colonists would like to see adopted by the mother country. It is not a very magnanimous policy, nor does it show that there is in existence any great willingness on the part of the colonists to make sacrifices. While wishing England, of course, to maintain the entire freedom of trade towards the colonies which already exists, he does not wish that she should continue this freedom of trade towards other countries, but that a differential duty should be put upon imports from these countries, so far as these imports compete with colonial products. In return for this, it might have been expected that the colonies would at least have offered freedom of trade for some English products. But no; all that is proposed is a slight reduction in duties on a few articles. It clearly seems to be a very one-sided proposal, and yet it found in the congress thirty-four supporters as against seventy-nine opponents, and when the Chambers voted as units there were thirty-

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three in favor and only fifty-five against. This congress of course was a body fully representative of the business of the empire, and it certainly seems to show a marked growth of protectionist conviction when a proposition of this kind could receive so much support.

It is interesting to note the changes of opinion among workingmen with respect to the reforms demanded by them. It may even be important, for it will teach caution, so that undue haste may not be shown in accepting proposals which after all may not afford a permanent solution—may not be really demanded by those most interested. In 1890 the first International Miners' Conference was held in Belgium. At this conference the Belgium and the French representatives were anxious that an international miners' strike should be declared organized for the forthcoming first of May, with a view to securing an eight-hours day. To this proposal a strenuous and a successful opposition was offered by the English delègates. At the second congress held in 1891 in France, a change of opinion had taken place among the French miners, who now opposed an international strike, while the Belgians, formerly most ardent advocates, were divided in opinion, and the strongest opponents in the previous year—the English delegates—showed themselves much more disposed to entertain the proposal. Ninety-five per cent. of the miners in Derbyshire had given their adhesion to the plan, and the Fifeshire miners were willing to support the demand of the Continental miners for an eight-hours day by going out on strike, although they had themselves already secured this limitation of hours. The matter was, however, deferred to the next congress, which has lately been held in London. In this congress, however, very little has been done, and the movement in favor of a general strike seems to be in complete abeyance. The greater part of the proceedings was devoted to questions concerning the manner of voting, which, although they may be of great importance to the members of the congress, do not interest to any very great extent the outside world.

The difficulties which are involved in the attempt to render education undenominational without at the same time completely secularizing it, have been illustrated lately in a case which came before the London School Board. In the schools which are under the care of this board, the Bible is read and taught and examination made as to its contents. It is treated as a true, his-

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torical work. One of the examiners in the Scripture knowledge thus given reported that he had only one regret in reading the examination papers sent in by the children, and that was that he found that many of the children gave great prominence to the idea that the Deity was an avenging one, and that one was to do right from the fear of eternal punishment. He, therefore, submitted to the board the proposal that the children should be taught that "God is Love." This report led one of the members of the School Board to move "that the teachers be instructed to teach the doctrine of the Universal Fatherhood of God." After a long and interesting discussion, the proposal was put on one side; but what cannot be put on one side is the proof it affords of the impossibility of teaching Holy Scripture without explanation of some kind or other, and that the attempt to do without all explanations only leaves it to the immature minds of children to make a religion out of the Bible for themselves. With what success, may be judged from the words of one of the speakers during the discussion, who said that a large number of the children who had received their education in the Board Schools were in the same condition, from a religious point of view, as he had found them when working under Lord Shaftesbury thirty years ago in the Field Lane Mission. They were, he said, densely ignorant on all subjects, and profoundly ignorant on religious matters. If this is the result of a system in which at least some knowledge of the Holy Scriptures forms a part of the course, what will follow should every kind of religious instruction be excluded?

The old saying that no man's career can be pronounced successful until its end has come, is well illustrated by recent events in connection with Prince Bismarck's visit to Vienna. In Prussia, which owes to his genius the commanding position which it at present holds, he was coldly treated as he passed through, and this by order of the court which he had served so well. In Saxony his welcome was enthusiastic, while in Austria, which owes to him its humiliation and defeat, he was warmly welcomed by the populace. The Emperor's doors were, however, closed to him on account of the opposition of his own sovereign. This is a wonderful change, for Prince Bismarck's hardest fights through his whole life have been against popular rights and in support of the aristocracy, and now he is honored, so far as he is honored at all, by those whom he has injured, and slighted by those whom he has befriended. For it is said that none of the nobility

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maintain social intercourse with him, for fear of offending the Emperor. In the bitterness of his spirit he was led to criticise the policy of the government in a way which seems to have given great scandal to the Germans, and has brought upon himself threats of an official prosecution. Whether anything will come of it, remains to be seen. But the outcome of it all is that the reconciliation with the Emperor which many desire is farther off than ever.

The French, having expelled the teaching of religion from their schools, are compelled to listen to harangues in favor of anarchy in their courts of justice; and juries which have lost the fear of God are filled with so great a fear of man that they make this very declaration of the most revolting principles an extenuating circumstance to mitigate the punishment of the worst of crimes. However, for the time being there has been a cessation of outrages, and France is already beginning to prepare for a great Exposition with which to close this nineteenth century.—— The Belgian elections for the Constituent Assembly, upon which the task of revising the Constitution will devolve, have rendered it very doubtful what the result will be. A two-thirds majority is necessary in order to effect any change, and the elections have so far been successful to the Liberals as to deprive the Conservatives of this majority, without securing for the opposed party the requisite strength. Possibly, therefore, there may be no revision at all.——All the sacrifices which the Portuguese were promising to make in order to pay their debts have either not been made at all or have proved insufficient, and this kingdom must now be ranked amongst the defaulting states of the world.——To all her other calamities Russia has to add a visitation of the cholera. Were it not for the pity which the sufferings of individuals (who are themselves guiltless) inspire, we could look on with equanimity at the spectacle of Russia's woes. We do not in many things agree with Mr. Herbert Spencer; but in this we do agree: that any misfortune which would break up this semi-barbarous, overgrown empire would be a blessing to the world at large.

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TALK ABOUT NEW BOOKS.

A NOVEL in form, *Calmire** may be more truly described as a sort of bulky agnostic tract; or, better, as the "Sanford and Merton" of benevolent anti-Christianity wherein the part of Mr. Barlow is taken by the elder Calmire, and that of Tommy Merton, the spoiled child of crass infidelity, is played to the life by his nephew Muriel. It is hardly fair, perhaps, to see a Harry Sanford in Nina, although she has many unsophisticated virtues, and, under the inspiration of Muriel and the tutelage of the broad-minded Legrand, finally broadens out of a dilettante Episcopalianism into earnest and soul-filling (!) agnosticism. The processes by which Muriel is so far ameliorated that he ceases to describe Christian doctrine in general as "an awful lot of rot," its teachers as "blasted fools," are chiefly carried on in the form of dialogues between him and his uncle, whose aim is to make the youth see that there is a core of truth even in Christianity, as in all religions, and that "science," while getting rid of dogma, is safe to "add support to all the really important features of" old-fashioned orthodoxy. Muriel's moral education is accomplished by his relations with two young girls—Nina, his equal in social station and natural and acquired endowments, and Minerva, the sister of one of Legrand Calmire's factory hands. With the latter Muriel has a guilty "affair" in which his heart is not at all interested and concerning which his emancipated conscience seems never to have reproached him until its natural consequences were about to appear in the shape of a child. Then he banishes himself from Nina, whom he has learned to love, and wanders abroad trying to solve various questions, among them whether marriage without love or suitability would repair the evil he has wrought and whether his crime was as great as his punishment. He decides negatively in both cases, and is backed up in his decision by his philosophic Mentor. Muriel writes to his uncle:

"*Are* men's punishments in any way proportioned to the evil they intend? It's not remorse I'm suffering most from, at least as I've always imagined remorse, nor even realization of the consequences of my crime—or fault or misfortune: for I'm not always quite ready to admit it a crime. Yet sometimes, when I judge it from its consequences, it seems as if it must be the blackest crime that man ever committed."

* *Calmire.* New York: Macmillan & Co.

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To this Legrand replies:

"As far as the consequences of man's acts are regulated by nature—outside of man's will—there is no room for justice. It is a purely anthropomorphic conception; we read it from ourselves into Nature. Thousands of men do just as you did and go scot-free. If Nature is just to them, she is unjust to you; if she is just to you, she is unjust to them. The fact is: she is neither just nor unjust. Justice regards motives, but Nature outside of man knows nothing of them: she is as merciless to ignorance as to crime. Our only safe guide, then, is the absolute hard experience that the race has had of Nature's ways, and that is embraced in the standard morality—in the religions and out. Yet never forget that Nature, in the social sanctions, in conscience, and in the hopes and fears of the religions, has evolved agencies which do reward and punish motive. But, outside of man, Nature has simply her laws and forces. Anything we do sets them all in motion. . . . Yet, unless we absolutely know that they are in position to crush us, we start them on some slight temptation, hoping they will miss us just that once; and all the time we know (or would know, if it were not for our pestilent anthropomorphism) that Nature has no intelligence, no pity, no justice, to turn her forces to the right or left. Those qualities are man's, and make him ineffably Nature's superior, except as you think of Nature including him."

Anthropomorphism is Calmire's *bête noire*—as, indeed, it would be ours if the God revealed in Jesus Christ were rightly included under such a conception of Him as haunts this author. But we are not concerned to defend the existence of any God who can be imagined as wholly absent from and extraneous to, the universe. "In Him we live and move and have our being," said St Paul to the heathen concerning the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ. Or, as Father Hecker puts it in one of his letters: "Let the immanence and the transcendence of God be the two poles of all your thinking." But this conception, as held by Christians, who are, indeed, forbidden to think of God under the belittling terms drawn from mere humanity, seems to this author inseparably bound up with another conception of "Nature" and "Law" with which revealed Christianity is incompatible. Perhaps it is enough to say in answer that it has not seemed so to minds as subtle as an Augustine's or a Newman's. This is the place, moreover, to say that although he lumps every variety of sect and schism together with Catholicity and calls it all "the church" when he has anything favorable to say concerning the past or present benefits conferred on humanity by Christianity, yet he cherishes that sort of petty spite toward

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Catholicity which may always be traced to ignorance in otherwise fair-minded men. Very severe on "dogma," he has so singular a lack of knowledge of both dogmatic theology and Christian philosophy as to be unaware that a large proportion of the speculative talk addressed to Nina by Legrand Calmire, and accepted by her as undermining Christianity itself, would pass muster in the schools of Christian thought. The talk is mixed, indeed, with irrelevancies and follies, and it suffers by being addressed to a listener who has, as she expresses it, "supposed that what we see is all of Nature; and that God was a man sitting off somewhere away." Nina professes to have "really grown beyond that," under Calmire's teaching, but the author plainly believes that the Christian world is yet sitting in a similar darkness. Perhaps the Christians he knows most about are really doing so, but to the rest of us the many true things in this book are by no means new. For that matter, neither are the false ones. On the whole, the absolute falsities it contains are pretty well balanced by undoubted verities, and we take it that the author has written in good faith. And yet his book is one that only conceit and ignorance could have fathered in its present shape. That shape, by the way, is such an immensely ponderous one that, for one reader whom its errors will repel, a hundred will be sure to reject it on the ground of its unmitigated dullness. Of its lax morality, as evinced in the affair of Minerva Granzine, and the convenient disposition of her in marriage to a "gentle giant" of a factory hand in Calmire's employ whose scruples were naturally less delicate than Muriel's, we have only to say that, although it fits with extraodinary aptness into the agnostic, evolutionary aristocratic order of things toward which the universe as beheld by Calmire appears to move, it will prove abhorrent enough to those who have not "advanced" beyond democracy and Christianity.

The question of man's moral responsibility, discussed in the book just noticed, from the agnostic and "scientific" standpoint —how oddly those two epithets go together, yet with what persistence they are coupled—comes up again in the next story on our list,* and is, on the whole, more satisfactorily treated. Miss Sergeant expresses herself wonderfully well; her style has distinction and a quiet charm which gives her a niche apart among contemporary novelists. Her present tale is cast into the form of an autobiography—that of a dissenting minister, the tragedy of whose

* *The Story of a Penitent Soul.* By Adeline Sergeant. New York: Lovell, Coryell & Co.

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life is enacted in a dismal little town in the midst of the Lincolnshire fens, where every external surrounding is of a sort to deepen the gloom of a nature already overshadowed by heredity and circumstance. The child of shame, although ignorant of the fact until he verges upon manhood, Stephen Dart had been brought up by his uncle, a Methodist minister, and passes through many phases of religious experience while yet a boy. These were not such as greatly affected his outer life, since they tended to cultivate a morbid introspection rather than to preserve him from small deceits, dishonesties and disobediences such as flourish in the soil of most children's lives, and especially in that of those who hear a great deal about religious feeling but are given very little direct religious instruction of a practical kind. Stephen thought less of "goodness" in those days, he says, than of various experiences which he knew under the names of "conviction," "conversion," and "justification," culminating in a state called "entire sanctification," which he never reached. He is not represented as scoffing at such words as these, but merely as expressing his belief that they were put too readily into the mouths of the young and ignorant. He found the whole thing terribly puzzling.

"I had been 'converted' surely, and had 'gained peace,' but what was the good of it when I lost my peace and grew deadly tired of prayer and Bible-reading in a week's time? I had for years a habit of being 'converted,' as I called it, every other Sunday, and of backsliding in the course of the week, always comforting myself with the reflection that I should be sure to return to the narrow way on the following Sabbath. These were the mere natural ups and downs of a susceptible temperament; but I was then fully persuaded that if I died on the Saturday (say) before the day of conversion had come round again, I should assuredly go to hell. I conceived God as lying in wait for my soul, like a hungry cat for a mouse."

With a firm hand the steps are traced by which Stephen's childish beliefs, never wholly outgrown, are gradually modified; first by an admixture of Universalism taught by the first of his senior's to whom he has been able to look up with blended reverence and affection, and afterwards, just as he is about to assume his ministerial "charge," by a dose of science administered by a materialistic physician of his own age, and fortified by the works of "Spencer, Darwin, Huxley, Galton, and some of those German fellows." It is the Robert Elsmere process on a smaller scale, the end being different because of the entirely dif-

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ferent aim Miss Sergeant has in view in telling the story of Stephen Dart. In certain respects her book is strongly reminiscent of Hawthorne's *Scarlet Letter*. Nor does it suffer by the comparison. There is an element of ghastliness in the retribution demanded by Angus Fleming, which rivals, if it does not excel, the self-imposed, never-completed penance of Arthur in the older story. Its moral lesson, too, is higher as well as more definitely given. One, truth, however, which is thrown into strong relief by the interblending of the Flemings with Stephen's life probably does so by natural sequence, not by intention on the author's part; the utter inefficacy, that is, of an absolutely interior and personal religion, resting on no fixed dogma, and destitute of sacramental aids, in the case of supersensitive and morbidly introspective souls such as she has delineated in Stephen Dart. What a boon sacramental confession would have been to a soul like his, repentant, anxious to atone, and willing to suffer, yet forced into a predicament where every act must have the savor of hypocrisy, and something, too, of its reality. Lacking that boon, Stephen wins his way at last, though barely, through sin and suffering to a half-questioning reliance on the grace of God and the cross of Jesus Christ as the only refuge from the horrors of the doctrine of heredity. In a fine passage of the closing chapter, a pathetic, beautiful, powerful chapter, from which the reader turns with moistened eyes, he says:

"If there is no supplementary force—no God, if we choose to name it so—in all this universe to help us, then we are lost indeed. We are mere captives, tied and bound with the chain of our fathers' sins. . . . If there is no purely spiritual aid to be got or given, then most of us may as well give up trying after goodness. Very few men, if any, can rise above themselves. Nearly every one has a legacy of evil tendency left him by his progenitors; to many an almost intolerable burden. The doctrine of heredity, as laid down by some writers of our time, and assimilated vaguely by innumerable readers, is a stumbling-block to many; and I believe that there is no way of surmounting it but by a firm grasp on the supernatural. That is the last word I have to say, and if I were a preacher still this would be the teaching I would try to impress upon my hearers: that, strong as temperament, hereditary tendency, and environment may be, there is something outside us that may be stronger still—the grace of God. . . . There may be hope for others, for great and noble souls with an inheritance of virtue; they may be able to dispense with conscious appeal to the God who leads them though they know it not; but for the meaner of men, for the weak and the sinful, the foolish, and mean,

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and base—for men, my brother, like you and me, with iron weights at our feet, and shackles on our limbs—what hope for us but in the great divine Ideal of the God Man who walked the earth some nineteen centuries ago, whose hands, with the marks of the nails in them, still draw us to himself, whose brow is still surmounted with its crown of thorns?"

Books like this of Miss Sergeant's and those of Edna Lyall mark a tendency as powerful as that of which Mrs. Humphrey Ward's novels are a product and infinitely more healthy. Not written by Catholics or for them, and failing by defect where Catholic readers are concerned, they have, nevertheless, a lesson for intelligent and earnest non-Catholics which may be all the more powerful on that account. Such writers are pointers to a goal which they consciously do not attain. They look toward a land of promise, but their sight is avowedly dim. They hope, but they are not certain. The taint of heresy has weakened their grasp on revelation, and the mirage of "science" bewilders them. What a message has yet to be delivered by some heaven-sent apostle to souls like these! And what a harvest might be gathered were they once made free of all the gifts of God, and then set to work on their own lives in his vineyard!

The lady who writes curiously feminine novels under the pen name of John Strange Winter has produced a very breezy and amusing one, to which she has given a rather misleading title.* At all events, no one need look into it hoping to find brooms and dusters, or that "high life below stairs," which the original inventors of "the lady help" presumably had in mind when projecting that curious product of decaying gentility in English life. Girls who occupy such posts as Audrey fills in this story are common enough in life and literature, but they go by other appellations. It is the airy, unaffected style, the easy wit and brilliancy with which Audrey's very amusing adventures are told which make this novel a pleasant successor to *Bootle's Baby*. There is no harm in it and there is plenty of entertainment.

As much may fairly be said of Mrs. John Sherwood's New York society novel, *A Transplanted Rose*.† There is an overdose of etiquette in it, however. If its purpose were social in the larger sense, or religious in any sense, and so much direct teaching were given on either head as is here inculcated on table manners, modes of dress, and the arbitrary inventions of society decorum, the author would be accused of preaching. As it is,

* *Experiences of a Lady Help*. New York: Hovendon Co.

† *A Transplanted Rose*. By Mrs. John Sherwood. New York: Harper & Brothers.

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her story skillfully combines amusement of a popular sort with other matters usually confined to handbooks of deportment. It will probably be all the more successful on that account.

The Cassells have brought out a new cheap edition of Mrs. Burton Harrison's pretty Virginia story, *Flower de Hundred.** It is pre-eminently one of those American novels of which we once heard an English woman say that they always made her hungry. Perhaps the feasting in the earlier half of the book was meant by way of provision for the fasting in the latter half, when the civil war had pretty much emptied Southern larders. It is a clever piece of work in several ways, sufficiently complicated in plot, agreeable in its presentation of character and manners, and, we suppose, faithful in its local color. Patriotic, too, in its way, and Union in its prevailing sentiment, even though its male Virginians all battle under the Confederate flag until Lee's surrender at Appomattox. The half-dozen pages devoted to the "patriot chief Garibaldi" and his doings at Palermo in 1860 are so much sheer pad, neither advancing the story, developing the character of Miles, nor otherwise of any use except to create a diversion and afford occasion for a letter to the heroine which might as well have been written from any other spot on the two continents as from Garibaldi's camp. But apart from this the book has no serious artistic blemish.

Whether it be the result of art or the gift of nature, Mr. Morley Roberts has a very direct and simple style which is in excellent keeping with the story† he has to tell. His hero has a blunt straightforwardness of diction and spins out his yarn of a sailor's year ashore, spent in winning his love and conquering his deadly enemy, in a very taking way. The action passes partly on shipboard, where a drunken captain, a mutinous Malay, and three pretty women make things lively; and partly in British Columbia, in farming, gold-mining, and lastly in some deadly fighting between the hero and the revengeful Malay, who has tracked him with the aid of another disreputable, but picturesque, rascal named Siwash Jim. Mr. Roberts shows evidence of other qualities that go to make a writer than the mere ability to tell a story well. His book shows observation and a shrewd knowledge of human nature.

When we have said that Ernst Eckstein's new romance‡ is

* *Flower de Hundred. The Story of a Virginia Plantation.* By Mrs. Burton Harrison. New York: Cassell Publishing Co.

† *The Mate of the Vancouver.* By Morley Roberts. New York: Cassell Publishing Co.

‡ *Hertha:* A Romance. By Ernst Eckstein. Translated by Mrs. Edward Hamilton Bell. New York: George Gottsberger Peck.

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well written and has been agreeably translated, we have exhausted all the praise we are able to give it. It is a painful and pernicious story of love misplaced and conjugal infidelity, and it has apparently no better reason for being than is supplied by the exigencies of a novelist by profession who must work at his calling if he would earn his bread. Hertha is a beautiful young girl who marries for love, or what she takes to be that feeling, a man some forty odd years her senior. After a period of great happiness, and the birth of their child, she meets an erratic artist between whom and herself a sympathy springs up which would have led to nothing had her husband been animated by anything higher than sentimental folly. Hertha is high-minded and naturally virtuous, and would never have been betrayed into misconduct. But Otto von Auzendorff, who has always felt that the disparity was too great between him and his wife, and who reads her nature very correctly, resolves to take himself out of her way by a suicide so managed that it shall seem an accidental death. Then, after a year or so, Hertha marries her artist, who turns out to be an uncommon scoundrel, who finally drives her into insanity by his infidelities and his cruelty to her boy. This is the gist of a story in which the scenes and characters are described with a somewhat heavy, Germanic attempt at vivacity, and considerable artistic skill. But as a whole it is a leaden, wholly earthly mass, unleavened by religious motives in any form and destitute of true conceptions of duty even on the merely human plane. It falls far beneath the level of the same author's historical romance, *Nero*, reviewed in this magazine some two years since.

I.—THE RECTOR OF THE CATHOLIC UNIVERSITY ON EDUCATION.*

Bishop Keane has been for many years one of the foremost of our prelates in promoting the cause of Catholic education. While Bishop of Richmond he provided that every parish in his diocese should have a parochial school. Since he resigned his bishopric to become Rector of the Catholic University, he has done more than any other man to place this important institute of the highest education on a solid foundation and to inaugurate successfully its curriculum of studies.

* *Christian Education in America.* A Lecture by Right Rev. John J. Keane, Bishop of Ajasso, Rector of the Catholic University of America. Washington, D. C.: The Church News Publishing Company.

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The present Lecture is a brief synopsis of several able and eloquent lectures delivered in various parts of our country during the past three years.

At his starting point, the Right Reverend Rector advances the proposition which is indisputable, that education, which means intellectual and moral development, is inseparable from civilization. The nature of the civilization determines that of the education. Heathen civilization was incurably vicious, and it abused education for the perpetuation of its false system. It was supplanted by Christian civilization. Stateolatry and Cæsarism, in which the individual is sacrificed to the political society, and the people enslaved to the sovereign power concentrated in the hands of one or a few.

The opposite error in heathenism was an extreme individualism.

The first principles of Christian civilization avoid both extremes. They recognize the worth of the individual, his rights derived from God and sacred before the state; but also his condition as a social being, having duties toward his fellow-beings, toward the state, and toward God. Christian civilization needs and produces Christian education. As the tendency of Christian civilization is toward the elevation of the great mass of the people, it demands a continual extension and improvement of popular education. As in our own republic popular institutions have attained their fullest development, popular education ought to be brought up to the highest mark. In order to be genuine and to fulfil its end, civilization must be Christian, and therefore education must be likewise Christian.

In our peculiar circumstances, the great practical problem to be solved is: How can the State do full justice to herself and her citizens, by doing full justice to Christianity in the schools? Another question of still greater and more pressing consequence is their duty. We conclude this brief notice by quoting the words of Bishop Keane at the end of his Lecture:

"That America will one day do this we cannot for a moment doubt. We have the fullest confidence in the fulfillment of her providential mission as a great Christian power in the world's future. We have fullest confidence in the good sense of the American people, and in their love of fair play. Therefore, we cannot but feel certain that America will yet make sure the foundations of her Christian civilization by providing for the youth of the land a system of Christian education. For that day we pray and we wait in patient hope.

"Meantime the duty of Christian parents, who love their

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children and their country as they ought, is manifest. They are bound to procure for their children, by their own exertions and with their own means, that greatest of all earthly blessings, the priceless boon of an education which, while thoroughly sound and thoroughly American, will also be thoroughly Christian. To this they are called by the voice of the Church, whose councils have repeatedly and emphatically declared that the spread of Christian education is the great work of the age, and that no parish is complete without a Christian school. To this they are called by the voice of nature, by the heaven-imposed obligations of parental duty and parental affection. Let them win their children's everlasting gratitude by giving them that best of all inheritances, an education fully fitting them for all their career, for all their duties to time and to eternity. To this they are likewise called by the voice of patriotism. For a while their country may misunderstand their action and misjudge their motives. This we profoundly regret; but it cannot deter us from doing our duty. We will push on in our glorious work, on towards the noble aim of placing the advantages of an excellent Christian education within the reach of every Catholic child in the land. And the day will surely come when, all prejudices and misunderstandings being dispelled, our country will do us justice, and recognize that we have indeed been her best friends.

"Brethren, the only sure foundation of both the Christian Church and the Christian State is Christian education. In God's name, let us redouble our energies, and make that foundation broad and solid and everlasting."

2.—A PROTESTANT VIEW OF CHRISTIANITY.*

We shall be a little curious to see how orthodox Protestants will attempt to treat Dr. Abbott's new philosophical views of religion, and more especially the application of his theory of evolution to the rise and progress of Christianity. Probably the majority of his critics will deny his theory as being fanciful, and, as applied to religion, an assumption wholly unwarranted. We think they will find it no easy task to refute him, and yet hold a secure vantage ground from which to reasonably defend the right of Protestantism to have come into existence at all. The theory is absurd enough, but it is based upon the Protestant postulate that man himself is the supreme judge of his right and due relations with God. He has simply pushed the Protestant right of private judgment to its logical consequences.

If man be the ultimate judge of religion, both of the assumed truths he is to hold and of the moral duties they impose, then, of course, all such truths and duties must be fully within

* *The Evolution of Christianity.* By Rev. Lyman Abbott, Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

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his scientific grasp, and subject to the investigation of reason alone. Hence, Dr. Abbott rightly concludes that there never was a supernatural revelation of divine truth or of the divine will, neither could be. Revelation, in a sense, there may be; but it is nothing more than an unfolding of self-consciousness.

He has to acknowledge, and, indeed, with singular oversight of the inexorable "laws" which the scientific and religious evolutionist appear to suppose both God and nature are equally subject to, claims that this development of self-consciousness reached, shall we say, an abnormal height in the persons of the patriarchs, the prophets, Christ, and the apostles. How or why they came to be thus suddenly enlightened to a degree far above their fellows in contravention to the orderly and uniform working of the "laws" of intellectual and moral evolution our nineteenth century prophet does not offer to explain. It looks a little as if he ought to feel himself to be one among those whom a sudden burst of self-consciousness had elevated to a higher plane of view than priest or prophet, or even Christ himself, ever attained. He has, if his theory be true; and he evidently sincerely believes in, and most diligently sets to work to substantiate its truth. He preaches to the world a new theory of religion which denies, as it must, all that mankind has hitherto believed and held as divinely true—the original constitution of man in integrity of nature; endowed with supernatural gifts and destiny; his fall, and its consequences; the redemption; the divinity of Christ; his sacrificial atonement; the supernatural merit of Christian suffering; the saved Christian's heaven and the lost Christian's hell.

With Dr. Abbott, therefore, Christianity does not place mankind in an order of regeneration, of restitution to primitive holiness and union with God. All men being "dead in Adam" means that they all began as barbarians, little removed from the physical, mental and spiritual attainments of the brute. Darwin, he assures us, has settled that beyond all question. When he comes to the consideration of the distinction between the human and divine nature he is driven to the conclusion that they are "essentially" identical. But, as his doctrine of evolution makes human nature "essentially" identical with material nature, it is plain that he is logically a Pantheist.

We feel it hardly worth our while to bring under review all his special points on the evolution of the Bible, of theology, of the church, of Christian society, of the soul. A few are noteworthy. Of the Protestant claim of infallibility for the Bible

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he says [page 29]: "As the battle between the Roman Catholic and the Protestant churches went on, the Protestant theologians, *for polemical reasons*, laid more and more stress on the authority of Scripture, and the doctrine of infallible inspiration crept into the church; with it came the general claim for the Bible that it is an infallible authority upon all subjects." He is wrong. It was not "for polemical reasons" alone. It was because common sense demanded for a divine revelation an infallible medium, and rejecting the infallible Church they were compelled to find an infallible authority somewhere else.

The Church was truly a living, infallible moral personality. The reformers gave a *quasi* personality to the Bible and claimed, as they were forced to do, infallibility for it. Dr. Abbott destroys the whole foundation of Protestantism when he says [page 36]: "An infallible book is an impossible conception."

On the evolution of theology he says that Protestantism was "a revolt against authority. It threw humanity back upon its own resources" [page 97]. Truly. It was a revolt against the authority of God as conveyed to man through the Church, and man repeated the sin of Adam, falling back upon unassisted nature and the authority of "self-consciousness," *i. e.*, upon human self-conceit, self-will and self-love. Protestantism is only one of the several revivals and repetitions of the sin in Eden. He acknowledges that the logical outcome of Protestantism was to incline man to fully trust his own spiritual consciousness, "which is, in the last analysis, the seat of authority in religion."

Discussing the evolution of the church he concludes that Protestantism has failed in producing unity, and "for a planetary system has substituted a universe of wandering comets," concluding with the usual Protestant wailing cry, "the problem of church unity remains still unsolved." What we are to think of his knowledge of the Catholic Church may be gained from the following bit of unmitigated bosh: "Take it for all in all, the Christian evolutionist sees in the Church of Rome, not an anti-Christ, but a specimen of arrested Christian development, the remedy for which is not war, but education; not theological polemics, but the school-house."

The implied calumny that the Catholic Church is inimical to education is unworthy of Dr. Abbott. The apostle declares that the Church is the spotless Bride of the Lamb. Dr. Abbott qualifies this by asserting that the Bride will be spotless sometime hence, but is not now. Certainly Protestantism is not; for he says "the Apostle had not a Solomon's harem in mind. When he

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declares that the church is the body in which God tabernacles he is not thinking of a number of *disjecta membra.* The river of God is not meant to separate into multitudinous streams as it nears the sea, like the Nile at the Delta. We do not come into the unity of the faith and of the knowledge of the Son of God, by splitting up into warring sects with polemical creeds and pugilistic piety. The glory of God in his church is not best seen by breaking it up into bits, each with its own peculiar shape and peculiar color, tumbled promiscuously together, and showing a new pattern with every turn of the kaleidoscope." If a Catholic had written that it would be counted as a railing accusation.

We commend the perusal of this remarkable work to those who wish to know what Protestantism is coming to, or rather what it has already come to, in the minds of its best and most intelligent representatives. Faith, as the evidence of things not seen, the substance of things hoped for, no longer exists among them. As a virtue uniting the soul, lost in Adam, to God through Christ revealed to man, faith has become a meaningless term. The whole creed, and its every separate article, is to be wiped off the slate. If the doctrine of religious evolution, as Dr. Abbott presents it, should prevail, one would need a glossary of obsolete terms to understand the meaning once given to this index of an effete superstition.

To call their proposed new religion, founded upon self-consciousness as ultimate authority, Christianity—a Christianity as it would be without the divine Christ as ultimate authority—is a palpable spiritual fraud.

We have no fears for true Christianity. We have for that Christianity which calls itself Protestantism. A better evidence of the impending ruin of the whole system could not be given than this book affords.

3.—GUIDES FOR CONVERTS.*

To clergymen having converts to instruct, especially missionaries who are called upon to give the first general instruction to those seeking admission to the Church before they are placed under systematic instruction by the clergy of the parish, these booklets of Father Burke will prove invaluable. They are admirable for their brevity and clearness. They will serve as the text of oral instruction which converts so much need, and from which they derive so much profit.

* *I. The Reasonableness of the Practices of the Catholic Church. II. The Reasonableness of the Ceremonies of the Catholic Church.* By Rev. J. J. Burke. New York, Cincinnati, and Chicago: Benziger Brothers. 1892.

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THE COLUMBIAN READING UNION.

ALL COMMUNICATIONS RELATING TO READING CIRCLES, LISTS OF BOOKS, ETC., SHOULD BE ADDRESSED TO THE COLUMBIAN READING UNION, NO. 415 WEST FIFTY-NINTH STREET, NEW YORK CITY.

THE Catholic Summer Assembly—or Summer School, as it is usually called—has had a goodly share of encouragement since its formation last May. Mr. Hugh F. Gillon, writing in the Lowell *Sun*, has given a very excellent statement of the work which has been planned for the present month at New London. He declares that it will be conceded that for the first session of the school the committee has been very wise in its selection of topics and lecturers. Those who do not intend to remain for the entire period will be able to proceed on the eclectic plan, and choose the lectures which they feel will be of the most profit.

The only difficulty will be to choose when all are so full of promise of interest and value. Probably the average attendant will be most attracted by the course on literature, as that will give opportunity to hear the greatest number of eminent literary men. But the other courses are equally fascinating, and all are on the very highest ground of timeliness and practical worth. The natural attractions of New London are many and varied, and the students, between lectures, will have leisure to wander among the trees and on the shore and ponder upon the great truths presented by distinguished thinkers. Accommodations for all who will attend, at prices suited to all purses, have been arranged for, and the practical portion of the school wants have been provided for.

So much for the scheme of the Summer School, so far as it has been formulated. But a word for the institution itself and what it signifies. It is exceedingly gratifying to see the ready approval it has met with from the ablest Catholics, clerical and lay; and it is no less pleasing to note the frank utterances that it has called forth. Earnest, conservative men and women have not hesitated to say that the Catholics of the United States should take in intellectual affairs the prominence that is theirs by right of inheritance and capacity. The Catholics of this day are the true heirs of the cultivation and civilization of the ages, the legatees of the men and women of earlier days who developed literature and the arts. That they have, so to speak,

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allowed themselves to be side-tracked by the later comers is a fault no longer to be tolerated. And it is evident that from the present time they are determined to be no longer in the background. This age is one of immense intellectual activity. By every reason under the sun Catholics are bound to be foremost in it; if they are not they are false to their traditions, disloyal to the teachings of religion, and, in a large sense, indifferent to the well-being of themselves and those within their influence.

It is refreshing to see men like Maurice Francis Egan telling plain truths about the past indifference of Catholics to work that involved using the minds that God has given them. He intimates, with force and truth, that Catholics have too long cultivated their heels at the expense of their heads; that they were past masters in the art of dancing while their intellectual achievements were *nil.* There are enough of Catholics who smart under this kind of reproach to make the effort to earn better judgments a success. Enough of them realize that dancing and frivolous amusements are pretty poor substitutes for the real pleasure which intellectual pursuits give, to afford encouragement to all interested in the development of Catholic America. Writers and publishers have reason to rejoice at the awakening that is going on. It means for them not only a larger share of material prosperity, but a wider and more cultivated public to address.

The fact that such an enterprise as the Summer School can be inaugurated without provoking sneers is, as Mr. Egan suggests, another proof of the progress the Catholic people are making. Not many years ago it would have been laughed down, and pronounced chimerical, if not uncatholic. Nobody thinks of doing that now. The Catholic Congress, and the Convention of the Apostolate of the Press, too clearly showed the material and capacity of the Catholic body to make it prudent for any one to scoff at any honest movement for Catholic advancement. Undoubtedly there are some good souls who inwardly doubt where all this sort of thing will end, and who fear the worst; but the guiding minds of the Church in the United States, the far-seeing prelates who are working in the present for the future, and allowing the past to take care of itself, these men are heart and soul responsive to every impulse of Catholic progress. They, in common with the lay people concerned in these endeavors, wish to see Catholics occupying positions of mental and intellectual prominence, not merely political, as too many Catholics have in the past sought to achieve. Whatever makes for the benefit of

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the Church and the faithful has their sanction and co-operation, and the mere incident that it has no precedent is not a fatal bar to approval. The Church in this country is becoming every day more and more the brightest jewel in the Papal crown, and this is because the work of Catholic intellectual development goes hand in hand with the moral and material progress of the people. It is in order to build up the Church in America into a great and commanding structure that our ablest leaders and laymen are so enthusiastic about such affairs as this Summer School.

In the years to come, and not so very far in the future either, the Catholic Church will have great problems to solve for the American people. Every such step as the Summer School is a step in preparation for that task, and when the time comes Catholics will be prepared to deal with the difficulties which those outside the Church may expect to encounter.

Let every Catholic, then, hope for abounding success for this latest venture. While there is no reason to fear that it will fail, let us hope that it will, like the two Conventions already alluded to, exceed the expectations of its founders in the same degree as they did. It should have the prayers and good wishes of every loyal Catholic, and the attendance and patronage of all who can find the necessary time to be present. Such a school will be, while a seeming innovation, in reality a revival of the old university system inaugurated by the Church long before Protestantism was thought of. It should be, if all goes well, such a success from the outset that the multitudinous schools supported during the summer by non-Catholics shall be unable to name one to compare with it. That it will be of immense value to all who hear and discuss the lectures is assured in advance. That it will also be for them an occasion for the formation of many delightful associations is also true. Its full success as its projectors desire will mean the establishment of other such schools throughout the country, and consequently an advance all along the line for the Church in the United States.

* * *

To secure and retain the confidence of leading thinkers of educational prominence, the officers of the Catholic Summer School must keep in view the main object of the movement, which is to foster intellectual culture in harmony with true faith. To concentrate attention exclusively upon this main object it may be necessary to decline many invitations to provide for the demands of mere pleasure-seekers. All matters relating to the future development of the movement should be judged by the

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standard of excellence which will command respect from the earnest workers in the cause of Christian education. The officers who stand responsible to the Catholic public for this first session are well qualified by personal experience in various departments of public instruction to decide on the ways and means of furthering the work which they have undertaken. Intelligent suggestions in writing will no doubt be made by many of those who attend the Summer School, and will receive careful consideration.

* * *

SYLLABUS OF LECTURES ON ETHICS.

By the Rev. P. A. Halpin, S.J., Vice-President of St. Francis Xavier's College, New York City.

August 1.—The science of morality; elementary notions; rise; progress; divisions of the science; constituents and conditions of human action.

August 2.—The end of human action; the nature and pursuit of happiness.

August 3.—The human will and man's activity; characteristics of free action; human action and its modifiers; the passions.

August 4.—Morality: its concept and foundation; right and wrong; systems.

August 5.—Law in general; the eternal, the natural law.

August 8.—Chief characteristics of natural law.

August 9.—Positive law; whence it derives its origin and force.

August 10.—Conscience; virtue; vice.

August 11.—Nature of right; domestic society; marriage; family.

August 12.—Rights and duties of parents.

SYLLABUS OF LECTURES ON LITERATURE.

Three lectures on Shakspere, by Maurice Francis Egan, LL. D., of Notre Dame University, Notre Dame, Ind.:

August 2.—"The Influence of Shakspere's Youth."

The predecessors of Shakspere and the Catholic tendency of those predecessors; their influence on Spenser; the discrepancy between the fifth act of Henry VIII. and the rest of the play; the contrast between Shakspere and Spenser; *a*, Spencer's subservience to Elizabeth, *b*, his sneers at Mary Stuart, *c*, Shakspere's reverence for Catholic traditions, *d*, his avoiding of temptations to please Elizabeth's politicians; the school-boy of the time (A.D. 1571); Stratford in Shakspere's boyhood; the pictures of these early days found in his plays; the school-room and the Stratford Guild; Shakspere's early life in London;

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Southwell; Shakspere and Marlowe; Shakspere's life as shown in his plays; his religious spirit as compared with Ben Jonson and Webster.

August 3.—"A New Reading of 'Hamlet.'"

Miss Gilchrist's theory of punctuation; her view of the character of Ophelia; the influences that moulded Laertes and Ophelia; Polonius, servile, selfish, worldly; his famous speech interpreted; the question of expurgation; the critic who finds the meaning of "Hamlet" elusive does not understand the play as the Elizabethans understood it; Shakspere always an Elizabethan; the manners of the time; Shakspere a realist in "Hamlet"; Hamlet never insane; the ethics of Hamlet the result of Catholic teaching; Shakspere and Sir Walter Scott; the supernatural in "Hamlet"; justice, not revenge; Hamlet errs by putting vengeance above justice; the meaning of the play.

August 4.—"Analysis of the 'Merchant of Venice.'"

Womanhood in Dante, Shakspere and Goëthe; Portia, Cordelia, Ophelia; the philosophy of the "Merchant"; Portia the central character; the "Merchant" not a comedy, but a tragedy; the position of the Jews in Europe (see Mgr. Seton's *Essays, chiefly Roman*); Shakspere's humanity compared with the brutality of Marlowe and Webster; Antonio a good man, with the faults of his time; Jessica, true to life; Lorenzo's future; the clown in Shakspere; old and young Gobbo; Touchstone; note of sadness in Antonio repeated in Jaques and culminating in Hamlet; Henry Giles' opinion of Shakspere's gravity; the womanliness of Portia; Bassanio's future; the dramatic qualities of the play; the "Merchant" one of the strongest of the dramas; if it can be called a comedy, the best of the comedies; the touches of sentiment in Shylock; the ethics of the play not the result of the Renaissance spirit, so far as it was pagan, but of that spirit, as far as it was Christian; the art of the dramatic part; an analysis of the contents in the "Merchant"; the effect of character on character; a few words on the study of the "Merchant."

Five lectures by Richard Malcolm Johnson, Esq., of Baltimore, Md.:

August 8.—"The Ancient Drama, Drama of the Middle Age, and the Modern English Drama."

August 9.—"English Dramatists before Shakspere."

August 10.—"Shakspere's Sonnets."

August 11.—"Shakspere's Comedies."

August 12.—"Shakspere's Tragedies."

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Two Lectures by Professor Ernest Lagarde, of Mt. St. Mary's, Emmittsburg, Md.:

August 16.—"The Elizabethan Drama."

Shakspere's origin; glance at his plays; their number and various editions; Shakspere's religion; his father's frequent absence from church; opinions of various writers regarding Shakpere's Catholicity; the learning of Shakspere.

August 17.—Shakspere's faults and merits; his vocabulary, its proportions and extent; figures of speech; character of the play, "Henry V."; analysis of "Hamlet."

August 18.—Synopsis of Lecture on "The Pole-Star of American Literature," by George Parsons Lathrop, LL.D., of New London, Conn.:

Early literature of the Colonies; Puritan thought; the power of conscience; development of American literature after establishment of the Republic; Benjamin Franklin and the common sense philosophy; later development in fiction, history, poetry, and philosophy; the religious element in Longfellow, Whittier, Lowell, Emerson, Hawthorne, and others; philosophy of Emerson and Brownson; future of American literature.

August 19.—A lecture on "Our Catholic Heritage in Literature," by Brother Azarias, of De La Salle Institute, New York City.

SYLLABUS OF LECTURES ON HISTORY.

August 1.—"Philosophy of History as Applied to the Church," by C. M. O'Leary, LL.D., of Manhattan College, New York City.

Synopsis: Definition; illustrations from ancient and modern historians; the search for the ultimate cause; ecclesiastical history; rise and spread of Christianity; the persecutions; mediæval times; the Crusades; attitude of the Church towards the French and American Revolutions; the temporal power and existing governments.

August 20.—"The Early Days of the Papacy," by the Rev. J. F. Loughlin, D.D., of Philadelphia, Pa.

Synopsis: Growth of Papacy not due to Papal aggression, but to intrinsic necessity; the Papacy *ab initio* the *rock* on which the Church was founded; its legitimate power develops with growth of Church.

August 8.—"The Great Schism of the West," by the Rev. H. A. Brann, D.D., of New York City:

August 9 and 10.—"The Vatican Council and Papal Infallibility," by the Rev. Thomas L. Kelly, M.A., of Mt. St. Mary's College, Emmittsburg, Md.

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August 16.—"Columbus and the New World," by Richard Clarke, LL.D., of New York City.

August 17.—"Early Catholic Missions" (illustrated), by Marc F. Vallette, LL.D., of Brooklyn, N. Y.:

Synopsis: I. Ante-Colonial and Early Colonial Missions—St. Brendin; Spanish missionaries of the Columbian period; Franciscans and Dominicans in the South.

August 18.—II. Colonial Period—Jesuit Missions in the North and Northwest; general review; historical inaccuracies corrected.

August 19.—"Did the Norsemen Discover America?" by Charles G. Herbermann, LL.D., of the College of the City of New York, New York City:

Synopsis: Discoveries of the Norsemen do not affect the glory of Columbus; Who were the Norsemen? condition of Norway, A.D. 1000; settlement of Iceland; settlement of Greenland by Eric the Red; discovery of land to the West; his return; voyage of Thurston Ericsson; voyage of Karl Safne; last voyage of the Norsemen; Was the land discovered America? (Consult Reeve's *History of Wineland the Good;* Hrafit's *Antiquitates Americanæ;* Fiske's *Discovery of America*).

SYLLABUS OF LECTURES ON CHRISTIAN AHTHROPOLOGY, by the Rev. Thomas Hughes, S.J., of St. Louis University, St. Louis, Mo.:

August 15.—I. "The Prehistoric Difficulty."

The history of civilization and of barbarism; the geographical outlines of the prehistoric; lands and nations that were never out of the light of documentary history; the effort to interpret the prehistoric difficulty by means of geology.

August 16.—II. Archæology:

Ages of metal; ages of stone, polished stone, chipped stone; epochs, periods and formations as bearing on the history of man; the civilization of the prehistoric man.

August 17.—III. Palæontology:

Extinct animal life, once contemporaneous with man; the time it must have taken for that life to be extinguished; the positive result of these observations.

August 18.—IV. Anthropology (strictly so-called):

The charactersitics of the prehistoric man; the possibility of his existence in the tertiary age; the idea of species; of race: Are all human remains to be referred to one species, under the varieties of many races? indirect argument, the analogies of the lower orders; physical variations.

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August 18.—V. Results of Direct Observations:

All human varieties referable to the modifications of one species; physically and physiologically; the community of intellectual qualities of speech; of moral qualities; the unity and variety conspicuous in the arguments urged against these results of observation.

August 19.—VI. "How Races Come to Be Formed:"

Conditions of life, or environment; some conditions of existence vitiated; the racial nature common to all men; the racial nature as differentiated; migrations, hunters, shepherds, farmers. Acclimatization and the cost thereof; the blending again of races once formed; the man of the past, the present, and the future, as seen in the light of the prehistoric, of history, and of natural science.

SYLLABUS OF LECTURES ON MISCELLANEOUS TOPICS.

August 11.—"The Discoveries of Astronomy no Argument Against Revelation," by the Rev. G. M. Searle, C.S.P., of the Catholic University of America, Washington, D.C.

Theme: The size of the universe and the probability of other habitable worlds do not conflict with the revealed doctrines of the Incarnation and Redemption; discussion of the question of a plurality of worlds.

August 4.—"The Catholic Church and Socialism," by Condé B. Pallen, Ph.D., of St. Louis, Mo.

August 5.—"The Science of Comparative Religion; Its Methods Scope and Value," by Merwin-Marie Snell, of the Catholic University of America, Washington, D.C.

August 1.—"The Church and Civil Liberty," by Professor John Brophy, of St. Louis College, New York City:

Charges made against the Church; those charges refuted by an examination of the necessity of society and of civil government; the divine origin and divine right of civil government; how and in whom the divine right of civil government is vested.

August 12.—"Some Principles of Political Economy, with Their Application," by Charles W. Sloan, Esq., of New York City:

Growth in England of the study of political economy; leading principles of the English economists; applications to social science of economic theories; the unearned increment; theories of George, Proudhon, Marx; growth of capital and present economic conditions; the Papal Encyclical on the Condition of Labor.

August 5.—"Science and Revealed Religion," by the Rev. D. J. O'Sullivan, S.J., of Woodstock, Md.

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August 3.—"The Relations of Capital and Labor," by the Rev. Réné J. Holaind, S.J., of Woodstock, Md.

SYLLABUS OF EVENING LECTURES.

August 2.—"The Literature of Moral Loveliness," by Miss Katherine E. Conway, of Boston, Mass.

August 4.—"John Boyle O'Reilly" (illustrated), by Miss Katharine A. O'Keeffe, of Lawrence, Mass.

August 9, 10, 11.—"Egyptology and the Bible," by the Rev. John Walsh, of St. Joseph's Seminary, Troy, N. Y.:

These lectures will be illustrated with stereopticon views.

August 9.—Egypt and Egyptology in General.
August 10.—Points of Contact (ancient).
August 11.—Points of Contact (modern).

August 15.—"Mexico; Religious and Progressive," by Mrs. Mary Elizabeth Blake, of Boston, Mass.

August 18.—"Our Obligations to Catholic Authors," by the Rev. Thomas McMillan, C.S.P., of New York City.

The first session of the Catholic Summer School will open with an informal reception under the auspices of St. John's Literary Society, of New London, Conn., Saturday evening, July 30. The formal opening will take place at St. Mary's Church, on Sunday, July 31, at 10:30 A.M., when Solemn Pontifical Mass will be sung by the Right Rev. Lawrence S. McMahon, D.D., Bishop of Hartford.

The sermon at the Pontifical Mass, July 31, will be delivered by the Rev. W. O'B. Pardow, S.J.—Subject: "The Catholic Church and Reason;" and the preacher at the evening service on the same date will be the Rev. Morgan M. Sheedy, of Pittsburgh, Pa.—Subject: "The Church and Intellectual Development;" on Sunday, August 7, the Rev. Walter Elliott, C.S.P., of the Church of St. Paul, the Apostle, New York City, will preach on "The Apostolate of the Press;" and on Sunday, August 14, the Rev. M. J. Lavelle, rector of St. Patrick's Cathedral, New York City, will discuss the subject of "The Church and Education."

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WITH THE PUBLISHER.

ALL that the Publisher had to say of the hot weather in the last issue of the magazine holds good for the present. He is well aware that the standing of the mercury for the past month, added to what the weather wise-acres predict of the future, make it difficult for him to rouse his readers to anything like enthusiasm: the heat being in inverse ratio to effort.

But there are some people in the world to whom this does not seem to apply, even when they dwell in Southern latitudes. Let the Publisher show this by the extremely peppery letter which follows:

"———, Miss., July 5, 1892.

"REV. DEAR SIR:

"Please discontinue sending me THE WORLD from this date, and kindly send it, until expiration of my subscription, to some New England negro-phil—[I beg pardon, I should have said friend of the 'Afro-American']—who will be better able than I am to appreciate the beauties of 'Judge' Albion W. Tourgee's Nigger-Equality, atheistical literature, like that which is the subject of the enclosed eulogy. I shall confidently expect THE WORLD to march with the progress of that species of modern transcendental drivel denominated 'thought,' and to gradually develop into a genuine admirer of Harriet B. Stowe, John Brown, and Garibaldi.

"Still, though Archbishop Ireland, with the aid of THE WORLD, may succeed in de-Christianizing our Catholic schools in the interests of the Republican party, nevertheless, the doctrine of advanced miscegenation as promulgated by him two years ago at Washington, and as vehemently advocated by the admired 'Judge' Tourgée, G. W. Cable, and others, will meet from all *Southern* Catholics at least, and I believe from the overwhelming majority of *Northern* Catholics, with an emphatic 'Tolerari NON Potest'!

"The great overshadowing issue of the age, the question of questions, dwarfing into insignificance all other issues, religious, social, and political, the preservation of race purity, the salvation of our country from mongrelization, is, thank God, *our* question to solve, and we will solve the problem in our own way, regardless of such hideous teaching as those of 'Judge' Tourgée and his admirers, both Catholic and atheistic, even though in the solution of the problem we may occasionally have to be guilty of the 'National Crime' of forcibly depriving the poor innocent 'Afro-American' of his 'privilege' of ravishing our Southern white women!

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"It is to be hoped that THE CATHOLIC WORLD in this, as in many other respects, does not reflect the views of the Church in New York or any where else—except, possibly, the archdiocese of St. Paul. Very respectfully, ———"

The passage that called forth this letter is found in the July issue of THE CATHOLIC WORLD. We reproduce it here that our readers may see both, side by side, to give the whole matter something of the "deadly parallel" effect, and to assist the reader in his comments. The Publisher will not himself make any comment: he is quite satisfied to let the matter rest with the jury of his readers. He thinks that they will be the best judges of the justice of the charges made in this letter against THE CATHOLIC WORLD:

"Judge Tourgée's new book is a very strong one. The Negro question, as it confronts civilization and Christianity in this country, has never before to our thinking, been put into so telling and compact a shape. The author, not a Catholic by the way, is careful to make his indictment of Christianity, 'the worship of the White Christ,' applicable to Protestantism only. And his heroine, if the book can fairly claim one, which is doubtful, Pactolus Prime himself occupying nearly the whole stage, but she, at all events, who come nearest to that *rôle*, disappears at the close into a convent of Sisters of Mercy, there to devote herself to work among the colored people. Judge Tourgée's point, made with reiteration and enforced in many and most cogent ways, is that in dealing with the Negro, it is white sentiment, white civilization, white Christianity that needs to be modified. If equality of right, privilege, and opportunity is secured to the colored people, they desire nothing more. They ask for no special privileges, no peculiar consideration, no distinctive favor. For concise and convincing expression and illustration of this view the five chapters beginning with that styled 'An Assessment of Damages,' and ending with 'A Basis of Composition,' have no parallel that we know of. They consist of a series of talks, passing on Christmas morning, at Prime's boot-blacking 'stand,' between him and certain of his customers. Among these are a senator, a lawyer, a reporter, a drummer, a Union soldier, a not-quite reconstructed Southerner, and a minister. In so far as the book is a story we find it a trifle obscure in places. But as an indictment, a plea, a warning, and especially in the chapter where Dr. Holbrook expounds the 'Law of Progress,' as a menace, it lacks neither definiteness nor convincing power. The chapter just alluded to is full of suggestion and especially worthy of serious consideration. We congratulate the writer on this book. His colored fellow-citizens should owe him an immense debt of gratitude for it. As for white Christians, it behooves all of us, even though Judge Tourgée explicitly exempts Catholics from his sweeping censure, to consider how we may mend our ways, and by act and prayer

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and penance help to expiate and repair a national crime whose consequences were too far-reaching to be obliterated by a civil-war and an emancipation proclamation. Christianity, in a word, needs to permeate our minds, to mould our convictions, to get hold of our prejudices, if it is to be a working force in our civilization. If he can succeed in planting that fruitful germ in the minds of his white readers, Judge Tourgée will have done a work than which we can think of none more important or more timely. But he is ploughing a desperately stubborn soil."

Quite in marked contrast to the letter above quoted is the postscript of another subscriber:

"I am more than pleased with THE WORLD. I look anxiously for its coming every month, with its feasts of essays, book-reviews, etc. I am sure to find in it the freshest thought of the times."

BOOKS RECEIVED.

POETICAL WORKS OF J. C. HEYWOOD. Second revised edition. Vols. I. and II. London and New York: Burns & Oates (Limited).

FAITH. By Don Armando Palacio Valdes. Translated from the Spanish by Isabel F. Hapgood. New York: Cassell Publishing Co.

THE WRECKER. By Robert Louis Stevenson and Lloyd Osbourne. Illustrated by William Hole and W. L. Metcalf. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

THE BULL CALF AND OTHER TALES. By A. B. Frost. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

FASTI MARIANI sive calendarium festorum Sanctæ Mariæ Virginis Deiparæ. Memoriis historicis illustratum. Auctore F. G. Holweck, sacerdote archidioecesis Sancti Ludovici (Mo.), U. S. Americanæ. Cum approbatione Revmi. Archiep. Friburg. St. Louis, Mo., U. S. A.: B. Herder.

ALL FOR THE SACRED HEART. Exercises and prayers of saints and pious authors. Translated from the French, and edited by Mrs. T. F. Meagher and Miss A. G. de Blossieres. New York: P. J. Kenedy.

THE DISCOVERY OF AMERICA BY CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS. By Harry Hakes, M.D., Wilkes-Barre, Pa.: Robert Baur & Son.

THE CONFESSOR AFTER GOD'S OWN HEART. From the French of the third edition of Rev. Father L. J. M. Cros, S.J. Dublin: Browne & Nolan, 1892.

A BRIEF TEXT BOOK OF LOGIC AND MENTAL PHILOSOPHY. By Rev. Charles Coppens, S.J. New York: The Catholic Publication Society Co.

PAMPHLETS RECEIVED.

CATHOLICITY AND THE AMERICAN MIND. By George Parsons Lathrop. Pamphlet No. 19. St. Paul, Minn.: Catholic Truth Society of America.

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THE

CATHOLIC WORLD.

VOL. LV. SEPTEMBER, 1892. NO. 330.

HOME RULE OR EGOTISM?

THE American people have all along watched the struggle in Ireland with interest. Their sympathies were with the weaker side. They themselves had given proofs of their devotion to the principles of liberty and reason; and, therefore, they could not approve of a policy of violence and injustice in Ireland. They knew much of her history. They had seen a people, endowed with many excellent qualities, denied the power of making their country prosperous, and compelled to seek elsewhere the means of personal advancement. But, in common with the rest of the world, they had been led to believe that the troubles of Ireland were in some degree due to the faults of her own children.

It was, therefore, with supreme satisfaction that they witnessed the rise of the Irish National Party. They saw that, since the Home Rule movement began, the electors of Ireland had cast aside all distracting influences, and concentrated their attention upon sending a band of representatives to Parliament who would speak with one voice. The solemn pledge to be taken by each member of the Parliamentary party was a guarantee that the old sin of dissension should be allowed no place in their counsels or their actions. The consistency, earnestness, and discipline with which for years the party acted, afforded an assurance that when Irishmen should have obtained this freedom they would prove worthy of it.

The unhappy division in the Irish party gave a shock to this confidence. Men asked themselves, could such a people ever attain a considerable object? The greatest statesman of modern times had sacrificed power for them; but, regardless of this, they seemed determined to play the game of his enemies and their

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own. They acted as though their adversaries were right in regarding them as a nation of children—gifted children, perhaps—but capable of nothing unless moulded, guided, ruled by stronger wills than their own.

The result of the general election has, to some extent, restored confidence in the strength and steadiness of the national character. But it must be kept in mind that, in 1886, Ireland sent eighty-five Home Rule members out of a Parliamentary representation of one hundred and three. There are now but seventy-one members to maintain the old policy, together with nine members who may maintain it or not as each one of these last, in his infallible judgment, thinks proper. This is a perfectly fair statement of the case. On the most favorable view this means that Home Rule has lost five seats, equal to ten on a division; on any other view that it has lost fourteen seats, equal to twenty-eight on a division—a change that would justify the Tories in asserting that there is a reaction towards imperialism in Ireland. In other words, that those who are responsible for the disastrous result of the last election have declared, in act if not in word, that Ireland must still be ruled as a conquered country. The *Times* and the Tories could not ask more from them.

There is only one way out of this difficulty—and that is for those nine gentlemen to throw in their lot with the majority. There can be no excuse now for two parties. As long as those who are called Parnellites could say that they had a large support in the country they might be pardoned for not surrendering their pretensions to represent the national will. Judicious men might, even then, hold that they and their supporters were utterly mistaken as to the true policy, but that they were honestly mistaken. But they are annihilated as a party now. They have no power except that of mischief; and it has never yet been held that *the power of doing mischief* is alone a sufficient reason for the existence of a political party.

Some plan surely can be devised by the patriotism of all to end these unhappy differences. In the heat of controversy things have been said on both sides that it were better had been left unsaid. But such enmities are not unappeasable. All worked together once in harmony, encountered the same opponents, and were subjected to the same slanders. They were dragged before those petty star chambers where the law and constitution were borne down, and together they were arraigned before the inquisitors of the Parnell Commission. Against them the government of Mr. Balfour employed the disused instruments of old English

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and continental despotism. They were rewarded for what they endured by the gratitude of their country.

And to obtain such a reward no sacrifice is too great. What is a pique, a petty resentment, a mortified vanity, in face of the love and gratitude of one's people? Who in the history of any country was so slighted, outraged, and humiliated as our own Sarsfield? His experience was undervalued, his advice scorned, his great services derided. These insults must have burned into his heart and brain; but he thought only of Ireland, labored only for her, and her name was the last upon his lips.

There is a story told of Henry Grattan. From the first he was the champion of the Catholic claims. Every one understands how a young man is tempted to appropriate the glory of a great political reform; he is almost jealous of assistance, lest it should rob him of some part of the renown. But Grattan was superior to such weakness; and, in order to secure the support of the Volunteer delegates on the question, he played a trick upon Lord Charlemont by which the latter became the unconscious exponent of the Catholics and obtained the credit of a liberality to which he had no title. Whoever takes into account the austere and lofty disposition of Grattan—in so many respects like the elder Pitt, but surpassing Pitt in those commanding elements which make fame imperishable—will see in this incident a most striking proof of his fidelity to the principles to which his life was consecrated. He slipped a resolution in favor of Catholic relief into Charlemont's pocket, which that very respectable but bigoted statesman afterwards produced among others that were to be adopted by the Volunteer Convention. If Grattan were merely a popularity-hunter or a time-server he would not have done this. If he had not done it, the great influence of Charlemont would have been cast against the Catholics. What do Mr. Redmond and Mr. Harrington say to this?

The story of Ireland is full of instances of such silent and unostentatious devotion. How few names have come down to us of the Irish officers in the different European armies who, during the sixteenth, seventeenth, and eighteenth centuries, saved part of their scanty pay to provide a military chest for the freedom of their country? Some names we know, but we are informed that all, or almost all, denied themselves comforts for this object. Of the millions of Irish birth or race in America or elsewhere in exile, there is hardly a man, woman, or child who has not offered something on that altar, whether freedom was to be obtained by war or policy; and shall we be told that the

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nine Parnellite members and those who follow them alone shall make no sacrifice for their country's good?

How far the Parnellites consider that they are entitled to take their own course in consequence of the election I don't pretend to judge. I assume that they were returned as Nationalists and Home Rulers; and that they did not dare to ask the suffrages of the electors on the ground that Mr. Balfour governed Ireland well and wisely; and that those who, under his miniature "Reign of Terror," were imprisoned, starved to death, jail-ruled to death or shot dead at public meetings only got their deserts. Therefore, they must have been elected substantially to support Mr. Gladstone's policy, even if the electors did not expressly require them to unite with the rest of the Irish members. But this at least is clear: they were returned in 1886 to support Mr. Gladstone's policy.

Now, these gentlemen, as well as the majority, should recollect what gave them authority to speak in the name of Ireland or now gives them a right to speak in the name of any part of the people, be it great or small. It was not their commanding talents, their high social position, their wealth, or any recognized title to distinction. They owe all to accidental circumstances by which they were brought from obscurity into prominence. As long as in a compact body and as the delegates of the people they expressed the national demand, they spoke with the voice of Ireland and the influence of her great traditions. They have no claim to the *status* of legislators in the accepted sense, much less to that of dictators of a new policy. As I have already said, the whole weight of the Irish people was flung forward in sustainment of Mr. Gladstone's policy, and the members were sent only as delegates to assert it. It seems, therefore, clear that the assumption of independence is a betrayal or forgetfulness of this trust by these gentlemen.

When Mr. Sadlier accepted a lordship of the treasury, Mr. Keogh the solicitor-generalship, and Mr. O'Flaherty a commissionership of income tax, in 1852, the general feeling of the Tenant League was that they did not keep within the lines of duty. Some persons—those in the habit of using strong language—said they were traitors; that they ruined the cause of Tenant Right; that they were responsible for the notices to quit which fell like snow-flakes over the country; responsible for the wide-spread breaking up of homes which followed that election, when voters were evicted by the thousand in every county in Ireland. I don't care who may be found among the

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supporters of these infamous ruffians, their treason was not justified by such support. It is enough that they blasted the people's hopes for many a year. Their own was the infamy and the reward.

The point here is that these men were elected to carry on a policy of *independent opposition*, as it was called, and not to take place. They were limited to that duty. If covenants between man and man have one scintilla of obligation, they were bound to observe that to which they had pledged themselves. It is not supposed that any of the Irish members have deliberately adopted a policy hostile to the national movement. Present circumstances would hardly favor it in any case. At least it would be wise to keep such an intention as secret as the treason of those whose names were so long hidden in the list of secret pensions and rewards.

But friends in the wrong may be more dangerous than enemies. An honest purpose does not make a blunder useful; but a series of disastrous blunders cannot well be distinguished from a settled purpose of betrayal. If a man throws sixes every time he takes the dice-box in his hand, he has something more than mere good luck upon his side.

The opinion of a man's adversaries upon his public conduct is sometimes a good test of his fidelity to party obligations. Who are the members from among those accused before the Parnell Commission who now receive most approval from the *Times* and the Tories? Which section of the National Party relied upon Tory support at the election? If public men suddenly obtain praise from those who used to vilify them, they should search their hearts for the motives of the conduct that produced the change of opinion.

The praise of the *Times* has been always deemed the worst judgment that could be pronounced upon an Irish patriot. The Irish Tories describe the majority of their countrymen as their ancient and irreconcilable enemies. They use the Blennerhassets and the Maguires, the Flanagans and the Pigotts, as their instruments, but they do not respect them. They would take the aid of better men as the occasion answered, and fling them aside like broken tools when it had passed. It is sad in the extreme that what is at the best but a wild and unreasoning loyalty to a great memory (which, unfortunately, set in darkness) should be allowed to work madness in minds that could be so well employed in the service of their country.

What is it to the "loyal minority" if the cause of Home

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Rule be wrecked through a fanatical devotion to the name of Parnell or to a baser motive? The first is even cheaper to them. Their new allies, as the Scotch proverb would express it, "are going to the devil in a dish-clout." They have not even the sense to put money in their purse. One is amazed that men with the history of their country open before them would play the game of the enemy by their dissensions. Their crafty and able opponents can turn about as the game goes on, play Tory or Liberal, Orange or Green, as either serves their turn—and fools accept the counterfeit for genuine coin. The Parnellites boast that they can get a better measure of Home Rule from the Tories than from Mr. Gladstone. Even if they obtained half of the Irish representation—instead of nine members amenable to no authority—the Tories of Ireland, practiced in the game of deceit, would use them like pawns until the hour was ripe to sweep them from the chess-board.

It must never be forgotten that the Tories started the Home Rule movement to be revenged on Mr. Gladstone for disestablishing the church. It is not so long ago since they threatened to join the national movement, even with their own party in power, because an order of council struck a blow at the Irish cattle trade. By the aid of the Nationalists the blow was averted and the Tories made up for their politic exhibition of patriotism by increased zeal against it. In the present state of Ireland no honest Nationalist can act with them—no matter what may be the inducement. They possess the subtle and overmastering insight of an oligarchy long experienced in the devious ways of government. Strong, confident, fierce, and inscrutable, they have made all the power of England, and all the resources of Ireland, for two centuries subject to their will.

With great respect, then, for the earthenware pots, they are reminded that they cannot safely go down the stream with the iron vessels. The potsherds had better keep the others at arm's length, for these are Turkish pachas, man-eaters, ogres. They have been eating the people like bread since Swift wrote his *Modest Proposal* as they did before it. They will eat ye up, if they get the chance, O most inharmonious Nine!

It is only just to give those who forget their duty to the country in the present crisis a gentle reminder, from the report of the Parnell Commission, of the manner in which the Tories with whom they desire to be thought in alliance treated them. I quote from page four of the *Daily News Report*. It reports Sir Richard Webster's reference to two Irish members of Parlia-

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ment, one of them an Irish barrister, as follows: "As Mr. Harris was the Parliamentary hero in Galway, so Mr. Harrington was the hero in Kerry. It was Mr. Harrington who said that land-grabbers should be shunned as if they had the small-pox. That was a specimen of a kind of oratory of which it was impossible to exaggerate the wickedness." Does Mr. Harrington forget the indignity put upon him by the whole Tory party through their counsel?

He is charged with inciting to every species of crime and outrage during that unhappy period. Professional courtesy is flung aside in order to involve him in a charge of conspiracy with the lowest and most illiterate, the most reckless and criminal of those whose acts shocked the public conscience of the time. He is made one with the orators who described the land-grabber as "a louse," as a "rapacious beast," "low-life cur," "a reptile," "a putrid companion." He is associated with the village *vehme-Gericht* in decreeing the death of Lord Mountmorres; and is made one of the revelers in the witches Sabbath at the mock funeral of the process-server Finlay.

There is at page thirty-five the incident so deeply humiliating which arose out of the attorney-general's question to a witness named Sullivan. "Had any one spoken to him during the adjournment for luncheon? Had the two Mr. Harringtons seen him? In an instant Mr. T. Harrington was on his legs, protesting warmly. 'An impudent suggestion on the attorney-general's part,' exclaimed Mr. E. Harrington. 'This is irregular, and, as a member of the bar, you know it,' the president interposed sharply." Then we have the flight of the commissioners, and we are informed that, amidst the hubbub and laughter, Mr. Harrington "packed up his blue bag, as if, like the philosophic 'coon in the Yankee's story, he anticipated the worst."

I offer no comment on this account from a friendly paper; but I suggest that Mr. Harrington must have brought the virtue of forgiveness of insult where his enemies are concerned to an incredible height of perfection; while retaining the most implacable resentment against those who, by ties of common country, the bonds of party honor, and of community of service and of suffering, should be bound to him in the strongest links of friendship. In connection with this matter, I may add that Mr. Harrington behaved with manliness and dignity, when the resolution to censure Sir Richard Webster was proposed in the House of Commons. A man capable of acting as he then did from that feeling of self-respect which I hope shall always animate the

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bar of Ireland, should find no difficulty in allowing friends to pave the way for union with the majority; or, better still, in himself proposing to let the dead past bury its dead.

In selecting Mr. Harrington from those who were made targets for the malignant attacks of the enemies of the national organization, I bear in mind the administrative talent he displayed in controling it. It seemed clear enough that he was the true chief secretary at the time. He kept in hand the loose and impetuous elements of society which Mr. Balfour's policy was driving to disorder. The country should not be deprived of the services of a man so capable, and I trust that he will realize what he owes to the country and his own character.

It is with a feeling akin to nightmare, that one recognizes the phase of the recent revolt which aims at turning the people against their oldest and truest friends. At the Parnell Commission, if anything was demonstrated at all, it was that the priesthood of Ireland were one in heart and soul with their people. It is no light thing that the Parnellites should themselves weaken the effective force of the national will; but it is simply monstrous that, under any pretense whatever, they should seek to deprive the people of the aid and guidance of a large body of men especially capable of encouraging, animating, and controling them.

Take up the evidence of his grace the Archbishop of Dublin before the Commission, and in it blazes clear as the sun at noon proof of the unconquerable fidelity and profound wisdom with which the Irish priesthood clung to the fortunes and sustained the courage of their flocks. To his testimony, in an incomparably greater degree than to anything else, the breakdown of that vast conspiracy against the Irish people must be attributed. But in his spirit he is one of those pastors whose teaching and example kept up the people's hopes amid the terrors of the penal times. Akin to an alliance with the Orangemen is the cry of "no priests in politics."

But where would the national cause be but for the priests? The people, robbed by the law, starved by the law, condemned to ignorance by the law, were at the mercy of men responsible to no one. They were born into a degrading servitude, and passed their lives in fear. They saw their goods seized, their hovels leveled, the sanctity of their affections violated by a power which would have brutalized their minds to the level of their bondage were it not that the visits of the priest, the words of the priest, the courage of the priest, kept alive the light of a life which tyrants could not extinguish.

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Gentlemen should recall these things to memory. They can point to no such services—what they have done for the people is as a water-drop to the ocean in comparison to what the priests of Ireland have done and dared. "To the lamp-posts with the priests!" cries every village Robespierre. And so we are to enter on a new era of reason, when liberty, like a harlot, shall sit in the seat of the dethroned church of Ireland, and present the chalice of her abominations to an apostate people.

It is time that this frenzy should terminate.

GEORGE MCDERMOT.

ALL IN WHITE.

Alone by the marge of the river
A tall flower clothed in white,
Girdled round with a silver cincture
Of hale celestial light;
The black of her deep raven tresses
Is wrapped in veils of mist,
The white of her chaste, snowy forehead
With bridal pearls is kissed.

Fair virgin, make haste to the Mountain
For fear the serpent's breath
Pollute thy immaculate bosom
And clasp thee coiled to death.
Bloom, far from the thorns and the briars
Where cloister-lilies grow;
Breathe, far from the poisoned miasma
Where incensed zephyrs blow.

There drink of the Fountain of Crystal
That flows beneath the Throne,
There rest in the shade of the Bridegroom
Who waits for thee alone.

HENRY EDWARD O'KEEFFE.

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CATHOLIC SCHOOL SYSTEM OF GREAT BRITAIN.

VERY few exceptional cases are to be found where the managers of Catholic schools are free from vexatious financial problems. The clergy generally find it necessary to assume the burden of providing ways and means, and are assiduous in urging upon the laity their duty in assisting Catholic education. Nothing is more exasperating to an overworked priest, than to see among his people fathers and mothers of intelligence and of social standing who never volunteer to personally assist in raising funds for the improvement of school buildings, or to pay Catholic teachers salaries equal to those of the other teachers of the country.

A division of labor and responsibility is secured by the plan adopted for elementary education among the Catholics of Great Britain. The Bishops established, in the year 1847, the Catholic School Committee, composed of one clerical and two lay delegates for each diocese. During forty-five years this committee has rendered most valuable service to Catholic education by large donations of time, energy, and money. They have succeeded in establishing training schools for teachers, and have maintained a high standard of excellence among the scholars by examinations and rewards. Yet they have had their vicissitudes. For the year 1872 the income of the committee, from voluntary subscriptions, was £4,750; last year it was only £3,712. In thirty-two missions of the diocese of Westminster the return made last year to this important annual collection was under one pound; in some it did not amount even to five shillings.

Archbishop Vaughan, successor to Cardinal Manning, has written a powerful letter on this matter, and plainly tells his people that they ought to contribute more generously than they have done in the past to carry on the great national work of the Catholic School Committee for the benefit of the whole church in England. The feast of the Sacred Heart is the day appointed for the annual collection, which is specially announced by each bishop in his own diocese. Archbishop Vaughan's letter shows a practical mind, familiar with the troublesome complications of getting pounds, shillings, and pence, and guided by a lofty view of the common good. He says:

"If Catholic education is to be maintained and recognized

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by the state, properly trained Catholic teachers must be forthcoming. Hence, the necessity of Catholic training colleges, equipped with a staff of competent Catholic teachers, and provided with all the necessary modern appliances. We possess three such colleges—one for masters at Hammersmith,* and two for mistresses in Liverpool and Wandsworth. Over 700 trained masters, and nearly 2,000 trained mistresses, have been sent out from these institutions, and the supply is kept up regularly year by year. The training of teachers is no question of choice. It is no matter of luxury which might be dispensed with under certain emergencies—because, for instance, it is costly, or because money is needed for other purposes. The training of Catholic teachers is simply a question of life or death—of the continued existence of Catholic public elementary schools, or of their speedy extinction. The condition on which our elementary schools exist is, that they be *efficiently* taught—and this by teachers who have passed the government examination. Training colleges have become an absolute necessity; we might as well talk of shutting up our schools as of closing our training colleges. They exist for the benefit of the people and of the church spread throughout Great Britain. No single diocese is large enough to support or to absorb the services of a single college. It is to the advantage of each and all that the colleges should be limited in number, and should be common to all, subject to a government and direction in which all the dioceses have a due and proportionate influence. An educational establishment, moreover, requires a large number of scholars as a condition of its efficiency and of its healthy life. Hence, few colleges are better than many, from both the intellectual and the economic standpoints.

"The bishops have long since placed the training colleges under the general oversight and inspection of the Catholic School Committee. That portion of the cost of these colleges which the government throws upon voluntary contribution is defrayed by the school committee. We are called upon by the state to provide the sites, the buildings, the plant, the staff of professors required, and *one-fourth* of the cost of each scholar. Upon these conditions the government undertakes to pay the remaining *three-fourths* of the annual income for current expenditure. During the last year the amount which the Catholic School Committee had to pay towards the annual expenditure of the three colleges was £2,200. This sum will probably have to be augmented in the future, for increasing demands require in-

* The following is an analysis of the students trained at Hammersmith since 1854:

Teaching in Catholic Elementary Schools	346	In Board Schools	32
Teaching in Industrial Schools, Reformatories, and Government Prisons	23	In Private Schools, etc.	31
Teaching in Training Colleges	3	In Holy Orders	11
Inspectors' Assistants	5	Emigrated	28
		Lost sight of	68
		Dead	104
Total	377		

Mr. Oakeley, H. M. Inspector of Training Colleges, writes: "My opinion is, that the proportion of your former students now at work in elementary schools is a very good one."

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creased expenditure. Here, then, is the first head under which the Catholic School Committee puts forth its claim to your generosity. No one can be so obtuse as not to perceive at once that the whole future efficiency, and even the existence of our schools, must depend upon our training colleges.

"The next great reason for contributing generously to the present collection is because the Catholic School Committee supports our national system of diocesan religious inspection. Religious inspection is vital to Catholic schools. Of what use to have training colleges and Catholic schools if the Catholic faith, the Catholic spirit, the Catholic system of life and conduct, were banished from their midst? Now, here would be a danger in this direction were there no officers set apart to watch over and secure these most sacred interests. It is fitting and necessary that such officers should exist. The government appoints its inspectors, and they take up a formidable position in the eyes of managers, teachers, and scholars. Upon their report depends the credit of the school before the country, and also its income. They occupy, therefore, a post of influence and control which might easily become dominant and irresistible. There is, for this reason, a not unnatural corresponding tendency on the part of teachers to subordinate everything to the necessity of passing a successful secular examination. Thus religion might be easily dethroned from her post of honor, and put into a secondary place through the exacting tyranny of the money consideration. To counteract this tendency and pressure, it has been found necessary everywhere to appoint diocesan inspectors, whose business it is to maintain the divine claims of religion to the place of honor and prominence in the schools. This has been found necessary—not merely in Catholic, but also in Church of England schools—to this extent, that there is not a Protestant diocese which is not provided with its religious inspectors. If this be found necessary in schools of the Church of England, with its diminutive catechism and its undefined system, how much more necessary must it be in Catholic schools. The doctrines of the Catholic Church are numerous, and precisely defined; and her catechism is a popular text book of theology. The duties she imposes, the practices she inculcates, govern and pervade the whole life of her children. They are not fetiches and charms appealing to ignorance and superstition; but logical consequences flowing from the great mystery of the Incarnation, in varied application to the lives of men. Hence, the need of bringing them home to the reason as well as to the heart of the young. This religious training of the intellect and affections demands time, attention, skill, and devotion on the part of the teachers, who need to be sustained in their accomplishment of this sacred portion of their work.

. . . . . .

"We all know that even religion may be made distasteful and repulsive if it be always turned into a dry matter of lessons, and that it will never captivate the mind and head of the youth

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who has finished his schooling if it has never won the admiration, the reverence, and the love of the child. Here, then, is the difficult task of the diocesan inspector—to direct the teachers, to examine or encourage the scholars in such wise and tactful ways that the whole soul of the child—intellect and affection —may become deeply and lastingly influenced by the reign of religion. Of course, this is the work of the parochial clergy also, who ought to be continually in their schools; but their work is wonderfully aided and sustained by a good system of diocesan inspection. In addition to the inspection of the schools, the diocesan inspectors have their hand upon the training colleges; for they take charge of the religious examination of all the Catholic pupil teachers throughout the country. They also meet regularly in conference, take the religious interests generally of teachers and scholars into consideration, and thus form, under the bishops, a most valuable permanent board for the furtherance of religious education in our public elementary schools. The Catholic School Committee has, therefore, rendered excellent service by devoting £800 or £900 a year of its income to the part payment of diocesan inspectors."

Before concluding his instructive letter, Archbishop Vaughan reminds his people that the general election will provide them an opportunity to serve the interests of Christian education, and to urge its claims upon the legislature. He uses these words:

"We are not inviting you either to confound or to weaken the issues which may be placed before you in the coming elections. But we say that, be these what they may, you must remember that you are Christians. No matter who may be the candidate of your choice, press upon him your desire to maintain Christianity as the basis and form of public elementary education. Send no man to Parliament without having distinctly informed him of this desire. If for some reason or other you consider it right to vote for a man who is indifferent to religious education, it will do him no harm to know that the elector who has returned him to Parliament is opposed to him on the issue of liberty and justice for Catholic schools."

In the city of London, and elsewhere in England, it was found impossible to supply the number of teachers required for Catholic schools from the religious communities. Under peculiar difficulties and at great expense the College of St. Mary, at Hammersmith, was established for the training of lay teachers, which sent forth to the end of the year 1887, into various dioceses, 639 trained masters. The Sisters of Notre Dame at Namur, Belgium, accepted, in 1855, an invitation from the Catholic School Committee to make their house at Liverpool a training

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college for female teachers. From that institution 1375 trained teachers have been graduated. The reverend mother of the Sisters of the Holy Child, at St. Leonard's, also agreed to make her house a second female training college. Some years later the Ladies of the Sacred Heart responded to a call of the committee, and a similar college was located in their house at Wandsworth, and had to its credit, at the end of the year 1887, no less than 296 trained teachers.

One of the most distinguished of the Oxford converts, Mr. T. W. Allies, besides writing his masterly historical works, devoted himself to Catholic primary education, especially in the poor schools. For a period of nearly forty years his great ability and experience enabled him to render most efficient co-operation to the work of the Catholic School Committee. He was retired from his position as secretary a short time ago, on a pension of £400 a year. In the course of an interview with Mr. Allies, the present writer obtained many facts of great value bearing on the history of .Catholic education in England from 1848 to 1888.

The Committee of Council on Education passed, December 18th, 1847, a resolution defining the conditions of aid to Catholic schools. This resolution was formally sanctioned by Parliament in the following year; and Catholics were for the first time admitted to participation in the benefits of the national educational grant. It was computed at that time that one-fifteenth part of the population of Great Britain belonged to the Catholic Church, and it was expected that Catholics would get as their share from the government £10,000 towards building and supporting schools. The arrangement of the terms on which the state agreed to give this assistance was entrusted to the honorable Charles Langdale, chairman of the Catholic School Committee, acting at every step under the instruction of the bishops. On April 19th, 1849, Dr. Wiseman, writing in the name of the bishops, said: "They renew their expression of full and perfect confidence in the committee, and feel that, judging from the past, they possess in it the most useful and trustworthy organization ever yet possessed by the English Catholics for this truly Christian object, and they augur from past success still greater results."

From 1848 to 1886, inclusive, the whole amount received from the public funds for Catholic schools in England was £2,189,186, and to Catholic schools in Scotland £343,901. During these years public grants for the building of Catholic

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schools and grants for support of pupil teachers were largely applied for; but, in a number of cases, government aid was not accepted without much hesitation. Considerable opposition arose in 1857, to the accepting of support grants, and still more to grants for building. The bishops deemed it requisite to again consider the whole subject. As a result, Cardinal Wiseman, in the name of the bishops, reaffirmed the former decision as to the propriety of receiving building and annual grants from the Committee of Council. On this occasion, as before, the common centre of operations was the Catholic School Committee. The members were highly praised by Cardinal Wiseman for their work "in combining and concentrating in a uniform plan and a definite action the multiplied relations between themselves, the state, and the Catholic public in the growing cause of education." The following words are taken from an address of the committee to the pope:*

"The decision of the bishops to establish a single organization [the Catholic School Committee] for the end in view, certainly secured for the common welfare these advantages: that in this work the clergy and the laity might properly co-operate with each other; that the education of the poor of each parish should be incumbent on the whole congregation as an obligation of charity; that the work might progress equally and definitely throughout the whole kingdom; that the young generation might be imbued simultaneously with divine and human training; that the combined work might be done at the joint expense of the state as well as the church."

The portion of the public money given to Catholic schools reached in the year 1870—before the new education act had been introduced by Mr. Forster—the sum of £37,283 for England, and £4,243 for Scotland. Lord Howard, of Glossop, on behalf of the Catholic School Committee, vigilantly watched the progress of the new act in Parliament, and, though the bishops were absent in Rome at the general council of the Vatican, he was in constant communication with them, and acted upon their instructions. It is to be observed that the hierarchy of Great Britain, after mature deliberation on three separate occasions, in 1847, in 1857, and again in 1870, agreed to accept state aid for

"* Haec sunt profecto quæ communi utilitati comparavit unius ad hunc finem societatis construendæ consilium illud episcopale; ut clerici et laici in hoc opere partes suas debite conferrent, ut pauperum instructio tahquam onus caritatis cuncto cætui incumberet; ut per totum regnum parili cursu et mensura se insinuaret; ut tam divina quam humana disciplina tenera progenies simul imbueretur; ut reipublicæ pariter et Ecclesiæ ope conserta labor perficeretur."

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Catholic schools conditioned on state supervision in the secular branches of study. The bishops of Ireland likewise consented to the conditions proposed for giving a share of the public funds to Catholic schools, while vigorously opposing unfair discriminations in favor of institutions patronized by the government. Similar arrangements have been made with the clergy in charge of schools in many of the colonies of the British empire. The progressive workers of the church of England—by law established—have availed themselves of every opportunity to secure government aid for their missionary schools, notwithstanding the senseless protests of non-conformists.

To the united efforts of the Catholic clergy and laity, conducted on the lines of existing law, are due the results shown in the report of the council for 1886, by which it appears that 1,720 Catholic schools were receiving the annual grant; that these schools had accommodation for 364,492 scholars, and that 215,809 scholars were in average attendance. The lay teachers employed numbered about three thousand, less than one-third being males. Certificates for teachers are given after a strict examination by the royal inspectors appointed by the government.

The late Cardinal Manning was most anxious to maintain a high standard of personal religious devotion among the lay teachers. A short time before his death he exhorted them to attend Mass with their scholars every Sunday, and as far as possible to assist in preparing them for the Sacraments regularly. He was unwilling even to allow a teacher to play the organ, if the scholars were thereby deprived of religious instruction. The duty resting upon the teacher was set forth by Cardinal Manning in these words:

"The first great responsibility in education rests upon the parents. And it is the will of the parents that has created the voluntary system of England, and more than that it is the will of the English people that has created our empire all over the world. It is the will of the Irish people that has spread St. Patrick's faith wherever the name of England is to be found. That, then, is the voluntary system—no government ever did that; it is not in the power of the treasury or of an education department to create a system of voluntary education. Nothing can create that but the will of the parents, aided by the will of all who care for their faith and have a love of souls, and wish to preserve their poor children within the light of the truth. That is the voluntary system. If that is so, I will tell you, as I have told you over and over again, I look upon you as,

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next to the priest, sharing in the pastoral office, and if any child in the parish grows up without the knowledge of the faith, the priest is first responsible, and you next; I believe you are Catholics and will gladly accept that responsibility. What is the office, then, of a teacher? Remember, he is picked out from boyhood, trained, and brought up, and after his education is complete is sent out to be the master of a school. We pick out our boys, train them, bring them up, and in time ordain them to be priests. You go through a long and careful preparation; so do we—and the two offices are morally united together. There can be no difficulty in defining a true Catholic teacher. No man ought to be a teacher who is not a true Catholic in his faith; secondly, he ought to be a good Catholic in his life, not only in the practice of his religion and in going to the Sacraments, but also in the graces of a Christian life which make him an example to the children around him. Why was the voluntary system—the Christian system—ever formed, but that the parents might have their children taught their faith and religion according to their conscience? We are the first responsible teachers, and you by delegation share our responsibility; therefore, you are not only the secular teachers in the four government hours; you are also the religious teachers not only in the two half-hours or one full hour, but always and everywhere. But you are the teachers also of the pupil teachers; and here I have one word to say. In 1871 we had 31 boy pupil teachers; in 1872, 33, and they continued rising until 1876, when they were 43. In 1877 they were 53, and in 1878 they were 55. In 1879 we begin to go down to 45, then 42, 30, 19, 23, 32, 15, 27, and 21. In 1891, in the diocese of Westminster, there are 21 boy pupil teachers—that is, it has gone down one-third below what it was in 1871, and it is not half what it was at its better times. I am not going into that matter now, except to say that we must go up again, because if we are to have really good masters it can only be by picking them out as we pick out boys for the priesthood. The royal commission on education had a long debate on the matter. The majority of the commission was of opinion that the true way to find teachers that could be trusted intellectually and morally, is to pick them out early, and train them carefully."

THOMAS MCMILLAN.

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THE MAID OF ORLEANS.

II.

ORLEANS, the key of the southern provinces of France, was invested by the English. Joan had promised to raise the siege. Such was to be the sign of her mission.

The march to Orleans began on the 27th of April, 1429. The army was ten thousand strong, having in charge a convoy of provisions sorely needed by the half-famished people and garrison of the besieged city. Joan's first care was for the spiritual and moral condition of the troops. She recommended them to repent and confess. She frequently received Communion at Mass in the open air before their eyes; she used her personal influence against blasphemy, especially among the officers, whom she was not afraid to upbraid gently, yet firmly, on this head. She ordered the removal of women of bad character who were in the wake of the army. On this point she was inexorable. So far went her zeal that one day she broke her sword on the back of one of these creatures. It was "the sword of St. Catherine with the five crosses." It was the only use to which she ever put her drawn sword. The king was very sorry on hearing of the accident to the sword, and said a stick would have done as well. But she held more to the honor of her sex than to her favorite sword. There is something supremely noble in the fact that she drew and wielded it not to shed the blood of the enemy, but to strike for that virtue which is her shining gem.

All this was a novelty and surprise to the men who for generations had lived in the disorders of war. But respect got the better of habit; even the coarsest considered themselves bound to restraint under such a leader. On the 29th of April they arrived before Orleans. But, to Joan's great astonishment, the river was between them and the city. She had ordered such a line of march as would have brought them on the other side, under the walls of the place. But the officers, fearing to thrust themselves in among the enemy who held all approaches on that side, had deceived her in carrying out the order. This showed lack of confidence in her mission, and pained her. Dunois, the valiant defender of Orleans, came over to urge her to enter the city that very evening, and leave the army behind to feel its way across the river below the enemy's lines. To him

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she expressed her discontent: "In the name of God, the counsel of my Lord is wiser than yours; you thought to deceive me and you have deceived yourselves, for I am bringing you the best succor that ever had town or city, and that is the good will of God and succor from the King of Heaven."

She was loath to separate even for a few days from her troops, lest they should lose the courage and enthusiasm that animated them; but Dunois was urgent. "Orleans would count it naught," he said, "to receive the provisions without the maid." And so she returned with him. Her entrance was a triumph. The people thronged about her, carrying torches, greeting her arrival with wild acclamations. In their mad rushes to approach and touch her and kiss her horse, her foot, the stock of her standard, they almost set her banner on fire. To the church the joyful procession rolled on, where the thanksgiving for her safe-coming was expressed in prayer and chanting of the *Te Deum*. The troops left behind made the crossing safely beyond reach of the enemy. Joan went a few miles out to meet them, and led them into the city, passing right under and through the enemy's works. The English did not move; in fact, fear of her seemed to paralyze them. "That is she yonder," said they to one another, as she boldly rode within earshot. Joan had sent a letter to the English commander before setting out from Chinon, bidding him in God's name to retreat from Orleans and go back to England. Before taking the offensive she sent them summons, for she desired to avoid the shedding of blood. They replied with coarse insults and threats to burn her alive if they caught her. "I have had news from the Lord," said Joan on hearing the answer; "let Talbot arm, and show himself in front of the city. If he can take me, let him burn me; but if he is defeated, let him raise the siege, and let the English go back to their own country." For two days the French assaulted the English forts. On the third day the strongest of them all was stormed. The resistance was rude. For a while the French seemed to waver. Joan seized a scaling ladder, set it against the rampart, and banner in hand sprang upward. Just then an arrow struck her between the neck and shoulder; pierced through and through, she fell. There was a moment of faintness; there were even tears of pain; but she rallied, pulled the arrow out with her own hands, and had the wound bound up. While she rested and prayed, the French again fell back, and the captains were ordering the retreat to be sounded. Joan sprang to her feet. "My God!" she cried, "we shall soon be inside the fort. Let the men have a breathing spell, and then at them again."

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She remounted her horse, seized her banner, struck the rampart with it and cried out: "Now they are yours. Forward!" The dash was irresistible; the English broke from their works into a disastrous retreat and rushed pell-mell across the river. Orleans was saved. There was frenzy of joy in the city when she rode back from the assault. Bells rang throughout the night. *Te Deums* were chanted in the churches, while the heroine was sleepless from the fever of her wound. At daybreak, on the morrow (the 8th of May, a Sunday) the English, who had rallied, drew up in battle line on the plains outside the walls, as if to give battle. The French commanders were anxious to accept the challenge, flushed as they were by the victory of the day before. News is brought to Joan. She arises, still suffering; hastens outside the gates. "For the love of God and holy Sunday, be not the first to attack. It is God's good will and pleasure that they go, if they be minded to do so. If they attack you, defend yourselves boldly; you will be the masters." Then she had an altar raised, and there, in the presence of the troops in order of battle, Mass was celebrated. Half way in the Mass the cry was raised, "They are retreating!" So it was. The English drew off in good order; the siege was raised within one week after Joan's arrival. Ever since the day has been held in great solemnity every year in Orleans.

The deliverance of Orleans produced a deep impression. The maid had given the sign promised at Poitiers. "*Truly she is sent by God!*" was now the cry of the people and the verdict of the learned. Gerson and Gelu hasten to warn the king and the nation not to frustrate by ingratitude and sin the further mission of Joan and the gracious plan of God. The advise was needed. The king's favorites had been willing enough to let her go and fight the English at Orleans. But, now that she wished to push on to Rheims through the enemy's strongholds, they opposed her bitterly. Was the king to be drawn from his life of lazy inaction and set in movement? Were they expected to expose themselves to danger? The cowards resolved to oppose her moving northward by every means. From Orleans Joan went back to the king. He came out as far as Tours to welcome her. She met him, banner in hand, head uncovered, bending down over her charger's neck. Charles doffed his cap, held out his hand. "And," adds the naïve chronicler, "as it seemed to many, he would fain have kissed her for the joy he felt." Great were the festivities in her honor, but Joan was not come for honors, she was come to urge the finishing of her work. "I shall hardly last more than a year," she said to the king; "we must

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think of working right well this year, for there is much to do." To her impatience the only answer was delay, and still more delay. One day, vexed beyond measure by the court's inaction, she went without previous notice into the king's presence, fell upon her knees, and said: "Gentle dauphin, hold not so many and such long counsels; come to Rheims, and there take your crown. I am sorely urged to take you thither; my voices leave me no rest."

Joan was not alone in her eagerness to go forward. Lords and people, warriors old and young, were anxious to join her, and troops were found willing to serve with no expense to the king. It was amidst this outburst of patriotism that she began the campaign. Before letting her go on to Rheims, she was persuaded to reduce the places held by the English on the Loire, and they quickly yielded one after another. An English army was hurrying up under Sir John Falstaff to the help of the besieged places, but it came too late to save them. On the plain of Patay it drew up, ready to meet the Maid of Orleans. For many years the French had been defeated in open engagements. They were loath to try fortunes with their hereditary victors and stake all on one pitched battle. "Have you good spurs?" said Joan to the Duke d'Alençon, who expressed to her the fears of the army. "Ha! shall we then be put to flight?" was the response. "No surely, but there will be need to ride boldly. We shall give a good account of the English, and our spurs shall serve us famously in pursuing them. We must fight. Though the English were suspended from the clouds, we should have them, for God has sent us to punish them." The battle, fought on the 18th of June, was short, the victory brilliant. Talbot and most of the English captains were made prisoners. Half of the English army remained, dead or wounded, on the field. The spell of Crécy and Agincourt was broken.

What obstacle could there be now to prevent the crowning and consecration of the king in Rheims? None, indeed, but the unaccountable opposition of the king's evil advisers and the more unaccountable weakness of the king himself. Joan, losing all patience at their hesitation, took upon herself to act. She left Gien, where the court resided, and started off northward with all the troops. There was nothing for it but to follow her. The king, the court, La Tremouille, much against his will, set out, or rather were dragged on in the wake of the army, which was twelve thousand strong. Of the cities on the way some opened their gates at once; others, fearing the possible return of the English, tried to compromise. At Troyes there was a gar-

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rison of six hundred English and Burgundians, who held the inhabitants in terror. All attempts on the part of the king to bring them to submission failed. There was, in consequence, great perplexity in the royal camp; for there were neither provisions enough for a long stay before the town, nor guns and siege trains to carry it by force. There was talk of turning back, for so important a place could not be left a menace in their rear, but Joan made her way into the king's council, and turning to him asked if he would believe her. "Speak; if you say what is reasonable and tends to profit, readily will you be believed." "Gentle King of France," she answered, "if you be willing to abide here, the city will be at your disposal within two days." It was decided to wait. Joan mounted her horse, and with her banner in her hand rode through the camp, giving orders to prepare for the assault. She had her own tent pitched close to the ditch, "doing more," says a contemporary, "than two of the ablest captains could have done." On the next day all was ready, the ditches were bridged, and Joan had just shouted the command: "Forward! assault!" when the citizens capitulated. Thence to Rheims was a bloodless journey. On the 16th of July Charles entered that city, the religious capital of his kingdom, and the ceremony of his coronation was fixed for the morrow.

The solemn national event was rendered highly emotional by the unusual circumstances that surrounded it. In the procession to the cathedral, the maid rode next to the king, her victorious banner in hand. She was the cynosure of all eyes, as much as he the object of all acclamations. "In God's name," said she to Dunois riding by her side, "here is a good people and a devout. When I die I should much like to be in these parts." "Joan," said he, "know you when you will die and in what place?" "I know not, for I am at the will of God." Within the cathedral, while the king, surrounded by the highest nobility of the realm, knelt under the unction of the archbishop, Joan was at his side, banner in hand, France's Guardian Angel. The ceremony over, she knelt to him, kissed his feet, and weeping great tears said: "Gentle king, now is executed God's good pleasure that you should come to Rheims to receive consecration and thus show that you are the true king to whom belongs the kingdom." The lords about her wept. "For," says the chronicler, "when they heard these words of Joan, they believed the more that she was sent from God, and not otherwise." Shortly after, in a chance conversation, she said: "I would that it pleased God, my Creator, that I could return now and go back to serve my father and

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mother in taking care of their flocks, with my sister and my brothers, who would be very glad to see me."

On these two sentences has been founded the theory that the coronation of Rheims was the end of Joan's mission. But they may be very easily understood otherwise, the former as expressing so much of her God-given task fulfilled, the latter as expressing a mere wish of her own, not as stating positively that her mission had come to a close.

Let us dwell for a moment on this topic, before narrating the military events which followed the coronation.

I am persuaded that the coronation was not the sole end for which she was sent. It was rather a means to an end. The end was the complete expulsion of the English from the kingdom of France, and the restoration of peace to that country by the cessation of its civil broils between the two houses of Burgundy and Orleans. These purposes were effected, but only after her death.

If Joan knew that she had done all the work for which she was commissioned, and wished to withdraw from her military career, no one would have hindered her going back to her home. Certainly, the politics of the court did not prevent her. On the contrary, the two men who managed these politics, La Tremouille and Regnault, the archbishop of Rheims, would have been very glad to get rid of her after the ceremony. It had been a great effort for them to come to Rheims, and, the coronation successfully achieved, they could not regret it. But they were not willing to go any further, and all their efforts henceforth were to keep Joan from doing anything more. Therefore, if she remained at her post, it must have been out of a sense of obedience to her mission.

Joan did by no means think her mission ended at Rheims. Her letters written after the coronation, notably that to the Duke of Burgundy, her answers in the Rouen trial, her refusal to leave off her male dress even in prison, the continued intercourse with her heavenly visitants, advising her in the military operations that followed the ceremony, prove that her mission was not ended. When asked by her judges at her trial how it came that she had not accomplished all that she had promised, she answered that she had been thwarted, not by the English—that were a nonsensical reason—but by the French themselves. When the news of her capture became known there was consternation among the nationalists. Jacques Gelu, the foremost ecclesiastic of the land, wrote a letter to the king, bidding him reflect upon his conduct, and see if some offence on his part had not provoked the anger of God, exhorting him to spare no sacrifice for

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her deliverance, if he would not incur the eternal stigma of ingratitude. He asks that prayers be ordered in the kingdom for her liberation, that, if by fault of the king or the people this misfortune had fallen on France, God might forgive them. The prayers were ordered, a Collect, a Secret, a Post-Communion, to be said at every Mass. They were to the intent that Joan may be freed to execute fully the work prescribed to her by heaven. If the rule of prayer determines the rule of belief, then France did not believe that the mission of Joan was closed at Rheims. What then had happened? France, through the king and the court, had been unfaithful to the grace God had bestowed upon the nation in the person of Joan.

Her work had been thwarted. Like Jonas' mission to Niniveh, Joan's mission to France was conditioned, as to its complete execution, by the dispositions and faithfulness of those to whom she was sent. Not her infidelity, but the king's came athwart her endeavors, and in God's mysterious ways she became the victim of that infidelity. Gerson, immediately after the victory of Orleans, had given the warning. "A first miracle," he wrote, "does not always bring on what men expect therefrom. Hence, even if—which God forbid—the expectations of Joan and ours should be frustated of full realization, we should not conclude that what has been done is not from God. Our ingratitude, our blasphemies, or other crimes might effect that by a just judgment we should not see the realization of all that we hope. Let the king, then, beware lest he arrest by unfaithfulness the course of divine goodness of which such marvelous signs have been given." The warning was prophetic.

The French did not prove themselves worthy of this signal favor, and the statement I will shortly make of Joan's course from Rheims to Rouen proves it. If they had, they would not have suffered their heroine to be burned by her and their enemy in hatred of her and of themselves. Oh, where was the spirit of chivalry, that the sword of every Frenchman did not leap from its scabbard and flash around the Pucelle an impregnable fortress of steel? They ignobly abandoned her; saw her sold, tried, and burned. And when French historians pretend that her mission to them was ended at Rheims they seek to save themselves from dishonor by throwing her overboard. Let France own her disgrace, kneel in penitence, strike her breast and say "*mea culpa.*"

After the fire at Rouen died out, leaving of Joan but ashes, the church of France demanded of the people public penance and expiation, thereby acknowledging that the French nation was in fault. Only one bishop, Regnault de Chartres, the bosom

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friend of La Tremouille, dared to advance a theory that has left an eternal stain on his memory. "She had deserved capture," he wrote to his archiepiscopal city of Rheims, "because of her excessive confidence in her own power and judgment." And after her death he wrote that God had permitted it because she dressed too richly, and attributed to herself—not to God—the glory of her deeds. This man was more a courtier than a bishop. He resided in the court, not in his see. For four years Rheims was left without even holy oils for the administration of the sacraments, without the usual coadjutor to do his work. He, so faithless to his diocese, to accuse Joan of unfaithfulness to her heavenly mission! Joan asked nothing, received nothing, in payment of her services. Regnault de Chartres drew the revenues of his see, though an absentee, and gave as dower to one of his nieces the county of Vierzou that he had purchased for sixty thousand pounds. He to accuse Joan of deserving her death because she dressed richly!

A short statement of Joan's career after the ceremony of coronation will show how the weak king, Charles VII., proved unworthy of God's blessing. If there is more of failure than success in that career, it was not that she was not guided by her saints or knew not what to do and how to do it, but that she was not obeyed, and was thwarted by those in power at every step. Her advice was to march from Rheims to Paris at once. Nothing of the sort was done. Charles and La Tremouille returned to their course of hesitation, tergiversation, change of tactics and residence, without doing themselves, or letting her do, anything of a decisive character. They secretly negotiated with the Duke of Burgundy, in the hope of detaching him from the English cause. He entered into their project and concluded a temporary truce simply to gain time and enable the English to marshal their forces for the defence of the capital. Joan followed the king in his aimless wanderings, hoping ever he would listen to her. Meanwhile Bedford threw five thousand men into Paris. One division of this army had a white standard, on which was depicted a distaff full of cotton, a half-filled spindle was hanging from the distaff, and beneath was the inscription, "Now, fair one, come on." This was meant as an insult to Joan. Impatient at both the sloth of the king and the activity of the enemy, she took a bold step. She set out from Compiègne with her troops, dashed into St. Denis, and occupied it with a view to an attack on Paris. She had forced Charles' hand before; she now compelled him to leave Compiègne and come to her within protection of the troops. She assaulted Paris with all the vigor and

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dash of former days, was severely wounded, but insisted on remaining in the position she had gained. La Tremouille sent orders to retreat; she would not obey them. A knight seized her, set her on her horse, and led her back to St. Denis by force. The king commanded the army to move off. Before leaving St. Denis she laid her armor on the saint's tomb; it was her protest against the king's conduct. The next nine months were spent in complete inaction, with a few spasmodic efforts only partly successful. The heavenly voices were not wanting to direct and urge her on, but her appeals were not listened to. The conduct of Charles during this period is one of the most unaccountable phenomena in all history.

The city of Compiègne was an important point in the north. The authority of Charles was recognized by the inhabitants. La Tremouille was lord of the city, and Guillaume de Flavy was his lieutenant there. The Duke of Burgundy wanted the place, and entered into negotiations with La Tremouille for its surrender. The courtier was willing enough to hand it over to the king's enemy for a handsome price, but the loyal citizens would rather suffer destruction. The only way left the Duke of Burgundy to enter into possession was to reduce the city by siege. Joan, attracted by the noble example of the city's loyalty, threw herself into the place with a handful of men to defend it. She had often been warned of late by her saints of some danger impending over her. She expected to be taken prisoner, in what time and place she did not know. One day, after hearing Mass and receiving Communion, she said to those who surrounded her: "My children and dear friends, I notify you that I am sold and betrayed and that I shall shortly be delivered over to death; I beseech you pray God for me." That very day she made a sortie with five hundred men; it was unsuccessful. They were driven back only to find the gates of the city closed upon them. Twenty enemies surrounded Joan, one seized her and flung her to the ground. She was a prisoner, the prisoner of John of Luxembourg. Was she betrayed and delivered up as she had predicted? Did Guillaume de Flavy deliberately shut the gates in her face and leave her to the foe? He was suspected of it at the time, and historians have indorsed the suspicion. It is very sure that his master, La Tremouille, who had wanted to sell the place, and Regnault de Chartres, were glad to see her a prisoner.

For six months Joan remained the prisoner of John of Luxembourg. To make his possession of her secure, for she had attempted escape and gave her captors to understand she would use every opportunity to regain freedom—and there was fear

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that the French might possibly make a sudden dash to rescue her—her captor sent her under strong escort to his castle of Beaurevoir, situated beyond the theatre of war near Cambrai. Her cell was on the upper floor of the building, sixty feet above the ground.

The wife and the aunt of John of Luxembourg were inmates of the castle; they left nothing undone to mitigate the annoyances of her prison life. These kind women tried to persuade her to give up her military dress and don the habit of her sex. Joan answered that she had not leave from the Lord and the time was not yet come. In fact her military costume was no less necessary to her in prison than in camp, and for the same obvious reasons.

It was at Beaurevoir that she did a deed that was made much of against her in the trial at Rouen. She feared that she should be given over to the English, and she dreaded the fate that awaited her at their hands. She knew that the loyal city of Compiègne was hard pressed and that all its inhabitants above the age of seven were doomed to the sword. This latter knowledge well-nigh distracted her. "How can God," she cried out, "allow these good people, who have been so loyal to their king, to perish?" She resolved to go to their defence at any cost. But how make her way to them? The tower was sixty feet high, and the ground at the bottom was hard; her saints forbade the thought of the leap. She argued with them, struggled with them, could no longer resist her wild desire, and, improvising a rope, she trusted herself to it. It broke, she fell to the earth, bruised, stunned, and insensible.

Asked during her trial if she thought she had done well to take the leap, she answered: "I think I did wrong—Was it a mortal sin?—I know not. I leave it to our Lord. After the leap I confessed and asked God's pardon." Her saints assured her she was pardoned. Granted she sinned, a sin does not prove that she did not have a divine mission and that her revelations were false. Such a mode of arguing would clear the calendar pretty bare of inspired, divinely-sent, holy men and women. Moses, David, St. Peter, are not thought impostors for their sin. Pity for the noble maid lying insensible at the base of the dungeon-castle of Beaurevoir with the shadow of martyrdom hovering over her!

THOMAS O'GORMAN.

Catholic University of America.

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THE MATCHBOX-MAKERS OF EAST LONDON.

AT HOME.

THE matchbox-makers of Shoreditch are among the poorest of the working poor; they are women, and they work in their homes; but, nevertheless, they were last year organized into a trade-union. On New Year's night the "tea" was given to the union. This "tea" and the distribution of the tickets for it are my materials for a sketch of life only too much out-of-the-way for most of us. The tickets had to be distributed personally, for these poor people move from house to house and street to street so constantly that the post would secure a very moderate attendance indeed. Two of us, accordingly, set ourselves to track them out. These are the first three rooms we visited:

Room No. 1 was up a little court that in the gloom I first took for a stable-yard. Having bumped ourselves up a flight of semi-perpendicular and twisting stairs, we entered a room about twelve feet by ten; ceiling low. The furniture was one large bed, a small cupboard, and a smaller table. The fire-place was opposite to the bed, and there was a straight passage, along which one person might walk between it and the foot of the bed to the wall. The only other standing room was round the little table, space for one at each side. A paper Christmas text was fixed on one of the bare walls. Somehow the words did not read to me quite as they were spelled. They were at work when we went in, the mother and one child; but the father sat idly by the fire. He had paralysis of the hands. The meaning of that was that the support of the family—six, I think—was thrown upon the mother. There was, of course, a wretched baby, puny, sickly, yet the one manifestation to them of the common human joy. They apologized for the disorder—as if it could be otherwise—and their poverty, explaining that the baby was ill, and that the little boy, who was watching us with great eyes, was just recovering from bronchitis. As soon as we could we fell to business; the less eleemosynary you are the better they will like you, the working poor. As I came out into the lighter gloom of the street, in a confused way, I tried to argue the whole life from what I had seen; the father helpless, though they starve; the haggard mother, with sunken, hopeless eyes, and

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the pale children returning from school (if the school inspectors have found them) not to play, but to work into the night:

> "But the young, young children, O my brothers,
> They are weeping bitterly!—
> They are weeping in the playtime of others,
> In the country of the free."

They never get rid of the work; they rise to gather it up from its drying on the floor; they lay it out to dry before going to bed. You see, the matchbox-makers are bound to supply the paste and fire themselves; there must be no waste, unless waste of life. The wage out of which this paste and blessing-curse, a good fire, comes is almost exactly one and a half pence an hour. That is to say that, working ten hours a day for five days and six and a half hours on Saturday (about an hour each day is lost in tying up, etc.), an average worker would make seven shillings a week. When the family is large, you can imagine how many hours they work, or how much the little cupboard holds.

Room No. 2 was on the ground floor; but not in this case, unless for the stairs, anything the better for that. It was by this time dusk outside, and almost quite dark inside; but the woman was working still. And she kept on working while she talked, whether from confusion or against time, I could not say. Again the man sat by the fire idle. He was a young man, except for his face, twisted and distorted by rheumatism out of all likeness of youth. I did not notice how many children there were; I was thinking that the only really live thing in that room was the fire.

Now that I come to write about it, I remember that there was nothing unusual about the third room we visited, if it be not that there was no one sick in it. It was not unusual, I feel sure, to have the washing (it being a wet day) as well as the boxes drying there. It was the fourth I was thinking of. It was at the top of a "model lodgings." Certainly it was easier to get up the stairs, but the room seemed smaller even than the other three. Oh! what a breath of pent-up fetidness! The neighbor of the woman we wished to see had lighted us up the stairs, and her children came streaming forth at the stir. They had whooping-cough, but they did not seem to mind it much. However, the children of the woman we were visiting were quite bright and healthy. Undoubtedly, if children get a good start, and some open air occasionally, it is very hard to kill them. A fine little girl carried a child not very much smaller

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than herself; and we were cheerfully explaining hours and places and nodding to the child, who alternately laughed at us and hid his head, when suddenly from behind the drawn curtains of the bed came a voice, hoarse and with a peculiar, shrill, and broken note in it: "Ah! don't bother us with your rubbish. Get me up out o' this. I've been lying here for three months with inflammation of the lungs, and no one"——"It's all right, it's all right," said his wife, "you don't understand." The children did not seem to mind the interruption in the least. I suppose they were entirely used to it after three months.

The husband of the matchbox-maker is usually a dock-laborer; often maimed, or ill like those three, or out of work, for there is no employment more precarious than his. There were some comparatively prosperous cases, where the husband, or father, or brother, had constant and paying work; and there were many gradations and forms of misery; but, taken as a whole, it was with soul-sickness that I turned from these homes of the workers. Of course many of the evils were worse to me than they are to those born in them—the gloom, the crowding, the bareness, all the minor privations. There is only one horror that they get really indifferent to—dirt. The children of the poor when they are taken to Homes and Hospitals often cannot sleep at first in the clean beds—they miss the vermin! And to the primary ills of life no one gets accustomed; to thirst and hunger; to cold and fever; to weakness and pain: to death and the cry of the children. And if there is no love between them, and they do not mind the cry of the children; and if in their vice and misery they gnaw at one another, and beat the children for reminding them of their pain or because the unknowing child laughs when they are miserable, they are hardly the less miserable for that. And if they drink—I will let a few of Mr. Jerome's "Idle Thoughts" speak for me: "I can understand the ignorant masses loving to soak themselves in drink—Oh, yes! it's very shocking that they should, of course—very shocking to us who live in cosy homes, with all the graces and pleasures of life around us, that the dwellers in damp cellars and windy attics should creep from their dens of misery into the warmth and glare of the public-house bar, and seek to float for a brief space away from their own world upon a lethe stream of gin. But think, before you hold up your hands in horror at their ill-living, what 'life' for those wretched creatures really means. Picture the squalid misery of their brutish existence, dragged on from year to year in the narrow, noisome room, where, huddled like

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vermin in sewers, they swelter, and sicken, and sleep; where dirt-begrimed children scream and fight, and sluttish, shrill-voiced women cuff, and curse, and nag; where the street outside teems with roaring filth, and the house around is a bedlam of riot and stench. . . . In the name of the God of mercy, let them pour the maddening liquor down their throats, and feel for one brief moment that they live!" We know what Mr. Jerome means—let us blame ourselves, not them—for the direr poverty, the direr disease, the murderous violence that drink is to most of them—a few hours savage joy, a few hours oblivion, and burning behind them the long day's hell.

A prey in careless establishments to the unutterable horrors of necrosis, or rotting of the lower jawbone, and only less miserably paid, the match-makers are only less miserable than the match-box-makers. No wonder matches are so cheap, when human life is no dearer!

ABROAD.

The scene of our festivities was a well-known East End tea-house rejoicing (I am sure) in the name "Teetotum;" though it certainly ought not to rejoice in a title so little felicitous for an establishment particularly devoted to the cup that "not inebriates." We had a large room with a platform, upon which stood the piano. The room was bare enough in itself; still, it looked hospitable, with its white table-cloths, its long rows of cups and saucers, and plates of bread and butter and cake, and well-meaning greenery.

A large number arrived in a body punctually. We just let them take their places as they would, each one to sit by her friend, and be surrounded by faces she knew. As soon as they had finally subsided, tea began. We left them to themselves except for occasionally seeing that a late-comer got a seat where she wished, and that there were no empty cups or cakeless plates—it made them feel more at ease. In a few minutes we were rewarded by the free hum of voices, and here and there a sudden clamor of joke and laughter, and the quick clatter of the cups and saucers and jingling of the spoons. The hum grew quicker and quicker, and the clamor louder and louder, the magical disappearance of tea and cake must have been exceedingly trying to mine host of the Teetotum. Whenever I could do so without observation, I cast a glance round the tables. It was profoundly interesting to recognize the old under the new circumstances. Some of the faces I looked for I could not find; perhaps, they were unrecognizably clean. Most, I was re-

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joiced to see, eager with excitement and pleasure, but in a few it smote me to perceive the old apathy—the spring of misery had been strained too far; there was no longer any recoil. Or, perhaps there was that at home which might not be forgotten even for an hour. However, none of them but at least ate, and had enough for at least once. I passed from these, perhaps, to a group bending to hear a neighborly story, or a knot of girls laughing with noisy raillery—marking the easy laughter of the crowd at any little mishap; or a mother feeding her little one; or the sublime satisfaction of ten years when it has a big piece of cake in either hand. We made the children *ex-officio* members of the union for the occasion. There were babies in arms, children, young women, middle-aged women, and old women; pale faces and rosy, round and wrinkled; rags and ribbons; but they all (nearly all!) obviously enjoyed themselves—at least, I wont vouch for the babies!

How fond of music the people are; and how dearly they love a comic song! We were fortunate enough to have a really funny man among our performers; one whose seriousness was even more exquisitely humorous than his grimaces. It was delightful to hear him sing the "Coster's Serenade," and still more delightful to hear his audience applaud him. What a storm of delight it was; and how the stray cups that had been forgotten danced on the board, and jingled imploringly—and not in vain—for the landlord! How they recognized the true bits; how the Coster tickled them; and how the man who went for the double-barrelled gun "to vaccinate his mother-in-law"—how he roused their enthusiasm!

By and by some had to leave—for the sick-bed or the match-boxes. It was hard not to let them forget their miserable homes for once; but if ever they were to be less miserable there must be business. It was necessary to teach them their misery, what it was—that it was not in the natural, inevitable order of things; the question of the children; the work in a workroom instead of in their own homes; the importance of business habits and of recruiting. But it was all relieved by the sure hope, if they worked together with energy and some patience, that, as one of the speakers said, "it was not here and once that they should have a happy evening, but many times, and in their own homes." With repeated cheers they left; some of them coming to shake hands with us, and wish us good wishes.

HENRY ABRAHAM.

London, England.

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POLLY'S TRUE BOY.

ALONG the front of Dory Fludd's saloon ran a sort of ledge that served for a bench. This ledge was nearly always full, especially in times of slack work, when, from morning to night, a line of men sat there with feet upon the side-walk, resting their elbows upon their knees; some of them from sheer force of habit holding empty pipes in their mouths. Dory called them his plants, professing great pride in such a window-garden; but just now the plants wore a neglected appearance, as if allowed to get too dry.

That was the awkward thing about suspensions: you couldn't run up a bill at the saloon as you could at the store.

But the sense of smell may have satisfaction without price, and even in cold weather Dory Fludd's door never remained shut very long. Then the street was lively to look upon; sight—save in circuses—being also untaxable. Dory's plants found it interesting to watch people go into the company-store opposite, and they wagered drinks—to be paid when times should be good again—as to who would get trusted and who would come out empty-handed.

The sensation of the afternoon was John Boylan out for a walk with his six children, even to the youngest, who was trundled along in a fast-decaying baby-carriage. Dory, the wit of Rum-Ridge, standing on his door-step, made jokes about this baby-carriage which shall not be set down here.

The loungers at Fludd's commented upon "Jack Boylan an' his kids" with an undertone of suspicion, as if nothing short of a hidden pot of gold could account for all those shoe-strings and well-brushed heads. They had much against him, in that none of his wages ever went to swell Dory's coffers, thus adding one more to the chances of treats. But Jack Boylan had nothing against anybody, and he nodded kindly to his acquaintances as he passed them by. His arm was in a sling; it had been broken on his last working day.

"Hello, Jack! Out o' the 'ospital, are ye?" called out Pete Manus.

"Yes," said Boylan. "I stuck it out a week; then she come with the little ones, an' that broke me down."

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"Ah, ye're a mush, Jack," sang out Jim Towle; "goin' to give the kids a lark?"!

And John sang back: "All the lark they can get lookin' in windies."

As the little flock went straggling out of sight down the winding street toward town, Pete said: "Hello, there's Polly Boylan a-goin' to the store! I'll set ye all up at once boys, if she don't come out agin an' nothin' but her book."

"What ails ye for a fool!" said Nick Freeman; "I bet Jack's credit 'ill last him through purgatory. Why man, he don't drink; where does his money go? tell me that."

"Well, there's nine on 'em wants feedin', wid Old Mother Deery, what he keeps for nothin'."

"What does he keep her for? she ain't no kin to him," growled Jim Towle, who had turned his own grandmother out of the house.

"He says she's no place to go."

"He's a mush," said Jim.

"Say, look there," shouted Pete, excitedly; "what did I tell you? Poll's a-comin' out widout her supper."

The line stared, asserting in chorus their assurance of being smashed, hanged, and otherwise put to confusion "if she ain't."

They watched her as she picked her way across the muddy street, holding up her clean gown. It was hard to walk empty-handed and look calm under the fire of all those eyes. Polly's fresh face grew red and troubled and she slipped as fast as she could out of sight down Fludd's Lane.

Jack Boylan's "kids" had much more of a lark than could be gained by merely looking in windows. The big busy town was full of sights and sounds and inexpressible odors. John was a kind father. His indulgences came rather from sympathy than from condescension; he was the big boy of the party, and stared about as curiously as did the youngsters. He had not forgotten that sugar is sweet in the mouth, and, discovering in one of his pockets a few unexpected pennies, he planned a surprise for them when sight-seeing should be exhausted.

Small Jacky, who was only half a size larger than the baby, tottered along in breeches which he had assumed on the day when he took his first unaided step. Both tiny arms were constantly in the air, his index fingers busily pointing out the marvels on every side. He kept up a running comment in his own language, and apparently for his own sole benefit, upon all that he saw.

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It was a lucky day for sights. There was a runaway, resulting in a smash-up; a combat between two gutter urchins, both of whom came off covered with mud and victory, though each evidently thought himself beaten and snarled in the face of the other: "I'll lick ye next time." Also there was a bellowing brass band, the men dressed in green and gold.

Maggie, the eldest, whose morbid soul hungered after the unusual, heard a man say: "The Black Maria 'll soon be along, Let's go to the court-house back door an' have a look at the murderers."

"O pop!" cried Maggie, "mayn't we go too?" a proposition not unpleasing to Mr. Boylan. So they all went and peeped through the railings surrounding the court-house yard. Maggie had two disappointments: the Black Maria was green and the murderers did not look terribly wicked, but very much frightened and meek, as if they would not kill a fly.

Nevertheless, murderers they were, and they would probably die on the "gallerses." Ugh! Maggie hoped she would live to go to a hanging.

When the court-house door was shut, the world suddenly became tame. Mr. Boylan skillfully took advantage of this moment to provide the crowning treat of the day. Leaving the children in Maggie's charge under a tree, he went away, but soon returned with a large paper of molasses candy. Then were six little souls in bliss. When this god-like repast was finished they started for home. Jacky and the baby had so disposed their candy upon cheeks and fingers that the removal of it with their tongues occupied the entire homeward trip. The whole party smelled of molasses too strongly for concealment had concealment been thought necessary. In fact Polly, detected it as soon as the door opened. She was stirring some cornmeal mush, but stopped long enough to give John a reproachful look which he did not comprehend.

Old Mrs. Deery sat in her corner behind the stove, quiet and sad. John went and stood by his wife. He felt like a guilty child, though he did not know what he had done.

"Ain't you putting too much water in the mush, Polly?" he asked.

John rarely criticized anything that Polly chose to do, but just now it seemed necessary to reverse their positions if possible.

Polly did not reply, but went on stirring in water. Presently she stirred in a tear.

"What's up, darling?" John was no longer naughty boy,

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nor fault-finding husband; he was comforter and consoler. Polly gave a quick glance towards Mrs. Deery, then, under cover of the hubbub caused by six small throats and twice as many feet, she said: "I've got to make it go 'round."

"An' can't ye put some more meal to it?" asked innocent John, with raised voice. Polly ran out of doors, beckoning John to follow. Mrs. Deery sat with downcast eyes, apparently dreaming.

"John," gasped Polly, trying her best to keep back a flood of tears, "she'll hear you if you talk so loud. We mustn't let her know, but—there's no more meal. I went to the store an' they told me our credit was closed up. Oh, how could you go and buy the children candy when there's no bread to put in their mouths?"

John looked very grave.

"I didn't know our credit was so near out. Come to think, it's been three months that we're livin' on it. But, Polly, them few pennies I spent on the little ones wouldn't 'a' bought much bread. Maybe it's the last treat they'll ever get; I'll not repent I give it to 'em."

The little Boylans' appetites were not cloyed by their molasses candy, and the pot of thin mush did not more than suffice for their supper. John ate sparingly, and rose before the rest had done, saying: "I'm goin' out for a bit."

He came back after Mrs. Deery and the children had said their prayers and had gone to bed.

Polly was sitting alone without a light. He spoke in low tones.

"I've been to see my brother Jim, an' we're after talking about me goin' somewhere to look up steady work. Could you get along, you an' the little ones, Polly, an' me away?"

A sob came out of the darkness.

"If I can get work an' send you some money, you'd do better without me than with me. But hadn't Mrs. Deery better go?"

"Where'd she go? She's no folks to take her in, you know well. No, I can't turn her off, John."

"Well, Polly, do's you think best; but it's hard you should have an extra burden on you—"

"Sh-sh," whispered Polly; "she's that sharp she'll hear you. I'm afeared she knows a'ready how we're off. She wouldn't ate any supper to-night."

After a long pause:—"Where are we to get our breakfast, John?"

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"Polly, darlin', I had to do it—it's the first time—I borrowed money o' Jim; some to start me off, an' some to leave with you. It's only a bit, but soon I'll be hopin' to send you more."

"Are ye goin' soon, John?"

"I'll be takin' the night train. The sooner I'm off the better; besides I never could take leave o' the little ones, an' them awake an' hangin' onto me. It'll be hard enough to say good-bye to you, Polly."

"Will you be goin' far?" asked Polly, trying to be brave.

"I can't say that. I'll go till I find work, if it's to the jumpin' off place."

After John's little bundle was made up, he and Polly sat a long time in the dark talking. Then she lighted a candle and they went up stairs. Maggie and the baby were in one bed, and the three elder boys in another. Jacky, who would kick and roll off onto the floor, was by himself in a curious, comfortable little nest made out of a high packing box. John did not kiss the children, but he hung over them, touching them tenderly, patting their little bodies, and pushing the hair back from their pretty sleeping faces.

He did not break down until he came to Jacky, his pet, cuddled in the depths of the big box, and evidently dreaming of the afternoon orgies, for he was mumbling something about "tanny." Then the man fell upon his knees and wept. Polly sat the candle on the floor and put her arms around him.

When John had gone, Polly went down into the cellar and sat on the lowest step. Putting her head between her knees she cried aloud, and then she knelt down and poured out her soul to God in prayer.

It was almost daylight when she dragged herself to bed. Coming down late in the morning, she found Mrs. Deery sitting close by the stove with her feet in the oven. As Polly began to poke the fire the old woman said: "Ye forgot the doo-r last night, poor child, didn't ye?"

Polly looked up.

"The door?" she asked.

"The key wasn't turned in it."

"I know," said Polly, "John's gone off, an' I couldn't bear to think of lockin' him out."

Presently Mrs. Deery said: "The cellar ain't a good place for ye, dear. Ye'll get your death a-sittin' there so long. Ye needn't be mindin' me if ye want to cry."

Polly burst into tears, but went on raking the ashes.

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"I don't know how I'll live, an' John away," she sobbed.

"Ye can live wid everybody away what's near to ye," said Mrs. Deery calmly, "if ye call it livin'."

The next few weeks Polly worked like a fiend. She cleaned the house from top to bottom, then began over again. She would fall into a dream over the wash-board, rubbing one piece of clothing until she rubbed holes in it. One day Mrs. Deery said: "Ye'll be hurtin' yourself, child."

"No I'll not," said Polly.

"Then ye'll do harm to the one what's comin'."

Polly looked troubled.

"What do you know about it?" she asked. Mrs. Deery's eyes were indeed sharp. Polly had not even told John. What need of giving him more anxiety than he had already?

It was a cold winter and a long one. Distress was everywhere. But the poor are kind among themselves, and if a common ill assails them will accept help from one another when they would resent the advances of organized charity.

For her children's sakes, Polly took the pitiful contributions brought her by her less destitute neighbors, and, although she would have died sooner than beg for herself, yet she actually asked for clothing for Mrs. Deery.

There was an understanding between these two now. The poor old creature, fully aware of the sacrifices that had been made for her, offered to go to the poor-house, where, indeed, she would have been much better off. But Polly said: "You'll not go there till I go meself to take care of you."

So Mrs. Deery stayed and repaid the kindness shown her, with comforting words and counsel drawn from a little experience.

On the first of April the mines began work. Polly had gone to town in the afternoon, to carry home some washing. Returning, she met the miners coming cheerily from their labor. Mrs. Deery was startled by her rushing in weeping hysterically.

"It 'most kilt me," gasped Polly, "to see 'em all black an' dirty agin, an' they so happy a-gettin' wages. An' when I seen Mis' Rainy a-lookin' out for her man an' the tub standin' ready for him by the stove, an' me not lookin' out for anybody, I jist couldn't bear it."

But Polly was all the while looking out for somebody. No word had come from John. He had said: "I'll write if I find work." As he had not written, she knew he had not found work. Why should he write to tell only of disappointment?

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Her neighbors, whose sympathies were not behind their charities, told her interesting tales of the failure of men to turn up again in their homes which they had left ostensibly to find employment.

Mrs. Evan Evans, whose own husband had deserted her several years before at a time of depression in the coal trade, was especially consolatory in an I-know-how-it-is-myself way.

"'E told me 'e'd be back *in* two month, work *or* no work," said she, "an' 'e never came *in* these two years, sure. *An'* my daughter's man 'e went away *at* the same time, an' she 'as 'eard *that* he took *an*other woman, so she took *an*other man, but I will never take *an*other man, sure," and so rattled on that ancient Briton in her deep, ancient British voice.

But Polly's heart was not shaken by these tales. "John is a true boy," she would say; "he will come back to me."

Yet summer came, and he had not returned nor sent any message.

When huckleberries were ripe Polly went almost daily to the mountain, going out with the berrying parties at two in the morning, and afterward trudging about town to sell them. Sometimes Maggie accompanied her to help carry the pail. The pail was very heavy nowadays.

One August morning, coming up the hill after disposing of her berries, happy with almost two dollars in her pocket, she felt suddenly overpowered by the heat and stopped at a house to rest. She was obliged to stay there all night.

The next day she walked the remainder of the way home, carrying a very little bundle. In twenty-four hours more the little bundle was carried out again and Polly lay delirious. The neighbors were kinder than ever, and so was the priest, but doctors and medicines are expenses that one cannot look to one's friends to defray.

On a certain day, when Mrs. Boylan's physician had ordered a costly prescription, a lady coming out of a shop in the town observed a little girl standing near, with an empty baby-carriage. The carriage appeared to be in the last stages of disintegration.

"Where is the baby?" the lady asked.

"The baby's dead, ma'am, an' we're glad it is, 'cause there's enough on us already, but——" and the little one began to cry.

"Who are you, and where do you live?"

"I'm Maggie Boylan, ma'am, an' I live out on Rum-Ridge. My mother she's sick' an' my father's went away, an' it's medi-

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cine I want to get. If you'd be so kind, ma'am, as to buy the carriage; it ain't a very good one—"

Many such stories had this good lady listened to; many had she investigated, only to lose faith in humanity; but never before had she seen such a baby-carriage as this one, nor more honest sorrow and anxiety than were in Maggie's blue eyes.

"I don't need the carriage," she said gently, "but here's some money for the medicine."

As Maggie hastened home, trundling the bottle precariously in the bottom of the carriage, she felt glad that her mother was still out of her head. "I'll not have to tell her that I took the money for nothin';" she thought, "she'd say it was every bit as bad as beggin'."

Mrs. Boylan did not take the costly prescription. When Maggie reached the house she found it full of women moaning tragically. They all said "poor child," when they saw her, and sighed, and used their aprons. Her mother had died, so they told her, half an hour ago.

"*An'* just a minute after," said Mrs. Evan Evans, "come your huncle Jim with a letter *from* your pappy. *An'* 'e 'as sent money enough to bury her. *It* is time *that* the money came."

John's letter was dated from a Western town where he had found a good, permanent position, and secured a house. The money was "for Polly and the little ones" to go to him. James Boylan wrote at once to his brother, telling him of Polly's death and bidding him come back to look after the children.

Meanwhile Mrs. Deery would not permit anything to be done in the way of funeral arrangements.

"Polly is not dead," she insisted, and incessantly did she toil, this aged woman who had not in years done active work, to restore vitality to that irresponsive form; by turns rubbing violently, or breathing her own almost wasted breath between Polly's parted lips.

"She shared wid me when she'd but half a mouthful," said Mrs. Deery to those who reproved her for her folly; "I've naught but me life, an' little o' that, but she's welcome to it if it 'll do her any good."

Giving and receiving were one. Exertions in which both soul and body thus shared, brought increase of vigor to the enfeebled system and renewed the wasting tissues of lung and muscle.

But three days and three nights of this loving labor failed to bring Polly back to consciousness.

James Boylan grew angry. "It's unhealthy," he said, "to

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keep her so long in this hot weather," and he went to order a coffin. The health officer made several visits, at length leaving peremptory commands that interment should take place immediately. The whole neighborhood was thirsting for a wake.

Still Mrs. Deery refused the undertaker's offices and ceased not her rubbing.

At the end of the fourth day Polly opened her eyes. "O thank God! I ain't dead," she said to the frightened group of children and friends gathered about her bed, who screamed at her return to life as if a ghost had appeared. They began to tell her what had happened.

"I know all about it," said she; "I wasn't dead one bit o' the time; I heard everything what went on."

A few days later Polly was up and sitting in the kitchen. The children were all about her; Mrs. Deery, quiet as usual, but looking strangely young and happy, sat opposite.

"Do you know," said Polly, "that when Jim come in that last time an' said he was goin' for the coffin, an' I knowed for sure I was to be buried an' John alive an' comin' back, I jist thought it would kill me. But then I says to myself: no matter, the little ones 'll be cared for, an' Mrs. Deery, an' I'll die aisy thinkin' John was true to me, which I knowed he was anyway."

A terrible thump on the floor of the porch. Some one burst through the door, taking off the lock by main force. It was John—he had no time to turn the latch.

He made one leap to Polly's side. After embracing all the children and Mrs. Deery, he began anew, going from one to the other, occasionally bounding away like a joyous dog to perform gleeful antics about the room.

As soon as Polly could speak, she said:

"I knowed you'd come back, John; I said you was a true boy."

EDITH BROWER.

Wilkes-Barre, Pa.

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REMINISCENCES OF EDGAR P. WADHAMS, FIRST BISHOP OF OGDENSBURG.

IV.

1845–1850.

WADHAMS was now almost entirely alone. His loneliness was not like that of Robinson Crusoe on his solitary island. He had neighbors around him. They knew him and loved him well, and were as much disposed to be sociable as ever. He was in the midst of family friends and to a man like him these family ties were very dear. He would never lack for any sympathy which they could give him. But the kind of sympathy which he needed most they had not to give. They were Protestants, and all of them perfectly satisfied with that religion to which they were accustomed. His own mind, on the contrary, was filled with religious doubts, practical and pressing doubts, which called for a quick solution. His heart, therefore, was straitened by a deep anguish, the cause of which they could not understand. The kind of sympathy which they could give him was not that which could bring relief. Those to whom he had been accustomed to open his heart, because they stood on the same ground with him and could understand him, were now gone. The broad Atlantic lay between him and them. They were happy and he was not. They could have sympathized with him and shown their sympathy if they had remained with him, but they were gone. They had gone forward and so left him. Others had recoiled backward and anchored their hearts behind him. He was thus quite alone, with none to share his anguish. Where was there a sympathizing heart to whom he could open his own?

Of course, there is one friend above all others, and by that friend the just man is never forsaken. Sympathy with Him is never broken by any circumstances; but only converts who have passed through the deep waters in which Wadhams was now struggling know how clouds of darkness gather about the soul at times, and make it participate in some measure in that desolation which caused the Lord-Christ on his cross to cry out: "My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?" I know of

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one who once, in a moment of desolation of this kind, which came in the middle of the night, could only find relief by rising from his bed, and on his bare knees protesting that, if God would only show him what to do, he would do it, let the cost be what it might. "Surely," he said, "God cannot damn me while I say this, and mean it." Those who have passed through similar trials are best able to understand the deep meaning which lies in those words of Cardinal Newman, now so familiar to the public:

> "Lead kindly light, amid the encircling gloom,
> Lead thou me on."

Of course in these cases, when a young churchman is thought to be in danger of going over to Rome, friends are not wanting who are ready to offer sympathy, such as it is, and there are spiritual doctors among them to prescribe infallible remedies. These remedies generally consist in urging the patient to do precisely what his conscience will not let him do. They succeed in curing only those whose consciences are not thoroughly aroused, or who are weak in the knees. These various remedies are in substance reducible to three or four—such, for instance, as: "Take advice," "Take orders," "Take a parish," "Take a wife."

The first letter from Wadhams' correspondence which belongs to this period of spiritual desolation covering something less than a year, is from a seminarian of his own class, the Rev. Edwin A. Nichols. It dates from "New York, June 2, 1845;" and contains prescriptions for Wadhams' spiritual malady, beginning with the first in the order given above—namely, to *take advice*. After a brief introduction, he says:

"I proceed *in medias res*, and perhaps you anticipate what is coming. We have not been much surprised to hear that McMaster has joined the Roman Catholic community in this country; but Mr. Walworth's move has rather taken *me* aback, although I knew little of him personally. Of course we are ready to conclude that you and he consulted on this matter together before he left you, and I suppose you will not be surprised if your old friends ask 'Will Wadhams go next?' Now, will you allow me the privilege of an old friend, to take you (as it were) by the hand and say to you 'Think before you leap.' I well recollect one of McMaster's rash expressions, that he was going 'to take a leap in the dark.' However, I believe you would not do that. . . . We were ordained together: I should be sorry to think you have ever found any grounds for doubting the valid-

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ity of that ordination. If Carey, with all his great learning and devoted piety, believed those orders valid, it should counterbalance the weight of a good many Walworths, etc., the other way. Besides, it is no news to you that their validity has been admitted by many Roman Catholics themselves. *Courayer* you have perhaps read, also Bishop England of Charleston, a prominent Roman Catholic divine lately deceased. However, it seems to me hardly possible that your mind has been altered on this point, and that all the treasures of ancient and modern English theology, with which your common-place books are stored, have become to you so much dross. Here then, I hope, you will act differently from Walworth. He (I understand) took the advice of none of our learned divines, but went 'on his own hook,' adopting the sectarian plan of neglecting reason and argument, and seeking from *prayer alone* that guidance which sober piety would hardly expect without faithfully using *all the means* which providence has placed within our reach. . . . Supposing, then, that you may have been troubled with doubts, would it not be your duty to consult with some of your respected brethren and fathers in the church before allowing your mind to become *changed*, or even *unsettled*, with regard to any of the church's doctrines or principles? Doubtless you will agree with me on this point. Allow me, then, to hope that you will not suffer your mind to be imperceptibly warped and weaned from the church of your *first* love until you have had *free and full intercourse* with some of our clergy whom you know and respect as 'pillars in the church of Christ.'"

The above citation of Courayer and Bishop England for the validity of English orders is rather unfortunate. Courayer was an apostate Catholic. He first embraced Jansenism and afterwards Anglicanism. It will be news to Catholics that Bishop England made any such admission. Moreover, the fact is well known that, when Anglicans in orders become Catholics, they have to be re-ordained. This practice rests upon a very early decision made at Rome in the case of a converted English clergyman. It was certain that Wadhams' own mind was so far unsettled in this matter at the time of receiving this letter that he had no confidence in his own ordination as deacon, and persistently refused to go on and take priest's orders.

To urge either Wadhams or myself, or McMaster, McVickar, Whicher, Platt, Donally, or many others who might be named in the same category, to take advice from living "pillars" of the Episcopal church was simply nonsense. What had we been doing during our seminary course but studying the very questions on which we were asked to seek light? The necessity of ordination to constitute a priest, the apostolical succession, and the validity of Anglican orders, the nature and characteristic notes

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of a true church, the essential doctrines and sacraments necessary to constitute and furnish the true Christian church—these were the very subjects which we had studied most anxiously, in class and out of class, with the aid of all the eminent "pillars" which Anglicanism could afford. The longer we studied, and the deeper our application to these questions, the more we felt the want of foundation beneath our feet; and what other foundation could these wonderful "pillars" have, and why should we risk our salvation on their *dictamina*? Among Anglican clergymen there were not a few that we knew well and respected much as gentlemen, as scholars, and as sincere Christians; but how could they be "pillars of the church" to us, or add anything to our security? To take advice of such as they in our position did not mean humility, nor docility, nor that prudence which comes from heaven. It meant to dose our consciences with morphine, committing ourselves to men who were already committed. It could only mean, in our case, a cowardly surrender of conscience, with a hypocritical expedient to back up the surrender. I am willing and glad to admit that there are some rare men who know how to give advice with a regard solely to the state of an honest conscience which seeks it. Dr. Alonzo Potter, formerly bishop of Pennsylvania, was a man of this kind. An acquaintance and friend of mine was once a clergyman in his diocese and with a conscience struggling and hesitating like that of Wadhams. In a moment of feebleness he went to his bishop, opened his mind to him, and put himself under his direction, not doubting what that direction would be. He was astonished at the answer he got. "If," said the bishop, "the state of your mind is such as you represent, I am sorry for it; but there is only one course conscientiously open to you. It is to join the Roman Catholic Church. In any case," he added, "I can no longer consent to your officiating in my diocese." Such advice is very rare, but such men as Dr. Potter are also very rare. It is scarcely necessary to say that the young cleric in question took this advice immediately. He has been for these many long years a most talented and estimable priest in the Catholic Church.

I had occasion once to give a very different advice. A Methodist minister, whose name I did not ask, once came to me at St. Mary's, representing that he had strong inclinations to become a Catholic and a priest. He had many questions to ask, but his questions were not of a character to do him much credit. His chief anxiety was to know what salary a priest

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could command, and what other means he had to make his way through the world. I told him that nothing less than a bishop could attend to a case like his. He asked if I would recommend him to apply to the bishop. I said, "You may go to him if you like, but if you should you will probably find that I have been there before you, and advised him to have nothing to do with you." This was not a case of uneasy conscience, but of dilapidated finance. Any of the usual prescriptions administered to perplexed converts would have suited his case — orders, or a parish, or a wife, or any other profitable advice.

Nichols was not satisfied in his letter with urging Wadhams to take advice. He had another remedy in reserve, which was to keep him as busily employed as possible in the church where he found himself. This, with a glowing description of his own work, and the happiness he found in it, occupies nearly all the rest of the letter. Nichols was pastor of the "Emmanuel Church" in New York. His location and special relations with McVickar and others, appear from the following passage:

"Our members have increased in number, and apparently in zeal also. Our singing is very spirited and good. Sunday-school is somewhat the worse from want of efficient teachers. H. McVickar has been teaching a class through the winter, but has recently left, as he is about going out of town for the season. More than this, we have concluded the bargain for the purchase of a church, and where do you think it is? Corner of Prince and Thompson Streets—in other words, the one in which Dr. Seabury now officiates, a place well known to us both of old. The Annunciation people are going to build a new church up town, and in the meanwhile are to go in the chapel of the university, and then we take possession of their church building as a Free Church."

Wadhams' correspondence during the winter of 1845 and 1846 contains three letters from his friend McVickar, the greater part of which would not be very interesting to the reader. They show him still remaining at Columbia College without having taken orders. Although he had abandoned his project of engaging in a monastic life with Wadhams in Essex County, he continued to interchange books with him and matters of intelligence, especially matters regarding the Oxford Movement, both in England and America. They show a constant diminution of his own active interest in that movement. In one he says: "Experience teaches me that to trust in myself or any man is to lean upon a broken reed. Therefore, look up to Dr. Pusey or any other man as a leader, I will not."

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In a letter dated January 30, he intimates a certain shifting of the scenery in the Puseyism of New York which is not without interest. After detailing several novelties of practice and worship introduced in New York and Brooklyn, he instances St. Luke's Church in Hudson Street, of whose rector he says: "I think I told you Mr. Forbes has early communion every Sunday except the second in the month, and recommends and hears confessions. He is gaining the influence which Dr. Seabury is losing at the seminary."

With the fading of that hope which once led him on, the hope of engrafting something higher and better on the dead branches of Anglicanism, comes the necessity of Wadhams doing something else. Either one must go forward to Rome or settle down to rest where one is. But, for a true man, there is no rest without work. McVickar's letters show that he now began to feel it necessary to take orders, and find for himself occupation in the Anglican ministry. At the same time he shows a great desire to engage Wadhams to enter into some new and larger field of ministerial 'labor which might serve to tranquilize him. He suggests that Dr. Whittingham, bishop of Maryland, was in search of clergymen. He writes: "Bishop McCoskey, I understand, says he could fill twenty stations if he had the men." He then adds: "Bishop Ives has just called here. I mentioned your name to him. He is in want, he says, of some clergy of clear Catholic views and practice, to assist in establishing the tone of his diocese. Do you know him? I am sure you would like him."

The reader will readily recognize the name last mentioned. Dr. Ives was then bishop of North Carolina; he afterwards became a convert to the ancient church, in which he lived as a layman. He is well known to Catholics as the founder of the Catholic Protectory near New York City, and other charitable enterprises. His wife was a daughter of the famous John Henry Hobart, Protestant bishop of New York. She followed her husband into the church. McVickar was shortly afterwards ordained an Episcopalian deacon, and died of consumption in a few months.

Several other letters are found amongst Wadhams' papers, written by his former fellow-seminarians, which belong to this same period of anxious doubt and hesitation. One of these is from Mr. Bostwick, a clergyman settled at Brandon, Vt. He belonged to the same circle of seminarians with Carey and others, and his name is found mentioned more than once in

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Wadhams' correspondence. His career in matters of religion no longer ran parallel with that of our friend, for he had taken to himself a wife. Children had begun to grow around his hearth. These needed providing for, and his parishioners of Brandon owed back salary to their last pastor, and under these embarrassing circumstances they judged it to be imprudent to pay their present pastor any at all. "The Vermont hills afforded a fine prospect, but poor eating." The letter contains other things of a more spiritual character, but no attempt is made to advise Wadhams or administer interior comfort.

Among the letters belonging to this period and preserved by Wadhams is one of peculiar interest. This interest is derived not merely from the fact that the writer was a fellow-seminarian, and deeply involved in the new Oxford Movement, but because in it he delineates so fully and clearly his own position of doubt, anxiety, and distress, and gives also the motives which drew him toward the Catholic Church and those which held him back. His position was very much the same as that of Wadhams, although, unlike Wadhams, he did not become a Catholic. We omit the writer's name, because he is still living, and may have the same or similar prudential reasons for reticence which, as he himself intimates, existed at the time of writing. The letter is dated March 3, 1846. After some preliminary excuses for not writing sooner, it says:

"How great—how very great changes have taken place since we met! how many friends have gone from us! how many among us have shrunk back! I must confess that when the 'secession' first took place, I felt very miserable, very desolate, and unhappy; and still at times I find myself giving way to such feelings, but I have become, as a general thing, more reconciled to it; and, believing as I do most firmly that God is with us still as a part of his holy church, and that there are holy men among us to act as his instruments, I am becoming more warmly attached to our holy, afflicted mother, and will pray and strive that she may be lifted out of the dust. She cannot now be invited to the centre of Catholic unity, but the time for that union *will* come, and it seems to me my duty to labor *in* and *for* her that she may be prepared for it. I do think that changes in matters of practice, and in some matters of requirement, must take place in the Mother Church before the daughter can become reconciled to her, and God, who is all powerful, will bring about those changes in his good time, and will bring about that union, too, for which we so much long.

"But here I am writing on without being mindful, dear Wadhams, that you differ with me on some of these points.

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We may see things alike yet; and whichever of us may be wrong I pray God to lead to the truth. I have gotten over that dread, even for the truth itself, which I once felt, and am ready and anxious to receive it now *wherever* and *whatever* it may be.

"Only, dear brother, if you *can conscientiously* stand by our church in this her day of sorrow, do not forsake her; believe me, though you are isolated in position, yet, there are more hearts than you think beating in sympathy with yours.

"I see Mr. Hoyt has resigned his parish. Do you know what he is going to do? Tell me all you know about Bostwick; I have not heard from him for a long time. . . . . "

The Rev. Mr. Hoyt mentioned in the above letter was a married clergyman of St. Albans, Vt., who soon after the above writing, and about the same time as Wadhams, entered the Catholic Church with all his family. After the death of his wife, he took priest's orders. At his first Mass eight of his children received communion from his hands. One of his daughters is now a contemplative nun of the Dominican Order and of the strictest observance. Many other kinsmen of this family have become Catholics. The recent death of Father Hoyt, although, of course, on many accounts an affliction to his friends, occurred under circumstances which lent a peculiar beauty to the event. The death stroke fell upon him while celebrating Mass, and immediately after his communion. In this way, by the providence of God, he received his Viaticum at the altar and administered by himself. He neither spoke nor tasted anything after this. His last words were the words of the Mass, and his last food was Food from heaven.

I am glad to find amongst the letters written to Wadhams at this period some from the Rev. Charles Platt. He was a first cousin of mine, and had an intimate acquaintance with Wadhams, dating from their seminary life together. He was a man of high scholarship and fine talents, and a clear, sound judgment, with a most innocent and excellent boyhood behind him, like Wadhams' own. I cannot venture to omit his letters altogether, because they represent so graphically the spirit of the Oxford Movement in America, with all that young life which filled the bosoms of our seminarians and fresh graduates from the seminary. How near he was to the Catholic Church may be learned from the opening sentence of a letter which he sent to me near the close of July, 1845, just before my departure for Europe. It was in answer to one of mine informing him of my conversion, announcing my departure, and asking him to come to New York and see me off. It ran thus:

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"DEAR COUSIN: I thank my God that your feet are at last planted upon the 'Rock of Peter.' I cannot, however, close with your invitation to come to New York and see you embark. To accept that invitation would mean that I am ready to become a Catholic; and I am not. I cannot break my mother's heart. . . ."

A letter from Whicher at the same time, and in answer to a similar invitation, announced to me that he had decided to come, but had changed his mind on learning that Platt would not. Platt died out of the Fold many years later, leaving a wife and children. Whicher also married, and twice, taking parishes at Clayville and Whitesboro' in Oneida County. It was ten years before he took the great step. He is still living in Oneida County, a Catholic layman. His first wife is known to literature as the "Widow Bedott." The second became a Catholic shortly after himself. Platt's first letter to Wadhams runs as follows:

"ROCHESTER, Dec. 31, 1845.

"MY DEAR FRIEND: It was not my intention to follow your example of delay, but circumstances have placed my time out of my own control. I have lately understood from Clarence's friends that he had arrived at Belgium. His Protestant connections cannot, of course, see any reason for his course, and set it down as a vagary from which he will eventually return. Sometimes, in view of the quiet and communion with the sainted which he must now strongly experience, I have been tempted to the wish, 'Oh, that I had the wings of a dove!' but such thirstings are only the signs of a struggle, and not really the best relief for us. Poor Pollard! He never crossed my sight; yet I cannot help feeling drawn toward him in the hour of his oppression—an oppression the more hateful under a system which provides no remedy. If the mere breathing of Catholic truth is thus to be choked out of one, what worth the day! However, let them rue it that need; it is not the sufferer's part. . . .

"And now I beg you not to be so dilatory again, nor to complain of my remissness. I hear nothing directly from Clarence or 'Mac.' Believe me, yours in bonds,

"C. H. PLATT."

The news from Europe which Platt could not furnish came directly to Wadhams in a letter from me, dated at St. Trond, Belgium, February 7, 1846. It reads:

"DEAR WADHAMS: You are no doubt surprised that I have not written to you long ago. I assure you it is a matter which has disturbed me not a little. It is a debt I owe you, not only of friendship, but of gratitude, and I have been very uneasy at

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my inability to discharge it. But the necessary duties of each day have been a severe tax upon my eyes, and I had much writing to do which it was impossible to neglect, so that I have been debarred from letter-writing. Hitherto I have written only three letters to America—two of them to my parents, and one to Preston."

I remember this letter to Preston (the late Mgr. T. S. Preston, Vicar-General of the Archdiocese of New York), then a Protestant seminarian at Twentieth Street. John Henry Newman had at last passed through the "encircling gloom," and closed his sharp, short struggle with pain by openly and fully professing the Catholic faith and joining the true Fold. In adverting to this event, the news of which had just reached our convent, I spoke of Dr. Pusey's comment upon it. It is stated that he said, with an air of quiet resignation: "Well, it is all right; the Roman Catholics have prayed harder than we, and so they have got him!" When this was told to Father Othmann, our novice-master, he was disgusted, and said: "This language is neither rational nor manly. It is nothing but baby-talk." I repeated this in my letter to Preston, who replied indignantly that he did not agree with me at all; that Dr. Pusey's sentiment was that of a man both reasonable and spiritual. There must have been hard praying on our side for Preston in New York, for not very long after this the Catholics scored a similar victory in his case. But to return to my letter to Wadhams:

"I have just been allowed a dispensation from all the common exercises of the novitiate except the daily conference, in order to open my heart a little to some of my far-off friends in America, and I begin with you. You cannot conceive how much I want you here. I do not know how to excuse myself for not having brought you away forcibly upon my back. Ah! if the *quondam abbot* of Wadhams Mills were only here, where the discipline of the religious life is found in all its wisdom, vigor, and attractiveness, he would weep and laugh by turns with me at our futile 'monkery' among the hills of Essex. He would believe readily what Father Rumpler told me at New York, that the Puseyites have found only the *carcass* of Catholicism, while the soul, the life, the breath of God, the spirit of holiness is hidden from them. You remember our many conversations of last winter, how we lamented the want of religious system, and of guidance for the conscience, and how we magnified the happiness of Catholics and especially the religious who live under direction. I can answer for it we were both sincere and earnest. But for myself I confess I scarcely knew what I talked about. Judge B—— thought us not a little romantic. I wish he might see the reality. Romance would seem tame. I deny

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that I had any romantic thoughts when I came here; but, if I had, a few months' routine would dissipate that. To get up at half-past four every morning at the sound of bell, precisely, neither before nor after; to go to bed at half-past nine of necessity, and all day long in the meantime to sit or stand or move at the sound of the convent clock, the remorseless clock which makes no account of the particular inspirations you may have at the moment; to make recreation with the others whether you *feel like it or not*, in short, to have your own way in *nothing* —this may be romance to Puseyites, who eat and sleep and pray at their leisure, but here at St. Trond it is a sober, every-day sort of business. No, there is no romance about it. For a man who is not in earnest to save his soul, who has neither the fear of hell, the love of God, nor the desire of holiness, it is dull play. But for one who is disgusted with his sins, and mourns the hardness of heart and sensuality which separates him from God, who loves the character of Jesus Christ, and burns with desire to imitate it, this Congregation of St. Alphonsus Liguori is a 'treasure-trove,' to which he will cling as a drowning man clings to whatever will support him. I assure you I had no conception of the real value of spiritual direction, and especially such direction as is found in the novitiate. Here there is no guile, none of those constant little deceptions which even the most honest in the world abound with. The whole heart is opened to your superior. Prepared by the experience of years, he scrutinizes your character and temperament, and explains to you your characteristic faults, and the means by which you must seek to do away with them. He watches your daily progress and teaches you to know yourself and watch yourself. Here we find rigor, but the rigor is in the rule, and not in the manner. Love is the presiding spirit, and even the rule must bend to charity. We are a perfect family—fathers, children, brothers. We know each other well, and understand mutually the different peculiarities of character, and thus distrust is altogether banished, while the common life, the common interest, the common hopes, the congregation which links us all together inseparably until we shall be called to join the more perfect congregation of heaven make harmony and mutual love unavoidable. Here, my dear friend, is a home for you. I cannot doubt that you have a vocation to such a life. Your past history, so much as I know of it, your tastes and preferences, and the desire you have so long had for a monastic life are proof of it. It is a missionary order also, and in it better than anywhere else you can discharge your duty to God and your country. Believe me, the Redemptorists will raise a commotion yet in Essex County. The sincere love I bear you, as well as the desire I have that you and McMaster and I, with many others such as you, native Americans and still Protestants, may go up together in the cause of Christ against the devils which pervert the hearts of the American people, and hinder their salvation, stimulate me to write you in this manner. I know the difficulties in your way; but they are of the flesh—human. They are opportunities which

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God affords you of beginning with a sacrifice as an earnest of your fidelity. Certainly, how can one hope to gain heaven by the way of the cross when he is cowed by the first difficulty which presents itself? I also had my difficulty of the same nature. I will not concede that I love my mother less than you love yours. But now I am sure that, by becoming a Catholic, I have created strong reasons for my parents and others to think more tenderly of Catholics and Catholicism than before. But, after all, this is not the great question—it is enough that the voice of God calls all men to his Church, and declares that he who is not with him is against him. The sects of this day in controversy with that Church, as well as the ancient sects, were not created by God to gather in his elect; and how can one *who knows the Catholic Church* seek for salvation in them? Forgive me all this, dear Wadhams; it is on my heart and I must needs out with it. I cannot rest content when I think how one noble resolution would carry you to New York to make your profession and then hither to this *heaven on earth*, for of your vocation I cannot doubt. Do not, I beseech you, counsel with those whom you know to be sunk in heresy up to the hair, or guided by mere worldly motives, or, like H——, paralyzed by timidity. I desired to enclose a little *billet* in the letter McMaster wrote you, but he sent it off without thinking of me. He desires to be kindly remembered to you. He sets to work now to humble himself in the spirit of obedience with the same zeal as when a Puseyite he thought to erect dioceses and create bishops. You would scarcely know him. The Catholic Church has a gentle hand, but a nervous one.

"Indeed, now that I am living under her direct influence there has grown up a feeling of her mysterious power which is far more forcible than the arguments which convinced me before. I have a great deal that I want to say to you, but in so short a compass what can I do? I would like to give you some description of our life here, which I know would so much interest you. I wrote Preston a minute account of our daily exercises; but you cannot see that, as you are so far away from New York. But I will give you some idea in brief: We have here twelve Fathers, or missionaries, who are about half the time on missions, and half in convent; some fifteen lay-brothers; besides these our "Père Maître" of novices, and his associate the "Père Socius," with twenty novices. We rise at half-past four, breakfast at half-past seven, dine at twelve, sup at seven, and go to bed at half-past nine. We have an hour's recreation together after dinner and another after supper, when we may converse together. All the rest of the day is spent in silence. Friday and Thursday are excepted, the first a day of constant silence and retreat, the latter one of general recreation. We have nearly two hours' time each day to spend in bodily exercise and manual labor. All the rest of the day is occupied either in private prayer and spiritual reading or in the various public exercises of the novitiate. The perfect regularity of everything about the convent would make you wonder. All is obedience, and obedi-

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ence makes order easy. No time is wasted. The whole day is occupied. But I can give you no idea of our life here. It is so entirely different from everything you find in the world. It would require a book to describe it. A full insight into a convent would be in itself an all-sufficient refutation of Protestantism. It would show also how utterly impossible was our scheme to establish the conventual life out of the Church, because out of the Church no one can be found to whom monastic obedience is due. A number of persons may *agree to obey* Breck or some other Protestant, but such obedience cannot be perfect nor last long. The authority of the superior must come from God through the sanction of his Church. The mere agreement of men cannot create it. This Puseyite idea is in itself a thoroughly Protestant notion. For my part I would shudder to submit the welfare of my body and soul to any other authority than that of God, and that authority we Catholic religious find in our superiors. But I have made already a very long letter, and must close. God knows how I long to see you, and see you safely delivered from your perilous position. You have created by your past kindness an obligation to love you, and I never forget you, nor your excellent mother, at the Holy Sacrifice. Please write me, or better yet, come yourself, and let us tread together this dangerous road of life, and seek under the same rules and the same guidance to wash white our garments and prepare to meet our Lord at his coming. Give my love to your kind mother, and my remembrance to Mrs. Hammond and family, Judge B—— and family. God and our dear Lady defend and guide you. Your faithful friend ever,

" CLARENCE WALWORTH.

" P.S.—I cannot think of leaving so large a space unfilled when we have so little opportunity of communication. I might tell you of our voyage across the ocean to Portsmouth, of Winchester Cathedral (of which, however, we saw the outside only from the cars), of London, Westminster Abbey, the tomb of St. Edward the Confessor within it, etc. Splendid old Abbey! it made me melancholy to see it, like an old giant bound and helpless in a godless city. It presents a long history; almost from the time of the Conquest. Constant additions of chapels were made to it until the Reformation—and since then constant decay. Here and there you see headless figures, broken by Cromwell's soldiers and others, but no repairs. The Protestants now do not know what to do with it. They use a large transept to bury play-actors and poets, and have set apart a kind of meeting-house in the middle of it, which looks like a little Protestant pill which the noble old abbey has been constrained to swallow, but the greater part has been unused, and therefore is the less abused. The Church of St. Saviour, by the London Bridge, is also very ancient, and pleased McMaster better than the abbey; but it is unfortunately occupied. If I were with you I should have a great deal to say of what we have seen and

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heard, but as it is I can do nothing. There are churches not far from us which we have visited sometimes Thursdays, when on promenade, which would make your heart rejoice could you see them. I have thought of you more than once when looking at them, because you enjoy such things more than I. For my part I like better the architecture and ornaments of my little square cell; the table and crucifix hanging over it; the wooden cross lying on my bed, my bed-fellow at night; the three-cornered black hat hanging over the door, my companion in the promenades; a little many-tailed cord with which on Wednesdays and Fridays we warm ourselves before going to bed; the black habit which covers me, and the Rosary at my belt, please my simple Anglo-Saxon taste. They remind me of my resemblance in the outward circumstances to so many glorious saints, cloister saints, while they cover me with confusion, to think that this resemblance is all on the outside. But this is too much like twaddle. I have but *one idea* when I think of you. I beg of you, my dear friend, in the name of our Saviour, who made himself homeless and a wanderer in the world for our sake, to surrender at once to your conscience, and declare yourself openly on his side. What advantage is it to read every day the lives of the saints, and their self-sacrifices, and still remain, through human respect, natural affection, or the dread of a transitory suffering of mind in a church which has no more solidity of faith or practice than a bag of wind is solid? Forgive me if I am too rude. I do not mean to be so. You know well that in my heart I have no other sentiments toward you than love and esteem. Farewell! May God bless you! Do not neglect the Holy Mother of God, who will not fail to help you if you pray to her. She is a better friend and counselor than you will find in the Protestant Episcopal church of the United States of America, which Newman, Oakeley, Faber and others have left. Where do you find your *fellows* now? Nowhere, dear Wadhams, unless you consent to fall back on those behind you, and if you commence to fall back where will you stop? If you wish to learn anything of our order or receive guidance for the conscience from one who knows how to guide tenderly and well, consult Father Rumpler at New York, either by visit or by letter. (Rev. Gabriel Rumpler, C.SS.R., Third Street, New York.)"

The time had now come when Wadhams took his first positive step with reference to a possible union with the Roman Catholic Church. He held an official position in the Protestant Episcopal church, and was in charge of a missionary field of labor therein. This fixed upon him a certain responsibility towards that church. It gave him certain duties in it, and so far abridged his independence. In case of deciding to become a Catholic, he was not free to step from one church into the other without a show, at least, of inconsistent conduct. For instance, to become a Catholic on Thursday would make

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it difficult to preach in a Protestant pulpit on the Sunday before, or administer the rites of worship there. The doctrine and the worship which would be suitable to his conscience on Thursday would look like treachery in a Protestant church on Sunday. The fact that unfavorable comments are actually made in such cases shows that there are rules of honesty and propriety to be observed by converts, which are nevertheless embarrassing, and which require caution and deliberation. Wadhams was both honest and wise; and, therefore, to make himself independent, he began by resigning his charge in time. A second letter, which we now give from the Rev. Charles Platt, alludes to this resignation of Wadhams' mission in Essex County.

"ST. PAUL'S, ROCHESTER, West N. Y.

"Monday in Holy Week, April 6, 1846.

"MY DEAR WADHAMS:

"I hasten to answer yours of the 27th ult. After hope long deferred, you have truly relieved me. I had grown quite anxious about you, not knowing but your health had failed, or you had lost confidence in my sympathy with you, or you had already taken a step which would, indeed, sever us widely. I am glad to learn that you are yet holding fast to your contentment as well as your confidence, but I must regret that any circumstances should have forced you to cease from your labors for good. Forced you must have been, for no ruggedness of the field would deter you, nor any common hardships have driven you from your work.

"From your letter I hardly know what to make of your intentions. You seem to have relinquished your connection with the missionary operations of our church. Do you mean by that to say that you disconnect yourself from any ministerial labor in the church? I rather surmised that you were inclined to follow Clarence and McMaster. If so, we are outwardly severed—probably in your opinion altogether severed. I do not doubt that they were both acting with a good conscience—perhaps with a clearer conscience than I shall ever know. But I cannot in conscience follow them. Mr. Newman's *Essay* I have not read. I began it, but had not time during Lent to finish it deliberately. . . .

"Whicher is in priest's orders. He had a hard time winter before the last. They passed him to the priesthood last fall; but he was plump with them, and kept nothing back. . . .

"I am surprised that you should leave your parish before Easter. This is the season, if any, to labor in our church, and to humble the Protestant pride. I have heard nothing from Clarence directly. Should like to hear very much. Yours,

"C. H. PLATT."

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This is the last letter in my possession received by Wadhams while yet a Protestant. In less than three months he had passed beyond those days of doubt and desolation. He communicated the joyful intelligence to me in a letter which found me in Belgium, still in my novitiate, and preparing to make my vows. I am sorry not to have preserved it. It would be a treasure now.

It is strange that when the long agony was at an end, and Wadhams' resolution was taken to "cross over," the crossing was not found to be easy. A priest was necessary to receive him. And who should be that priest? Naturally the nearest priest would answer the purpose. Why not go to him? This is just what he did, although that priest was a perfect stranger to him. It is said that he entered a Catholic church or chapel in his own native Adirondacks, but after a brief conference with the priest he was allowed to depart without encouragement. As Wadhams turned away the clergyman said to one of his parishioners: "Look after that young man; I wonder what he is up to!"

His second attempt was made at Albany. He rang the bell at the door of St. Mary's rectory, then a bishop's residence. He made known his state of mind and wishes to an ecclesiastic of the house, and was answered, so it is said: "We are very busy here, and can't attend to you." Wonderful that this should have occurred at the very door through which he so often afterwards passed on holy errands of duty and charity when himself officiating there as a Catholic priest! His third and more successful application was made to the Sulpicians of St. Mary's Seminary, Baltimore. Here the future Bishop of Ogdensburg was cordially received, duly prepared, and admitted to that great Motherly Bosom so patiently sought for, so lovingly clung to.

Wadhams was received into the Church in June, 1846, by Dr. Peter Frédet, then registrar of the Sulpician Seminary. Father Deluol was president. Among the members of the faculty were Rev. François Lhomme, afterwards president, and Rev. Augustin Verot, who died Bishop of St. Augustine, Florida. He was admitted at once into the seminary, where he prosecuted a two years' course of theology. He had there for fellow-students the late Father Bernard McManus; the late Thomas Foley, Bishop of Chicago; Father Walters, of St. Patrick's, Washington, and the late Father Boyle, of the same city. All these were among the most familiar friends of his later years.

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The life of Edgar P. Wadhams now enters upon a new epoch. He dwells beneath a new sky. He breathes a new air. All his surroundings are new. His old companions are all still dear to him, but in one sense they are far away. They no longer see by the same light; they no longer look at the same stars. Their religious intercourse is broken up; and yet, to a true Christian, that intercourse of soul with soul is the best, holiest, sweetest that life affords. It follows, therefore, very naturally that almost all of Wadhams' correspondence changes. The familiar friends of earlier days for the most part cease to write letters, or at least such letters as men love to lay by for re-perusal. I find among Wadhams' papers a letter from the Rev. Armand Charbonnel, dated August 6, 1846. Before he entered the seminary at Baltimore, Wadhams must have visited Vermont, where he made or renewed an acquaintance with Father Charbonnel. This French priest was a Sulpician, had been a professor at St. Mary's Seminary, Baltimore, and afterwards at St. Sulpice, Montreal, and still later became Bishop of Toronto. He had advised him to prepare for the priesthood by entering the seminary at Montreal, or still better, if possible, to make his studies at Rome or Paris.

In his letter Father Charbonnel communicates to Wadhams the conversion of Rev. Mr. Hoyt, already referred to. This connects naturally with the current of our reminiscences and is a matter of interest. We give it in the words of the letter:

"Rev. Mr. Hoyt, of St. Albans, made his First Communion on last Sunday week, after having been previously baptized and absolved; and he received again on last Sunday, when his wife and four children were baptized and confirmed, as well as himself. He is a man of learning and property, but not settled as yet about what he will do. His countenance is remarkably sweet and noble; as for his lordship, Bishop Hopkins, he is mad with our new brother's change, or perversion. *Requiescat in pace.* He went so far lately, speaking against Catholics on that occasion, that one of his near relatives, a Protestant, left the church crying out: 'I am sick with such a bitterness!'"

It will be remembered that this Bishop Hopkins of Vermont had a public controversy with Archbishop Kendrick of Baltimore, in which the principal question discussed was the validity of Anglican orders. I recall to mind that Arthur Carey had at one time lived in Vermont in familiar relations with Bishop Hopkins, either as an inmate of his household or pupil in one of his schools, and always spoke of him as a man of great intelligence and learning.

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I fear the reader is already wearied with so many letters. The narrative of events, personal recollections and anecdotes are livelier and easier reading. But to historical minds that value faithful reality more, who wish to see the past just as it existed to the eyes of those who lived in the past, letters have a deeper interest. However, be this as it may, letters henceforth will not figure much in these reminiscences. We give just one more. It is a voice from across the sea, addressed to the abbot of St. Mary's, now dethroned, and a student at the seminary in Baltimore. It is a joyous and affectionate hail from the disbanded community of one.

"WITTEM, December 1, 1846.

"MY DEAR WADHAMS:—You see I date from another place, because, having happily finished my novitiate at St. Trond, and taken the vows, I am now busy like yourself in preparing for the priesthood. You have some idea perhaps of the great joy I felt on receiving your letter and finding you safely anchored in the harbor of the Church. God be thanked, my dear friend, that we have no longer to deal with the shuffling principles of Puseyism, but with the firm, unchanging, and unshaken faith! I should have written you a reply long ago to testify my joy at the happy step you have taken, but thought I would delay until I had taken the vows; and the new circumstances in which I find myself have occasioned still further delay, for I am scarcely yet domesticated in my new abode. The liberty I took to chatter to you about your vocation was wholly on the supposition of your being at Wadhams Mills all alone among Protestants. Of course, you have now spiritual guides and every means of determining to what life God calls you. May our Blessed Lord grant you a long and useful life and the souls of many of your countrymen to testify in your favor at the day of judgment. I would love still to embrace you as a Redemptorist, but that is a matter with which I ought not to meddle too much. I will commend your vocation to our Blessed Lady, who knows what is best for you and for the good cause. McMaster, you know of course, has left us. He carries our good wishes and prayers with him. He made a long and careful trial of his vocation, and though it was found that God did not call him to the religious state, still, his good will will find its reward. His departure was much regretted by all his fellow-novices, who loved him and speak always of him with much affection. Of course, you can conceive the feelings of us two Americans [Isaac Hecker and myself]. Present him my good wishes and warm love should you fall in his way.

"I have no idea of what is going on in America. Pray, does the good cause make progress? Do the Puseyites convert themselves, or do they take the back track, and swallow down again all the great Catholic sentiments they have been accustomed to utter? God have mercy on them, for it is a fearful thing to

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approach so near the Holy Ark and then turn their backs. What is the state of the seminary? Is there still left a leaven of holy mischief, some good seed of truth which gives hope of fruit to the salvation of those poor Anglicans?

"As for my future destiny, you know of course that the vow of obedience leaves me no choice. I am at the disposal of my superiors, thank God. I can say, however, that I have commenced a course of theology which will most likely last two years. There is, therefore, little prospect of my returning to America before that time, should I return at all.

"I send you this by means of some of our Fathers who leave very soon for missions in America. My present address is 'Wittem—par Maestricht—Limbourg—Holland. Care of Rev. FF. Redemptorists, etc.'

"The country in which I am resembles very much New England in its scenery. The people are whole-souled Catholics—poor, but full of faith. The little children when they meet us run up to touch our hands with their little hands, esteeming it as a benediction no doubt. Close by us, on the summit of a hill, is a large cross, or crucifix, which can be seen from a great distance, with a 'Way of the Cross' leading up to it, where the people may celebrate the different stations of our Lord's passion in a manner exceedingly appropriate. I was much struck when I first saw it, and thought of you, who love so much to see such things by the wayside. And now, farewell, my dear friend and brother in Christ! Our sweet Lady guide and protect you always, and build in both our hearts a convent of retirement and contemplation better contrived and better executed than our *quondam* monastery at Wadhams Mills—where she herself may preside as our good Lady Abbess, with Jesus for the great Head of our Order. Your faithful friend and brother in Christ,

"C. WALWORTH."

Wadhams' student life at St. Mary's Seminary, Baltimore, ought to furnish much interesting material for these reminiscences. Unfortunately, however, that life is not now open to me, nor have I any key to it. All that time I was far away, and the companions I know of as sharing his life there are now dead. He received tonsure and minor orders from Archbishop Eccleston, September 2, 1847. Two years later he was made deacon. He was ordained priest at St. Mary's Pro-Cathedral, Albany, by Bishop McCloskey, January 15, 1850; and continued to reside in that city, as assistant priest, rector of the Cathedral, and later as vicar-general, until he became Bishop of Ogdensburg.

C. A. WALWORTH.

St. Mary's Church, Albany, N. Y.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

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TOLUCA.

THE cleanest, trimmest, and most pleasing little city of its size in the Mexican Republic is Toluca, the capital of the state of Mexico. It is forty-five miles from the chief city of the country, with which it is connected by the Mexican National Railway. There are two trains either way daily, and the trip is worth making for the glorious mountain scenery witnessed on the road. Toluca is about a mile from the railway station, though the houses straggle out to it; the tram-car, if one be running, should be taken; otherwise, a hack will jolt one over the cobble-stones for a moderate payment; or the athletic, braced by the keen air (for we are nigh on nine thousand feet above the sea), may prefer to trudge through the dust.

The centre of the town is, of course, the main plaza, beautiful even in midwinter, with lofty eucalyptus trees and well-ordered flower-beds, with fountains, bronze statues and urns, with walks, convenient seats, and a band-stand. Around are various palatial public buildings of stone, with Corinthian porticoes, one of them the recast of an ancient convent; whilst half the private houses are adorned with crosses and pious legends. Thus we note the Hotel of St. Augustine, the *Cereria* (candle-shop) of the Heart of Jesus, the School of Our Lady of Mount Carmel. When it is completed the new parish church, which is arising very slowly, will be not the least attraction to this dignified square. It occupies the site of the ancient Franciscan church and convent, of which a portion still remains, viz., the chapel of the Third Order, now used as the parish church. A great many antiquities—statues, paintings, and altars—are to be seen here and also in its various ramifications and side chapels, a part of the edifice being over three centuries old. It opens by a curious old arched passage into one of the three sides of the handsome *portales* or colonnades, a popular lounge filled with shops and huckster's stalls. Opposite is the market, perhaps the best in the country, distinguished chiefly by its tempting and diversified display of fruit. Numbers of Indians from the surrounding mountains, whose language and costume have suffered little alteration from the Spanish occupation of the country, are to be seen here, exposing their wares for sale, and themselves lending

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a picturesque effect to this very modern-looking little city. It is not far to the *alameda*, or park. The word is from *alamo*, or poplar. The trees, however, are mainly pines and willows, and the place has recently been trimmed up and adorned in imitation of the more pretentious pleasance in the capital, with deer-pen and duck-pond, merry-go-round and aviary; every attraction has been imitated with laudable exactitude, and if one is to take the horrific notice board seriously, the irreverent wight who should profane the emerald turf with unhallowed tread is liable to be mulcted in five dollars, or to abide within the chill shades of the *penitenceria* for as many days. Hard by is a *plazuela*, or small square, with a monument to illustrious Mexicans in general; any citizen may regard himself as commemorated here, and it resembles the popular toast, "To our noble selves."

Entering a courtyard we find the ancient church of "Nuestra Señora de Merced" (Our Lady of Ransom). This was anciently an establishment of the Spanish order founded in 1218, by San Pedro Nolasco, for the redemption of Christians held captives by the Moors; the friars were sometimes called Trinitarians. Afterwards it became a regular religious institution, and there were various houses of the order in Mexico. The principal monastery of this society still exists in Spain, and there is a convent of Trinitarian nuns near London. [The guild of Our Lady of Ransom, with its festival on the 24th of September, we may say in passing, was founded in England several years ago by two converts, a priest and a barrister, and now numbers many thousands. The primary objects are: The conversion of England and of individuals, the salvation of apostates, and prayers and Masses for the forgotten dead. The obligations are a daily prayer, and a nominal subscription, and the badge inscribed on the guild's papers is the Host and Five Wounds, the standard of the pilgrimage of grace. The practical work of the guild is the delivery of lectures, attendance at Protestant and infidel lectures of capable disputants, replying to calumnies against the Church in the public press, the issue of a monthly magazine, orphanage work, the organization of pilgrimages, and other such objects. This by way of digression.]

The Trinitarians have left behind them at Toluca a number of curious paintings hanging on the walls of various apartments adjoining the church, and in the nave of the sacred building stand half a dozen life-size statues of holy men of the order, habited in real robes, one of them, a Cardinal, having his mouth secured by a small padlock passing through his upper and nether

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lips, most likely to symbolize one of his sufferings while a prisoner among the Moors.

From this church we pass through some lanes of adobe walls and hovels into plantations of maguey and maize, the fields being as orderly and well cared for as the gardens in the city. Ascending by some stone quarries we reach the hill of *El Calvario* (so called from three crosses which stand here), and obtain a charming view of the city and surrounding valleys, begirt with pine-clad heights. We then enter the little Calvary chapel, standing in a court with gravestones and chaplain's dwelling. The adornments are very simple. There are white columns begirt with red scrolls, whilst St. John the Evangelist, in green robe with red blanket and white girdle, displays the national colors. There is a picture of the scourging, such as is often seen in Mexico, the flesh torn from the back so that every rib is exposed; also in a glass case a holy Child, resting on whose head is a crown of silver thorns, whilst around in ranks hang from rows of slats votive offerings, waxen legs, arms, and old Spanish coins. On the walls are numerous little paintings on tin plates commemorating answers to prayer with a naïve simplicity, which presumably had nothing of the grotesque in them in the eyes of the artists by whom they were executed, or of the pious souls who attached them to the church walls.

Returning into the town we pass the church of *San Juan de Dios* (St. John of God), a well-proportioned nave which is being gloriously beautified with lavish but judicious use of gilding and color, and we have hopes that the pious crudities (which could hardly now inspire devotional sentiments even in an Indian), will be withdrawn into the appropriate retirement of some darkened chapel. There sits the popular Holy Child of Acotlan, the same singular figure that one sees throughout the Republic and even (in pictures) in Texas. Amongst the votive pictures is one of a man fallen into a caldron of boiling soap, his black hair alone being visible. He invoked the Holy Child, a neighbor pulled him out, and he experienced no harm.

Talking of soap and its uses reminds us of the following: "My lord," once asked an artless damsel of the wily Samuel Wilberforce, Anglican bishop of Winchester, "why does everyone call you 'Soapy Sam'?" "It is, my dear," said the prelate smiling, "because I'm always getting into hot water, and always come out of it with clean hands." The worthy man would have been a *lusus naturæ* in Mexico.

After all, who likes to wash with inodorous masses of "soap"

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purchased at the butcher's where they repose in vast pyramids on the shelves, absorbing the aroma of fly-blown sirloins? Madame Calderon de la Barca, in her inimitable Mexican diary, narrates that a singularly clever modeling artist brought her husband a wax figure of a well-known dignitary of the government. "It is just like the general," said the Spanish ambassador, "only his face is too fair." "Ah, but if you only saw the gentleman after he has washed; the resemblance is perfect," was the reply. Ah, well! *varias poblaciones, varios costumbres*, that is why the "Church of the Divine Redeemer" opposite San Juan de Dios has half its windows smashed and bears so forlorn an aspect. Its gothic arches are singularly out of place in a Mexican town, and its doors are securely barred. Oho! it is *una cosa de gringo*—some sectarian meeting-house which evidently wont go down at Toluca—and the "missionary" too is invisible. "Thou shalt look for his place and he shall be away." And long may he remain so!

More pleasing it is to visit the handsome church which stands near by the Central plaza. On the tower is inscribed "*Sanctus Deus, Sanctus Fortis, Sanctus Immortalis, Miserere Nobis.*" In the court are trees and flowers, and a fountain with a model of the church, and Our Lady of Lourdes, and the legend: "*Allez boire à la fontaine et vous y laver. Fevrier, 1858.*" In the church are half a dozen large and effective oil paintings, two on either side the nave, the others in the transepts. There is a copy of the celebrated "Descent from the Cross," by Rubens, which hangs in Antwerp Cathedral, a beautiful "Adoration of the Shepherds," a "Resurrection," and a "Last Supper." Then there is a "Madonna and Child" on a dwarf column, the faces being lovely, and the apparition of Nuestra Señora de Guadalupe to Juan Diego. The walls and roof are tastefully colored, and a black crucifix over the gilded high altar arrests the glance of the stranger. But the best church, that of the Carmen, is left for last. This order was the richest in Mexico, and its churches are invariably decorated in ornate fashion, but in good taste, and worthy in design. High Mass was being sung, hundreds of women and a sprinkling of men knelt around, and a lovely voice from the choir-loft echoed through the encircling chapels, whilst the deep mellow sounds from the organ pealed forth in richest harmony, swelling and throbbing through the saint-begirt fabric, and rising into the golden glories of the vaulted roof. A false note was struck by the hats and bonnets (the only ones seen all day) of a party of tourists from Mexico.

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How vulgar and unseemly these monstrosities from Paris appear by contrast with the graceful and modest mantilla, especially in a church.

At the Hotel de la Gran Sociedad one can yet get an appetizing meal suitably served, and may the day be long distant (though, warned by experience elsewhere, we fear the worst), when the Yankee sample dishes will be piled round one's plate, once for all leaving one's food to cool at leisure and degenerate in a nauseous and unctuous mass. The colored prints with which the *Comedor* of the Gran Sociedad is adorned, highly seasoned with Parisian flavoring, are possibly a foil for the markedly pious aspect of this daintiest of Mexican cities, for devout it is, and notably so even in this religious country. And the question would force itself on one, how long shall the most Christian nations remain under Masonic rule?

CHARLES E. HODSON.

THE DEATH OF BJÖRN.

WILD night and wailing winter blast,
Wierd phantoms by the firelight cast,
A shadowy room, a shadowy face,
No hint of love, no touch of grace,
And Björn dying.

The warriors kneeling round the bed,
Drew closer as he raised his head;
"Men, men," he cried, "away, away!
And Asgard find ere break of day!
For I am dying."
Then stepped forth in the silent room,
Half hidden by the shadow's gloom,
A captive boy; he held on high
A gleaming cross; it caught the eye
Of Björn dying.

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"Oh, Christ!" the captive murmured, "lead
This darkened soul in its great need
To the true Asgard, heaven and Thee,
And to Thy name the glory be."
But Björn dying
Caught but the words "Asgard" and "lead."
"Come hither, boy," he cried, "what deed
Of glorious battle hast thou done,
That thou art here the only one
Whom Björn dying
May follow with all-trustful eyes
To that far land where Asgard lies?"

The boy replied:—"Who follows this
Fails not to find that home of bliss;"
And Björn dying
Saw, like the morning's first bright beam,
The Cross amid the shadow's gleam.
The kneeling warriors scowled with rage.
What evil might not this presage?
But Björn dying
Smiled on the pure-faced captive boy
With something like a holy joy
"I go, oh, chieftains!" murmured he;
"Where this Cross leads, there follow me."
Thus Björn dying,
Found Asgard at the gate of heaven,
The Cross the way—by Christ's love given.

GERALDINE O'NEILL.

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EXPULSION OF THE JEWS FROM SPAIN IN THE FIFTEENTH CENTURY.

THE catastrophe of 1391, with its scenes of bloodshed, inevitably led to the dissolution of the Jewish community. Up to that time, unity of design and aspiration had been maintained; they had faced persecution with a thoroughly perfect fellowship resting on common interest, and on mutual assistance. From close family ties they had derived great assistance for overcoming danger and for elevating themselves to very high positions. But now these ties had become loosened, and we are to find them involved in the most dreadful discord imaginable, devouring one another and irritating instead of appeasing the old resentments and well-founded complaints of the Christians.

In consequence, at the opening of the fifteenth century, we meet with a new condition of things of a highly complicated nature. We are about to witness the ruin and annihilation of the Hebrew population in Spain, brought about by their own vices and errors, a logical result of the antecedent events which we have already set forth; so that it will be seen that the Catholic sovereigns cannot be justly accused of having dealt arbitrarily with a population bearing in itself, as an immitigable anathema, the germ of its dissolution and the root of its own misfortune.

We must quote once more from Amador de los Rios, whose history, if open to any suspicion, is certainly far from that of not favoring the Jews. "The most imminent," he says, "and real danger for the Israelitic race, fatally conducing to their ruin, had its rise in the very midst of themselves." And further on he adds, with notable frankness: "No matter what might have been the relations between the Hebrew race and the Christian population of the Peninsula, no matter what might have been the general policy and personal desires of its monarchs, the Israelitic race on Iberian soil was fated not alone to sad decadence, but also inevitably to extinction."* This statement, from so reliable a witness, should alone suffice to demonstrate the injustice of the charge made against Ferdinand and Isabella of having put an end to the Jews, because in reality the decree of expulsion was merely the fulfillment of a law of history, of inevitable ap-

*Amador de los Rios, Vol. III., p. 539.

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plication under the circumstances, and brought down by the Hebrews on themselves. But in the picture which we are about to sketch yet more evident testimony will be brought forward.

The characters in this drama, perhaps the most complicated and intricate to be found in the mediæval history of Spain, are various, but all play important parts. In the first place there were the converts, also called *Judios fieles*, or neo-Christians (*Cristianos nuevos.*) This numerous body was made up of Jews who, very soon after the catastrophe of 1391, applied for baptism, and may be classed as of two kinds. The one, illuminated by Divine revelation, sincerely embraced Christianity; the other sought through baptism a means of placing their lives and property in safety from persecution. Both kinds, under the common designation of neo-Christians, overran the Spanish nation in the beginning of the fifteenth century.

The Jews who adhered to their old belief took either of two very different courses. Some decided to emigrate, and, to that end, slowly and cautiously set to work to dispose of their real estate and to export their treasures; others, more attached to their adopted country and having no wealth to protect, resolved to remain in order to go on conspiring, and cherished the hope of ultimately having the power to retaliate. In the meantime the population of Christian faith and descent, accustomed up to that time to treat with Jews indiscriminately, were now forced to be more strictly on their guard than ever before; and, while, with noble and generous hearts, they cordially welcomed the converts, they were fearful and jealous of others, whom they suspected, and not without grounds, of plottings of the darkest kind.

We shall now show the course followed by the Jewish classes just described. The genuine converts to Christianity were actuated by the ardent zeal generally manifested by converts, and were full of love for the newly-discovered truth which they had sincerely embraced. They believed that their profound studies of Talmudic doctrine, their knowledge of Hebrew, and the prestige of their conversion, gave them a favorable stand for drawing their separated brethren from the errors in which they still remained. They accordingly placed themselves at the head of a formidable propaganda against Judaism, and they carried it on by means of books, sermons, public controversy, and private appeals, their zeal even often going to extremes and leading them into open warfare and extermination.

The pseudo-converts, adhering in their hearts to the faith of the

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circumcision, had put on the profession and exterior of Christianity. They were hypocrites; and, dreading detection and its terrible punishments, they cunningly and perfidiously took part in the attacks against Judaism carried on by their sincere colleagues. While publicly they showed themselves eager to go to even greater lengths than these against Judaism, they secretly entered into conspiracies, and allied themselves with Jews openly known as such, and thus perpetrated their crimes and carried out their revengeful purposes with impunity. This two-fold character of the converts, as soon as it was fully understood, gave rise to a marked mistrust, both among the old Christians and the unconverted Jews. The former were in constant dread that every convert they came in contact with might be only a pseudo-Christian; the latter were suspicious that the converts who secretly offered to aid them might perhaps be real ones seeking to entrap them.

Another peculiar circumstance tended to increase this feverish condition of mutual animosity and bad feeling. The converts, owing to their undoubted activity and intelligence, their abundant wealth, as well as the generous disposition of the old Christians, insinuated themselves everywhere. All historians agree that they found their way into the royal council chambers, into monasteries, municipal corporations, episcopal chairs, into universities and colleges, into meetings of the nobility and magnates—in fine, everywhere; and by every conceivable form of activity secured power and prominence. They attained the highest positions in the land, exercised an altogether decisive influence in public affairs, and gained a powerful ascendency among all classes of society.

This advancement of the converts occasioned a greater complication in the condition of things because the old Christians naturally viewed with discontent, and perhaps with envy, such rapid prosperity in which they had no share. They mistrusted the future, because, as already stated, they knew that among these successful men were numbers of Crypto-Jews. Meantime, the neo-Christians, either to prove the sincerity of their conversion or for interested motives, redoubled their attacks on the professed Jews, bringing to light their vices, denouncing their transgressions, giving publicity to the errors in their books, and to the scandalous character of their maxims. The avowed Jews, or "infidels," as the converts called them, became fewer in number from year to year, and of constantly lower social condition. For it is a perfectly proven fact that those of their co-religionists who were persons of culture and wealth, and who remained in

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Spain, asked to be baptized; some through motives of sincere faith, others under such circumstances as to leave their sincerity open to doubt. Those who were of any means or good education and who still adhered to Judaism gradually emigrated, having lost all hope of better times.

This explanatory statement is a refutation of those historians who, in their condemnation of the decree of expulsion, have not hesitated to assert that the body against which it was enforced comprised large numbers of learned men and numerous capitalists, whose departure from Spain left the nation overspread with ignorance and overwhelmed with calamity. No such consequences followed. Though historic proof were wanting, common sense alone would teach us the case was just the reverse. The Jewish population of Spain which, at the close of the fifteenth century, came under the decree of the Catholic sovereigns, was scanty, of very humble social condition, and of trifling or no influence on Spanish culture. But, it will be urged, why expel them if they were so insignificant? This is the point which we shall now proceed to explain, taking up those threads of our narrative which we have for a moment allowed to drop.

We have seen that the condition of the Spanish nation became, during the fifteenth century, like that of the camp of Agramunt. Mistrust, lack of confidence, mutual fears, hatred, envy, hypocrisy, passions of all kinds were stirred up and became active. The glorious work of the Reconquest was held in abeyance, and there seemed no other prospect for the Spanish race except fratricidal wars and bloody revolutions. Every case of personal resentment, every political conspiracy, every industrial rivalry, every public calamity, afforded opportunity to bring out religious differences. The Jews, the converts, and the old Christians were made victims of misdeeds which public feeling or sympathy often allowed to go unpunished. Such a state of things, as can well be conceived, was intolerable; it lasted by favor of those wretched reigns which preceded the glorious and restoring one of Ferdinand and Isabella. Nor could it fail to last during that period, for the policy of intrigue and conspiracy then prevailing found in the existing situation a means of perpetuating itself.

Don Alvaro de Luna, who played so great a part during the reign of Don Juan II., was enabled to rise and maintain himself in the favor of that monarch by availing himself of the support of the converts, who had become masters in the royal palace and had attained the highest social positions. But, having sub-

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sequently shown an inclination to favor the professed Jews, he estranged the sympathies of the converts, who, in union with his other enemies, co-operated efficaciously for his downfall. Such political intrigues opened new wounds in the social body, which, when Don Enrique IV. ascended the throne, in 1454, presented a sad and discouraging aspect. "Factions and civic disorder," says a historian, "reached their apogee in this reign."* The nobility, elated by the death of Don Alvaro de Luna, for them a triumph, showed themselves firmly bent on exalting themselves above their monarch and disputed his sovereignty, going even so far as to depose him in effigy at the famous assembly at Avila. The clergy, alarmed at the predominance achieved by the converts, showed symptoms of distrust and disquiet, which weakened all ecclesiastical institutions and provoked interior discord, a state of things very detrimental to the state and to the faithful in general. The commons, carried away by opposing currents, demoralized, and impoverished, were turned away from the useful arts and remunerative labor and resorted to frequent uprisings, following as partizans the most audacious and riotous leaders. A Castilian saying may be quoted here in illustration: *A rio revuelto, ganancia de pescadores*—("a turbulent river brings gain to the fishermen"). The Jews took advantage of the disturbed flow of the social stream to fish for new favors, and so effectually and with such success as to cause all the legislation of two centuries past to be forgotten, to recover all their old privileges, of which not the least, nor the least significant, was the concession of having judges of their own race, as instanced by the appointment to the judicial office of grand rabbi conferred on Jacob Aben-Nuñez, the king's physician.

The publicly-avowed Jews were again allowed to undertake the farming of the royal revenues; usury again began to devour the substance of the nobility and commons. Encouraged by these favors, not a few of the converts laid aside their hypocrisy and, by declaring themselves apostates, provoked fresh distrust of their entire class, increased the alarm of the old Christians, and provoked against themselves the indignation of the genuine converts who had sincerely embraced the truths of the Gospel.

Foremost in energetic protest was the Franciscan Monso Espina, a man of extraordinary merit, confessor of the king, and rector of the University of Salamanca. He published, in 1459, a book entitled *The Stronghold of Faith*, having for its object to expose

* Sanchez Casado, p. 345.

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the errors and misdeeds of the Jews adhering, whether publicly or in secret, to Judaism. This work, doubtless containing exaggerations, because it was difficult for the author to entirely free himself from the public opinion prevailing in his day, abounds in sound doctrines and includes a treasure of historical information.* In it was proposed for the first time the expediency of establishing an *Inquisition* in the kingdoms of Castile in order to winnow out the bad Jewish cockle sown in Christian society and overgrowing it to its great injury.

The proposition did not seem absurd. It was approved by the nation generally, which viewed it as advisable and as a means towards quieting the restlessness of the public. The king summoned to his court Father Alonzo de Oropesa, an evangelical man, a defender of the unity of the faithful, "respected by all for his virtues," as Amador testifies. "The subject was discussed and, after mature consideration and careful analysis of the situation of things," adds the same historian, "the suggestion was adopted, but upon the express condition that the carrying of it out was to be confided to the bishops as proper judges in matters of faith. Father Oropesa, to whom it had been given in charge by the Archbishop of Toledo, Don Alfonso Carillo, made a beginning by establishing the Inquisition in that city, and incurred thereby much blame from one side or another, "for, if the old Christians offended by their arrogance and rashness, the neo-Christians were reprehensible for malice *and inconstancy in their adopted faith.*" †

As a result of all this, the struggle between old and new Christians reached the point of bloodshed. Previously, in the lifetime of Don Alvaro de Luna, grave disorders had taken place in Toledo, growing out of the collection (given in charge to the converts) of an extra tax. The houses of some of these were burned, many who took up arms to defend themselves were killed and wounded. Eighteen years later, in that same imperial city, very sad events took place, showing the intensity of the evil which was rending Spanish society asunder. Under some trifling pretext, a crowd of converts burst into the Cathedral to take revenge for alleged wrongs done them by the municipality, killed the porter before the altar of our Blessed Lady, and, after having thus profaned the church, sallied forth, as followers of the banner of the Count of Cifuentes, to capture the city. The

* Menendez Pelayo, *Historia de los Heterodoxos Españoles.* Vol. I., p. 634.

† These words of the learned Father Siguenza are taken from his work *La Historia de la orden de San Gerónimo*, Book III., chap. xviii.

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church bells sounded the alarm, the old Christians of the neighborhood poured in to the rescue, and a bloody struggle took place, which resulted in the destruction by fire of over three thousand dwellings and the slaughter of over one hundred and thirty-eight converts. The ground was now prepared, the inflammatory materials accumulated, needing only to be kindled by a spark to produce a rapidly-spreading conflagration.

In 1473, in Cordova, the old Christians had founded a confraternity into which there was no admission for any Jewish converts whatever. On the day of the procession to inaugurate the foundation of this society the converts, in order to resent this (considered by them as an affront), kept the windows of their dwellings closed, in contrast with all others, which were gaily decorated for the occasion. This sowed a whirlwind of angry passions, which broke into a storm when a vessel of water was thrown upon the procession from the house of a convert. A riot ensued, for three days the city was turned into a battle-field, and numbers of victims perished, the spirit of religious contention being inflamed by the ambition and discord of the magnates of the old capital of the caliphate.*

The conflagration spread from Cordova to the principal cities of Andalusia, penetrated into Castile, caused great disasters in Valladolid and Segovia, and ended by establishing a permanent state of disturbance and disorder. The Jewish race, even during this overturning and raging storm, was fated to give new proofs of its perversity and its purposes of domination, which were to form, as it were, the concluding chapter of the probation preceding its expulsion.

The rage and despair of the Crypto-Jews, upon seeing that not even baptism availed for their defence against the antipathies which their forefathers had incurred, must have finally become implacable. The precepts of the Talmud exhorting Hebrews to curse Christians three times a day, to plunder them either by fraud or violence whenever they could, to push over a precipice any of them happening to be near enough for the purpose, were now to be carried out with greater ease than ever before. Already, in the time of Don Alfonso el Sabio, the Jews were accused "of scoffingly commemorating on Good Friday the Passion of our Lord Jesus Christ by kidnapping and crucifying children." † This charge continued to be reiterated from cen-

* Pavon, *Tradiciones Cordobesas.*

† Law No. 2 of Title XXIV. of the *Partida* (the laws of Castile compiled by King Alfonso X.)

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tury to century and, as stated by Amador, "got to figure as the leading one in the indictments which drove the descendants of Juda from Iberian soil." *

Without entering here into a narrative of incidents of the cruel nature above referred to which history has recorded,† and the truth of which has been so well established—as, for instance, the sacrifice of the little boy Dominito del Val, which occurred in Saragossa in 1250‡—we shall confine ourselves to a brief account of an event which created a great sensation in the fifteenth century, and probably influenced very decidedly the sentence which was to be the conclusion of the long process against the Hebrew race in Spain. It occurred at Sepulveda during the Christmas season of the year 1468. The Jews of the synagogue there, incited by their rabbi, Salomon Picho, got possession of a Christian boy and, having taken him to an out-of-the-way spot, they subjected him to a series of violent outrages, and ended by nailing him to a cross and putting him to death in the same manner as their ancestors did the Saviour of Mankind.§

The murder was discovered; and the just resentment of the Christians was so intense that they did not rest until they had rooted out the entire synagogue and dispersed all its members, who, having the stigma of their crime upon their brows, were repelled wherever they went and spread everywhere the contagion of persecution against all their co-religionists.

At this time an audacious and chimerical idea was set on foot by the Jews. Taking advantage of the state of penury of Don Enrique IV., they ventured to tempt him with an offer to purchase Gibraltar for the purpose of establishing themselves there and founding in so favorable a site an independent state. The Castilian monarch manfully rejected the offer. He must have appreciated the danger to the nation's safety of having such a race dwelling in its midst as an independent power. That their intention was at bottom wholly perverse is manifest; Gibraltar is the key of the strait named after it, and is an advanced point of communication with the African coast.

* Amador de los Rios, Vol. I., p. 483.

† *Teatro Eclesiastico de Aragon*, Vol. II., p. 246.

‡ In our own day the Berlin newspapers relate that the German butcher Buschhoff has been put on trial for having sacrificed a boy named Hermann according to alleged Jewish rites. On this account, the sacrifices of infants by Hebrews have been the subject of discussion in the Reichstag, and several cases have been cited—as, for instance, those of Morris de Jonge, Liebmann, Bleichöder, and others—showing that this Jewish rite, although not obligatory under adherence to the Talmud, has never been forgotten by modern Israelites.

§ The perpetration of the crime is proven by the authority of respectable Christian historians, and the judicious Colmenares relates it in his *History of Segovia*.

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Seven centuries before, from that very same coast, the disastrous Mohammedan invasion, aided and abetted by the Jews, had burst upon Spain; its consequences were still subsisting, and Spain was still lamenting over the calamities and trials of the long period of the Reconquest. Was it at all strange that this proposal should create uneasiness among Spaniards, and that they should view it as a new stratagem inspired by most sinister designs? Many modern historians who have conscientiously studied the facts in question judge that the proposition of the Hebrews was made with the connivance of the African Mohammedan princes, with a view to recover possession of Spain. "What other meaning," writes the learned Hefele, "can be deduced from the perfectly-established fact that in 1473 they attempted with great eagerness to purchase, for an immense sum in gold, the fortified town of Gibraltar, the master-key of the kingdom of Spain?"* Disappointed in their hopes many Jews emigrated, and the number of their co-religionists in Spain was thus further decreased.

A year after defeating the design of getting possession of Gibraltar, the unfortunate monarch, Don Enrique, descended into the grave. He died honored, because, while as weak as ever before in other matters, he had rejected, with all the integrity of a Christian monarch, the proposition of the Jews. With him ended a line of kings who, from Don Alfonso XI. down, had seen their rights of sovereignty contested by the magnates of the realm, their states rent by civil wars, their coffers either reduced or drained, the national undertaking of the Reconquest paralyzed, and their subjects a prey to the most alarming anarchy. There was indeed need for Divine Providence to interfere with powerful assistance in order to avert the ruin of so great and Christian a nation. Had this condition of affairs continued unchanged, the conquests made during ages preceding would have come to naught, and Christian civilization might perhaps have retrograded to the Pyrenees.

The fruitful and restoratory reign of Ferdinand and Isabella, styled exceptionally the Catholic sovereigns, preserved Spain from such dreadful ruin. And it further pleased God to bless the Catholic sovereigns with the glory of enlarging the map of the world by the discovery of a new continent.

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* *Cisneros y la Iglesia Española*, Chap. xviii.

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IS THERE A COMPANION WORLD TO OUR OWN?*

We hear a great deal nowadays about the opposition, the so-called conflict between religion and science. Articles and even books are written about it, principally with the intention of disparaging religion, as it must be admitted; for the authors of these books or articles accept the lines followed by the investigators of physical science—(for that is what is usually meant now by science)—as correct methods of arriving at truth; if, then, there be in their minds a conflict between the duly-proved conclusions of these investigators and the teachings of religion, the consequence necessarily follows to them that the teachings of a religion must be wrong.

This is a result which the world in general is ready enough to accept. The discordance between the religious creeds with which it is familiar paves the way readily enough for such an acceptance. In spite of all the vague talk which may be indulged in about different aspects of truth, or about essentials and non-essentials, the common sense of mankind sees, and has seen for a long time clearly enough, from the very fact of this discordance, either that the great majority of the creeds, even of those called Christian, must contain a good many important errors, or that, if these errors are not important, the only important truths of religion are the existence of God and of a life for us beyond the grave.

Religion, then—understanding by the term anything beyond mere deism, joined perhaps with a hope of immortality—stands apparently to the world as self-condemned by its own dissensions. It is discounted in advance; so much so that, even if any of the dogmas of any religious body are proclaimed to be in conflict with science, it needs no especial examination of the science which may be in question to give to the world at least a high probability that the science is right and the religion wrong.

We Catholics, however, are not inclined to look at matters in this way. Our faith in our religion is apt to be pretty strong. We are more likely to say, if there is a conflict between religion and science, "so much the worse for science." We get in a way of sneering at science, and trying to make a parallel between the

* A paper read before the Catholic Summer Assembly.

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changes of opinion in the scientific world on various points and those in the Protestant world on religious matters. We say, "Oh, these scientists teach one thing this year and another next; they will give up before long many of the opinions they now so strongly hold."

Now, all this is very unwise and rests on no solid foundation. For, though there are among what may be called scientists some mere dreamers and speculators, the scientific world, properly so-called, is by no means composed of such, and such are hardly allowed a place in its inner circles. And the supposed parallel between the diversities of scientific and of religious opinion is not a real or a fair one; for in science the divergencies are constantly diminishing, whereas among religious sects they continually increase. Moreover, what we sometimes may imagine to be a firmly held opinion, or even a dogma of science, is very far from being such among those who have adopted and are now, as I may say, using it. It is often what is called merely a *working hypothesis*, a theory known almost certainly to be more or less wrong, or at least, incomplete, but a necessary step to the getting of something better. A good instance of such a hypothesis would be the theory which must be assumed about the dimensions and positions of the orbit of a new planet or comet before an accurate determination can be made. The computer who adopts this theory, who uses these provisional elements of the orbit as they are called, knows that the chances are millions to one that they are not quite right; but unless he adopts them, or some others equally liable to error for the time, in order to compare them with actual observation, he will never obtain the corrections which he knows all along are necessary.

Let us, then, be fair to science. The methods of the science of the present day are really substantially right; its conclusions, if not absolutely and finally true, are at least steps on the way to truth, and the temper and the aspirations of scientific men are as a rule good and laudable. Let us not then try to prove our religion by showing that science is substantially out of the lines of truth and its methods radically wrong; for in this we shall take altogether too large a contract, and be crushed by the power of truth itself, which we are ignorantly trying to defend.

Let us rather inquire if after all there is a real discordance between our own very definite and dogmatic religion and the truth which science is discovering. We need not concern ourselves with other creeds; let them fight their own battles, except so far as their adherents are willing to come under our

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standard, and take the views which we can take on the points at issue. And the inquiry is one which must be made piecemeal; one science and one point at a time.

And let us have no fear for the result. Truth cannot contradict truth.

It is well, however, to remark in starting on any such inquiry, that after all, the points of contact, so to speak, between scientific and religious truth are not so very numerous. The domains of the two are different; the methods of arriving at the two are different, especially if by religious truth we mean the truths of revealed religion. We arrive at scientific truths by observation and experiment, aided by the use of our reasoning faculties; and the reasoning is chiefly what is called *a posteriori*. The knowledge of the most important truths of natural religion is mainly *a priori*; those of revealed religion are known by the authority of witnesses on whose veracity we can depend, ultimately on that of God himself. But this is a less important distinction for our present purpose than the other: that is, the difference of the respective domains or provinces of the two. Religion is not intended, and does not undertake, to teach as certain those truths which can be attained only by scientific observation and experiment; and science, as a rule, frankly confesses its inability to arrive at the truths which religion professes to teach; it relegates them to the region of what it sometimes calls (somewhat arrogantly) the unknowable; which really means what cannot be known from scientific bases or by scientific methods—I speak, of course, of science throughout in the common meaning of physical science, though properly the term should not be so restricted.

There are not, then, many points of contact on which we have to receive light from both sources; still there are some, as, for example, the testimony of the inspired writers to facts which science is competent to investigate, such as the occurrence of the deluge.

But, of course, we do not mean now to go over the whole field of the harmony or the reconcilableness of these two great sources of our knowledge. The subject, as has been said, is one which must necessarily be taken piecemeal; our special department just now is that of the science of astronomy; we wish to see if there is anything in it which ought in any way to interfere with our faith in what we accept as the Christian revelation.

In reality we have not here so much difficulty to apprehend as in the case of some other sciences; and this for the simple rea-

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son that the science of astronomy, though far from being complete, is more perfect, more settled, and hence more absolutely true in its positive teachings than the others. It has less of the working hypothesis, more of the ascertained truth, in what it presents to the world. And, therefore, as it has approached nearer to the final truth which is its aim, it is less in danger of giving an apparent contradiction to any other truth.

Still it cannot be denied that it seems to many minds very difficult to accept its conclusions, and at the same time to hold on strongly and unhesitatingly to what our religion teaches. For astronomy tells us—and there is no truth taught by science which is more unquestionable—that the visible universe is of such enormous and overwhelming dimensions that our earth, from the material point of view, is, we may say, an absolutely insignificant part of it. It is no mere guess when we say that the sun is more than a million times as large as the earth, or that the nearest of the stars that we know of is about twenty millions of millions of miles away. These facts rest on the same kind of evidence that every man of common sense accepts in the ordinary affairs of life. If we do not accept them we must reject the testimony of the geographer who assures us that it is some three thousand miles from here to Europe, or of the surveyor who tells us that a certain estate contains so many acres or square miles; for the processes used by the astronomer, the geographer, and the surveyor are all the same. The only difference is that the astronomer's results have a somewhat greater margin of possible error, owing to the relative shortness of the base lines from which he has to start; but the results of all three rest on the evidence of the senses, on ordinary measurements, supplemented by unquestionable mathematical reasoning. If we do not accept the conclusions of astronomy in the matters which have been mentioned, we must reject the evidence of the senses generally, and restrict our knowledge to self-evident metaphysical truths and the conclusions which can logically be drawn from them. We must even give up revealed religion itself; for we cannot arrive at a knowledge of that unless we trust our eyes and ears.

And yet, without going any farther, we shall find some who will say, "I could not believe that our earth was such a little atom in space, and continue to keep firmly to the faith that the Creator of this vast universe had become a man among us, to save the inhabitants of this insignificant little speck of his great creation."

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But another difficulty seems to come up while this is still puzzling and disturbing us. It is that astronomy tells us, with almost unhesitating certainty, that at least a great proportion of the stars which are scattered in such profusion over the sky, which the naked eye sees by thousands and the telescope by millions, are suns equaling or even largely exceeding our own sun in brilliancy, size, and weight, and are indeed bodies as closely resembling it as to be chiefly distinguishable from it in the respects just named. And the conclusion *seems* to follow, with at least a high degree of probability, that these other innumerable suns are attended by planets like those of our own solar system; and from this it is inferred by some that these planets, if not the suns to which they belong, are, or ought at any rate to be, inhabited by beings like ourselves; and so as the earth, man's habitation, becomes a mere speck in the material creation, so man himself becomes apparently a mere drop in a great ocean of life resembling in every respect his own. The questions then arise, "If we have been redeemed by the Son of God, why not all these others, too? What right have we to claim, what possibility is there that we can claim, to be the favored children of a God who has so many others as worthy as, if not more worthy than, ourselves?"

These two are the principal, I think I may say the only, puzzles or perplexities which the science of astronomy, properly so-called, presents to the Christian believer. Of course, some astronomers may hold that the universe is eternal and uncreated; but the science of astronomy has nothing, and never can have anything, to say about that. It may, indeed, have a more or less probable cosmogony; that is, it may give probable, and to a great extent demonstrable, theories of how our solar system, or others like it—or perhaps even how the great universe as a whole could be developed, or has been developed, from mere inert matter, or what may be called chaos. But here we find no difficulty; for cosmogony, as generally held by astronomers, is in no point in clear opposition to the Mosaic record; indeed, on the contrary, it rather tends to confirm it.

The two difficulties which have been mentioned, (which really I think include all others) are, however, sufficiently serious and disturbing to most minds, and merit careful consideration.

The first, that of the great magnitudes and distances which astronomy tells us of, is one which impresses the popular mind much more than that of the professional astronomer himself. Enormous dimensions, to him, lose the significance which they

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seem to have to those who are not accustomed to deal with them. Dimensions become to him a merely relative matter. The sun is a million times as big as the earth—yes; that means no more to him than to say that a cannon ball is a million times as big as a grain of shot. He does not try to strain his mind to imagine, to make a picture of the distances with which he deals, other than the picture which is actually before him on the sky itself: the eye, the only sense we can use in the matter, can actually take in the big distance as well as the small one, and the small distance is in the concept, properly so-called, just as incomprehensible as the big one.

But it is not easy to get at once into this professional way of looking at the universe merely as a diagram made on an arbitrary scale. It seems to me, however, that we can all convince ourselves without much trouble that mere size or vastness, though it may continue to impress or appal us, is not in point of fact such an important element in the relative value of created things as it seems at first to be. We know, for instance, that a whale is several thousand times as big and as heavy as a man; does that make him the more important animal? Do we not at once recognize that the man, even as a mere physical organism, is the higher and more perfect? In fact, do we value anything except mere pieces of inorganic matter, like gold, silver, or iron, merely by their size? And even with these, when the material is different, is there not a great difference in value according to its utility or rarity? And when organism or construction of any kind comes into the question, does not that generally override other considerations? As the man, even as a mere animal, is superior to the whale, and still more to a great mass of rock or sand, is not a finely constructed chronometer watch much more valuable than many a big clock, and still more to an immensely superior mass of the materials of which it is made?

Just such a comparison may be made between the earth and the sun. The earth is a wonderful and complex structure, a nicely adjusted masterpiece of well-balanced parts and forces. The sun is pretty well known to be a mere seething, boiling mass of chemical elements, having no permanent construction except of a comparatively simple kind and under the control of mere mechanical forces. It has in it the makings, if you please, of a million earths as fine as ours; so have the iron or brass in a furnace the makings of the works of innumerable watches. But there is no evidence that these watches will be made, and

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no certainty that the sun will ever be as perfect a body as the earth; at any rate it is not now, and its present utility in creation is simply as a source of light, heat, and energy in general for our use and that of its other attendant planets, not for its own sake.

If mere size is of controlling importance, the great desert of Africa, or the frozen Arctic regions, are more important parts of the earth than the cities of London, Paris, or New York. A boulder of rock is more valuable than a diamond on this principle; illustrations could, of course, be multiplied without end. I must confess that to me any ordinary animal or even plant seems a more wonderful, dignified, and important work of God than a mass of mere crude and lifeless matter, however large. And, if this can be said of any simply. living thing, how much more of the human soul, in which size or dimension ceases to be a factor at all?

But it may be said that the bulk or the surface of a body is not in itself so important a condition, but that it is in another way: that is, on account of the possibilities it implies. If this little earth has so many inhabitants, how many more may the heavens contain?

This brings us right face to face with the second idea of which I have spoken as a puzzle or perplexity resulting to the Christian from the discoveries of astronomy. As has been remarked just now, it seems to many (perhaps we may say to most minds) very nearly certain that, even if the almost innumerable suns which we see scattered through space are not themselves inhabited, at least they must be attended by planets like our own, and that these must be the abode of life like ours. An argument to this effect seems to come from the very wisdom of God; it seems that he could not have built such a vast universe except for the purpose of its being the dwelling of life; that to leave this inhabitable room or space wasted would be a waste of his power, a work, as it were, without an adequate or worthy purpose or object.

An answer to this, however, is immediately apparent. We have no right, if we are going to reason in this way, to leave out of the account the great suns themselves, incomparably the most important bodies of the universe, and the only ones which we know to exist outside of our own solar system except the obviously uninhabitable nebulas. Let us, then, look at these, and get our answer to the theory from the actual facts of the case.

In our own solar system we find that the surface of the sun is about fifty times that of all the planets put together. We have

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then, right here, as a really certain fact, that even if all the planets of our system are inhabited, only one-fiftieth part of the available surface for habitation in the system is utilized. Let us not take refuge from this in the idea once held by some astronomers that underneath the blazing surface of the solar orb there might be a cooler inner layer where life would be possible; for the more recent investigations as to the source of the sun's heat, and the way in which it has in all probability been produced and is now sustained, have made this hypothesis scientifically untenable.

But let us look farther into the details, and see if even this idea that all the planets of our system are the abodes of life, at least of highly organized life like ours, is not an extravagant assumption.

And immediately, I think, we must be obliged to surrender almost all the paltry fraction of one-fiftieth which we seem at first to be able with some probability to claim; for this one-fiftieth is almost all found on the four grand planets which guard the outside of the system, Jupiter, Saturn, Uranus, and Neptune—(I do not include the rings of Saturn in this, for it is really ascertained by mathematical considerations that these have, in the sense in which we are speaking, no surface at all, as they must necessarily, to remain stable as they do, be composed of small incoherent masses, to be numbered by millions probably, flying round the planet independently of each other). I say, then, that this fiftieth of the solar surface which we have, not counting the rings of Saturn, is almost all found on these four great planets; for the four smaller primary planets, Mercury, Venus, the earth, and Mars, will hardly give together one ten-thousandth part of the solar surface; the satellites, including our own moon, somewhat more, but still a very insignificant fraction; as to the asteroids, they hardly count at all.

But why must we surrender the four great exterior planets as probable habitations for life like ours?

The answer is that we are practically certain that all the planets were formed by a process of cooling from a mass originally in an intensely heated state, and in a liquid or even gaseous condition on account of this heat. In fact, we have only to consider the evidences presented by our own planet, to look at the evidences which it not unfrequently gives us of its interior, to assure ourselves that we should only have to take off the thinnest kind of a skin or peel from its surface (speaking, of course, relatively to its whole dimensions) to come to another surface where life could not possibly be maintained.

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Very well then, we have reason to believe that this thin crust which has formed on the surface of the earth, possibly on that of the other inner planets, Mercury, Venus, probably on that of Mars, and certainly on that of the moon, has not yet formed on the great exterior ones. Why do we believe this? First, because the size of the planets is itself an obstacle to their quick cooling, the volume of heated matter being as the cube of the dimension; the surface, on the other hand, by which the heat can be radiated into space only as its square. The volume or bulk of Jupiter, for instance, is about 1,300 times that of the earth; but it has only about 120 times the earth's surface. This quick cooling of relatively small bodies does not, indeed, need to be proved; it is a matter of common experience. If, then, the earth has only just cooled, so to speak, can we expect that Jupiter has had time to do so?

But we have more positive evidence than this that it has not as yet cooled; for its surface presents no really permanent features or markings, like those which the earth has, and which we see on the moon and Mars; it seems to be in a state of flux, or overhung with the heavy vapors which would arise from a molten mass. Moreover, it seems to shine of its own light, though this is, of course, not certain; but, if it does not, its surface must be either of a very white color or of very uniform smoothness. The first supposition seems improbable, the last would itself suggest liquidity.

On the whole, therefore, the common (I may say universal) opinion of astronomers is that Jupiter has not yet formed a crust on its surface. To quote the words of Professor Young, the celebrated astronomer of Princeton, "the rapidity of the changes upon the visible surface of Jupiter implies the expenditure of a considerable amount of heat; and, since the heat received from the sun is too small to account for the phenomena which we see, Zöllner, thirty years ago, suggested that it must come from within the planet, and that in all probability Jupiter is at a temperature not much short of incandescent—hardly yet solidified to any considerable extent. Since the investigations of Zöllner," Professor Young goes on to say, "this has become an accepted item of scientific belief."

The appearance and the probabilities with regard to Saturn are somewhat the same as for Jupiter. With regard to the outer planets, Uranus and Neptune, the telescope has as yet furnished no very definite information; their size, somewhat smaller than that of Jupiter and Saturn, and their older formation as usually

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supposed (though this has lately been with good reason disputed) would indicate that they were in an intermediate state between that of Jupiter and our own; the probability would be that they are still hardly cooled enough for the processes of life to be maintained.

It would seem, then, that if we accept the simple evidence in in the case without prejudice, we shall have to acknowledge that these four great planets, though of course far inferior in heat than the sun, are still far too warm for ourselves, and probably for any of the other forms of life which we find on the earth.

We have then left about one ten-thousandth part of the whole surface of our solar system remaining as an admissible habitation for life. Let us now turn to examine that.

The nearest part of it to us, outside our own planet, is that of our own satellite, the moon. The interest felt by people in general in examining that is shown by the hope that is always manifested on the announcement of the construction of any telescope larger than those previously existing, that this telescope will solve the question, and perhaps show us some signs of beings like ourselves on the moon, or at least of some buildings or engineering works which they may have made. Only a few days ago I saw a statement in a daily paper that such a telescope was about to be constructed, which would make the surface of our satellite appear as if it was only a mile away. This implies, of course, a magnifying power of about 240,000 diameters. It is possible that such a telescope might be built; but is it equally possible that such a high magnifying power could be used, if it was provided? The unprofessional will say, why not? But any astronomer knows that it is only under exceptional circumstances that the high powers, say of two or three thousand, can be satisfactorily used on the telescope now existing. The difficulty is not that the telescope is not big enough to stand it, but that the tremulousness of the air through which we have to look is usually so great that all details which might be gained by the high power are lost from this cause; for disturbances of the air, unnoticeable with low powers, are painfully conspicuous with high ones. Another difficulty, of course, is the extreme perfection required of mirrors and lenses to enable them to bear such great magnifying. Under such a trial, the smallest imperfection shows. But, granting that this last difficulty could be overcome, we are warranted on the first ground alone to say that a power of 240,000 could not be used unless

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the observer could get practically entirely out of our atmosphere; but there is no such point of view that he can reach, and if he could be transported to such a point, he could neither support his telescope nor his own life there.

Moreover, there is very little, if any, use in making this search of the surface of the moon, at least for the purpose of discovering life. The question is practically decided already that this surface consists of mere barren rock, without air or water, or anything corresponding to them. There is much less chance of life there than on the top of the Himalaya mountains, for the conditions are far more unfavorable; for on the mountains at least there is water, though frozen, and a fair proportion of air, and no worse conditions in any other way than those of the moon. The alternating day and night of two weeks each in length on the moon is of itself almost enough to settle the question.

With regard to the other side of the moon, we have less positive information, as we cannot see it. It is barely possible that there the conditions may be in some respects different; but it is very improbable.

Let us now look at Venus and Mercury. Here again information is very scanty. These planets offer few recognizable marks, and appear to be covered by clouds which veil their presumably solid surfaces. If it be true (as Professor Schiaparelli maintains as discovered by his observations, not yet however verified by astronomers in general) that these planets turn on their axes once only during a revolution round the sun, as the moon turns once only in going round the earth, thus turning always the same face to the sun, as the moon turns always the same face to us, this continual baking of one side by the fierce solar rays, while the other is constantly exposed to the cold of space, would be a very unfavorable condition for habitation, except for a small rim between the two sides.

We have one more chance to find a companion world to our own, giving some signs of being a fit residence for beings like ourselves. If we look at the planet Mars, now brilliantly visible in our evening sky, those who hope to find such a place will meet with some encouragement. Here we find what looks like land, water, and air, with clouds in it like our own; temporary and also permanent markings such as one would see from a distance on the earth. Here we must concede that life is possible, and even would seem to be probable; and a highly varied and organized life. In every way, in the distribution of seasons, and the

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length of day and night, this very interesting planet closely resembles our own; and we are apt to jump at the conclusion and people it at once.

But here we come to a question which the enthusiastic advocates of a plurality of worlds never seem to consider. It is this: were there not, according to the geologists, vast ages, compared with which even the longest period assigned by them or by any of the scientific world to the life of the human race as yet on earth, in which the earth *looked* from a distance just as habitable as it does now? And will there not also be vast ages, according to the same sciences—of course, we are not now considering the special destruction of this world revealed to us by faith—during which this earth of ours, from the gradual change of its conditions, might very probably be no longer fit for us to live in, not perhaps reduced to the absolutely barren state which the moon itself has reached, but still practically uninhabitable by man? So far as we can judge by external indications, the state of Venus and Mercury is that of the earth in its earlier ages; Mars rather seems to have reached the state to which this earth would of itself come at some time in the future. In both of these states, that in which the planet, so to speak, was now fully ripe, and that in which it was, so to speak, decaying, it would look about the same from a distance as in the day of its perfection; and yet that day would be a short time compared with whole periods in which its general external appearance would be the same.

We must not forget that highly organized and very sensitive life like our own is here—and why not elsewhere?—a matter of very delicate balance and adjustment. Even on the earth which we inhabit there are vast tracts, to say nothing of the ocean which covers three-quarters of its surface, where human life in its highest forms can only exist with great difficulty, and some places, by no means insignificant, where it is impossible in any way. A few thousand feet up or down, some degrees north or south, are sufficient to settle the question. Indeed, it does not seem at all certain that a planet, following the general course of development assumed by astronomy and the other sciences, would ever reach a state in which everything would be just right at the same time. According to chances, even on the views of the most extreme evolutionist, there could be no surety that the conditions could ever develop just what is needed to produce as high a type of life as ours. The mere having land, water, and air of some sort is not enough; for such our earth had when animal life on it was of quite a low order.

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So even out of the mouth of science itself we should have to condemn it if it announced, as a conclusion from its observations or theories, that the other worlds which we see circulating round our own sun were now, or even ever in the past or future, the abodes of anything like human life. All that science can say is that there is a possibility, greater in some cases than in others; that is all. Things may turn out so; but there is no guarantee that such will be the case.

And, in point of fact, science actually does say no more than this. I think I am quite justified in saying that the majority of astronomers do not really believe in the existence of intelligent inhabitants on the planets which we have passed in review. The case looks a little better for Mars than for the rest; that is about all that they have to say.

Before leaving our own system to look at the universe generally, I must, however, acknowledge for the consolation of those who wish to believe in other inhabited worlds in it, or who do not wish to avoid any difficulty which may exist, that the satellites of the great planets from Jupiter to Neptune appear to be much more probable abodes of life than the planets themselves. If any one wishes to hold that they are, nothing conclusive can be urged against this view; they are bodies fairly comparable in size with the earth; they are probably somewhat, and perhaps quite adequately, warmed by their great primaries, and there is no definite reason why even we could not be fairly comfortable there. As for light, even supposing the sun had to be depended on for it, there is no lack. The satellite of Neptune, the most remote and the most poorly lighted, has a sunlight seven hundred times as bright as the light of our full moon.

But after all, you see, we have only a possibility; not much more. Certainly no positive indications are at hand, or ever will be. And after our disappointments (or reassurances, whichever you please) in finding all but this very small fraction of our system which even the four inner planets and the satellites would make gone to waste for purposes of life, mere possibilities do not amount to much.

But now, leaving the comparatively narrow limits of our own system, let us transport ourselves into the vast fields of space, and consider the innumerable worlds which, as we have seen, we find there. And is it not here, after all, that the real difficulty is to come? It is here that the enormous numbers of which I have spoken begin to oppress us; here that our little globe is as it were lost in the immensity of God's creation.

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Yes, our difficulty will certainly come if we allow the imagination full play. We start from the fact that these stars, most of them at least, are suns, fairly comparable or superior in brilliancy and magnitude to our own. But we at once conclude that they are all like our own, attended by planets, and we imagine these planets peopled with life like our own; and then—we have all the rest.

But let us look at the facts of the case. Let us take, for one thing, the double or multiple stars which we find in great abundance in the heavens. There is no picture that those who take the plurality of worlds like ours for granted are more fond of than that of the wonderful vicissitudes which must be enjoyed by the planets attached to these double stars. These double stars, be it understood, are known to be suns circulating round each other at distances say about like those which separate our sun from its outer planets. They do not, however, as a rule, move in orbits so circular as those of the planets; sometimes they approach comparatively near, sometimes they recede. But they move regularly, in such a way as to show that they are under the influence of the same law of gravitation which is the bond of our own system, and in that way furnish a noble proof of that law and of the unity of God's design. Their beauty is often added to by a contrast of color; sometimes, for instance, the larger of the two is yellow, the smaller blue. On this point especially the imagination is apt, if I may say so, to run wild. We picture to ourselves the splendor and beauty of a planet illuminated by two such suns, sometimes alternating, sometimes both in the sky at once, mingling their light, and enlightening the scene with a radiance of the combined color. But do we stop to think fully what this means? The weather which we have had not long ago ought to convince us that one sun in the sky at a time is quite enough. The vicissitudes would be of heat as well as light, and would they not be unendurable? And then again, as I have said, their orbits round each other are by no means always circular; sometimes one sun with its attendant planets, if it had any, would come uncomfortably near to or far away from the other. But, in point of fact, it would require special conditions to make any attendant planets to either sun possible. The planets, if there were any in such a system, would be likely to be attendant on both suns at once, rushing about in curious and complicated curves, too difficult to be investigated by any human mathematical powers, except that we cay say with confidence that it would be hardly possible that they would have any regular recurring periods, like those of

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days, nights, and years which make life here possible. Living on them would be like living on a comet; one year with the temperature at 1000°, the next 300° below zero.

There is another class of objects which we find in the sky which are specially apt to overwhelm us with their splendor and the possibilities which they suggest. These are the clusters of stars which are scattered in profusion through the heavens; sometimes so closely associated that they look to the ordinary powers of the telescope like mere nebulous balls, sometimes of a comparatively loose structure. These were at one time considered to be separate from the great system to which our sun and all the stars in general which we see with the naked eye or the telescope, lying outside its limits, and forming similar systems to it. But it is pretty clear that such cannot be the case; for they are so small in appearance, that to have anything like the dimensions of our own stellar system, they would have to be at such an immense distance from us that the individual stars which compose them could not, if like our own stars, appear anything like as bright as they do. No, they probably lie at what we may call ordinary distances from us, and the stars which compose them are probably smaller, at any rate no bigger or brighter than the average; and they are probably much nearer to each other than the average distance. They are, in short, what they appear to be, real clusters or balls of stars; like the double stars, but immensely multiple instead of double. Now, if the hypothesis of habitable planets in a double star system meets with so great difficulties, how much more do we find here?

But at least, we may say that the single or isolated stars, of which there are so many, ought to have planets like our own sun. Yes, it might seem so if we accept the nebular hypothesis of their formation stated most fully by La Place; but this hypothesis has its difficulties, and, even if we accept it, it appears by no means certain that, even according to it, the planets formed would have the nearly circular orbits which characterize our own system, and which give it its stability and to its planets one of the necessary conditions of inhabitability.

I have said that the ordinary nebular hypothesis has its difficulties. The principal one is that the planets, if formed when a tolerably dense and concentrated mass had collected in the place of the sun should have moved round their own axes in the contrary direction from what they actually do. In the modified form of the hypothesis proposed by the celebrated M. Faye, in which the earlier planets, among which the earth is to be reck-

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oned, take shape before the sun, these would turn in the same direction as they revolve round the sun, the later ones showing more and more of a tendency to the opposite way. This seems to accord most with the facts of our own system, in which Uranus and Neptune on this hypothesis are supposed to have been formed last; that is, if we can take for granted—and, indeed, it seems theoretically that we must—that these planets turn in the same direction as their satellites move. But on this system, it would be likely that several of the planets formed, as we may say, at the transition period, would, like Uranus, turn at such a considerable inclination to the plane of its orbit that the distribution of climate would be very difficult for the maintenance of life. So here again we have a difficulty.

The fact is that, if the earth's axis was inclined much more than it is (say 45°) to the plane of its orbit, life would be much restricted on it, except near the equator, by the extreme variation and severity of the seasons. We should have, for instance, at this latitude, practically no night at all in summer, and a blazing sun passing nearly overhead every twenty-four hours; whereas in winter we should similarly have practically the winter of our present Arctic regions, if not worse. Now, we see that this very important point of the inclinations of the axes of the planets to their orbits seems in our system to be quite uncertainly arranged, not corresponding strictly to any theory; how can we tell that in other sytems as good results are to be found even as we have here?

Add to all this, that the various hypotheses by which the formation of our own system is accounted for are after all merely explanations of what exists; nothing more. We can account for what we actually have, or know to exist, by means of them; but we cannot be sure that a result such as we can reasonably suppose to have come out here from certain original conditions of a nebulous mass would always come out from every nebulous mass everywhere. A motion must be assumed in that mass to start with, and rather a special kind of motion at that. Suppose the matter in it, for instance, to be at rest in the beginning; it would simply concentrate on itself and form a sun; there would be no reason why rings or rotation of any kind, circulating in any definite direction, should be formed in it. In our own system, indeed, it can be maintained that the heat is more than would result from such concentration; so that it can be argued, that there must have have been an original motion too; but can we be sure that such is the case everywhere else? And is

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there any reason whatever why matter should have been created cold, rather than in that state of molecular motion which we call heat?

I think we can see pretty well by this time that, speaking on simply scientific grounds, there is no positive basis, or at best a very weak one, for the imaginations of unnumbered solar systems which fill our minds when we first survey the heavens. The true verdict resulting from our inquiry seems rather to be that there may be one like ours here and there. The checks, balances, and adjustments which we have are not the natural or unavoidable result of the celestial mechanism; they are an extraordinary—perhaps a very extraordinary or almost unique—occurrence.

The most promising seats for life are in the mysterious dark stars of which we are learning more and more every day just now. If, for instance, the great dark companion of the variable Algol is really completely cooled and crusted over, it might be a place to live on; but the bright star is much too near it to make it habitable for ourselves, or for any animal of which we can conceive. And if the dark object forms one of a triple or multiple system, like the probable second companion of Algol, or the fourth and invisible companion to the triple star z Cancri, we find again the same formidable difficulty with regard to variations of temperature that we have found in the supposed planets of double star systems.

Science, then, so far as we have it at present, has nothing in it to force anyone who does not want to to believe in the plurality of inhabited worlds. It merely says it may be so; and, of course, we must concede that it is more likely to be so at some time in general in the long course of ages than at any particular time. That time is more likely on the whole to be in the future than in the present; and if there are worlds preparing for future habitation, why may they not be intended for our own habitation as well as for any other creatures of God?

But suppose we grant at once that there are many worlds even now inhabited. By whom, by what material creatures that is, would they naturally be inhabited? We should answer, on a scientific basis, by animals the perfection of whose organism corresponds to the perfection of the conditions of life which may be found in these worlds respectively. Does that mean by beings with a rational soul, or by beings endowed with grace from God and destined for a supernatural union with him like ourselves? Scientifically, I say no. Science, that is to say some scientists, would like to prove that all that makes man what he

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is has been naturally developed from lower forms of life. We know better. We know that here science is going beyond its limit; that it will never evolve, or see evolved, a human soul out of matter or out of the brute. We know that every human soul is a special creation of God.

So, on the Christian basis, from which science can never drive us; we know that whatever capabilities for highly organized life we might find on any of the bodies of the universe, they could never prove that God had done on them, or that he ever would do the special work that he has done here. We have only to bear in mind that the creation of man was a special and extraordinary work, out of the regular line of the formation of this world; something without which this world went on, according to science itself, for far the greater part of its history, and without which but for his special good will and pleasure, it would have gone on to the end; and we shall realize that we have no need to dread anything that the telescope has to show us in the heavens as in any way presenting a difficulty for our faith.

Far be it, however, from me to pronounce absolutely that God has not done elsewhere a work in some respects similar to to what he has done in creating man. There may be elsewhere great, noble, and exalted intelligences made by him, and dwelling in material bodies like ourselves and morally responsible to him. But this does not mean that he has taken the nature of these beings, if such exist, upon himself; it does not mean that he has among them a mother like the Blessed Virgin; it does not mean that he has raised their nature, as he has ours, to the highest heavens, and made it to reign forever on his eternal throne. This is all superadded; the making of a rational creature, however lofty, does not involve this. So far from it, that we could not believe this to be even possible, if God himself had not revealed it.

If any one says, why did he do this here, on this little insignificant planet, I have the simple answer that we know that he has done it, better and more certainly than we know any of the facts of astronomy. We know that we have received at God's hands a dignity, whatever may be our comparative lowliness in the scale of his creation, which no other creature can claim.

But I must say that for myself I cannot see why this great and unique work should not have been done here just as well as anywhere else. Mere size, as I have said, is evidently nothing important in God's sight; and how can it be to him to whom all creation is but as the dust of the balance? We have seen indubitably that in this, to our eyes, great solar system, he lets

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almost the whole go without, we should call, any adequate use; even of the rays of the sun, which it seems his principal function to dispense, all but an inconceivably small fraction are wasted on empty space.

No, this idea that the earth must be insignificant because it is small is entirely unreasonable, in the face of all we see of the providence of God, and even in the light of our own better reason. If there was any real basis to it, we should have to say that he could not have been born in Bethlehem; that Jerusalem, or better, Rome, should have been the place; and, indeed, we should be obliged to say that he could not have stooped to a being of our petty stature at all. Surely we ought to know that what is small in our eyes is not so in the sight of him who exalts the humble.

But this really is not the point that troubles us most, if I judge the matter right. It is not merely that the earth is a small place to be the scene of God's greatest work; it is that it seems to us that there is as it were a great waste of material, if he does not also do elsewhere what he has done here. And the real answer to this is drawn, as I have shown, from science itself; which tells us unmistakably, so far as it has yet spoken, that the vast mass of creation, in our own solar system, and most probably also in the universe outside, is not utilized even for purposes of the habitation of any kind of life, being utterly out of the question for such purposes; far more so than the regions of empty space themselves. For it is more conceivable that beings should live in empty space than in fiery furnaces heated to the inconceivable temperature that we know the suns, commonly called stars, to be. There is, then, no need of speculation as to what God's wisdom might seem to require, when we know in very truth what it has actually decreed. We see that but a very small part of the universe has been reserved for habitation; why not still a smaller part for the Incarnation, and the sacrifice of the Cross? If we dwell on this sufficiently, I think the difficulty which seems to come at first to faith from astronomy will cease to disturb our minds; and we shall not only readily admit what religion teaches us, that man, on this poor little earth, is really the favored child of the Creator of the great universe; but astronomy will even come to the aid of faith and make us also feel all the more strongly the greatness of his gift to us, and be all the more moved by it to his love, and feel all the more keenly our responsibility to him.

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A MARTYR TO TRUTH-TELLING.

EVEN those who maintain that war is in itself an unmitigated evil must perceive that it often serves to bring into relief examples of heroism and self-sacrifice which would never otherwise be given. Had it not been for the fatal blunder which sent our soldiers down the "Valley of Death" at Balaklava, a great and noble lesson of obedience and of selfless valor would have been lost to the world. As it is there is not a single man enrolled under the Queen's flag who does not experience a thrill of pride as he remembers that he is the comrade-in-arms of those who rode with steadfast calm behind the upright figure of Lord Cardigan into the teeth of the Russian guns. Not only the army, but the whole nation is the richer for such examples as these. In the words of the gifted historian of the Crimea: "Half forgotten already, the origin of the Light Cavalry charge is fading away out of sight. Its splendor remains. And splendor like this is something more than the mere outward adornment which graces the life of a nation. It is strength—strength other than of mere riches, and other than that of gross numbers; strength carried by proud descent from one generation to another, strength awaiting the trials that are to come."

And happily these redeeming features of war are not confined to any special country or age. They shine out amid the horrors of civil strife just as they relieve the blackness and misery of an invasion. There is scarcely a period of history which does not abound with them.

Who that has read the chronicle of the French occupation of the Austrian Tyrol, in the first years of the century, will ever forget the name of Andreas Hofer? His death was enviable indeed, and his memory is deservedly kept alive in the simple annals of his countrymen. But there were at that time and place other deaths, less widely celebrated, but not a whit less noble or less enviable than his.

In the quaint old town of Bozen, in the heart of the Tyrolese Alps, there will shortly be erected a monument to a man who deserves to be remembered. His example, indeed, still lives in the hearts of his countrymen, but it is fitting that under the shadow of the stately Gothic church in which he so often worshipped, the visitor to Bozen, as he strolls along the picturesque

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streets and catches the vistas of vine-covered trellises against the deep blue of the sky, should be reminded of the simple life and heroic death of Peter Mayr.

Before the tide of the French invasion had reached the Tyrol, Mayr was nothing more than the landlord of a small mountain inn, where the peasants of the neighborhood were accustomed to meet after their day's work, to smoke their long porcelain pipes and sip the pure and harmless wine of the country. It was, of course, long before anyone had dreamt about railways, and, in the first years of this century, the Austrian Tyrol, beyond all districts of Central Europe, was isolated and out of reach of even those few tourists who were bold enough to roam far from the haunts of men. Who could have guessed that Peter Mayr, the simple, unlettered Tyrolese inn-keeper, would leave a name which will be honored and loved wherever truth and loyalty are held in veneration?

Peaceful and happy, like his fellow-countrymen, Mayr dwelt with his wife and children until the fatal day when his home and his safety were threatened by the armies of Napoleon. Then, indeed, he made use of the influence which his honesty and unaffected piety had gained for him over the farmers and peasants aronnd. To defend their homes, to protect from the invader's foot their beloved mountain passes, above all to guard from rapine their churches, he bade them turn their scythes into swords, to shoulder their guns, and, side by side, to meet the ruthless and perfectly disciplined French. He appealed to them to prove that undaunted courage and the consciousness of right could hold their own against the mighty legions with their artillery and muskets, led on though they were by some of the ablest captains in Europe, and nerved, as they could not fail to be, by a series of unbroken triumphs.

It was a combat against fearful odds. But the very nature of the ground on which the battle was fought was in favor of the scantily equipped and undisciplined peasants, to whom every rock, every crag, and every mountain path had been familiar from childhood. They possessed, too, another advantage in the intense enthusiasm to which the invasion gave birth.

Next to his religion, and indeed akin to it, the Tyrolese regards his home as the dearest object of his love. To outrage or lay waste his homestead is to convert one of these gentle and peace-loving mountaineers into a man of blood, with his whole being on fire to wreak his revenge. In the campaign of which we are speaking more than one Frenchman learned to his cost

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what it meant to rouse in the Tyrolese this lust of vengeance. Some of the invaders paid with hideous tortures the penalty for acts of rapine which are forbidden by the code of civilized warfare. Some again owed their safety to the leader of the little band which captured them. Nothing but the immense ascendancy which Mayr had gained could have saved these prisoners from the death which the peasants and farmers, whose hearths had been laid desolate, were only too eager to inflict. That he exercised his power in their favor showed that Mayr possessed one of the greatest qualities of a commander, and it is scarcely surprising that his valor and humanity should in due time have caused his name to be respected and even loved in the ranks of the French. The troops which had laid waste Europe at the beginning of this century could not forget that they came from the land which for ages past had been the very home of chivalry and honor. However much they might feel exasperated at being held in check by undisciplined peasants, there was still enough of the true French nature left in the invaders to make them respect a leader who was so brave and at the same time so humane. Perhaps it was this sentiment which actuated the French general when he issued the proclamation which promised safety and liberty to any of the Tyrolese peasants who laid down their arms by a certain day. The ultimate issue of the war could be no longer doubtful; and, after the gallant resistance which they had so long maintained, obedience to the terms of this proclamation could bring upon them no discredit. To many of the mountain men the offer of the invaders seemed an honorable means by which further bloodshed could be prevented, and an opportunity for the renewal of their peaceful and happy lives.

But to Mayr all idea of submission to the yoke of France was intolerable, and, with those more ardent of his followers who shared his view, he considered it as a duty to keep up the mountain war in defence of his fatherland and home. Little did he care that the French proclamation threatened with death any man who after the appointed day was taken with arms in his hands. Such a man as Mayr would certainly prefer to die by the enemy's bullets than to purchase life by submitting to his terms.

So long as there seemed a chance of freeing his country from the invader it appeared to him right to maintain the struggle. In the valor of his sturdy mountaineers, therefore, and in those rocky fastnesses which had so long stood them in good stead,

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Mayr would still trust, and, strong in his sense of right, he resolved to ignore alike the Frenchman's promises and his threats and to carry on the war to the bitter end.

The days passed on. Many of the mountain men, as we have seen, conscious of the superior numbers and discipline of the enemy, took advantage of the proclamation and purchased safety by surrender. But some weeks after the date fixed by the French commander Mayr was captured with arms in his possession. According to the conqueror's terms he had forfeited his life; but, as we have just remarked, his captors were true soldiers who were fully capable of admiring and appreciating this brave man, and, to their lasting honor, they were most reluctant to exact the penalty. They could scarcely, however, go behind their own words without stultifying themselves. They therefore hit upon the expedient of inducing Mayr to declare that, in disobeying the proclamation, he had been ignorant of its existence.

"If you will say that the terms of my decree were unknown to you," said the French general, when he visited the fallen leader in his prison, "you shall go free."

"But I knew the terms perfectly well," replied Mayr, looking his late enemy full in the face.

"Perhaps so," said the Frenchman; "but tell me that you did not know them, or at least that you did not fully realize them, and the whole benefit of the amnesty shall be yours."

"But how can I say any such thing, general?" replied Mayr. "I was fully aware of your terms, and to say that I was not would be a lie."

"But a declaration such as I ask for is a form necessary to save your life. You have but to *say* that you were ignorant and you shall live. You have merely to say the words," persisted the Frenchman, who seemed as eager to save his prisoner from death as most captives are to escape it.

"If I could but say it with truth," replied Mayr, "I would do so at once. But life saved by a lie would be of no value to me. No, I knew of your decree, and nothing, not even the fear of death, shall induce me to pretend that I was ignorant of it."

The Frenchman left the prison in despair, but with his heart full of admiration for his prisoner.

There was, however, a still greater trial in store for the hero's simple fortitude. In presence of the enemy himself, a sense of pride might have helped him to resist temptation. But Mayr's next visitors were those who in all the world were dearest to him. His wife and children had, of course, heard the

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state of affairs, and now they came to implore him with tears to save his life.

"For my sake and our children's," pleaded the unhappy woman, "say the words. That surely can be no lie in the sight of God which deceives no one. It is simply a form which you have to go through as the result of defeat."

It was a hard and bitter trial for the prisoner. Too often, indeed, had he braved death in presence of the enemy to fear even the ignominious doom which now threatened him. But when he saw his wife's tears and the sad, wistful faces of his children his heart was torn with a mighty sorrow. It must have seemed at that moment so easy to utter those few words, which would instantly restore him in honor to his family and his home; so easy just to brush aside the doubt that haunted him as to whether what was not indeed literally true in word, might not be spoken, just to satisfy, while it could not deceive, his jailers. He had merely to utter those few words, "*I did not know of the proclamation*," and his prison-doors would be flung open. As a hero who had fought and bled for his fatherland, he would be led back to his home amid the cheers and love of his fellow-countrymen. Upon his wife and children, too, his triumph and honors would be reflected, and they who now knelt at his feet, imploring him not to leave them widowed and fatherless, would rejoice at his return to their once happy home.

But to Mayr's simple and upright mind a lie was a lie, and truth was truth. Not even to save his life, not even for the sake of those so dear to him, would he say what was false. Calling to his aid all the fortitude that was in him, he once more, and for the last time, gently but firmly refused to comply with the French terms.

"God has told us to speak the truth; and not even for you, my own wife and little ones, will I tell a lie." And thus did this simple peasant meet his death—the death surely of a martyr.

The ordeal had been a cruel one. Everything urged him to speak those saving words; only his faith, strong and unswerving, kept him pure and true in the hour of trial.

With his heart breaking with sorrow for his dear ones, Mayr walked calmly to his death, and with unflinching courage faced the muskets which were to still that brave heart forever.

And after all why should the firing party have inspired him with fear? When once his resolution had been formed to die

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rather than be dishonored, the bitterness of death was past. The bullets which sang through the air made music which had long been familiar to his ears; and now they were to be the means by which he was to be taken from a world of sorrow and strife, to his home in the Kingdom of God whom he had been so faithful in serving, and who, never outdone in generosity, would for all eternity be faithful in rewarding.

WILFRID WILBERFORCE.

London, England.

THE CONVERSION OF THE AMERICAN PEOPLE.

THAT the deep abiding hope of many a pious soul for the conversion of the American people has not yet been accomplished is a source of grief to many. It is a thing devoutly to be desired, but how to bring it to fruition is a question troubling many minds. There was a time when, with the same means, it would, perhaps, have been easier to convince this people of the necessity of examining the claims of the Catholic Church, since this nation was, in its youthful age, a religious people. Bigots some call our church-going fellow-countrymen, but it is a grave question if honest bigotry be not preferable to the devil of unbelief that is now stalking over the land. Indifference is the hardest of all conditions of the soul to be exorcised; even in Holy Writ it is spoken of with disgust: "Because thou art lukewarm, and neither cold nor hot, I will begin to vomit thee out of my mouth."—Apoc., iii., 16.

Under the old order of things there was a foundation on which to build, and, if Catholic zeal had undertaken the conversion of this people fifty years ago, it would have discovered it much easier to remove a few rotten timbers than we shall find it under present conditions to erect the entire structure; for there is, practically, little true knowledge of the supernatural life outside of the Catholic Church. No doubt there are thousands who wish for some haven of spiritual rest, but they become disheartened and ultimately drift into the same slough of despondency that has mired their neighbors and friends. Now and then some one finds a solid footing in the midst of the morass, where he rests until he is rescued from the

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quicksands of heresy; but these are, we fear, but the exceptional cases.

Now there is, in St. Matthew (xvii., 20), mention made of a devil whom the apostles could not cast out, but Christ did. When the apostles asked Jesus why they could not drive out that devil, our Lord told them: "This kind is not cast out but by prayer and fasting." Was this the devil of unbelief? It would seem so, according to some commentators; and one of the essentials towards overcoming him is prayer. He is all powerful to-day and needs casting out badly, lest he take possession of the land. Zealous souls are again asking how it shall be done. Our Lord was the best judge of what was necessary, and it will be well to heed his advice.

The question about the American Apostolate is this: "Is it our business?" Certainly it is. "Is it my business?" is the word of the faint-hearted, and their name is legion. No one reckons it his business to trouble himself about casting out this devil of unbelief. Yet there is nothing more certain than this: *if the Catholics of America do not endeavor to cast this devil out of their non-Catholic fellow-countrymen, he will ultimately take possession of themselves.* Faith is of that nature that it increases only with the increase of charity. The more its fire is fed with love the brighter it burns. It is, indeed, kindred to charity, which grows in force and beauty the more you expend it for your neighbor's benefit. But if you wrap up this precious talent in a napkin you will not only fail of increase, but you will lose that which you have. Not only the direct command of God, but the innate relationship of faith and charity demands that you share with your neighbor that divine gift of faith which God has bestowed upon you. Otherwise, Catholic men and women and their families are in danger of losing the true religion and sharing the unbelief everywhere around them. Such is the lesson of history. Are we to repeat the calamitous apostacy of other Catholic generations, or, corresponding with the grace of God, shall we safeguard our religion by helping our non-Catholic countrymen to the true faith?

Even amidst the ruins of past beliefs which are everywhere about us, we are always meeting souls that have received glimpses of the Light who have not the courage to repeat

"Lead, kindly Light! lead Thou me on."

Every Catholic who has come in contact with his fellow-beings has met with more than one soul, who, like Agrippa of

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old, has said, "Thou almost persuadest me." Yet they lived on in the gloom of doubt, despair, and hesitating timidity. Knowledge they had, but not faith. Convinced they were, but not persuaded. Catholics are apt to forget that faith is a divine gift; and, without that, you expect too much from people reared beyond the pale of the Church if you ask them to be converted; and, because you do not find the courage of the trained veteran in the raw recruit, you are inclined to judge harshly. Yet, it may be asked, what aid have you given to stiffen the back-bone of that would-be soldier in the army of the Lord? The poorest and humblest Catholic may lend a helping hand. WE MUST ESTABLISH THE APOSTOLATE OF PRAYER FOR THE CONVERSION OF THE UNITED STATES.

Who prays for the conversion of America? Alas! too many cry, "Am I my brother's keeper?" That cry was fatal once—shall it be repeated now? Shall it be heard unrebuked? What answer shall you make before the judgment seat of God, when your neighbor says, "I would have believed had this man helped me with his prayers." "Faith cometh by hearing," but the power of hearing *unto conviction* cometh by prayer; for were not even the apostles spending their time in prayer until the Holy Spirit came upon them and enlightened their minds. A still more remarkable example is found in the case of Cornelius, the centurion, who was rewarded for his prayer by a vision, and merited to have the prince of the apostles sent to instruct him in the faith. But those outside the Church may well cry out to you and me, as did the apostles to our Lord, "teach us how to pray," for they need it. Now, the best teaching is done by example. The fact is, the conversion of the American people is not possible without prayer. Even had we the means and the men to adopt the apostolic mode of warfare against unbelief by the preaching of the truth, prayer would still be a necessity. It is, furthermore, the one method of aiding conversion, in which the whole body of Catholics can join. It is always timely, and it is a spiritual work of mercy in which we have no choice but to engage at all times. It is directly commanded by God and his Holy Church, so that no Catholic can hope to be excused. Ignorance will not excuse you, for the duty of prayer is a primary one.

Yet what has been done in this direction? Almost nothing. A few zealous souls here and there have contributed their mite, but where has been the universal prayer for this country, like that which for many years has been sent up before the throne of

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grace for the conversion of England? Yet we do not think the people are, or would be, indifferent to an appeal of this kind. In fact, in four or five congregations which have been requested to offer a prayer for this purpose the people have been found to be very willing to take up the work.

Dear reader, will you not ally yourself with the effort already made? You need not be afraid of getting yourself into any entanglements; "there is no money in it." It costs not one cent to help along the endeavor; any one can obtain a card with the prayer printed on it, or a number of them, by simply applying to the writer of this article. There is no charge of any kind. But for the benefit of those who do recite the prayer daily there are offered up every year twenty-four Masses.

Neither is there any intention of forming any association or sodality, or placing any one under any obligation. Whatever you do is an entirely voluntary act. If you forget or neglect to say the prayer for the purpose intended, there is no harm done. If you offer up the prayer, you participate in the spiritual benefits of the Masses, and receive as well the reward for your charity in performing one of the spiritual works of mercy.

F. G. LENTZ.

Bement, Ill.

The following prayer, suggested for this devotion, has the necessary approbations:

A PRAYER

For the Conversion of Unbelievers.

"O Holy Spirit of Truth, we beseech Thee to enlighten the minds of unbelievers in the midst of us; to incline their hearts to love Thy word, and to believe the teachings of Thy Church; give them courage to accept the faith and profess it openly; that they may come into union with Thee and the Father, through Christ Our Lord. Amen.

Our Father, etc.; Hail Mary, etc.; Glory be to the Father, etc.

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LEGENDS OF THE CID.

II.

THE CID IN EXILE.

Next night once more in that Cathedral keep
Walled by its mother-rock the warriors watched.
After long silence, leaving not his seat,
At length there spake a noble knight and brave,
Don Aquilar of Gabra: low his voice:
His eyes oft resting on the altar lights,
At times on listener near:
"Sirs, all applaud the Conqueror: braver far
Our Cid that hour when he refused the battle:
I heard that tale in childhood." "Let us hear it,"
The others cried; and thus that knight began:
Our king, Ferrando, nighing to his death,
Beckoned the Cid and spake; "We two were friends;
Attend my dying charge. My race is Goth,
And in the brain, and blood, and spirit of Goth
Tempest but sleeps to waken. I have portioned
My kingdom in three parts among my sons,
Don Sanchez, Don García, Don Alphonso,
And throned my daughter in Zamora's towers:
When bickerings rise, sustain my testament."
He died; his son, King Sanchez, was a churl:
One day he rode abroad: at set of sun
Zamora faced him: many-towered it stood
Crowning a rock and flinging far its shade
O'er Douro's crimsoned wave. He muttered low:
"Yon city mine, all Spain were mine." That night
Thus spake he, careless seeming, to the Cid:
"Ill judged my father dowering with yon fort
A woman-hand. At morn search out that woman;
Accost her thus from me: 'My kingdom's flank
Lies bare: it needs for shield thy city's fortress.
I yield to thee Medina in its place
Tredra not less.'" Ill pleased, the Cid replied,
Though reverent, not concealing his displeasure:
"Send other herald on that errand, king!

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Ofttimes, a boy I dwelt in yonder fort
When lodged therein Ferrando and Urraca,
And will not wrong your father's testament."
King Sanchez frowned. Unmoved, the Cid resumed:
"I take thy missive, king, and bring her answer,
But proffer service none." At morn he placed
That missive in Urraca's hand; she rose
And raised her hands to heaven and answered fierce:
"His brother, Don García, he hath bound;
His brother, Don Alphonso, driven to exile;
Elvira, next, my sister and his own,
He mulct of half her lands; he now mulcts me!
Swallow me, earth, if I obey his hest!
Cid! thee I blame not, for I know thy heart!
Forth with my answer to my traitor brother!
Zamora's sons and I will die ere yet
I yield her meanest stone to force or fraud."
Then spake the Cid: "The answer of a queen,
And meet for King Ferrando's child! Urraca,
This sword shall ne'er be raised against thy right!
My knighthood was in part through thee conferred."
The Cid returned: King Sanchez stormed and raged:
"This work is thine!" Unmoved, my Cid replied,
"True vassal have I proved to thee, O king,
But sword against the daughter of thy sire
I will not lift." King Sanchez: "For his sake
I spare thy life! Henceforth thou livest an exile!"
Forth strode the Cid. Bivar he reached that night,
And summoning all his knights, twelve hundred men,
Rode thence and reached Toledo.

Sirs, ere long
God dealt with that bad man. Three days his host
Fought malcontent: grimly they scaled the walls;
Zamora's sons hurled on them stones and rocks,
The battlements themselves, till ditch and moat
Thickened with corpses, and the Douro left
Daily a higher blood-line on those walls
While whispered man to man: "Our toil is lost,
He spurned our best; what cares he for men's lives?"
Then from Zamora sped a knight forsworn
By name Vellido Dolfos, crafty man,
Fearless in stratagem, in war a coward.
Like one pursued he galloped to the camp,

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Checked rein at Sanchez' tent, and, breathless, cried:
"King, I had slain thee gladly yesternight;
This day a wronged man sues thee. King, revenge
'Gainst thy false sister is the meed I claim,
Thy sister kind to caitiffs, false to friends!
I know a secret postern to yon fort;
It shall be thine this night." "Who sees believes,"
Sanchez replied; "That postern—let me see it!"
They rode to where the forest's branching skirt
A secret postern screened. The king dismounted,
And, companied by that traitor knight alone,
Peered through that postern's bars. With lightning speed
The traitor launched his javelin 'gainst the king;
It nailed him to that ivy-mantled wall.
Vellido through the woodland labyrinths scaped.
The king ere sunset died.
Don Sanchez dead,
Glorying, from exile King Alphonso burst:
The Cortes met: with haughty brow he claimed
Allegiance due, like one who knows his rights,
Full sovereignity, God-given, and not from man,
Of Leon and Castile. They gave consent;
At Burgos in procession long and slow
The knights and nobles passed, and passing kissed
Each man his hand. Alone the Cid stood still.
Astonished sat the king. He spake: "The Cid
Alone no homage pays." The Cid replied:
"Sir, through your total realm a rumor flies—
And kings, all know, must live above suspicion—
That in your brother's death a part was yours—
Sir, in his day your brother did me wrong:
I, for that wrong am none the less his vassal;—
Make oath, sir king, that rumor is a lie!
Till then from me no homage!" Silent long
Alphonso sat: then "Be it so," he said.
Next day he rode to Burgos' chiefest church,
And there heard Mass. About him stood that hour
His nobles and hidalgos: Mass surceased,
Crowned, on a dais high, in sight of all
Alphonso sat: behind him stood twelve knights:
Slowly my Cid advanced, upon his breast
Clasping the Gospels open thrown. The king
Laid on them hands outspread. Then spake my Cid:

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"I swear that in my brother's death no part
Was mine." Low-bowed, Alphonso said, "I swear";
Likewise his twelve hidalgos. Then the Cid:
"If false my oath, mine be my brother's fate."
Alphonso said "Amen"; but at that word
His color changed. With eye firm-fixed my Cid
Slowly that oath repeated; and once more
The king and his hidalgos said "Amen!"
Three times he spake it; thrice the monarch swore:
Then waved the standards, and the bells rang out:
And sea-like swayed the masses t'ward the gates.
Parting, Alphonso whispered to my Cid—
None heard the words he spake.
It chanced one day
The king, from Burgos riding with his knights,
Met face to face whom most he loathed on earth.
With lifted hand he spake: "Depart my land!"
The Cid his charger spurred; o'er-leaped the wall;
Then tossing back his head, loud laughing cried,
Sir king, 'tis done! This land is land of mine!"
Raging the king exclaimed: "Depart my realm
Ere the ninth day!" My Cid: "Hidalgo's right
By old prescription yields him thirty days
If banished from the realm." Alphonso then:
"Ere the ninth eve, or else I take thy head!"
Low bowed Rodrigues to his saddle bow
And rode to Bivar. Summoning there his knights
Briefly he spake: "You see a banished man."
They answered naught. Then Alvar Fanez rose
And said: "With thee we live; for thee we die."
And rising, all that concourse said: "Amen."
The eighth day dawned: My Cid from Bivar rode:
Whilst yet his charger pawed before its gate
He turned, and backward gazed. Beholding then
His hall deserted, open all its doors,
No cloaks hung up, within the porch no seat,
No hawk on perch, no mastiff on the mat,
No standard from the tower forth streaming free
Large tears were in his eyes; but no tear fell;
And distant seemed his voice—distant though clear
Like voice from evening field, as thus he spake:
"Mine enemies did this: praise God for all things!
Mary, pray well that I, the banished man,

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May drive the Pagans from His holy Spain,
One day requite true friends." To Alvar next
He spake: "The poor have in this wrong no part;
See that they suffer none." Then spurred his horse.
Beside the gate there sat an aged crone
Who cried, "In fortunate hour ride forth, O Cid!
God give thee speed and spoil!"
They reached old Burgos
At noontide, when for heat the dogs red-tongued
Slept in the streets. The king had given command,
"Let no man lodge the Cid, or give him bread!"
As slowly on his sixty warriors rode
And gazed on bakers' shops, yet touched no loaf
The gentle townsmen wept. "A sorry sight!"
Women were bolder: "Vassal good," they cried,
"To churlish Suzerain!" The Posado's gate
He smote three times with spear-shaft: none replied.
At last beneath its bars there crept a child
Dark-eyed, red-lipped, a girl of nine years old,
Clasping a crust. Sweet-toned she made accost:
"Great Cid, we dare not open window or door
The king would blind us else. Stretch down thy hand
That I may kiss it!" At her word my Cid
Stretched down his hand. She kissed it, hiding next
Therein the crust, and closing one by one
O'er it the mail-clad fingers. Laughed my Cid:
"God's saints protect that shining head from hurt
And those small feet from ways unblest, and send
In fitting time fit mate." The sixty laughed:
Once more the child crept in beneath the bars:
They noted long the silver feet upturned
With crimson touches streaked. That night my Cid
Couched on a sand plain, with his company:
The palm-boughs rustling 'gainst their stems thick-scaled.
Half-sleeping thus he mused. "Could I, unworthy,
So all unlike that child in faith and love,
Have portioned out that crust among my knights
God might have changed it to a Sacrament,
And caused us in the strength thereof to walk
For forty days."
An hour before the cocks
In neighboring farms their earliest clarions rang
They mounted; reached ere nones that holy haunt

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Wherein his wife had taken sanctuary,
San Pedro de Cardena. At the gate
The Cid up-raised his horn. They knew it well!
Rushed forth Ximena and her ladies first:
O what a weeping was there at his feet!
Then followed many a monk with large slow eyes:
The abbot long had wished to see the Cid;
And now rejoiced: the feast was great that day
And great the poor man's share; and chimed the bells
So loudly that the king, in Burgos throned,
Frowned but spake nought. Next day two hundred knights
Flocked to the Cid's white standard. On the third
Ere shone its sunrise, by that Abbey's gate
My Cid for blessing knelt, then spake: "Lord Abbot,
Be careful of my wife, Donna Ximena,
For princelier lady stands not on this earth
Of stouter courage or of sweeter life.
Likewise breed up my babes in sanctity;
Thy convent shall not lack, and if I die
God is my banker and will pay my debts."
Next, to her lord, Ximena with slow steps
Made way, and knelt; and weeping thus she spake:
"Sundered ere death! I knew not that could be!"
Their parting seemed like parting soul and body.
Last came two ladies with his daughters twain.
He took them in his arms: his tears fell on them
Because they wept not, but bewildered smiled;
And thus he spake: "Please God, with Mary's prayers,
I yet shall give these little maidens mine
With mine own hand to husbands worthy of them."
He said; and shook his rein, nor once looked back;
And the rising sun shone bright on many a face
Tear-wet in that dim porch.

Then spake a knight
Revered by all, Don Incar of Simancas,
With strenuous face, keen eyes, and hectic hand:
A stripling I, when first that war began;
Rapturous it was as hunting of the stag
When blares the horn from echoing cliff and wood,
And wildly bound the coursers. Sport began
Nigh to Castregon; next, like wind it rushed
To Fita, Guadalgara, and Alcala,
Thence to Heneres, and Torancio's plain,

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And the olive-shaded gorge of Bobierca.
We crossed its dark-bright stream. A Moorish maid
Sold us red apples, and from wells snow-cold
Drew water for our mules. Our later deeds
Fade from my memory. Castles twelve we took
And raised the cross upon them. Once dim mist
Lifted at morn shewed Moors uncounted nigh;
Awe-struck we stood. Our standard-bearer cried:
"Sustain your standard, sirs; or if it please you,
Consign it to the Moors!" He galloped on;
The dusky hordes closed round him. Torrent-like
We dashed upon them. Soon the morning shone
Through that black mass. The standard saved the host,
And not the host the standard. Likewise this
Clings to my memory, trivial as it seems:
At Imbra, when the Moors bewailed their kine
Snatched from its golden mead, my Cid replied:
"God save you, sirs! My king and I are foes.
In exile gentlemen must live on spoil.
What! would you set us spinning flax or wool?
Not kine alone, but all your vales and plains
Are ours by ancient right! To Afric back!
This land is Spain—our Spain!"
That warfare past,
My Cid addressed him thus to Alvar Fanez:
"Cousin, betake thee to that saintly place,
San Pedro, where abide my wife and babes:
Raise first our captured banners in its aisles,
Then noise abroad thy tidings. Greet with spoil
That abbot old. Seek last the king, Alphonso:
Give him his fifth: make no demand in turn;
Much less request. I wait not on his humors."
Alvar went forth: In fair Valladolid
Ere long he met Alphonso with his train
Half way betwixt the palace and cathedral
Recent from Mass. Questioning, the monarch spake:
"What means yon train of horses trapped in gold,
And swords inwrought with gems?" Alvar replied
"Sir king, my Cid bestows them on your highness,
The fifth part of his spoil: for battles still
He wins, and wide domains, and tower, and town.
King, if the Cid but kept the lands he conquers
Half Spain would be his realm. Content he is

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To hold them but from you in vassalage.
Therefore restore him to your grace and favor!"
Alphonso then: "'Tis early in the morn
To take a banished man to grace and favor!
'Twere shame to stint my wrath so soon. For spoil,
Kings need not spoil! Not less, since thus the Moors
Are stripped, his work is work of God in part:
Let him send still my fifth!"
Then laughing spake
A humorous knight, Don Leon of Toledo:
"Ay, ay, our king can jest when jest means gold!
Our Cid could jest with lions in his path!
A hundred tales attest it: this is one:
Here dwelt he long in royal state. One day
It chanced, the banquet o'er, asleep he fell
Still seated on the dais, for the noon
Was hot, while talked or laughed the noble guests
Ranged as their custom was, around his board;
His palace held some guests beside hidalgos
That day, and one from Afric, not a Moor;
A lion's cage stood in the outer court;
Its door was left ajar. Scenting the meat
That lion reached at last the banquet chamber:
The ladies screamed: the warriors drew their swords:
The Infantes twain of Carrion most were mazed;
The elder backed into a wine-vat brimmed
Purpling the marble floors; the youngest crept
Beneath the board to where the Cid was throned,
And quivering clasped his feet. The Cid awoke;
Rubbed first his eyes; gazed round him; marked that lion;
Advanced, though still half sleeping; by the mane
Drew him obedient as a mastiff hound;
Relodged him; barred the cage; enthroned once more
His stately bulk. The knights pushed back their swords:
The Infantes strove to laugh; the ladies smiled;
A priest gave thanks in Latin, first for meat,
Next that that beast had failed on them to banquet;
Ere ceased that prayer my Cid again slept well;
Sole time, men say, he ever slept at prayer,
Albeit at sermons oft."
Sir Incar de Simancas thus resumed:
"The boasters see not far." Fortune ere long
On King Alphonso cast a glance oblique,

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For vassals weak and meek grew strong and haughty,
And when huge tracts were flooded now, now parched,
Men said "our king is bad." The king sent gifts
Suing the Cid's return. The Cid replied:
"To others gifts! for me my lands suffice.
My king commands my sword; my terms are these:
To each hidalgo thirty days, not nine,
Shall stand conceded ere his banishment,
And courts beside wherein to plead his cause.
Next, charters old shall have their reverence old
As though their seals were red with martyrs' blood.
Lastly the king shall nowhere levy tax
Warring on law. Such tax is royal treason:
Thus wronged the land is free to rise in arms."
Long time the king demurred: then frowned consent;
And there was peace thenceforth. That day arose
This saying: "Happy exile he that home
Returning to his country, brings her gifts.
His rest shall be in Heaven."
No tale beside
Succeeded. Sweetly and slowly once again
From that remote high altar rose a hymn
Tender and sad: that female train once more
Approached it two by two, with steps as soft
As though they trod on graves—Ximena last;
And star by star the altar lights shone out.
The knights arose, and, moving t'ward the east
Knelt close behind those kneelers.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

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FINANCIAL RELATIONS OF THE FRENCH CLERGY TO THE STATE.*

In an interesting leaflet of only thirteen pages the writer has completely refuted the claims of the French Republican Government to consider the bishops and clergy of the Catholic Church in France as mere governmental functionaries drawing salaries, paid out of the annual appropriation for the *Budget des Cultes*, who, therefore, are bound to obey whenever the government thinks proper to command, and whose pay may therefore be stopped or held in suspense whenever they give dissatisfaction. This view of the position of the bishops in France was very confidently and distinctly put forward lately by Mr. E. Masseras, a former editor of the *Courrier des Etâts-Unis* of this city, in a letter of his to the *Sun*, of which he is an occasional correspondent.

The present money relations of the Catholic Church in France with the state have had a very different beginning and rest on a different and special basis, as attested by the following historical facts:

According to M. Th. Lavalleé in his *Histoire des Français* the property owned by the clergy in France prior to the Revolution of 1789 may be estimated to amount, in aggregate, to four thousand millions of livres. It would at the present day be easily worth three times that amount. The livre was equal in value to a franc, or twenty cents of our money. Taine estimates that the annual income derived by the Church from its realty amounted to from 80,000,000 to 100,000,000 of livres. M. de Foville puts it at from 110,000,000 to 120,000,000. Tithes produced annually 123,000,000 livres. This realty was held by a perfectly good title confirmed by centuries of undisturbed possession. The present annual appropriation for the maintenance of religious worship in France (*Budget des Cultes*) never exceeds 45,000,000 to 48,000,000 francs, which is the equivalent of a little over one per cent. annual interest on the original value of the church property spoliated.

The Assembleé Constituante, by one fell swoop of arbitrary legislation, abolished all tithes, dispossessed ecclesiastical owners of all their property, which was taken for national purposes; sold to purchasers, and bought less than its real value because there

* *La Suppression du Budget des Cultes et la Séparation de l'Eglise et de l'Etât.* By Count de la Barre de Nanteuil—Morlaix.

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was a moral cloud on the government's title which kept conscientious buyers aloof. In consequence the clergy were thereby reduced to a state of great destitution.

In order to make some compensation for this spoliation, the National Assembly promulgated on November 2, 1789, a decree to this effect:

"All ecclesiastical property is at the disposal of the nation which assumes the obligation of providing, in a suitable manner, for the expenses of religious worship, for the maintenance of the clergy, for the relief of the poor."*

All this work had been done in the past, free of cost to the state. Mr. Anatole Leroy de Beaulieu estimates the indemnity promised to be paid to the Church in France at 153,847,600 livres.

But the Assembleé Constituante did not consider the above enactment sufficiently binding, and thought it incumbent on them to make it perfectly unassailable in the future, With this design they inserted in the Constitution of 1781, article No. 2, which read as follows:

"The funds requisite for meeting the obligations of the national debt and for payments of the civil list can neither be refused nor *temporarily withheld.* The salaries of the clergy of the Catholic Church, whether pensioned, maintained in employment, elected or appointed in virtue of the decree of the National Assembly, *form part of the national debt.*" †

Later on, the Consular government, aware that the tenure of property taken by the government from the Church was viewed unfavorably and aroused conscientious scruples so that dealings in it were few, and in consequence the receipts of taxes on transfers of it were less than might be expected, sought to get the Sovereign Pontiff, Pius VII., to release, in the name of the clergy of France, the holders of confiscated ecclesiastical property from all obligation whatsoever to the despoiled owner. Pius VII.'s consent to do this, and his assurance that possession of the property might be enjoyed with perfect tranquility of conscience was settled by the Concordat with Napoleon in 1801; but there was coupled with it the express condition that the obligations to indemnify entered into a few years previous should be scrupulously carried out. Accordingly, it was provided by

*The original text is as follows:

"*Tous les biens ecclésiastiques sont a la disposition de la nation, à la charge de pourvoir d'une manière convenable aux frais du culte, a l'entretien de ses ministres et au soulagement des pauvres.*"

†"*Les fonds nécessaires à l'acquittement de la dette nationale et au paiement de la liste civile ne pourront être ni refusis ni suspendus.*"

"*Le traitement des ministres du culte Catholique pensionnés, conservés, élus ou nominés en vertu des décrets de l'Assemblée Nationale, fait partie de la dette nationale.*

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article 14 of the Concordat that "the government will secure a suitable salary to the bishops and curés, whose dioceses and parishes will be included in the new districting," and by articles 12 and 16 it was settled "that all cathedrals and parish churches and others not confiscated, needed for worship, are given over to the bishops, and finally the liberty to make foundations in favor of the Church is accorded to Catholics."

All this was no more than fair and just. The restored monarchical government recognized, in 1824, the right of members of the nobility to be indemnified for the loss of their confiscated estates, and one thousand millions of francs was accordingly distributed among them in satisfaction of their claims. Now, as the clergy had just as good a right to indemnification as the nobility, and settlement was made with the former, not in cash, but in obligations to pay salaries the irrevocability and perpetuity of these follows of course as matter of justice. So that, no matter how unfriendly relations between the government and the Church may become in France, the former cannot stop payment under the obligations so solemnly assumed, without national dishonor and incurring the stigma of repudiation of a part of the national debt.

The writer of the leaflet contends that, even on grounds other than those above explained, the clergy cannot be considered to be functionaries of the state. A functionary of the state discharges some functions or other which, of their nature, devolve upon the state; now the functions of ministers of religion are purely of a spiritual, not governmental, character.

A concluding chapter of the leaflet is devoted to the subject of the separation of the Church from the state and to a demonstration that morally and materially, except as to the connection subsisting through article 17 of the Concordat, that separation exists *de facto* at the present day. Under the old monarchical *régime* the king held from the Church the title of *evêque exterieur* (outward bishop); Church and state were generally in harmony, and civil legislation conformed to the principles of the Church. The status of the clergy as an order then in the body politic is thus described by Abbé Fayet:

"The bishops are invested with a two-fold character: as pastors they belong to the Church; as a political and administrative body of the realm they belong to the state. It follows then that curés and vicars are dependent as priests on the Church, and as civil officers on the state. Dioceses are not mere spiritual communities, they take the form of temporal governments. The administration of the cure of souls participates in the authority of each.

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"While pastors, in their character either of bishops or priests, are amenable to the Church alone, they are amenable to the state only in their character of public functionaries; they obey two different but equally lawful masters; so long as each of these views them in the proper relation with which it is concerned, the fruit of the alliance will be peace."

But a century has brought about a great change. The old order of things has been done away with, and the policy of the French government of our day rests, in principle, on religious indifferentism. The reminder that there is a God has been banished from civil legislation and from the teaching in schools; war has been made on religious orders and congregations, bishops are harassed in the exercise of their functions and the government claims the right to supervise their visits to Rome; recently, as evidence of the hostile feeling in the Legislature in which Masonic influences are so strong, the Department of Public Worship has been confided to a Protestant, M. Ricàrd, and a Jew, Mr. Camille Lyon, has been appointed his secretary.

The ties between Church and state referred to above, as derived from the Concordat and as still existing, are these: By articles 5 and 6 of that document, nominations to the new bishoprics, then to be formed, were to be made by the first consul within three months after promulgation of the papal bull. The Pope was to confer canonical institution in accordance with regulations in force before the change of government in France. Future vacancies in bishoprics were to be filled in the same manner. By article 17 "it was agreed, between the contracting parties that in the event of any successor of the actual first consul being a non-Catholic, the rights and *prerogatives* mentioned in the foregoing article and the *nominations* to bishoprics will, so far as he is concerned, be regulated by a new agreement."

The Bishop of Valence seems to have thought the historical information contained in this leaflet valuable, and a remainder of the obligations assumed by the first Republic opportune, for he has addressed a letter to several newspapers published in his district, giving a summary of the leaflet's arguments, and the text of the enactment on which they rest. He affirms the correctness of the count's conclusions that the clergy are creditors, not functionaries, of the state; that, in consequence, the monies paid them are virtually and intrinsically interest due, as much so as the interest paid to a holder of government stock; that to withhold from any priest his share of the indemnity to which as a member of the clergy he is entitled would be as unjust as not to pay interest due on government stock; that Mr. Ricàrd and cer-

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tain of his predecessors in office, who have taken upon themselves to withhold clerical salaries, have thereby repudiated the action of the revolution of which they claim to be scions, and have violated the pledged word of France.

The writer of this notice has thought it opportune to recall three contrasting declarations indicatory of the progressive estrangement between the Church and state in France. By the charter of 1815, "the Catholic religion was declared to be the religion of the state"; by the charter of 1830 it was amended by declaring it to be "the religion of the majority of Frenchmen"; these have been followed within twenty years past by President Gambetta's declaration that "clericalism is the enemy of the nation."

The June (1865) number of THE CATHOLIC WORLD contains a notice of Crétineau Joly's memoirs of Cardinal Consalvi, giving most interesting particulars of the trying ordeal that eminent prelate went through in completing the negotiation of the Concordat. The First Consul was to give a grand dinner on the 14th of July, 1801, to foreigners of distinction, and to men of high standing in the country, and he wished to be able to announce to them, on that occasion, that the ecclesiastical treaty was an accomplished fact. Accordingly, the day previous was appointed for affixing the signatures of the contracting parties to the document. Cardinal Consalvi took with him his own copy of the Concordat, of which Bonaparte had formally promised to accept every article as it had been agreed to at Rome. The signers met towards four in the afternoon. When the document produced by Napoleon's representative was produced for formal signature, Cardinal Consalvi compared it with his copy, and discovered that it contained glaring discrepancies, and that an attempt was being made to fraudulently palm it off on him for his signature. He positively refused to sign. The First Consul's representatives contended with him for *nineteen hours "without interruption, without rest, and without food."* The debate begun at four o'clock P.M., lasted until the same hour of the day following, four and twenty hours, and Consalvi had just time to hurry off to the grand entertainment in the evening, there to be subjected to an explosion of wrath and threats from Bonaparte, who tried in vain to browbeat him, and not being able to subdue his firmness afterward gave in, and signed the treaty as consented to by the Pope, who in the matter of concessions had gone as far as his conscience and sense of duty would permit.

L. B. BINSSE.

New York City.

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THE OLD WORLD SEEN FROM THE NEW.

THE general election seems to have so absorbed the attention of workingmen in Great Britain that their grievances against their employers have for the time being been laid aside; at least there are no strikes of any moment to chronicle, although the continued depression of trade is involving reduction of wages in not a few important industries. In these notes we take care not to intrude into the field of pure politics, and consequently we are precluded from any discussion of the election in its most interesting aspects. We shall not, however, depart from our proper province by endeavoring to indicate the bearing of the recent contest on labor and social questions. The first point worthy of notice is that while in the last Parliament there was a small band of labor members, these members were primarily members of the Liberal party, and only secondarily representatives of the workingmen. With one important exception, to which we shall refer presently, those members have retained their seats. But in addition to them a small band of labor representatives numbering four has been returned, who place the interests of labor avowedly in the first place, and are quite ready to oppose the Liberal party should those interests, in their opinion, require it. In fact, the best known of this group has already taken steps to prevent the return of Mr. John Morley, should he on appointment to office be obliged to appeal again to the electors. What is technically called collectivism seems to be the social ideal, which these four members have set before themselves, and they are ready to act with either party, whether Liberal or Conservative, in pursuit of this end, with supreme indifference to all other considerations.

The power of the workingmen made itself felt during the course of the election in a manner which excited Mr. Gladstone's indignation. For, where there was no hope of securing a victory, their disatisfaction with the recognized Liberal claimant led them to bring forward candidates of their own. In this way the Tories won a few seats in places where the majority of the electors Bill was certainly Liberal. The question of a Legal Eight Hours' Bill for minors in particular, exer-

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cised an important influence in the polling. To his opposition to this proposal, one of the most respected and influential workingmen in the House, the first, and in fact the only workingman who has ever held a ministerial office—Mr. Henry Broadhurst—lost his seat. To the same cause must be attributed the virtual defeat of Mr. John Morley, at Newcastle-on-Tyne. Mr. Morley had from the first openly opposed the plan, and both spoke and vote against it; whereas his Conservative opponent took the other side, and had a majority of three thousand in a purely working-class constituency. One clear result of the election is that a large number of members of all parties in the House are pledged to vote for the limitation by law of the working hours in mines to eight, and the new Parliament will in all probability signalize itself by being the first to directly interfere with adult workingmen.

After the Legal Eight Hours' Bill for miners, the local option proposals of the United Kingdom Alliance received the largest amount for support. The Temperance Societies are congratulating themselves on the election of so many hearty supporters of the movement. Not only this, but the rejection by their constituencies of many warm and prominent defenders of the liquor traffic gives cause for rejoicing. The incoming Cabinet is called upon to take steps at once to give the people in their own localities a direct veto on the liquor traffic; for considering the explicit and solemn promises of the leaders of the Liberal party, from Mr. Gladstone downwards, it is not easy to see how these demands can be refused, even should there be a desire to do so. The proposals of the Temperance party embrace the complete closing of public houses on Sundays, and in view of the lamentable amount of electoral corruption carried on, as they maintain, during the recent struggle, they hope that a measure will be passed closing public houses on election days.

While the success of the Liberal party in the general election has no doubt afforded great satisfaction to far the larger number of our readers, there is one consideration from a Catholic standpoint which should mitigate their joy. This is the attitude of the victorious party toward the voluntary schools. The Newcastle programme is an authorized list of aims and projects of the Liberals, and one of the declarations contained in this programme

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is that "no system of public elementary education can be regarded as satisfactory or final unless it secures that every family shall have within reasonable reach, a Free School, and that all schools supported by public money shall be subject to public representative control." This means that the Catholic schools which receive a grant from the state shall not merely be inspected by an official appointed by the government (this is already done, and the bishops have admitted its legitimacy), but that the local rate-payers are to be endowed with the power which they do not now possess of electing a sufficient number of the managers to control these schools. The claim here made is of the most extreme character, and possibly may not be persevered with, for there are members of the party who only claim for the rate-payers representation on the Board of Management. At all events, it will be the duty of the Irish members whose support is absolutely necessary for the carrying into effect of any such proposal to ally themselves, should efforts be made to change the present law with the Conservative party, which in the words of the former head of the Education Department "will fight to the death against the subjection of the voluntary schools to the rate-payers."

An earnest and powerfully written appeal has just been made to the Liberal party, in order to induce it to recede from the position with reference to religious education which it has assumed. The author of this pamphlet (which well deserves perusal) declares that he is fully convinced that the English Liberal party is a powerful instrument for the social and moral progress of the race, the purest and the most powerful purely human regenerating instrument known. He describes Mr. Gladstone as the political pride of this and of every age, and ranks himself among those whose desire it is ever to be found faithfully and humbly serving under Liberal leaders. He must admit, however, the hostility of the Liberal party as a whole to the granting of financial aid to religious schools, and has therefore issued this "Liberal's appeal to Liberals for the toleration of Christian morality and religion in some of the schools of the state." Under the law as it exists at present, while voluntary schools receive a grant from the government, none of them receive help from the local rates, and this portion of their revenue has to be made up by subscriptions. The author's appeal is directed to the obtaining of the consent of the Liberal party to the bestowal of

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assistance from the rates upon voluntary schools; at least that this may be granted to "some of the schools." By this is meant the Catholic schools, for the writer is a Catholic. His argument is addressed, of course, to Liberals, and is not only powerful in itself, but interesting on account of the citations which he makes from writers like John Morley, Matthew Arnold, Herbert Spencer, and Dr. Martineau in support of his contention, that not only that a purely secular education will not impart the moral principles necessary for man's well-being in this life, but also that a knowledge of religion is necessary for the securing and ennobling of morality itself. Should this appeal be successful, the joy felt by our readers at the recent success of the Liberal party will be without the least alloy.

Among the many social evils which it is hoped may be suppressed by legislative action, that of gambling and betting must be reckoned. For many years these practices have been growing, and have extended from the noble and wealthy patrons of the turf to errand boys and even to women. The newspapers are the chief means through which the evil has taken its present extreme development. In protest against excessive sporting advertising it is customary in several free libraries in the English midland counties to black out the sporting news before placing the papers on the tables of the reading rooms. The success of the campaign against the Louisiana lottery in the United States has induced certain social reformers in England to prepare a bill to prohibit the insertion of news as to the odds on coming events. Such a proposal is not altogether without precedent, for the publication of discretionary advertisements has already been made illegal. The bill has been circulated among persons of influence in order to call forth their criticisms. Among those who have given their opinion, is the successor of Cardinal Manning, Archbishop Vaughan, who says unhesitatingly "that it is to the best interest of the country that the Legislature should interfere as soon as possible to put down the evil of gambling before it overwhelms our population as a national vice." The archbishop declares that he is convinced that gambling is threatening to become a worse plague than drunkenness. The bill will be introduced early in the proceedings of the new Parliament.

While the English Parliament has been passing a law for the purpose of preventing the dangerous migration of the coun-

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try people to the towns, it is very surprising to learn that the same evil exists in Australia in, proportionally, an even greater degree. The whole population of Victoria numbers 1,140,000. The city of Melbourne and its suburbs absorb over two-fifths of this number; the other cities include another fifth, thus leaving only the small proportion of two-fifths in the rural districts. Were London to draw to itself so large a proportion of the inhabitants of the United Kingdom its population, instead of being five millions, would be fifteen. It cannot be said that the evil exists to the same degree in the other Australian colonies, although all of them without exception have an urban population entirely out of proportion to the rural population. This has happened notwithstanding the fact that from the beginning the laws have facilitated the acquisition of the land of the country by individuals at a cheap rate, and that there are vast tracts well adapted for agriculture which stand in need of cultivators. Nor are there any artificial restrictions such as exist in England to the acquisition or the alienation of real properties. Conveyancing has been reduced to its simplest forms. The only restrictions which exist have for their object the prevention of the accumulation in single hands of large estates.

Notwithstanding all this the necessity for relieving the congestion of the population in Melbourne is declared to be paramount; and in order to bring this about a bill has just been introduced by the government for the creation of village settlements. We have not learned the detailed provisions of this bill, but doubtless the encouragements held out to leave the city and go to the country will be substantial. As we have said before, to the student the manner in which a purely democratic, and not merely a democratic but an industrial community, deals with the questions of political economy, Australia offers an interesting and an instructive field of inquiry. It would seem that, notwithstanding the complete predominance of the working-classes in those colonies and the fact that they are unfettered by traditions derived from feudal times, they are far from having secured material prosperity. The unemployed are very numerous in Melbourne, and have to be supported by contributions from the public funds and by private charity. Labor bureaus have been established by the state as well as by the Salvation Army, and within a week the names of 6,300 unemployed persons were enrolled at the State Bureau. The railways, too, belong to the

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state, and public works often have for their main object the giving of employment to the workingmen. Protection also prevents external competition. And yet all these expedients seem to have failed in securing the desired end—peace and contentment.

The fact that the accumulation of the population in cities is found in countries which are so different from each other in their social, economical, and political aspects as Great Britain and Australia, seems to point to the fact that for this common phenomenon a cause must be sought which is not to be found in these differences, but in something which is common to the two communities. What that cause is, we are not prepared to say with complete confidence, but there seems to be good reason to think that the education which is now given to the children of the working-classes is just sufficient to render them discontented with quiet and laborious life in the country and to make them desirous of the excitement and amusements which are to be found in large towns. A writer who is not very popular, but is a close student of the social problems of our times, maintains that the evil in question is largely due to the fact that the rich take up their abode mainly in the cities. The poor necessarily follow them for the sake of employment. And among the rich, it is the women who are chiefly to be blamed. The men, as a rule, are ready to live in the country, being satisfied with its quiet pleasures; but the women must have their balls and parties, and therefore drag the men to the cities in order to gratify their own vanity and frivolity, and to relieve their emptiness of mind. If this is true, the remedy for a great social evil may be found in giving to women higher ideas of life's duties and responsibilities.

General Booth's social scheme has now well advanced into the second year of its operation. Many things have been set a-going; but the question arises at the present juncture, Can they be kept a-going? Over £100,000 were raised in response to the general's first appeal, but this was only, as then announced, a first instalment. This year the subscriptions required for a continuance of the work have not come in; notwithstanding the fact that some prominent persons such as Archdeacon Farrar, Mr. Arnold White, and Sir Henry Peck have publicly testified to their belief that the money hitherto received has been judiciously and economically expended. The public enthusiasm has, it would

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seem, moderated. The *Times* calls for the appointment of a committee of business men to investigate the expenditures already made and to make a report. To this General Booth has acceded; whatever may be the faint-heartedness which has taken possession of others, there is no diminution of his own enthusiasm. He maintains that the public owes him £50,000, and that he is sure to get it.

Does he deserve to get it? The work he has already done is criticised in the July number of the *Fortnightly* and the *Contemporary* by two writers, one of whom is not likely, from his religious or rather his irreligious standpoint, to have much sympathy with the Salvation Army, and the other is a barrister who was appointed to make an investigation by the Charity Organization Society, a body which has set itself against the scheme from the beginning. Both of them concur in the opinion that the money hitherto received has been well spent, and that therefore more should be given in order that the work may go on. In addition to these testimonies Sir John Gorst, who among active politicians takes the most enlightened interest in labor and social questions, after a visit to the farm colony at Hadleigh to which he went, as he says, a somewhat prejudiced skeptic as to the Salvation Army, came back delighted and astonished at what he saw. "I have just witnessed," he said, "a marvel; the cultivation of the clay lands of Essex by the outcast labor of London." He is convinced that this colony has gone sufficiently far to justify a sanguine hope of its success. It remains to be seen whether there is faith and confidence sufficient in the public for continuous effort or whether last year's support was a mere spasmodic homage of conscience.

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TALK ABOUT NEW BOOKS.

THE realistic novel of contemporary life and manners, and the newspaper as given over to reporters, resemble the deadly microbe in more particulars than that of having come to stay. Like it, they must be reckoned with as deteriorating but constant factors in modern life. One way to avoid them, adopted by many prudent people, is that of filtering the sources, of sterilizing what they admit into their minds as well as what they take knowingly into their bodies. Another, perfectly feasible only in the case of the two former, which, being direct and visible products of the human will, may be directly avoided by it, is to let them altogether alone; it is one we decidedly recommend and would be gladly free to practice.

But, even so, the atmosphere of current thought is so surcharged with certain deadly germs that not one's eyes alone, but one's ears, would need to be closed in order to escape them altogether. They are everywhere. The very babies imbibe them before they leave the nursery. One is told of little girls in pinafores, discussing "fixed-fate, free-will, fore-knowledge absolute," in the spirit of Milton's devils on the famous "hill retired" in hell. Or one may hear, as was our own recent misfortune, a colored porter in a railway train, talking a medley of agnosticism and evolutionary atheism with all the confidence, if not with the polish, of Huxley or Romanes. Perhaps they are subserving a purpose analogous to that of the malarial germs with which Mother Earth has coast-guarded, so to say, certain of her territories from the subduing invasion of man; killing off the weakly by means of them, conforming the strong to a new environment, and yielding up her fastnesses to her conqueror only when she has established some ratio of understanding and accommodation. At present, at all events, they are making a great slaughter among the innocent, the ignorant, and the weakly.

Among the latter class we incline to rate certain novelists of the day, Catholic by birth and training, in [whom the instincts of faith and purity are evidently still active, although they are working in a sort of miasmatic mental and moral mist. Their faculty of discrimination seems half deadened already, so that even when their will is good to attack some obvious evil, they do so in ways that play directly into the hands of their great

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adversary. As was remarked by one of the lecturers on literature at the late Summer School, there is room for a chapter on the debt which English literature owes to that of Spain. He was thinking then of Richard Crashaw and the inspiration drawn by him from the life and other writings of St. Teresa. That was a time when the cultivated intellect of Spain was still entirely Catholic, saturated with the traditions, informed with the life-giving spirit of Christianity—a time which possibly lasted longer in Spain than elsewhere, and which has left indelible traces even in the new growth which has sprung up under the influence of "art for art's sake" and the modern "scientific" spirit, dogmatizing against dogma, and observing in the interests of a foregone atheistic conclusion. One finds such traces in nearly all the recent Spanish novels; one seldom finds more than the traces, even in the case of Señora Pardo-Bazan, whose *Christian Woman*, noticed at length in this magazine on its first appearance, has just been brought out again in a cheaper form by the Cassells. Respect for Christianity has been ingrained in her soul; its ministers, so far as we know, are still sacred from her scalpel: the beauty of purity, the serene nobility of faith, the unique force given to the soul by its communication with God through the channels He has appointed, have not passed out of her range of vision. But, beside them, the evil spirit of "realism," of modern "culture" as known to its devotees in French and Russian literature, has secured a niche for itself, and is worshipped by Señora Bazan, in pages foul with suggestion, or flat with irrelevant and crude detail.

So, too, with Valdès the author of *Marta y Maria*, and of *Maximina*, the latter in many respects, a most beautiful novel. Nothing could well be more charming than the heroine of the story, and, but for the one-sided "realism" with which Miguel's state of mind after losing her is described, and the blot of nastiness which hardly one of the European novelists seems able or willing to omit, though worthy models in plenty are supplied to them by those of Great Britain, it would have been worthy of all praise. Another story of his has just been translated—and not well translated, so far as English goes—by Miss Hapgood, who has performed the same service for some of Tolstoi's works. It bears the significant title, *Faith*,* It is the portrait of a good priest, drawn by a man who has felt the force of the current of irreligious thought, who has studied it in both its materialistic

* *Faith.* By Don Armando Palacio Valdès. Translated from the Spanish by Isabel F. Hapgood. New York: Cassell Publishing Company.

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and its metaphysical aspects, but who has preserved his reverence for Christian morality, and, apparently, his acceptance of Christian teaching. It is not improbable that his book is meant as a breakwater against the rising tide of anti-Christian thought, and that his pictures of such priests as Don Miguel, the miser, whose parishioners "found in him a shepherd very much resembling a captain of highwaymen," and who "was accustomed to solve the most difficult cases of conscience in an instant, by means of a half-dozen well-planted cuffs or kicks"; of Don Narciso, the glutton and gallant, whose envy and jealousy hound Father Gil to his downfall and ruin in the sight of men; of Don Restituto, the erudite theologian, stuffed with Latin texts, primed to the muzzle with remembered and perfectly valid propositions, but really alive and wholly interested in nothing but his farm and live stock; were drawn, partly at least, in the interest of reform. He may look on the novel as a potent weapon in that interest. It is certainly a dangerous one to handle, being apt to "kick," like a rusty gun, and to lay its holder flat without bringing down any other game. Such portraits as those just alluded to are in a measure balanced by that of Don Norberto, by the slight but effective sketch of the bishop who discomfits the hypocrite Obdulia, and especially by Father Gil, who is the hero. Misfortunes surround the latter from his birth until the suicide of his mother brings about his adoption by certain pious ladies, who have him educated for the priesthood. He has a vigorous intellect joined to a mystic tendency, and, falling into the hands of a true mystic, the rector of his seminary, who mentally is "a case of suicide through mystic orthodoxy," he follows in his master's footsteps:

"He set to work, with systematic tenacity, to thwart the expansions of his nature; he began the slow suicide which his master and all the mystics of the world had committed before him. He penetrated his master's thought, he shared his gloomy ideal of life, his rage for penitence, his disdain of pleasure, his horror both of sciences and the world. This conflict with the flesh has its own poetry. Otherwise there would be no mystics. When he finished his course he was the model which was held up to the students. 'Equally humble, reserved, grave, and sweet, he was indefatigable at his prayers, and received the mark *meritissimus* in all departments."

Gil is made assistant to Don Miguel, and goes to live with him,

"not from taste, but because the latter had insisted that his assistants—or vicars, as they were called here—should live

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with him, perhaps, in order that he might be the better able to tyrannize over them. . . . Don Miguel was as barbarous in private as in public life. His despotic will made itself felt in every detail, at every moment of existence. Now, if this will had been rational, there would have been no objection to make; but the will of this formidable old man was as capricious as it was malign. He took a delight in thwarting the wishes of those about him, however trivial they might be. He kept his housekeeper in a stew. . . . He fairly toasted his man-servant on a gridiron. . . . He crucified the vicar. He had had a great many vicars, and he had studied each of them in silence for a few days, in order to discover their likings and tendencies. Once thoroughly informed, he set about thwarting them with special care. He had made the last vicar, an obese man, addicted to the pleasures of the table, endure every extremity of hunger, until it was a miracle that he did not die."

Gil is a new experience to his rector. Not only does his studiousness surprise him, but his ardent piety and his unaffected devotion to his apostolic work. For a while, Don Miguel's "malicious instincts" are appeased by Gil's innocence and goodness, and when he does begin to torment him, it is by way of throwing obstacles in the way of performing his duties.

"Sometimes he forbade his preaching on certain days; again he prohibited his sitting so many hours in the confessional, or forced him to say Mass later. There were occasions when, feigning absent-mindedness, he left him locked up in the house, so that he could not say it at any hour."

To trials of this kind, however, Gil is invincibly superior by reason of his profound humility. So is he, through the mystical purity of his soul, to such as tempt Don Narciso, and which beset him in the person of his penitent, Obdulia, a pretended devotee full of raptures and visions which Gil for a long time believes in as veritable, but which leave him always as impenetrable as a stone, save on the purely religious side. Altogether too much space is given to Obdulia by the novelist; even though the final catastrophe of Gil's long imprisonment could not have been brought about without her, yet she is after all in the nature of an episode. It is not she who causes Gil's agony of doubt, and it is that agony which is the gist of the novel. It is the bane of it, likewise; for whereas the struggles of a mind confronted for the first time with materialistic science in its most plausible forms are drawn out at full length, and then supplemented by the anguish of a soul stripped of all foundation for faith by Kantian metaphysics, reproduced essentially,

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and in a thoroughly popularized mode of statement, the refutation of the latter, though attempted, is condensed into a page, and Gil's final return to faith and peace, made in a single instant, is given a too simply mystical appearance, as if it had not—as it most certainly has—an unshakable foundation in right reason. Atheistic science and atheistic metaphysics are like the Kilkenny cats—they may safely be left to destroy each other. The underlying objective reality which the first must assert in order to make its verifications carry any weight, ends logically in the affirmation of God; while pure idealism ends in flat absurdity, and gives every verdict of science and natural reason a formal contradiction. Through some such process of thought Gil finally passes—but it is in a flash. On the other hand, his journey through that valley of doubt and slough of despond in which his friend Don Montesinos perishes, is described at painful length. When we leave Don Gil, at its end, he is entering a prison for a term of fourteen years, having been convicted on the false testimony of Obdulia, as guilty of the vilest of crimes. He enters, it is true, with peace in his mind and profound satisfaction in his heart, his faith unassailable now, and his happiness assured. But, as he has walked across the reader's field of vision, he has been bowed down, almost continuously, under the burden imposed by modern skepticism, now materialistic, now metaphysical, and it is to be feared that the weight of that burden is what will remain most indelibly in the mind of the average reader of his story. It is a book to be avoided by such readers.

From novels like this it is refreshing to be able to turn to such robustly Catholic work as that of Mr. Edward Heneage Dering, two numbers* of whose "Atherstone Series" have recently been put into a second edition by the London Art and Book Company, and may be had at Benziger's. The series comprises three novels in all, some of the same personages reappearing in each; and the earliest of them must have been brought out nearly a score of years ago. They received high and deserved praise at the time, but as the present is only the second edition, they seem to have met the fate which is apt to befall unequivocally Catholic fiction—the fate which, as the chairman of the Summer School was telling us but lately, is due, in a measure, anyway, to a boycott enforced by non-Catholic publishers,

*_Freville Chase._ By Edward Heneage Dering.

The Lady of Raven's Combe. By Edward Heneage Dering. London and Leamington: Art and Book Company. New York: Benziger Bros.

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in deference, doubtless, to the prejudices, real or supposed, of the non-Catholic reading public. It is quite certain that, if stories as entertaining, as clearly told, and as interesting in point of plot, incident, and character-presentation as these by Mr. Dering had advocated atheism; had denied hell from the standpoint of either agnosticism or progressive orthodoxy; had frankly presented the claims of the world and the flesh in the interests of evolutionary man, not too scornful of his arboreal ancestor so long as the process of making out his genealogical tree is still under way; or had pleaded those of the devil in especial in those of theosophy or Buddhism, they would have earned their author a very pretty fortune. It is good to see them republished at last, though late. For a confirmed novel reader to take them up, is to pass at once into an unfamiliar atmosphere—that of the sanely supernatural. It is a bracing experience, from which one descends, when he must, with a new sense of the lack of exhilarating qualities in that which he breathes ordinarily. There is such strength of conviction, such cogency of logic, such a simple, unaffected, straight-forwardness of action on the part of characters like Everard in *Freville Chase*, or the stranger in the *Lady of Raven's Combe* that it seems to bring back the days of primitive Christianity, when the disciples held their lives in their hands, ready to lay them down and assume better ones without hesitation or delay.

Not that there is any martyrdom, save that of the social sort, to be met with in Mr. Dering's stories. They are tales of our own day and generation, when the headsman's block has been shoved into the corner, and Christianity, for the nonce, has to face foes armed with no weapons deadlier than a dulled logic, the scalpel of the vivisectionist, the geologist's hammer, and the gavel of the secret societies. Brute force is for the present in abeyance, though none of us have as had yet time to forget that the Man of Blood and Iron tried his 'prentice hand at it, in the line of imprisonments for conscience sake, just as he set out on his long road to Canossa, and thence into political retirement. A sort of mitigated social ostracism is the heaviest public penalty which Mr. Dering's characters have to pay, whether they are Catholics by family prescription or by conversion. But the private penalties entailed by this public one are dealt with, especially in the case of Everard Freville, in a way which has the pathetic passion of tragedy—a heart-uplifting tragedy as well as a heart-rending one. *Freville Chase* is our own favorite among the tales in all respects. There is a sameness

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about the plots, with their mysterious trap doors, false heirs, and hidden wills, interesting and skilfully contrived as they are in each separate instance. But the personages in them are alive. They act in character, they really think, and they express their thoughts in terse and perfectly lucid English. The novels do not deal much in minor controversy, on the points disputed between Catholics and Protestants who are at one in holding the existence of God, the Divinity of Christ, and the fact of Revelation. The points to which he confines himself are the foundation of a Church by the Incarnate God, and the fact that this Church may be found with certainty. It is true that in the *Lady of Raven's Combe*, the hero sets out from a point beyond Protestantism and, seeking God first as the satisfaction of his natural aspirations, is afterwards led by reason into the Church. In this story, the readers of both will be reminded somewhat of Father Hecker's early struggles, as described in Father Elliott's Life. Another point on which Mr. Dering is strong, and where he does his most effective work from the novelist's point of view, is the question of mixed marriages. His main lines coalesce naturally enough. 'One might almost describe the Old Testament, on its historical side, as an illustration of the evil they have not ceased to entail since the days when the "sons of God saw the daughters of men that they were fair, and took themselves wives of all which they chose." It is a very beautiful love that Mr. Dering paints his heroes both as giving and inspiring, and it is by his firm grasp on that feeling, in its natural and supernatural aspects and capacities, that he best proves his vocation to novel writing. He does not, however, confine his pen to that alone. We have received from the same publishers a clever booklet by him, discussing *Esoteric Buddhism*, as revealed by Mr. A. P. Sinnett and his wife. He accepts some of the Blavatsky wonders, we observe, as sufficiently attested by competent witnesses, and inclines to credit the devil with their production. But, if we do not mistake, certain investigations conducted in India by the London Psychical Society, somewhat later than the date of Mr. Dering's essays, seemed to prove that simple fraud, carried out by the aid of merely human accomplices, was not only an adequate explanation of most of them, but one amply supported by the testimony of such accomplices. Mr. Dering is also the accomplished translator of Liberatore's work on *Universals*, and the author of *In the Light of the Twentieth Century*, a volume which has received high praise from both the religious and the secular press.

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Speaking of reprints, we have also received from the Catholic Publication Society a second revised edition of Mr. J. C. Heywood's dramatic poems, including his tragedy of Sforza.* As a still earlier edition, issued by Kegan Paul, & Trench, was noticed at length in the CATHOLIC WORLD for May, 1888, we have only to reiterate here our former most favorable estimate of their poetic value, and to congratulate their author on the vigor which has made them bloom again after a quasi death of a quarter of a century or more.

The London publishers of Mr. Dering's novels have also brought out two very pretty stories by Frances Noble, *Madeline's Destiny*, and *Gertrude Mannering*.† The latter is in its fourth edition. Both of them are charmingly written, high in purpose, and extremely interesting as mere stories. Here again one breathes what we just now spoke of as the atmosphere of the sanely supernatural. Perhaps we should explain our meaning, which is not that the authors introduce the miraculous in its more uncommon form, but simply that the books are so penetrated with the spirit of Christianity, which is essentially supernatural, that their characters live and act and think from its motives, without either stress or strain; hardly, indeed, with a conscious reference to the fact that the life around them is lived upon a distinctly lower plane. These little stories by Miss Noble ought to be in all our convent libraries. There is nothing like holding up a high ideal before young girls who are to go out into the world and fight their own battles there. It is true that their scenes are laid in English high life. The setting, however, is of small importance. "The field is the world," so far as the struggle for the possession of the soul is concerned, and the enemy is the same under whatever flag he carries.

Again from the same publishers, we have received *The Heir of Liscarragh*,‡ and a translation of a portion of Sister Emmerich's Meditations on the *Journey of the Magi Kings*.§ The former is by no means as good as its predecessor, *Bonnie Dunraven*. It is an Irish story; at least, the scene is laid in Ireland, but the action might have passed anywhere. It is melodramatic in concep-

* *Poetical Works* of J. C. Heywood. London and New York: Burns & Oates.

† *Madeline's Destiny*, and *Gertrude Mannering*. By Frances Noble. London: Art and Book Company. New York: Benziger Brothers, agents.

‡ *The Heir of Liscarragh*. By Victor O'D Power. London and Leamington: Art and Book Company.

§ *The Magi King*. From *The Life of the Blessed Virgin*, after the Meditations of Sister Anne Catherine Emmerich. Translated from the French by George Richardson. London and Leamington: Art and Book Company.

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tion, and not wholly pleasant in treatment. Mr. Power has shown himself capable of better things than this.

Concerning the Meditations there is no occasion to say any thing. Sister Emmerich's wonderful life is already familiar to many readers, and to those who are attracted by it, this little volume may safely be commended. It is taken from her *Life of the Blessed Virgin*, presumably compiled by Clement Brentano from the meditations which he took down in writing from her lips, while she was in ecstasy. It is to be observed that she did not "attribute to her visions any historical authority."

Perhaps Mr. J. M. Barrie, whose reputation has been so solidly established already on the firm foundation of *The Little Minister*, and *A Window in Thrums*, will not greatly increase it by the little book of more or less critical reminiscences just published under the title of *An Edinburg Eleven*.* There is not one of the papers which is not eminently readable; personal recollections are almost invariably that, owing, we suppose, to that unfailing love of gossip which is so long-lived in most of us. But none of them is particularly well written until Mr. Barrie's flint strikes fire against Mr. Stevenson. Then his critical instinct wakes up. Friendship, personal admiration, hero worship, were what had moved his pen before. He is less friendly now, and more critical; his sentences, "subdued to what they work in," take a literary turn, and his judgment may be rated on its merits. The first sentence of the paragraph we are about to quote, must undoubtedly be excepted from the general praise just given to the literary quality of this essay. But as criticism of what lies underneath the wonderfully clever, but seldom satisfactory work of his fellow Scot, it seems to us full of insight:

"The key-note of all Mr. Stevenson's writings is his indifference, so far as his books are concerned, to the affairs of life and death on which their minds are chiefly set. Whether man has an immortal soul interests him as an artist not a whit: what is to come of man troubles him as little as where man came from. He is a warm, genial writer, yet this is so strange as to seem inhuman. His philosophy is that we are but as the light-hearted birds. This is our moment of being; let us play the intoxicating game of life beautifully, artistically, before we fall dead from the tree. We all know it is only in his books that Mr. Steven son can live this life. The cry is to arms; spears glisten in the sun; see the brave bark riding joyously on the waves, the black flag, the dash of red color twisting round a mountain-side. Alas! the drummer lies on a couch beating his drum. It is a pathetic

* *An Edinburg Eleven*. By J. M. Barrie. New York: Lovell, Coryell & Co.

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picture, less true to fact now, one rejoices to know, than it was recently. A common theory is that Mr. Stevenson dreams an ideal life to escape from his own sufferings. This sentimental plea suits very well. *The noticeable thing, however, is that the grotesque, the uncanny, holds his soul*; his brain will only follow a colored clew. The result is that he is chiefly picturesque, and to those who want more than art for art's sake, never satisfying. Fascinating as his verses are, artless in the perfection of art, they take no reader a step forward. The children of whom he sings so sweetly are cherubs without souls. It is not in poetry that Mr. Stevenson will give the great book to the world, nor will it, I think, be in the form of essays. . . . The great work, if we are not to be disappointed, will be fiction."

Mr. Barrie doubts, however, that this fiction, when it comes, will be Scottish, and even that those critics are correct who maintain that the best Mr. Stevenson has done has that characteristic. As eminently religious as he is unmistakably Scotch in the cast of his own mind, the verdict he pronounces on this point takes color from both qualities:

"Scottish religion, I think, Mr. Stevenson has never understood, except as the outsider misunderstands it. He thinks it hard because there are no colored windows; 'The color of Scotland has entered into him altogether,' says Mr. James, who, we gather, conceives in Edinburg Castle a place where tartans glisten in the sun, while rocks re-echo bagpipes. Mr. James is right in a way. It is the tartan, the claymore, the cry that the heather is on fire, that are Scotland to Mr. Stevenson. But the Scotland of our day is not a country rich in color; a sombre gray prevails. Thus, though Mr. Stevenson's best romance is Scottish, that is only, I think, because of his extraordinary aptitude for the picturesque. Give him any period in any country that is romantic, and he will soon steep himself in the kind of knowledge he can best turn to account. Adventures suit him best, the ladies being left behind; and so long as he is in fettle it matters little whether the scene be Scotland or Spain. The great thing is that he should now give to one ambitious book the time in which he has hitherto written half a dozen small ones. He will have to take existence a little more seriously—to weave broadcloth instead of lace."

Mr. Barrie is plainly going to be disappointed in *The Wrecker*,* wherein, indeed, Mr. Stevenson has not wrought singlehanded. It is a masterpiece in its own line, nevertheless, and has the old entrancing spell, the old power to lure along the reader to the

* *The Wrecker.* By Robert Louis Stevenson and Lloyd Osborne. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

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very end, and to mitigate his final disappointment when that end is reached and turns out, as always, to coalesce with the beginning. It was good to go along the road whistling and singing, even though one brought nothing back in his pockets, and had enjoyed but the empty exhilaration of fresh pure air and innocent freedom. Considered as a man and a moralist, and more particularly as a Scotchman and a descendant of the Covenanters, Mr. Stevenson certainly leaves something to be desired. But as an artist!

I.—FATHER CHAIGNON'S MEDITATIONS.*

The venerable prelate of Burlington has been a bishop for forty years, and is next in age to the Archbishop of St. Louis. No one could be better fitted than he to instruct the clergy in those sacerdotal virtues of which he has always been a living example, which bishops and priests may profitably imitate. Those who have the happiness of knowing him personally are aware that he has that type of amiable sanctity which is charming and attractive, and we must all hope that his life may be prolonged to the benediction of his diocese and of the American Church.

It is not long since the bishop gave us a large and valuable work on the Canon of the Old Testament, the fruit of great research and labor. Now from the scholarly seclusion of his study comes forth another work, in two dignified and stately volumes which attest his persevering zeal and industry in the service of the clergy.

The Jesuit Father who composed these Sacerdotal Meditations in French, had the advantage of long and extensive experience in giving Clerical Retreats. Therefore, he was eminently fitted for the task of preparing a book of Meditations. If he were living, he would feel honored in having found such a translator.

These two volumes are a rich mine, where clergymen will find an inexhaustible supply of the best matter for their meditations and spiritual reading, for their whole life. No doubt the labor expended upon them by the author and the translator will be richly rewarded in the sanctification of a multitude of priests

Meditations for the Use of the Secular Clergy. Translated from the French of Father Chaignon, S.J. By L. De Goesbriand, Bishop of Burlington, Vt. Two volumes, Burlington, Vt.: Free Press Association. 1892.

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for a century to come, and through them in the sanctification and salvation of a greater multitude of the faithful. May God bless our venerable senior bishop for his labor of love!

2.—PHASES OF THOUGHT.*

The thoughtful reader will rise from the careful perusal of this note-worthy book deeply impressed with the conviction of having listened to the words of one who has well earned the right to sit in the chair of literary judgment.

By his book shall you know the writer thereof, is what Brother Azarias would tell us: and, by "the writer" he means, not only the grace or force of the author's literary style, which he justly ranks as being points of lesser merit inviting high criticism, but rather that which gives true value to the book; that is, the principles which the author strives to inculcate, the inspiring and all-pervading reason why he has written. It also properly falls to the work of the critic to trace the influence of the author's personality, as also of the special epoch of the world's history in moulding the character of his work.

To rightly think out the central thought which a man has chosen as the informing soul of his book supposes the critic to have acquired habits of right thinking, and of acute and accurate perception of the particular sense in which the writer abounds.

Brother Azarias devotes seven chapters of his work to a lucid treatment of the four-fold activity of the soul, of man as a thinking being endowed with sense, now illative, now moral, now æsthetic, now spiritual, followed by short essays upon the "Principle and Habits of Thought," of the "Ideal in Thought," and of the "Culture of the Spiritual Sense." In these chapters he teaches us not only what thinking is, but how to think rightly; how to prepare the mind for making an intelligent and just judgment upon what a writer or speaker may have to tell us. "What do you think of such or such a writer, or, of such or such a book?" is an everyday question. We commend these little essays to the study of those who would like to be able to reply intelligently both as to the substance and as to the form of what is under consideration.

One cannot fail to see that the chief lesson taught in every

* *Phases of Thought and Criticism.* By Brother Azarias, of the Brothers of the Christian Schools. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

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line of his own book by the learned and pious Brother, is that he only can say what he thinks of a writer who has himself cultivated his own power of thought. How shall he, the reader, presume to hope to get at the force of the writer's reasonings, the value of his moral teachings, his right to be ranked as an artist as well as his special merit as one; the heavenly wisdom and deep spiritual insight possessed by him if he himself be lacking in all these things? Only he may hope to find the sense of the author who himself possesses the like sense, or who, at least, has striven to cultivate it with some success.

Brother Azarias would have us realize more deeply than this superficial age is wont to, the necessity of referring our judgments upon what is offered to us as true, good, or beautiful to its correspondence with the divine ideal, the Supreme Exemplar through and by whom all existence manifests these trinal divine attributes. The affirmation of the "Ideal," argues the reality and the superior rank of the supernatural, the spiritual. In man there is a true superintelligence, a power of spiritual perception, as there is a true sensibility to spiritual influences. The saint and the poet are both seers because they have cultivated their spiritual senses to a high degree. Such apprehend with clear vision mysteries quite beyond the ordinary power of human conception. None so free as they from the bias of passion and illusion: to none other is granted such an enlarged intellectual horizon.

As a practical illustration of his teaching our author subjoins three elaborate criticisms: one of the *Imitation*, a second of the *Divina Comedia* and the third of Tennyson's poem, "In Memoriam."

They are masterpieces of literary criticism, and amply prove the right of Brother Azarias, as we have said, to sit in the chair of literary judgment.

His book is a scholarly work of high order, and it enriches our libraries with a volume which will not fail of attracting the attention of every serious student of literature.

3.—GOOD READING. *

A new and, let us add, welcome addition to our supply of Catholic reading. In the fifty-two instructions of which the book is composed the author has done what it is not always easy to

* *Fifty-two Short Instructions* on the Principal Truths of our Holy Religion. From the French. By Rev. Thomas F. Ward, Rector of the Church of St. Charles Borromeo, Brooklyn, N. Y. New York, Cincinnati, and Chicago: Benziger Brothers.

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do—he has touched on the principal topics of our religion in a brief yet interesting way.

It may seem to some, perhaps, that, like most books of sermons, this will only appeal to a special class. It is true the author had in mind to help in some degree those priests whose many duties do not allow a long preparation for their preaching. We think he has attained this object well. At the same time he wished to give a book that might be used by the laity in retreats or for ordinary reading. Here he has not been less fortunate. The sermons are not mere frameworks, but short, pointed discourses, each complete in itself, yet easily suggesting greater development. The topics chosen are not new, but they are interesting because of their relation to us, and because the points are well taken and are developed in a clear, logical manner, without being dry or uninteresting.

We know not whether it is to the French author or to Father Ward that the style is due, for we have not the original at hand; but at any rate it is admirable and well chosen for the work. The language is choice, the sentences are short and pithy, and every word tells.

The sermons are full of unction; they make interesting reading and at the same time suggest thoughts that sink into the mind, and cannot fail to produce a deep impression.

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THE COLUMBIAN READING UNION.

ALL COMMUNICATIONS RELATING TO READING CIRCLES, LISTS OF BOOKS, ETC., SHOULD BE ADDRESSED TO THE COLUMBIAN READING UNION, NO 415 WEST FIFTY-NINTH STREET, NEW YORK CITY.

AMONG the eager students at New London, Conn., attending the lectures of the Catholic Summer School, the friends of the Columbian Reading Union were well represented. Many of them who have long been united in kindred pursuits, were brought together there and exchanged greetings. Under the shade of the majestic elm trees which abound in New London they had opportunities to discuss their various plans of home reading and study. While on the steamer going to the beach, or in the Pequot 'bus, they compared their note books containing the telling points of the lectures. A verbatim report of the bright comments and brilliant conversations which were heard on the verandas of the cottages and hotels would fill a volume. It was surprising to find that many of the students had changed their vacation plans in order to show their approval of the undertaking. Not less than a thousand visitors, it was estimated, came to New London on account of the Catholic Summer School, though the average attendance was much below that number. Great praise is due to the eminent professors and specialists for the alacrity with which they undertook the self-imposed task of working in mid-summer. It would be difficult to find an equal number of men without Catholic zeal who would consent to give such valuable services without a guarantee of professional payment.

* * *

Professor M. F. Egan of Notre Dame University said to a reporter of the *New York Herald* that he considered "the Summer School an unqualified success." He is of the opinion that the Catholics of America have made a long stride toward that ideal about which sanguine men and women have been talking and writing. If Catholics are to be what they ought to be in this country something more is needed than torchlight processions and magnificent displays of brick and mortar. Virtue and intellectual force must be brought into prominence to secure for the Church its rightful place among American non-Catholics and to hold firmly the allegiance of intelligent young people. The

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large number of women who were present at the Summer School will be pleased to learn that Professor Egan was much impressed with their superior attainments. He says: "the average young woman was not there;" and his reason for this statement is, that no average young woman would have followed the lectures assiduously day after day, with the sunlight, the sea, the boats, and the attractions of a summer resort within easy reach.

* * *

In order to utilize every available opportunity the members of the general council in charge of the first session of the Summer School appointed a time and place for the school teachers present to consider the study of pedagogy and psychology from a Catholic point of view. Sunday-school workers were also invited to discuss practical methods of instruction in Christian doctrine, and the ways and means of providing healthful reading for the scholars. The Reading Circles had the privilege of hearing from the most successful organizers of the movement. At this meeting it was made clear by forcible arguments that the Reading Circle properly managed cannot be a fad. It represents vital intellectual growth in each locality; it should represent the needs of the members, and should have the most complete home rule. No particular plan can be devised suitable to all places and to all persons. What is universally needed is to have a leader competent to decide on a plan adapted to the exigencies of the members. For some it may be profitable to concentrate attention on text books of science and art, literature and history, while others who have finished their studies in text books may combine together to read the best works of fiction, and the best articles on current topics in magazine literature.

* * *

The question box was the appointed medium of communication between the students and the managers of the Catholic Summer School. No waste of time was permitted for rambling talk at any of the lectures. Some of the questions submitted concerning Reading Circles are here given in the hope of eliciting answers from our readers:

How can we overcome the tendency of less educated members of Circles to feel humiliated when their attention is called to mistakes in grammar, pronunciation, etc.?

How can we overcome reluctancy of less educated members to take active part in the workings of their Circle?

How can we reach Sisters (engaged in the cause of education)

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that they may encourage their pupils to take a lively interest in the advancement of young working women when they (the pupils) have left school?

How can we get the clergy interested in the Reading Circle movement?

How induce Catholics to work together in the interests of the Church without regard to "class"?

Why are some Catholic young men so indifferent to their own intellectual improvement?

Would you advise reading all the works of one author, or only the best?

When meetings are held once a week would you think it advisable to hold a social meeting once a month?

How far is it prudent to go in compelling members of Reading Circles to perform the work assigned?

Should our reading be limited to Catholic authors?

How increase membership?

Which three secular magazines would you select?

Should members be encouraged to take books from public libraries?

* * *

We shall gladly publish the best answers to the questions given above. The following suggestions were made for the consideration of Reading Circles: That interest be aroused in those who have a limited amount of time for reading by monthly meetings, which would allow sociability together with something instructive in the nature of a paper by a member, or a pleasant talk by some invited guest.

An honorary membership might be established in connection with the regular membership of the Circle. The honorary members could contribute a nominal fee and take no part in the work of the classes, but be admitted to the meeting that partakes of sociability mingled with instruction.

All Circles should not be moulded in the same lines with regard to their reading. The previous reading and educational advantages of the members must determine these lines.

Do not oblige all to read just the same thing if the members have judgment enough to know what they want. Arrange more than one line of study and let a choice be made.

That the members of Circles be at liberty to invite their friends to any of the meetings, so that they may see the practical workings of the society and be induced to join.

That invitations be extended by members of one Circle to

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those of any neighboring Circle to exchange papers likely to interest both.

That the closing meeting should provide some social entertainment for the members and a limited number of their friends.

In Circles where magizines are circulated, a member should be appointed for each magazine. Said member to be held responsible for the magazine, and to take note of articles, which would be a benefit to Circles—or of those assertions, which are untrue in regard to the Church and her teachings.

* * *

Since the year 1888, which marked the beginning of our efforts to establish Catholic Reading Circles, we have had the kindly sympathy and generous aid of the late Mrs. E. H. Jones, president St. Monica's Reading Circle, of Cleveland, Ohio. Her zeal in the good work was a powerful incentive to her devoted associates. At the urgent request of the Columbian Reading Union, permission was given for the publication of the following sketch of her beautiful life, written by one of her dearest friends

"The death of Mrs. Jeannie Clark Jones, of Cleveland, on the 16th of February last, removed from this world a woman so remarkable in many ways, that to allow her strong, sweet pres ence to pass in silence, seems almost a wrong. I have been asked to give a sketch of her life. It was quiet and uneventful. She was born in Fort Plain, N. Y., but removed early with her parents to Wisconsin, where her youth was passed. Her family was one to be justly proud of, numbering among its members, some of the most honorable and celebrated characters of American history. During her childhood, however, she felt the realities of life in the somewhat reduced fortunes of her own family; and desiring as she always did, to help herself and others—she fitted herself for a teacher: holding at the early age of seventeen the highest certificate. She taught for some years with marked success in the public schools, high school, and the German and English Academy of Milwaukee. She was married in 1876 to Mr. Edward H. Jones, and removed with him to Cleveland, where the remainder of her useful and happy life was passed. There was in her personality a subtle and powerful charm and influence. Those who knew her slightly often felt it, warmly remembering her, and treasuring the impression of her rare and attractive individuality after many years of separation from her. Those who knew her well felt it more deeply—to them it was as a fire to warm their hearts. The poor felt it ever, the un-

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fortunate and the afflicted. The erring were often touched and softened by it, and to that deep, steadfast, gentleness and charm within her little children turned with confidence and love, her charitable work among them being remarkably successful. Her charities were widespread, her trusts and responsibilities many. All were faithfully and steadily attended to, for she did all things throughly, with great executive ability, tact, common-sense and conscientious devotion. She possessed a strong, independent, and very quick and original mind: free from morbidness, prejudice, or narrowness, and singularly well balanced.

Life was brightened, and zest added to the daily happenings by her keen sense of humor and her ready wit. Though very conscientious she was very scrupulous, having a clear and simple view of her own duty, and doing it. "I pray earnestly for light when I have a decision to make," she once said, "and then use the best judgment I have at the time, and leave the rest to God, and never worry about it." And this was most true. She never criticised others nor offered advice, yet when her counsel was sought it was so wise and fitting as to be sometimes startling. With an uncommonly busy life, and never robust health, she had stored up a wealth of knowledge, digesting and assimilating it, till it became part of her. She was really a learned though most modest women, and her intellectual power was great. She was an inspiration and support to those about her in their mental life, but she herself needed no stimulus. She loved books, and loved knowledge.

When but nineteen years old she became a convert to the Catholic Church, and remained a faithful member of it, winning honor and respect for it wherever she went, by her consistent and noble practice of its teachings. Though never a society woman, she enjoyed social life, and loved to give pleasure, entering with a genuine, hearty sympathy into the happiness of others—the amusements as well as the cares of her companions. She was chiefly active, however, in promoting and laboring for literary or reading clubs in her own Church, and out of it, for in these things she was a leader. She was a woman of great ability and fine nature, rarely balanced and rounded to perfection, not because of uncommon opportunities in life, but because she had so gloriously profited by every opportunity that was given her, so gloriously developed her own nature, so unwaveringly followed the law of God. Long may her beautiful memory remain with us, silently breathing, "Go thou and do likewise."

KATE POMEROY MERRILL.

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To those who are reading the list of books published by the Columbian Reading Union on the Famous Women of the French Court we commend Miss Guiney's recent work, *Monsieur Henri* (Harper & Bros.) Professor Maurice F. Egan praises it as "a very pretty piece of book-making."

"Monsieur Henri is, of course, the young De la Rochejacquelein, who fought so bravely for his God and king in La Vendée. Miss Guiney makes a fine picture of him. She makes him more picturesque, more interesting than Carlyle could have made him; and one feels safer under Miss Guiney's direction than under Carlyle's. We are sure that she is not distorting anything for the sake of her picture. She tells us in a few words why the revolution was successful in other parts of France, but a failure in La Vendée. The Vendeans had no grudges against superiors. There were no heartless landlords among them, no prelates like Talleyrand, no frivolous abbés, vacillating between the infidelity of the Encyclopædists and the teachings of the Church. Frenchmen could not have been roused to fury by all the teachings of Voltaire, had there been no grievances to redress. Miss Guiney's 'Monsieur Henri' is a 'little picture painted well.' It is charmingly dedicated to one of her former teachers at the Convent of the Sacred Heart at Elmhurst. Both the *Duchess of Angoulême* and *Monsieur Henri* have great interest for Americans. The rising in the Colonies had great effect on the temper of the French, burdened by exactions, false traditions, and a worthless privileged class. It is not so long since the Duke of Orleans (Louis Philippe), his brother, the Count of Beaujolais, Talleyrand himself, and that great master of cookery, Brillat-Savarin, with other *émigres* took refuge on our shores. And, at Baltimore, Betsy Patterson, indomitable widow of Jerome Bonaparte, lived until recently. Did not Prince Murat sell very good milk at Bordentown, N. J., for a living? And there are some gentlewomen still who remember the balls given to De la Fayette on his second visit."

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By one of our correspondents we are informed that some Episcopalians are quite unwilling to accept a statement made in this department last March, to the effect that conversions to the Church have not ceased in England. The establishment known as the Church of England is being slowly transformed, and its members are endeavoring to persuade themselves that they are not Protestants at all. Among the English people there is a noticeable change of attitude towards the Church. No royal mandate can now keep from them the luminous teaching of Pope Leo XIII. They have learned to respect his utterances on vital questions of the day. In the London *Universe* of a recent date we find it announced that Archbishop Vaughan is arranging to confirm

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a considerable number of notable converts from Anglicanism. Amongst these may be mentioned Lady Somers, wife of Lord Somers; the Baroness Sherborne; Lady Edith Cecilia Howe, daughter of Earl Howe, and sister of Lord Curzon, M.P.; Miss Evered, of Wadhurst Castle, Sussex; Mr. J. L. Pearson, the ecclesiastical architect; Mr. Paul Lawrence Huskisson, grandson of the well-remembered economist and statesman of that name; Mr. Gilbert Firebrace Marshall, Furness Lodge, Southsea; Major Walter Cotton, R.A.; Mr. John Long; Mr. Neville Taylor, of Rock Abbey; Mr. Laurence Kip, grandson of a Protestant bishop; Mr. Waugh, son of the Rev. Benjamin Waugh; Messrs. Coleman and Durant, members of the Anglican brotherhood; and Mr. Donald Arbuthnot, son of the Hon. Donald Arbuthnot.

"The two great universities have recently contributed some recruits to Rome, one of whom has left the Isis to enter the novitiate of the learned order of St. Benedict. Seven or eight clergymen of the Establishment, who have been received into the Church, are now preparing for the priesthood, but amongst recent accessions occur the names of the Rev. Howell Lloyd, M.A., a gifted member of the Cambrian Archæological Society; Rev. Howell Pattison Lewis Blood, M.A., rector of Bergholt, Colchester; Rev. F. Besant, M.A., of St. Michael's, Shoreditch; Rev. Hugh Lean, M.A., a nephew of the Rev. Mr. Coles, chaplain of Pusey House, Oxford; the Rev. Herbert Boothy, M.A.

"Members of High Church sisterhoods figure, as is frequently the case, somewhat largely in the list. The Archbishop has received an entire community of these ladies into the Church."

* * *

The American Library Association published in 1890 a classified and annotated catalogue, with alphabetical (author's) index, of "Reading for the Young," compiled by John F. Sargent. The work was begun in 1886 mainly as a help to librarians. It includes the list of "Books for the Young" prepared by Miss Hewins; and a valuable index to periodicals containing material for essays adapted to the comprehension of young people. Orders for this useful book, containing 121 large pages, may be sent to the Library Bureau, 146 Franklin St., Boston, Mass., price one dollar.

Messrs. Charles Scribner's sons have in press a list of five hundred books for the young, graded and annotated, prepared by Professor George E. Hardy. principal of Grammar School No. 82, New York City. This list is intended to supply parents, teachers, and others interested in directing the reading of the young with a guide to some of the best books on history, geography, travel, art, science, fiction, etc., suitable for children of all ages. Price, 50 cents, net.

M. C. M.

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WITH THE PUBLISHER.

WITH this issue of THE CATHOLIC WORLD we close its fifty-fifth volume. And we feel a justifiable pride in regarding this volume as worthy in every way of the fellowship of its honored ancestors. We can look upon it as marking another mile-stone in the progress of the magazine, another and still more developed evidence of the purpose for which it was founded. Its progress is not counted by its years alone, but by the growth of the sterling qualities that marked this pioneer among American Catholic monthly periodicals from it first issue. It possessed a character and standing from the beginning that raised up hosts of loyal friends, and it was soon evident that the venture was more than an experiment; in the hackneyed phrase of the day, "it had come to stay."

And hence it is that our contemporaries, secular and religious, Protestant as well as Catholic, always find warm words of commendation for each successive issue; and though it would be a long task to reproduce here all that is under the Publisher's hand in praise of the magazine, he cannot forbear quoting a few, especially the Protestant, flattering comments of our work and purpose. Thus *The Interior*, a Presbyterian organ published in Chicago: "Current questions are, of course, treated from a Catholic point of view, but always with candor, and not seldom with exceptional ability. It always maintains a high literary standard." *The National Tribune* of Washington, D.C.: "A magazine that treats a wide range of subjects, particularly such as claim the attention of the thoughtful man of this day, with a high standard of literary excellence, and from the pens of scholarly contributors." *The Pittsburgh Catholic*: "THE CATHOLIC WORLD constantly improves. There is no magazine which commends itself so highly to our people, and none more deserving of their patronage." The *Golden State Catholic* of San Francisco: "The literary revolutions of the Paulist Fathers never go backwards. THE CATHOLIC WORLD, since its first publication, is continually

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improving." The *Methodist Protestant* of Baltimore: "Mentally it is always of the best, while in literary excellence it gives evidence of advance even over the high standard of the past." *The Monitor* of San Francisco: "THE CATHOLIC WORLD fully maintains the high reputation it has won during the past twenty-six years." *The Messenger* of Worcester, Mass: "THE CATHOLIC WORLD is in the very fore-front of current magazine literature. Its contents are admirably adapted to suit all cultured tastes and moods whether they demand deep philosophical thought or the pleasant, yet profitable, recreation of its lighter articles." The *Boston Herald*: "Admirable in its strength, its courage, and its sincerity. The magazine was never better edited than it is to-day." The *Sentinel* of Portland, Oregon: "It is a treasury of bright, thoughtful, suggestive, and original matter. Its managers, the Paulist Fathers, thoroughly understand the American spirit, and are alive to the needs of the Church in this republic, and the great future which awaits the one and the other. It is thus THE CATHOLIC WORLD is the most ambitious and progressive of Catholic periodical publications. It is owing to this sympathetic and intelligent insight of its managers that, without conscious effort, it leads and directs American Catholic thought and opinion, and compels respectful recognition from non-Catholic enemies. On account of its intrinsic worth, and *the value of its services to the Church in America* it should be found in every family that can appreciate a high-class periodical."

These are a few of the many good words that come to us from our contemporaries. They give evidence of the esteem in which the magazine is universally held, and show how clearly indicated to all are the purposes, the aims which it is our endeavor to make characteristic of THE CATHOLIC WORLD. We have never lost sight of these aims in conducting the magazine in the many years it has addressed itself to the people of this country. It has ever been the advocate of Truth, natural and revealed. As was characteristic of its founder, demonstration, not controversy, has been its sole weapon in behalf of this Truth, and, as one of its secular contemporaries has justly said of it, its pages are wholly free from the stain of offensive designation and vituperation with which religious as well as other controversy is apt to snare the pen of the heated writer. As a Champion of the Truth, the magazine has ever been valiant and sturdy; it

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has never been weak-kneed in its defense of right, but in all its pages there is not one that is sullied with personalities, with loss of temper or forgetfulness of what is due to the Truth we seek to serve. We know that Truth needs no such weapons as abuse or vituperation. In the conflict with error courtesy is ever the chosen squire of Truth.

Looking backward into the history of THE CATHOLIC WORLD gives its readers, no doubt, as it certainly gives all who are and have been concerned with its career, not only the pleasure that comes from the study of a well-conceived and well-developed plan, but gives as well abundant tokens and ready promise of continued success and higher development. Looking forward is no less pleasurable. Unless he is in error, the Publisher believes he has already told his readers that the general every-day motto in the office of THE CATHOLIC WORLD was "The highest point of achievement yesterday is the starting-point of to-day." This motto is the conscientious aim of all connected with the work of the magazine, is an aim that is always kept steadily in view. The highest point of excellence in the volume now closed we mean to make the starting point of the excellence of the new volume. We must of necessity move slowly in this work of improvement: it means the discussion of many plans, and the conquest of many obstacles and hindrances in the way of fulfillment when a plan has been decided upon. But let us direct the reader's attention to the opening issue of the new volume, the number for October; we are sure a glance will show him that we are justified in owning the motto chosen, and that our aim is *ad summa semper.*

We have already given our readers a "Columbus Number," and throughout the past year have had one or more papers in each issue devoted to the central figure in this quadri-centenary of the discovery of the New World, or to subjects in a great degree kindred with the celebration. In the coming October issue, however, we will give our readers a study of the great explorer from the eloquent and scholarly Bishop of Peoria. Father Dutto will contribute a translation of the "Narrative of the Journey of Las Casas." This is the first complete translation of the Narrative of Las Casas' Journey into English, while Father

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Dutto's profound study of all that is embraced in the career and contemporary history of Columbus will make his appreciation and his notes on the Narrative of special value to the student. Mrs. E. M. Blake will contribute a paper on Alonzo the Wise, written in the style that has made her work so acceptable to our readers in the past. Christian Reid will give us the opening chapters of a serial dealing largely with Mexican life, the result of her study of the people during her recent sojourn in the Sister Republic. Her name of itself is sufficient to give zest to the literary palate. Rev. Thomas Hughes, S.J., will contribute a paper of much interest entitled *The Jesuit Ratio Studiorum.* Dr. O'Gormon of the Catholic University of America, will conclude his scholarly study of Joan of Arc, and Father Walworth will continue the Reminiscences of Bishop Wadhams, which from the first have proved of strong interest even to the general reader.

This is certainly a dainty bill of fare to set before our readers, and we have no misgivings about their thorough enjoyment of this literary feast. It surely is a substantial proof that we are earnest in our labors to reach the highest and the best; it is indisputable evidence that we are ever striving towards improvement. There is much more to be done and it does not wholly depend upon us. Once again let us exhort the reader to remember that he is working with us; that his dollars and his voice and influence with others are necessary factors in all further improvement. It was so in the past, and it must be so in the future. The rate of our progress to higher and yet higher excellence is not to be measured by our work alone. The length of our subscription list is an all-important factor in our progress, and upon this we cannot too often or too strongly insist. And we, therefore, again urge our readers to renewed zeal in doing all they can (and a word here and there will do much) in behalf of the magazine.

Benziger Brothers' new publications are:

A German-English edition of Deharbe's large Catechism, with the German and English version on opposite pages.

The Sacramentals of the Holy Catholic Church. By Rev. A.

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A. Lambing, LL.D., author of *The Sunday-School Teachers' Manual*, *Mixed Marriages*, etc.

Socialism. By Rev. Victor Cathrein, S.J., a chapter of the author's *Moral Philosophy*. (From the German.) Edited by Rev. James Conway, S.J.

They have in press:

Analysis of the Gospels of the Sundays of the Year. From the Italian of Angelo Cagnola. By Rev. D. A. Lambert, LL.D., author of *Notes on Ingersoll*, etc.

A new edition of Rev. Michael Müller's (C.SS.R.) *Catholic Priesthood.*

A Primer for Converts. By Rev. J. T. Durward.

Meditations for Advent. By Rev. R. F. Clarke, S.J. 15 cents.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

THE CEREMONIES OF SOME ECCLESIASTICAL FUNCTIONS. By the Rev. Daniel O'Loan, dean, Maynooth College. Dublin: Browne & Nolan; New York, Cincinnati, and Chicago. Benziger Brothers.

LA BATAILLE DU HOME RULE (Parnell, sa vie et sa fin). Par L. Memours Godrè. Paris: P. Lethielleux.

PAPERS OF THE AMERICAN SOCIETY OF CHURCH HISTORY. Vol. IV. Edited by Rev. Samuel McCauley Jackson, M.A. New York and London: G. P. Putman's Sons.

THE ONE GOOD GUEST. By L. B. Walford. New York: Longmans Green, & Co. 1892.

A YOUNGER SISTER. By the author of *The Atelier du Lys*, etc. London and New York: Longmans, Green, & Co. 1892.

CHAPTERS TOWARDS A LIFE OF ST. PATRICK. By Very Rev. Sylvester Malone, P.P., V.G., member R.I.A., and F.S.A. Dublin: M. H. Gill & Son. 1892.

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THE FREE TRADE STRUGGLE IN ENGLAND. By M. M. Trumbull. Second edition, revised and enlarged. Chicago: The Open Court Publishing Co. 1892.

THEOLOGIA MORALIS. PER MODUM CONFERENTIARUM AUCTORE CLARISSIMO. P. Benjamin Elbel, O.S.F. Novis curis edidit P. F. Irenæus Bierbaum, O.S.F., Provinciæ Saxoniæ S. Crucis Lector Jubilatus. Cum approbatione superiorum. Partes IX. et X. Paderbornæ (1892): ex Typographia Bonifaciana (J. W. Schroeder). Neo Eboraci (U. S. A.): Benziger Fratres.

CONTINUITY OR COLLAPSE? The Question of Church Defence. By Canon McCave, D.D., and the Rev. J. D. Breen, O.S.B. Edited by the Rev. J. B. Mackinlay, O.S.B. New Edition. London and Leamington: Art and Book Company; New York: Benziger & Co.

THE LIFE OF THE BLESSED PETER ALOYSIUS MARY CHANEL, Marist, first Martyr of Oceania and Apostle of Futuna. From the French. Edited by Basil Tozer. London and Leamington: Art and Book Company; New York: Benziger & Co.

AQUINAS ETHICUS; OR, THE MORAL TEACHING OF ST. THOMAS, with notes. By Joseph Rickaby, S.J. Two Vols., Quarterly Series. New York: Benziger Bros.

TRUE WAYSIDE TALES. By Lady Herbert. Fourth Series. London: Burns, & Oates, Ld. New York: Benziger Bros.

THE HAIL MARY; OR, POPULAR INSTRUCTIONS AND CONSIDERATIONS ON THE ANGELICAL SALUTATION. By J. P. Val D'Eremao, D.D. London: Burns & Oates, Ld. New York: Benziger Bros.

LECTURES ON SLAVERY AND SERFDOM IN EUROPE. By W. R. Brownlow, M.A. Trinity College, Cambridge, Canon of Plymouth. London: Burns & Oates, Ld. New York: Benziger Bros.

THE BIRTHDAY BOOK OF THE MADONNA. Compiled by Vincent O'Brien. New York, Cincinnati, and Chicago: Benziger Bros.

THE SPIRIT OF ST. IGNATIUS. Translated from the French of Father Xavier De Franciosi, S.J. New York, Cincinnati, and Chicago: Benziger. 1892.

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DE L'ESPRIT ET DE L'ESPRIT PHILOSOPHIQUE. Par Claude-Charles Charaux, Professeur de Philosophie à la Faculté des Lettres de Grenoble. Paris: Pedone-Lauriel, Editeur. 1892.

PAMPHLETS RECEIVED.

THE APOSTOLATE OF THE EDUCATED CATHOLIC LAYMEN. By Rev. Francis P. McNichol. Mt. Loretto, Staten Island, N. Y.: Press of the Mission of the Immaculate Virgin.

CATHOLIC EDUCATIONAL EXHIBIT IN THE WORLD'S COLUMBIAN Exposition. Circular of information and directions. Chicago, Ill.: Donohue & Henneberry.

A TREATISE ON MORTGAGE INVESTMENTS. By Edward N. Darrow. Minneapolis, Minn.: W. A. Edward's Printing Co.

WERE THE MIDDLE AGES Dark? By the Right Rev. Thomas Francis Brennan, D.D., Bishop of Dallas, Texas. Pamphlet No. 20. The Catholic Truth Society of America. St. Paul, Minn.

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